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THE
LIFE AND REMAINS
OF
THEODORE EDWARD HOOK.

BY THE
REV. R. H. DALTON BARHAM, B.A.,
AUTHOR OF
"THE LIFE OF THOMAS INGOLDSBY."

A NEW AND REVISED EDITION.



LONDON:
RICHARD BENTLEY AND SON,
Publishers in Ordinary to Her Majesty the Queen.
1877.

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PREFACE.

A FEW years before his death, Mr. Theodore Hook placed a selection from his contributions to the "John Bull" newspaper in the hands of Mr. Bentley for publication; some way was made with the work, which was to have been called "Bull's Mouth," and part was actually printed off; circumstances, however, intervened which led to the postponement of the plan, and it was not resumed till about eighteen months ago, when Mr. Bentley first proposed that I should undertake the editing the volumes in question, and should prefix to them a short memoir referring mainly to Mr. Hook's literary career.

To this, after some hesitation, and after learning that no more complete account of his life was contemplated by the family, I acceded. As I advanced with my task, I found the materials already in my possession to be more abundant than I had anticipated; but it was mainly owing to friends who were obliging enough to supply me, from time to time, with much additional matter—and it is remarkable how very few ever spent an evening, though it were but *one*, in the society of Theodore Hook without carrying away something to be remembered—that I have been enabled to effect an extension of the original design.

Without wishing to deprecate just criticism, I am in-

clined to hope that some excuse will be found in these circumstances for the want of order and connection observable in the following pages.

As regards the contents of the second section, it is generally admitted that political pasquinades are parts, though humble ones, of political history; and the information they supply, not to be found elsewhere, on many minute, but not unimportant points of political action, seems to warrant their re-publication in a collective form. I have, therefore, without presuming to interfere with Mr. Hook's general arrangement,* only ventured to discard such articles and portions of articles as appeared merely personal or obsolete; and if those that have been retained appear once to have borne a sting somewhat of the sharpest, their venom must long since have evaporated, and they may be presented now—to borrow an illustration of Mr. Moore's—harmless as dried snakes.

It remains to record my sincere gratitude for the assistance with which I have been so liberally supplied. To Mr. Dubois, who has forwarded many of the most interesting details of his friend's early history, my thanks are first and especially due; the most agreeable recollections of what has proved to me a very agreeable occupation are associated with the correspondence to which the kindness of that gentleman invited.

To Mr. Shackell I am deeply indebted for much valuable information respecting the literary undertakings in which Mr. Hook was engaged, and for the courtesy with which he has placed private letters, &c., at my disposal.

To Mr. Robert Hook, also, I have to offer my acknow-

* Mr. Hook's MS. index having been left incomplete, it is possible a few (poetical) articles from the later volumes of J. B. may have been inserted, for which he is not responsible.

ledgments for the service he has rendered in correcting some important errors connected with his family history; that his assistance has not been made more largely available, and extended to other portions of the work, is to be attributed wholly to my backwardness in applying for it; an omission for which, I am well aware, I am answerable both to him and to the public, but which originated in an unwillingness to intrude a work, of the slight and restricted character originally contemplated, upon his notice.

Mrs. Woodforde, of Taunton, will, perhaps, pardon this public mention of her name; as it was not specially prohibited, I cannot refrain from tendering her thanks on the part of myself and my younger readers for the interesting particulars communicated respecting "the peerless Edward."

I have but to add, that many anecdotes, in which the abundance of detail and circumstance might give rise to a doubt as to their genuineness, are told as nearly as my memory has enabled it to be done, in Mr. Hook's own words, from whom I myself heard them; or have been taken from notes made but a few hours after their relation.

R. H. DALTON BARHAM.

LOLWORTH, *November* 16, 1848.

NOTE.

It has happened that two or three impressions of the following work have been necessarily permitted to go forth without revision. In the present edition, however, such is not altogether the case; a few inaccuracies have

been corrected, and some additional particulars inserted; while from the collection of "Remains" about half-a-dozen articles have been withdrawn, because they either appeared deficient in interest, or have been ascertained to be not the genuine production of Mr. Hook's pen.

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LIFE

OF

THEODORE E. HOOK.

CHAPTER I.

Birth of Mr. Theodore E. Hook.—Anecdotes of his Father.—Mr. James Hook:—His Tilt with Canning.—Epigrams.—The Beggar-woman and Dean Vincent.—Theodore's School Days.—Death of his Mother.—Hook's first appearance as an Author.—“The Soldier's Return.”—Tricks “behind the Scenes.”—Liston and Mr. B——.—Song in the “Finger Post.”—The “Invisible Girl.”—The “Fortress.”—“Music Mad,” &c.—“Killing no Murder:”—Its curious Preface.

MEN endowed merely with conversational talents, however brilliant their wit, and perfect their success, must be content, like actors, whom they in a measure resemble, with the applause of their contemporaries; they have little to hope for from posterity; their reputation is sunk, as it were, in a sort of life-annuity, bearing indeed a larger and more available interest than is commonly derived from fame of a more enduring nature, but which terminates, for the most part, with their day and generation. They, of all others, enjoy their good things in this life, and can well afford to leave the exclusive claims on posthumous renown to their more industrious brethren of the pen. *Litera scripta manet*; but *bon-mots* are creatures of an hour, soon sinking into oblivion, to be born again, by a species of metempsychosis, under a different form and another parentage.

In running the eye over the genealogies of celebrated wits, how many familiar names rise to view of worthies on whose genius the pithy but provoking *ob. s. p.* must be

inscribed! We are compelled to take such characters, like departed beauty, upon trust; and naturally hasten to transfer our admiration to excellences present and patent. What remains, for example, of George Selwyn to excite our interest and confirm the unanimous verdict of his associates?—a few apocryphal puns and a single epigram!

That the author of "Sayings and Doings" stands in jeopardy of passing away rapidly from the memory of man, cannot, indeed, for a moment be believed: so long as a taste for the lighter works of fiction endures, "Maxwell," "Gilbert Gurney," &c., must ever take high place and precedence on our shelves; and we have no more doubt that, a century hence, the spectre of "Martha the Gipsy" will haunt the imaginations of our great-grandchildren, while endeavouring to trace out, in the area of some gigantic Grand Junction Railway Station, the site of what was once Bloomsbury Square, than that the narrator of the tale himself, would have readily given his last half-crown to any red-cloaked old lady who might have happened to solicit alms, after nightfall, in that neighbourhood. His literary fame is safe.

But any estimate of the powers of Theodore Hook, drawn from his writings alone, must be fatally inadequate and erroneous. As a novelist he has been not unfrequently equalled, and occasionally surpassed, by more than one of his compeers; and whatever the eminence to which his published works have raised him, it is as nothing compared with the position which, by virtue of his varied talents,—his brilliant and unflagging wit, has been unhesitatingly conceded to him in society. But it is precisely in these its higher qualities, that his genius cannot be appreciated save by those who knew him.

To attempt the portraiture of such a man, would be a hopeless task; something, however, may be done, some few features may be caught, some of the *επειρα πτερόεντα* may be arrested, and sufficient examples may be collected to convey a general, though faint idea of that rich humour which, with an unparalleled prodigality, he scattered on every side. It is with this object the present compilation has been undertaken; and, in pursuance of his plan, that of placing before his readers, at one view, the scattered

ana of this extraordinary individual, the Editor has not scrupled to avail himself of much that has already appeared in print, with which are combined the results of his own limited acquaintance with Mr. Hook, and the memoranda of one who was on terms of intimacy with him during many years.

The father of the subject of our memoir, Mr. James Hook, the well-known composer, was a native of Norwich, born in the year 1746. He had been intended originally for some active employment, but evincing at an early age a decided taste for music, and having been rendered incompetent by an accident which deprived him of the use of one of his feet, for the occupation proposed, his parents were induced to procure for him such instruction in his favourite science as their means would allow; he was accordingly placed with a gentleman named Garland, and in due time, obtained the post of organist in one of the churches of his native city. Thence proceeding to London, he was engaged in the same capacity at the celebrated Mary-le-bone Gardens, and finally settled at Vauxhall, where he remained an established favourite for upwards of half a century.*

As a composer he is spoken of lightly both by Dr. Burney and Parke, though the latter, indeed, qualifies his approbation with something like a charge of plagiarism. Where is the musical author against whom this accusation has not been brought? Among his more important works may be mentioned "The Ascension," an oratorio, and a publication which was very favourably received, entitled "Guida di Musica;" but the majority of his productions were of a lighter cast,—songs, cavatinas, and the music of numberless operettas, melodramas, &c., such as "Cupid's Revenge," an Arcadian pastoral, "The Lady of the Manor," "Too Civil by Half," "The Soldier's Return," &c., &c., most of which were more or less popular in their day among the frequenters of the "royal property," then in its high and palmy state, and the various theatres.

He appears, indeed, to have been of a peculiarly lively

* He was also, for some years, organist of St. John's church, Horsleydown, in the Borough. He is said to have composed 140 complete works, and above 2000 songs.

and joyous disposition, not averse from enjoying a joke even at his own expense. Some of the sallies attributed to him bear a strong family resemblance to the numerous progeny of his son Theodore. Walking with Mr. Parke along the Strand, they encountered—a great rarity in those days—a perfectly clean and well-appointed hackney-coach, its number being “1.” Mr. Parke remarked the circumstance, and said the vehicle really looked as good as new.

“There is nothing extraordinary in that,” replied his companion, “everybody, you know, takes care of number *one*.”

Mr. Hook was married twice; by his first wife (Miss Madden), a lady not only well connected, but distinguished for her beauty and accomplishments,* and esteemed for her many virtues, he had two sons James, and the subject of the present memoir, his brother's junior by seventeen years. The elder was sent to Westminster School, where his wit and vivacity brought him into collision, and sustained him in the contest too, with that “joecular Sampson,” as Peter Plymley calls him, the future champion of the Anti-Jacobin, George Canning, then a student at Eton. The provocation given was a caricature, in which three Westminster boys appeared placed in a pair of scales, and outweighing an equal number of Etonians; this elicited from Canning the following epigram, printed in “The Trifler,” an Etonian periodical, to which he and Frere were the chief contributors:—

“What mean ye by this print so rare,
Ye wits of Eton jealous,
But that we soar aloft in air,
While ye are heavy fellows?”

Hook immediately replied through the “Microcosm,” the Westminster organ, in these lines:—

“Cease ye Etonians! and no more
With rival wits contend,
Feathers, we know, will float in air,
And bubbles will ascend.”

* She was the author of, at least, one theatrical piece, “The Double Disguise,” played with success at Drury Lane, in 1784, her husband providing the music.

In 1791, Mr. James Hook entered at St. Mary's Hall, Oxford, where he graduated and took holy orders, having previously declined an advantageous appointment in India. His progress in the church was rapid and successful. In 1797, he was presented with the Rectory of Laddington, in Leicestershire; soon after this, having attracted considerable notice by his political writings, which were of a strong Tory bias, he formed an acquaintance with Mr. Pitt, who always entertained a great regard for him, and who, as Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster, presented him, about 1804, with the livings of Hertingfordbury, and St. Andrew's, Hertford, in the gift of the Crown, which were afterwards exchanged for that of Whippingham, in the Isle of Wight. In 1802, he was appointed chaplain to the Prince of Wales, of whom he became a personal friend; the latter, to the time of his death, both as Prince Regent and King, never forgot the wit and charm of character which had first recommended Mr. Hook to his notice, and, on all occasions, treated him with marked kindness. In 1807, he obtained a prebendal stall in Winchester cathedral; and finally, in 1825, Lord Liverpool, by command of His Majesty George IV., gave him the deanery of Worcester.

One of his earliest essays in authorship was a pamphlet of considerable merit, entitled "Publicola," in which, under the circumstances of an imaginary revolution, the doctrines of Paine, Horne Tooke, Godwin, Thelwall, and others of that enlightened and radical fraternity, were treated with exquisite satire. Among his remaining productions the names, perhaps, of "Al Kalomerie,* an Arabian Tale," depicting the growing spirit of French Republicanism, and the "Good Old Times; or, The Poor Man's History of England," a periodical series which was extremely popular, together with the "Anguis in Herbâ," may yet survive. As a political writer, Dean Hook enjoyed a high reputation, second indeed to none of his time; and one which was by no means diminished by the publication of a couple of novels, named respectively "Pen Owen," and "Perey Mallory." In the former of these, which abounds with that sort of knowledge only to be obtained by an intimate acquaint-

* ἰ. ε. Καλὸς μέρος, Bonaparte.

ance with the world in its best circles, will be found, under the character of *Tom Sparkle*, an admirable sketch of his friend, the amiable and witty Tom Sheridan, son of Richard Brinsley.

Upon the basis of these entertaining volumes, the unclaimed offspring of his leisure hours, the Dean's literary fame, as has been the case with greater men, is like to rest: his polemics have long since become altogether obsolete.

As a young man, although never moving in theatrical circles, he exhibited indications of the family taste for the drama, and in 1795, on the occasion of the royal nuptials, he furnished the libretto to an operetta, "Jack of Newbury," which was produced at Drury Lane, under the auspices of his father, who wrote the music. Two years afterwards, "Diamond cut Diamond," a musical entertainment, was brought out at Covent Garden, for the benefit of Mrs. Mountain; father and son, as in the former case, taking their respective shares in the composition.

In 1797, he married Anne, second daughter of Sir Walter Farquhar, Bart., a lady distinguished for her talents, and, better still, for her high principles and well-regulated feelings. He died in 1827.

In disposition, talents, and accomplishments, he very nearly resembled his younger brother; and, perhaps the pursuits and habits of their youth were not altogether of a dissimilar turn. While at Westminster School, for instance, he is said to have dressed himself as an old beggar-woman, and in that character to have succeeded in drawing from the charity of Dean Vincent no less a sum than half-a-crown. The latter's horror may be imagined, when he subsequently saw three of the boys, Harley, the late Lord Oxford; Carey, afterwards Bishop Carey; and another school-fellow, busily employed in treating the supposed elderly lady to an extempore shower-bath under the pump.

But James was blessed with advantages which never fell to the lot of Theodore; in his case the inebriety of wit had been sobered by a regular education, and the exuberance of animal spirits restrained by the ties of his sacred calling, strengthened by an early and a happy mar-

riage. But it was, doubtless, mainly owing to his excellent mother's watchful care, that he was enabled thus to pass in safety those perils in the outset of life upon which genius so often suffers shipwreck. Who that knew him does not lament that such a boon was denied to Theodore?*

Theodore Edward Hook was born September 22nd, 1788, in Charlotte Street, Bedford Square. The first school to which he was sent was an academy in the neighbourhood of Vauxhall, kept by a Mr. Allen, who had also under his charge the present Chief Baron, together with some others who have since risen to eminence. Hook is described by an old school-fellow as being at this time about nine or ten years of age, a dull little boy, and affording no promise of future distinction;—a statement certainly at variance with others of a date but little later. From Mr. Allen's he proceeded to a sort of "seminary for young gentlemen," a green-doored, brass-plated "establishment" in Soho Square. Here, by his own confession, he used regularly to play truant, passing his spare time in strolling about the streets, and devising plausible excuses to satisfy the unsuspecting pedagogue. On the day, however, of the illumination for the peace of Amiens, he preferred spending the morning at home, and accordingly assured his parents that a whole holiday had been given in accordance with the general rejoicings. Unluckily for his scheme, his brother happened to pass through the square, and on observing evident signs of business going on as usual at the academy, he went in, made inquiries, and discovered that the young scape-grace had not made an appearance there for three weeks. Of course, instead of being permitted to see the fireworks, &c., Master Theodore was properly punished, and locked up for the remainder of the afternoon in the garret.

He was next sent off to a Doctor Curtis's, at Linton in Cambridgeshire, where, at the age of thirteen or fourteen,

* In his novel, "Gilbert Gurney," in which so many of his own early adventures are detailed, and personal feelings pourtrayed, and which, in his diary, he always speaks of as "my life," Theodore makes his hero's brother, who, by the way, is just seventeen years his senior, write to him as follows:—"When I was young, I had a disposition for every sort of gaiety, and a turn of mind for satire and caricature; and if I had been left (do not be angry with me for the expression) kicking up and down about London, a loungee in

he put together his first dramatic sketch, of which neither the name nor fate has reached us, but which he, doubtless, contrived to turn to account on some subsequent occasion. There, at all events, if nothing else, he picked up, in one of his school-fellows, a hero for his last novel, "Peregrine Bunce," a proof of his early habit of observation and appreciation of character. On the doctor removing to Sunbury, his pupil accompanied him, but was soon after, at the request of the latter, removed and transferred to Harrow, too late, however, as he himself averred, to make much progress there. A more probable reason for his non-success may be found in the confessions of "Gilbert Gurney;" he says there, with evident reference to himself: "My school-life was not a happy one. I was idle and careless of my tasks. I had no aptitude for learning languages. I hated Greek, and absolutely shuddered at Hebrew. I fancied myself a genius, and anything that could be done in a hurry and with little trouble, I did tolerably well, but application I had not." And who can fail to discover, even in employments less distasteful to him, traces of the same haste and impatience of labour? Dashed off at score, as his stories commonly were, volume after volume hurried without forethought or revision through the printer's hands, it is marvellous that they are what they are; not to speak of minor inaccuracies, how much of exaggeration might have been softened down, repetition avoided, and interest added, had his works only received at his hands but half the attention which literary parents are in the habit of bestowing upon their progeny.

His entrance at Harrow was signalized by the perpetration of a practical joke, which might have been attended with serious consequences. On the night of his arrival, he was instigated by young Byron, whose contemporary he was,* to throw a stone at a window where

the streets, an idler in society, and a dangler in the play-house green-rooms, my belief is that I should have ended my career in no very enviable position."—Vol. iii. p. 109.

* "Gurney," though with a little intentional inaccuracy, thus alludes to the fact:—"I was born in the same year, and in the same month of the same year, as Lord Byron, but eight days later, on the 30th of January, a memorable day, too. I always felt a sort of sympathetic satisfaction, as Byron advanced in age and repu-

an elderly lady, Mrs. Drury, was undressing. Hook instantly complied, but though the window was broken, the lady happily escaped unhurt. Whatever degree of boyish intinacy he might at this time have contracted with his lordship, it was not sufficient to preserve him from an ill-natured and uncalled-for sneer in the "English Bards and Scotch Reviewers," an aggression amply repaid by the severe, yet just criticisms which appeared in the "John Bull," on certain of the noble bard's effusions, and on the "Satanic school of poetry" in general. The acquaintance, such as it was, was broken off by Hook's premature withdrawal from Harrow, and does not appear to have been resumed.

At this period an affliction befell him, not only heavy in its immediate pressure, but most calamitous in its results. His excellent mother died, and with her perished the only hope of restraining the youthful Theodore within those bounds most essential to be preserved at his age, and of maintaining him in that course of study, which, if persevered in for a few years more, might have enabled him to reach a position not less honourable than that enjoyed by his more prosperous brother. Mrs. Hook appears, indeed, to have been one of those best of wives and women, who, by the unobtrusive and almost unconscious exercise of a superior judgment, effect much towards preserving the position and respectability of a family constantly imperilled by the indiscretion of its head—one who, like a sweet air wedded to indifferent words, serves to disguise and compensate for the inferiority of her help-mate.

That Theodore felt his loss deeply, is most certain; we are informed that in his journal, mention is made of his beloved parent frequently, and in terms of an affection pure and undiminished to the last. No one can be inclined to doubt the genuineness of the feeling betrayed in the following lines, supposed to be uttered by one of his heroes, and penned four-and-thirty years after the event to which they evidently allude:—"Years, years

tation, in the recollection that—though with inherent respect for his rank and talents, I could not possibly take the liberty of coming into the world before him—I began my life so nearly about the same period.'

have rolled on, and yet that hour is still vividly fresh in my mind—the smell of the soldered coffin is still in my nostrils—the falling earth upon its lid still rings in my ears.”

A man less fitted than his father, to have the superintendence of a lad of Theodore's precocious and peculiar talents can scarcely be imagined. Easy in disposition, and addicted to the pleasures of society, in which his son was even now capable of distinguishing himself, he seems to have received him at once on a footing of equality, incompatible with the exercise of anything like parental authority.

But, abilities to amuse and astonish his father's friends, formed by no means the sum total of the lively Theodore's accomplishments; a mine of far more precious metal was quickly discovered, one capable of yielding, both to father and son, returns not only more tangible but even more gratifying than the partial applause of boon companions. The public was to be entertained, and for "good entertainment" the public is always well content to pay. The old gentleman, as we have seen, had already availed himself of the literary assistance both of his wife and his son James, who, on more occasions than one, had supplied the vehicle for his musical compositions; death, however, had robbed him of the one, and the more important duties of his profession claimed the attention of the other. A ready substitute started up in the person of Theodore. A couple of songs, one of a grave, one of a gay turn, written, composed, and sung by the youthful aspirant, seem first to have suggested the idea which was immediately adopted, of employing him in the construction of a comic opera for the stage. His first effort was, "The Soldier's Return; or, What can Beauty do," in two acts, performed at Drury Lane in 1805.—"The Overture and Music entirely new, composed by Mr. Hook." Inartificial as was the plot, and extravagant the incidents, such, for example, as the escape of the Right Honourable Mr. Racket, by ascending a chimney, and crawling over the roof of a summer-house, yet the whimsicalities of an Irishman, played by Jack Johnstone, the abundance of puns, good, bad, and indifferent, borrowed and original, the real fun and

bustle of the piece, carried it along triumphantly: and at the close placed the author in the proud position of a successful dramatist—*ætat.* 16! The following is a specimen of the poetry:—

“ I’ve often seen a new made pair
 The swain all raptures, sighs, and love ;
 Yet soon the wife droop’d in despair,
 For beauty tempts, and youth will rove.
 Talk not of hearts,
 Of flames and darts,
 Soon flatt’ry turns to snarling ;
 To pass my life
 A happy wife,
 Make me an old man’s darling.
 Fal, lal, tal, lal, &c.

“ For then no rivals buzz around,
 Nor absence spent in sighs and tears ;
 He’s at your elbow always found,
 His words made up of *loves* and *dears*.
 Talk not of hearts,
 Of flames and darts,
 Soon flatt’ry turns to snarling ;
 To pass my life
 A happy wife,
 Make me an old man’s darling.
 Fal, lal, tal, lal, &c.’

For this he received, as his share of the proceeds, 50*l.*

His next production was the farce of “ Catch Him who Can,” brought out at the Haymarket (1806), the music supplied, as in the former case, by his father. It was written for the purpose of bringing into juxtaposition the peculiar talents of Liston and Mathews, the plot turning on the escape of a supposed murderer. So admirable, indeed, was the rapidity with which Mathews, as the nobleman’s servant, assumed some six or seven different disguises, and so complete his personation, particularly of Mr. Pennyman (a favourite character of the actor’s off the stage, and then first introduced to the public), that the audience, on the first night, fairly taken in, failed to recognize his identity, and received him with perfect silence. The applause was,

of course, rapturous on the discovery of the deception. It is needless to add that the piece, clever in itself, and supported by such talent, had a long and prosperous run, and sufficed to establish Master, or rather Mr. Theodore's reputation, both before and behind the curtain. In fact, for some time past he had been, as well the pet of the green-room as the plague of the property-man, and all the minor officers of the establishment. His father's connexion with the theatre had been the means of gaining for him the much-coveted *entrée*, even before he became professionally entitled to it; and actors and actresses, jaded with their dreary labours, hailed with delight so agreeable an addition to their circle.

At times, perhaps, he ventured to introduce a little more animation than was exactly consistent with the strict discipline of the *coulisses*. On one occasion poor Dowton was well nigh frightened from his propriety, by the sudden appearance of his young friend upon the stage, who, in appropriate costume, and with an ultramelodramatic strut, advanced in place of the regular walking gentleman to offer him a letter. At another, during the heat of a contested Westminster election, the whole house was electrified by a solemn cry, proceeding apparently from the fiend in the "Wood Demon," of "SHE-RI-DAN FOR E-VER!" and uttered in the deepest bass the speaking-trumpet was capable of producing. This last piece of facetiousness was rather seriously resented by Graham, one of the proprietors of the Haymarket, who threatened its perpetrator with perpetual suspension of his "privilege," and it required all the interest of influential friends, backed by an ample apology on the part of the culprit, who promised the most strict observance of decorum for the future, to obtain a reversal of the decree.

It was not, however, in Master Theodore's nature to forego an opportunity of indulging in his besetting propensity, and one soon after presented itself, happily unattended with any risk of drawing down the vengeance of the irate potentate. A young gentleman, a son of Sir Charles B—, was anxious to escort his cousin, with whom he was carrying on something of a flirtation, to the play, but not daring to mention the subject to his

father, a rigid Presbyterian, who held all theatres in most especial horror, regarding them as so many sinks of iniquity and pits of perdition, he opened his heart to his vivacious companion.

"Never mind the 'governor,' my dear fellow," replied Hook, "trust to me; I'll arrange everything; get you a couple of orders, secure places—front row—and nobody need know anything about it."

Hook was as good as his word; the tickets were procured, the places engaged, and Mr. B——, with his fair relative, started off in the highest possible spirits to avail themselves of the promised treat. Their confusion may be easily imagined, when Liston, who could take pretty nearly what liberties he liked with the audience, and who, of course, had been previously primed by Hook, advanced to the orchestra during one of the bursts of laughter which his drollery had drawn forth, and looking round the dress-circle with a grave and offended air, exclaimed:—

"I don't understand this conduct, ladies and gentlemen! I am not accustomed to be laughed at; I can't imagine what you can see ridiculous in *me*;—why, I declare, there's Harry B—— too, and his cousin Martha J——," and he pointed at the centre box, where the happy pair were enjoying the fun; "what business have they to come here and laugh at me, I should like to know! I'll go and tell his father, and hear what *he* thinks of it." The unhappy objects of his attack, thoroughly confounded, not only by this personal address, but by the immediate direction of all eyes to their *locale*, scrambled from their seats and rushed from the house, frightened out of their wits.

Another time, Liston himself was the victim. Having procured a bladder with a penny whistle attached to it, after the fashion of a bagpipe, Hook made his way under the stage during the performance of the "Finger Post," and introducing the orifice of the tube into the opening of the "float," close to Liston's foot, as the latter was about to commence his song, "When I fell into the pit of love," proceeded to elicit from his apparatus the most discordant squeaks imaginable, by way of

accompaniment, not more to the amusement of the audience, than the bewilderment of the actor, who could not conceive whence on earth, or under the earth, the sounds proceeded. The song was tumultuously encored, and mystified as he was, Liston, of course, had no alternative but to repeat it, his unseen assistant squeezing and squeaking the while more vigorously than ever.

In the midst of all these fooleries, and others a thousand times more extravagant, young Hook, to borrow his own pun, had an *eye* to business; the freedom he so much coveted, and the income necessary to render it enjoyable, were dependent wholly upon his own exertions, and accordingly, with that industry for which throughout life he was remarkable, he set to work, and in some cases in conjunction with his father, but in the majority of instances without any assistance whatever, he furnished the theatres, during the next three or four years, with a variety of entertainments, all more or less effective. The first of these was a "*petite pièce*," in one act, called "The Invisible Girl," the idea taken from the "Babillard" of M. Charles Maurice, and adapted to the extraordinary enuntiative powers of Jack Bannister, on whose benefit night, April 28, 1806, it was produced at Drury Lane. The author himself appears to have considered it as "a daring and rather dangerous attempt at something new;" had his hero, whose volubility, to the utter extinction of every one else, is the main feature of the farce, paused a moment for the prompter, all would have been lost. This amusing trifle has lately been recast by Mr. Charles Matthews, and produced with complete success, under the title of "*Patter versus Clatter*."

In the year following, 1807, "The Fortress," a drama in three acts, also taken from the French, was brought out at the Haymarket. From which we may take, as a fair specimen of the easy jingle with which these pieces abounded, a song sung by Mathews, in the character of Vincent, a gardener, much in vogue in its day:—

“When I was a chicken I went to school,
 My master would call me an obstinate fool.
 For I ruled the roast, and I roasted all rule,
 And he wondered how ever he bore me;

His table I blotted, his windows I broke,
 I fired his wig, and I laughed at the smoke,
 And always replied, if he rowed at the joke,
 Why—my father did so before me!

“ I met a young girl, and I prayed to the miss,
 I fell on my knee, and I asked for a kiss,
 She twice said no, but she once said yes,
 And in marriage declared she'd restore me.
 We lov'd and we quarrell'd, like April our strife,
 I guzzled my stoup, and I buried my wife,
 But the thing that consoled me at this time of life
 Was—my father did so before me!

“ Then, now I'm resolved all sorrows to blink,
 Since winkin's the tippy, I'll tip 'em the wink,
 I'll never get drunk when I cannot get drink,
 Nor ever let misery bore me.
 I sneer at the Fates, and I laugh at their spite,
 I sit down contented to sit up all night,
 And when the time comes, from the world take my flight,
 For—my father did so before me!”

In the course of the same season, “Tekeli; or, the Siege of Mongratz,” was produced; one of the most popular melodramas of the day, and which still keeps the stage in the provinces, and was re-produced a few years ago, as an afterpiece at Astley's; the terrific combats, patriotic sentiments, and very pretty music where-with it abounds, always insuring it,—spite of Byron's ban,* a favourable reception from the galleries. “The Siege of St. Quentin,” a drama of a similar description, quickly followed:—the plot was founded on the celebrated battle of St. Quentin, in 1557, when the French, endeavouring to raise the siege of that city, were signally defeated. The object of the piece, that of exciting enthusiasm in favour of the Spanish nation, together with the magnificence of the *mise en scène*, procured for it considerable success. It sleeps with sundry others: “Trial by Jury,” “Darkness Visible,” “Safe and Sound,” “Music Mad,” &c., all of which, having run their course,

* Gods! o'er those boards shall folly rear her head,
 Whom Garrick trod, and Kemble lives to tread?
 On those shall Farce display buffoonery's mask,
 And Hook conceal his heroes in a cask?

English Bards and Scotch Reviewers.

have perished *illachrymabiles*. This last, indeed, deserves a word of notice, if only on account of its supereminent absurdity. The principal character, borrowed by the way, bodily from "*Il Fanatico per la Musica*," of the Italian stage, and rendered infinitely more ridiculous by being metamorphosed into a native of our most unmusical isle, is, as the title indicates, an amateur, and so passionately devoted to his favourite science as to insist upon his servant's wearing a waistcoat scored all over with crotchets and semiquavers: it had been considered the master-piece of the celebrated Naldi.

In 1809, the destruction by fire of the two patent houses having compelled the rival companies to coalesce and repair to the Lyceum, principally for the purpose of providing employment for the humbler members of the profession, Mr. Hook contributed the well-known after-piece of "Killing no Murder." Independent of the intrinsic merit of the piece itself, and the admirable acting of Liston, as *Apollo Belvi*, and Mathews, as *Buskin*; for whom it was especially written (though by the way it is but justice to add, on the authority of Mrs. Mathews, that the latter character was but "a sketch, which Mr. Mathews filled up *ad libitum*"),—there were circumstances attending its representation which invested it with peculiar interest, and enlisted all the sympathies of the audience in favour of the author. It appears that on the MS. being submitted to the deputy licenser, Mr. Larpent, certain passages reflecting on the Methodist preachers, induced that gentleman in the first instance, to place a *veto* on the performance. A compromise, however, was effected, the objectionable scene re-modelled, and the play allowed to proceed. Whether it would have been wiser upon the whole to have suffered it to go forth with its imperfections on its head, and to have trusted to the good taste of the public to demand the suppression of any incidental improprieties, may be a question, the more so, as the Licenser's authority, extending only to the acted drama, could offer no hindrance to its publication. Some half-dozen editions, containing the passages omitted in the performance, were struck off and circulated like wildfire, together with a preface, from which, as the author has thus an opportunity of stating his own case,

it may be as well to present our readers with a few extracts:—

“I should have suffered my gratitude to the public to have been felt, not told, had not some very singular circumstances compelled me to explain part of my conduct, which, if I remained silent, might be liable to misconstruction. On the evening previous to the performance of ‘Killing no Murder,’ I was much surprised to hear that it could not be produced, because Mr. Larpent, the reader of plays (as he is termed), had refused to grant his license for it. The cause of the refusal was, I heard, political. I revolted at the idea; and as a young man entering life, felt naturally anxious to clear my character from the base imputation of disloyalty. Then I heard it rumoured that the ground of the refusal was its immorality. Here again I was wounded; for though I confess I have no pretension to sanctity, yet I hope I shall never prostitute my time in the production of that for which even wit itself is no excuse.

“Thus situated, I set off in search of the gentleman who had strangled my literary infant in its birth; and to find him I referred to the ‘Red-book,’ where I discovered that John Larpent, Esq., was *clerk* at the Privy Seal Office, that John Larpent, Esq., was *deputy* to John Larpent, Esq., and that the *deputy’s secretary* was John Larpent, Esq. This proved to me that a man could be in three places at once; but on inquiry, I found he was even in a fourth and a fifth, for it was by virtue of none of these offices he licensed plays, and his place, *i. e.* his villa, was at Putney. Thither I proceeded in a post-chaise, in chase of this ubiquitous deputy, and there I found him. After a seasonable delay to beget an awful attention on my part, he appeared, and told me with a chilling look, that the second act of my farce was a most ‘indecent and shameful attack on a very religious and harmless set of people’ (he meant the Methodists), ‘and that my farce altogether was an infamous persecution of the sectaries.’ Out came the murder. The character of a Methodist preacher, written for Liston’s incomparable talents, with the hope of turning into ridicule the ignorance and impudence of the self-elected pastors, who

infest every part of the kingdom, met with the reprehension of the licenser.

* * * * *

“It was in vain I adduced Mother Cole in the ‘Minor,’ Mawworm in the ‘Hypocrite,’ Barebones in the ‘London Hermit,’ and half-a-dozen other parts. The great licenser shook his head ‘as if there was something in it,’ and told me that Lord Dartmouth had the piece; if he did not object, it might yet be played, but if his lordship concurred with him, not a line should be performed. I took my leave, fully convinced how proper a person Mr. Larpent was to receive, in addition to his other salaries, four hundred pounds per annum, besides perquisites, for reading plays, the pure and simple performance of which, by his creed, is the *acme* of sin and unrighteousness. His even looking at them is contamination—but four hundred a-year—a sop for Cerberus—what will it not make a man do?

* * * * *

“Now, in defence of the part of *Apollo Belvi*, as originally written, I consider it necessary to speak. It is a notorious fact that the Methodists are not contented with following their own fashions in religion, but they endeavour hourly to overturn the Established Church by all means, open and covert; and I know, as a positive fact, that it is considered the first duty of Methodist parents to irritate their children against the regular clergy, before the poor wretches are able to think or consider for themselves. Nay, they are so ingenious in their efforts for this purpose, that they inculcate the aversion by nick-naming whatever object the children hate most after some characteristic of the Episcopal religion; and I have known a whole swarm of sucking Methodists frightened to bed, by being told that the *bishop* was coming—the impression resulting from this alarm grows into an antipathy, and from having been, as children, accustomed to consider a bishop as a bugbear, it became no part of their study to discover why—the very mention of lawn sleeves throws them into agonies ever after. Seeing, then, with what zeal these sectaries attack us, and with what ardour they endeavour to widen

the breach between us by persecution and falsehood, I did conceive that the lash of ridicule might be well applied to their backs, particularly as I prefer this open mode of attack to the assassin-like stab of the dagger, to which the cowardly Methodist would, for our destruction, have no objection to resort.

“But my ridicule went to one point only. Mr. L. Hunt, in his admirable Essays on Methodism, justly observes, that a strong feature in the Methodists’ character is a love of preaching. If it be possible that these self-elected guardians and ministers have an ascendancy over the minds of their flocks, and have the power to guide and direct them, it becomes surely the duty of every thinking being to consider their qualifications for such a task.

“The wilful misleadings of the clever Methodists, from the small proportion of talent that exists among them, are more harmless in their tendency than the blasphemous doctrines of ignorance. The more illiterate the preacher, the more infatuated the flock; and there is less danger in the specious insinuation of a refined mind than the open and violent expressions of inspired tailors and illuminated cobblers. It was to ridicule such monstrous incongruities, that, without any claim to originality, I sketched the part of Belvi, in the following farce. I conceived, by blending the most flippant and ridiculous of all callings, except a man-milliner’s (I mean a dancing-master’s), with the grave and important character of a preacher, I should, without touching indelicately on the subject, have raised a laugh against the absurd union of spiritual and secular avocations, which so decidedly marks the character of the Methodist. Of the hypocrisy introduced into the character, I am only sorry that the lightness of the farce prevented my displaying a greater depth of deception. All I can say is, that, whatever was written in ‘Killing no Murder,’ against the Methodists, was written from a conviction of their fallacy, their deception, their meanness, and their profaneness.”† * * * *

† “It may not be amiss to state, that at that stye of mud and corruption, Rowland Hill’s chapel, the congregation were congratulated from the pulpit on the destruction of Covent Garden Theatre,

There can be no doubt that Hook's triumph was complete, and possibly, as he himself expresses it in a preface to a subsequent edition, "His best thanks were due to Mr. Larpent;" most certainly all the allusions to "*what we must not mention*," were eagerly caught up by the "house," and a little personal vituperation of the deputy licenser himself was received by our "free and enlightened public" with unequivocal symptoms of satisfaction. Another farce, "Exchange no Robbery," deserves honourable mention, and were the gods to favour us again with such a pair as Terry and Liston, might be revived, to the great delectation of such of her Majesty's lieges as still can contrive to dine at five o'clock, and think with Hamlet, "The play's the thing."

CHAPTER II.

Private Theatricals.—"Ass-ass-ination."—Suett's Funeral.—Mr. Hook's first Appearance upon any Stage.—His extraordinary Stage-fright.—His *Début* as an Improvisatore.—Imitations.—Introduction to Sheridan and his Son—Letter from an Actor.

ALL the while Theodore, who had not yet attained his majority, was far from being content with playing the part of an *auditor tantum*, or even of a *poeta*; at the houses of some intimate friends, that of Mr. Rolls in particular, he was also wont to figure as a first-rate performer, and to represent—

"Himself, the great sublime he drew."

In company with Messrs. Henry Higginson and Mathews, his associates in many a mad freak, Wathen, Douglas Kinnaird, the host, and a few others, he assisted at a variety of private theatricals, very frequently writing pieces for the occasion. One, indeed, "Black and White; or, Don't be Savage," performed with unqualified ap-

and the annihilation of a score of firemen, noticed as a singular proof of the wisdom of Providence in these words:—"Great news, my brethren—great news—a great triumph has taken place over the devil and the stage-players—a fire in one of their houses. Oh, may there be one consumed every year! it is my fervent prayer!"
—*Preface.*

plause at Grange House, the seat of Mr. Rolls, was afterwards deemed worthy of being submitted to the severer critics of the Haymarket, at which theatre, on the return of Mr. Hook from Mauritius, it was brought out, under the title "Pigeons and Crows," a change of name, under the circumstances, not perhaps the most felicitous. "Ass-ass-ination," a sort of burlesque on Hamlet, was another of these extravaganzas, broad enough "for the meanest capacity," but amusing withal, abounding in point and pun, as well as local hits, and quite worthy the attention of any country manager, whether amateur or professional, who may happen to be at a loss for Christmas novelties. Take, by way of sample, the opening scene:—

Enter Princess, with a light.

PRINCESS. 'Tis midnight! Suspicion's gone to sleep. Credulity has warmed the bed, and Dulness tucked him up. My father is not dead; I've hoaxed the public; I've shut my regal daddy in the coal-hole, and now am Regent. The dirty work is done, and I'll to bed! to bed! to bed!

[Exit on tiptoe, P. S.

Re-enter, O. P. and P. S., Amatavelli and Mumptifoni, each peeping in.

AMA. Have you been listening?

MUM. I have.

AMA. How like a courtier!—'tis well. Falalaria, our Princess Regent, loves——

MUM. (*With a considerable degree of self-complacency.*) I think she *does!*

AMA. Not *you*—another!

MUM. Then, by my soul, he dies!

AMA. Nay! by my soul, he *lives!* 'Tis Blubbero, the mighty King of Finland.

MUM. From Finland!—pshaw! A king of dolphins and Prince of Whales.*

* The pun runs quite as glibly in the Latin, and has been ascribed to Lord Stair. A discussion happening to arise at the French court, where he was present, on the comparative dignity of the two titles, that of the Dauphin, and of the Prince of Wales, his lordship is recorded to have set the matter at rest by observing, that

AMA. 'Tis so. That mighty king of fish would now be the same *flesh* as Falalaria.

MUM. It cannot be.

AMA. Why, then I *lie*; but if I ever spoke the truth 'tis true.

MUM. A king of fish to hook my Falalaria! Of fish, d' ye say? Oh, by my *sole*! a *maid* like her, a *bait* for such a *scaly grampus* as King *Blubbero*. I'll ring the *barbel*-l of the world, and *gudgeon* him of his fair prize. Dead as a *herring* shall he be, who strives to fish in troubled waters.

AMA. Contain your passion—he comes. His fur be-speaks his royalty.

MUM. Fur!—would he were further! I see his roe, the stately swim and insolence of vermin. I'll meet him.

AMA. No, you had better not. Let us retire about a foot or two, and overhear his conversation.

MUM. We will.

[*They both retire.*]

If the reader has any further curiosity on the subject it may be gratified by a reference to “Bentley's Miscellany,” November, 1847, where the “Historical Tragedy, discovered in an old building near Stratford-upon-Avon, &c.,” is given entire.

Mr. Hook made his first appearance on any stage at Mr. Rolls's theatre in 1809, and it is not a little remarkable that one, who from a child had exhibited such extraordinary self-possession, should have sunk at first sight of the audience into an almost helpless state of stage fright. “He had been as bold and easy,” says Mrs. Mathews, “during the rehearsals, as if he had been a practical stager. All the novices seemed fluttered but himself; but when he entered at night as *Sir Callaghan O'Brallaghan*, the Irish officer in ‘Love-à-la-Mode,’ he turned pale and exhibited such palpable terror, that I almost supported him on my arm; his frame shook, his voice failed him, and not a word of the first scene, nor a note of the song he attempted at the pianoforte (which

the Roman poet had long ago decided the question of precedence in the following line:—

“Quanto Delphinis balæna Britannica major.”—*JUV. Sat.*

he had sung so well in the morning), were audible to anybody except myself."

Supported as they were, these performances assumed a very different character from the general run of those dullest of all dull exhibitions of vanity, private theatricals: not to speak of Mr. and Mrs. Mathews, Hook himself, who soon recovered his nerve, possessed a degree of talent which would have secured him a place, probably, not far inferior to that occupied by his versatile friend, had he thought fit to enlist among the "regulars." Superior to the latter in musical attainments, he was inferior to him alone in those extraordinary powers of personation, by virtue of which, the mind as well as manner, the tone of thought, flow of idea, and habit of expression of the individual to be represented, were faithfully exhibited, an achievement far beyond the reach of the mere mimic. Captain Caulfeild (of whom, by the way, Stephen Price used to say, "He is the only amateur performer I ever saw to whom I would have offered a salary: I would have given *him*, sir, five-and-thirty shillings a-week,") was another proficient in this art, and Mathews used to narrate an amusing instance of his imitation of the well-known "Dicky" Suett, which was, he said, far more exact than his own.

They had both, then very young men, been invited to attend the funeral of the "poor player," and were placed in the same coach with Jack Bannister and Palmer. The latter sat, wrapped up in angry and indignant silence at the tricks which the two younger *mourners* (who, by the way, had known but little of Suett) were playing; but Bannister, though much affected, nevertheless could not refrain from occasionally laughing, in the midst of his grief, while the tears were actually running from his eyes. At length, on the procession reaching Fleet Street, on its way to St. Paul's Churchyard, where Suett lies buried, Mr. Whittle, commonly called "Jemmy Whittle," of the firm of Laurie and Whittle, stationers, came to the door of his shop to see the remains of his old friend pass to their place of rest. An obstruction in the road at this moment caused a short delay, when Caulfeild called out in the exact voice and manner of the dead man:—

“Aha! Jemmy; oh law! how do? oh dear! going to be buried! oh law! oh law! oh dear!”

The astounded stationer rushed back to his house, shocked, surprised, and possibly not a little alarmed at the sound of the familiar tones. It was a little singular, that at the conclusion of the ceremony, as the benediction fell from the lips of the clergyman, a grinning urchin, perched on a tombstone close by the iron rails, began vigorously to clap his hands. So practical a compliance with the “*plaudite*,” at the actor’s grave, struck the whole company; the boy, however, on being questioned and taken to task for his irreverence, blubbered out: “La, sir, there was only them two dogs outside as wanted to fight, and was afeard to begin, so I just did it to set ’em on like.” The coincidence was a very pretty one as it stood—it was a pity to disturb it!

But even at this early period, Theodore Hook, and at the time of which we write, he was yet in his twentieth year, gave evidence of the possession of a talent compared with which, mimicry in its perfection, available enough as an auxiliary, sinks into insignificance—that of the improvisatore. Men of mark are found bearing testimony to the inspirations of his genius; marvellous at the early age referred to, but far surpassed by his later performances. Coleridge, for example, at the termination of a somewhat prolonged revel held at the cottage of Mr. Mansel Reynolds, is said to have proclaimed, in his declamatory manner, that he had never met a man who could bring such various and amazing resources of mind to bear on the mere whim or folly of the moment, while the poet Campbell spoke of him as “a wonderful creature,” who sang extempore songs, “not to my admiration, but to my astonishment.” Those who have been in the habit of attending public meetings, or who have listened to the harangues, so glibly “done into English” by next morning, of the orators of St. Stephens, cannot fail to have remarked how rarely even respectable prose is delivered where opportunity for preparation has been wanting. But in the art, if art it may be called, of pouring forth extemporaneous poetry, music and words, rhyme and reason all impromptu, Hook stood alone—rival he had none; of course he had his imitators:

“The charming extempore verses of Twiss’s,”

for example, will not readily be forgotten; another gentleman, also, found reason to remember his attempt at rivalry. Ambitious of distinction, he took an opportunity of striking off into verse immediately after one of Hook’s happiest efforts. Theodore’s bright eye flashed, and fixed on the intruder, who soon began to flounder in the meshes of his stanza, when he was put out of his misery at once by the following couplet from the master, given, however, with a good-humoured smile that robbed it of all offence:—

“I see, sir, I see, sir, what ’tis that you’re hatching;
But mocking, you see, sir, is not *always* catching.”

There can be no doubt as to the perfect genuineness of these marvellous efforts of the human intellect; the word was given and the “numbers came,” gushing fresh and sparkling from the fount. His companions at the table, and the observations that had fallen from them, afforded not unfrequently matter for his good-natured muse. But as often a subject impossible in any way to have been anticipated, was proposed by one of the company, generally the most incredulous, and with scarce a moment’s consideration, he would place himself at the piano-forte, run over the keys, and break forth into a medley of merriment of which, unhappily, no idea can be conveyed, for the benefit and conversion of the sceptic.

The names of those present were frequently woven into the rhyme, or made to supply points to the verse. He is said once to have encountered a pair of most unmanageable patronymics, those of Sir Moses Ximenes, and Mr. Rosenagen, a young Dane; the line antiphonetic to the former has escaped us; the latter, reserved till near the conclusion, was thus played upon:—

“Yet more of my Muse is required,
Alas! I fear she is done;
But no! like a fiddler that’s tired,
I’ll *Rosen-agen*, and go on.”

One instance has been recorded remarkable not only for the readiness and tact with which he interwove any

passing incident, but for the extreme gracefulness of the comparison thus suggested. It was at a country mansion; Hook was in high spirits—when was he not to outward seeming! The Falernian had been of the right vintage, and the draughts neither too frequent nor too few. The evening passed delightfully away—still puns and pleasantries unexhausted, inexhaustible, kept the table in a roar. It was too early to separate—Theodore had never been so happy; already had he sung several songs in his best style, and given more than one successful specimen of his improvising. A little something, known to ordinary mortals as supper; to those in a yet humbler sphere as “the tray,” made its appearance—the “mahogany mixture” deepened in its tint as the night wore on; the morning broke and—

“Ne'er found such beaming eyes awake,
As those that sparkled there.”

One last song was solicited—such eyes and such lips were not to be refused; Hook, fresh as ever, at once responded to the call, taking as his subject, and pointing every stanza, with the words “Good Night.” Suddenly in the midst of the mirth, some one threw open a shutter close by the end of the piano-forte; the sun was rising, and forced its early light into the apartment. On the instant the singer paused: a boy, with his wondering eyes fixed upon him (and there were few auditors he loved better), stood by his side. Like old Timotheus he “changed his hand,” and turning from the fair dames, the boy's mother among them, clustered round, in a voice of deep pathos apostrophized the child, and thus concluded:—

“But the sun see the heavens adorning,
Diffusing life, pleasure, and light!
To thee, 'tis the promise of morning,
To us 'tis the closing ‘Good night!’”

“The effect of this momentary impulse,” observes one who was present, “is indescribable; it was indeed a touching moral wherewith to conclude one of those joyous days, of which he was the centre and soul.”

The first public display of this extraordinary faculty

was made, we believe, on the occasion of a dinner given by the actors of Drury Lane Theatre, to commemorate the success of their manager, Sheridan, in the Westminster election. So rare a talent naturally excited the admiration of a brother genius; he honoured the young debutant with especial notice, made him known to his son, and gave encouragement to an intimacy which led to the introduction of Hook to a circle of society far higher than any in which he had hitherto moved, enabled him to make his way among the arbiters of fashion and disposers of patronage, and proved eventually the not remote source of all his fortunes, or rather,—for so, alas! it turned out,—of all his misfortunes.

There appear to be two mental maladies which, like small-pox and the measles, seem inherent in our nature, and usually to be developed during the season of youth—the stage and the military mania. Or perhaps, they may be but different modifications of one and the same disease, a plethoric vanity which must have vent; most certainly a morbid appetite for “new scenery, dresses, and decorations,” may be fairly ranked among symptoms common to both. The former, perhaps, has a little gone out of late since the mysteries of the “Green-room,” like all other mysteries in these days, have been so rudely unveiled, and the technicalities, formerly of such awful interest in the mouth of the adept, have become vulgarized by constant publication. We need not pursue the subject, nor stop to inquire which “eruption” is the more perilous of the two. Hook, as we have seen, if he escaped the one, was constitutionally predisposed to the other, and this circumstance, added to the fact of most of his early associates, his father among the rest, being *attachés* of the theatre, being taken into consideration, it is no wonder that the fit, in his case, was long and violent; and but for the interposition of the friendly Machaon alluded to, it might have had a very different termination.

The new field, however, opened to him, offered more alluring objects for his ambition; and instead of remaining the pet of popular singers, and the *deliciæ* of pretty actresses, he was smiled upon by “ladies of quality,”

applauded by great men and grave, and listened to with admiration even by royalty itself.

The revulsion of feeling which he manifested in after life, and the distaste to, not to say aversion from, everything connected with his former pursuits, and which smelt of the (stage) lamp, made repeatedly visible in his novels, &c., are remarkable, and hardly, perhaps, consistent with the great regard which he continued to entertain for many estimable members of the theatrical profession. A more faithful, and spite of its ludicrous touches, a more painful picture of the miseries and mortifications incident to the vocation in question, can scarcely be found than in the following letter of advice, given by him in the "John Bull" many years after his own connection with the drama had ceased, and he had become "convinced," to use his own words, "of the total indifference with which plays, play-writers, players, and play-houses are considered, if ever thought of in good society."

"MY DEAR GEORGE, — I have received your kind favour and the pheasants, 'for which relief much thanks.' Mary and I are really obliged, and I have great pleasure in saying that the children, considering the delicacy of their constitutions, are, for the most part, pretty well.

"In answer to your questions about my professional success, I ought, I believe, in candour to say it has been most decided, and I am growing every day more popular with the public; but bitterly indeed do I lament having quitted the trade to which my poor father apprenticed me, for although I am quite at the top of the tree, I am the most unhappy creature in the whole world.

"I used vainly to imagine that the business of an actor was all play, but I have found to my cost that no trade, no profession upon earth is so perpetually laborious to mind and body—laborious, too, at times and seasons when other people are partaking of the amusements and enjoyments of social and domestic life. At ten o'clock I go to rehearsal—study and arrange the nonsense which the manager chooses to accept from the wretched play-writers—(who are all either in jail, or expecting to be sent there every day of their miserable lives)—liable to be fined forty pounds for refusing to perform a part

which I know does not suit me, and in which no human being, except the author, can see the slightest merit: there I remain the whole morning, groping about behind the scenes, in the dark, smoky atmosphere of the play-house, or listening, in the green-room, to calumnies and silly stories of our 'brethren of the sock and buskin,' till perhaps three; I then mount to the wardrobe, where, in council with the tailor and the barber, I stay and discuss with perfect gravity and the most serious interest, the relative merits of different coats, waistcoats, and wigs, with a view to ascertain which combination of grotesque habits will best answer the purpose of making me personally ridiculous, and produce the greatest portion of laughter at my expense in the one-shilling gallery. In this pursuit, anxious to hear how my two or three sick children are (for in a London family of eight, the average rate is three down), I am delayed till near four. On reaching the stage-door, I find it pouring with rain, mixed with snow—having come out in thin shoes, and without an umbrella, I paddle up Drury Lane or Belton Street to my lodgings, where my wife has prepared everything to make me comfortable; and at five o'clock I sit down to my dinner, fire blazing, dishes smoking, and all extremely nice and snug. At a little after six, just as I am getting quite warm, and feel very happy and rather heavy for sleep, I am warned by my dear Mary "that it is time to go." Up I get, squeeze on my great coat, take my umbrella, find the streets ankle-deep in snow, atmosphere yellow and choking, mixed with more mizzling rain, too small and too light to be warded off—slip along the worst streets in London back to the play-house, having in the the way down, in consequence of quitting my warm fire-side, contracted a violent tooth-ache, to which I am very subject.

"The pain in my face increases during the time I am dressing—the barber arrives to 'do up my own hair' into a droll shape, it having been decided that it will produce a more ridiculous effect than a wig; the call-boy comes to hurry one, and I proceed to smear my chin and forehead with whitening, make crows' feet and eyebrows with a bit of burnt cork, and rub the end of my nose with a hare's foot covered with red ochre; during this

operation a 'gentleman wishes to see me;' he is admitted, and brings the agreeable intelligence, that a friend who had given me his acceptance for seventy pounds, has dishonoured the bill, which is returned to me, and must be settled by ten o'clock the following morning. At this juncture, a pretty little draggled-tailed maid-servant, whom I keep, and whose visits to the *coulisses* are specially interdicted by me, because I wish to have nobody's sins to answer for but my own, arrives to ask for the key of a eupboard (which I have brought away by mistake), to get something out for poor little Caroline, who has had a sudden accession of fever, and is considered by Mr. Kilpin, the apothecary, in imminent danger. I give her the key, and hear her romping with the half-drunken manager in the dark passage. Irritated, but too much pressed for time to be angry, I squeeze on the shoes which I thought would 'be very effective;' in my haste I run the tongue of one of the buckles under the nail of my finger, and when the shoes are on, find the corn on the little toe of my left foot so pinched, that nothing but the impossibility of getting any others would induce me to wear them. While stamping on the floor in hopes of making matters easier, I perceive the coat and waistcoat which I have selected to wear, giving the most unequivocal proof of dampness by smoking furiously as they hang airing on the back of a chair before the fire.

"Besides this, it should be observed that I dress in the same apartment with a man whose aversion I am, and whose name is ipeaeuanha to me; he is pompous, and does tragedy—has the best place in the room, and all the fire to himself; feeds the newspaper's critics, who always praise him; one of whom, who invariably abuses me, is his constant companion when we are dressing.

"At length, however, I get to the green-room, drink half a glass of muddy soft water from the tumbler, and of which every *lady* and *gentleman* of the company has drunk before, and will drink after me; and being ultimately summoned to the stage, I find the music sounding too well, the house empty of people and full of fog—my tooth aching as if it would split my head—I feel the damp waistcoat sticking to my back—my eyes being hot

and my nose cold, the shoe on my *corny* foot having shrunk with the heat of the *float* (that is quite technical, my dear cousin), cutting and pinching me more dreadfully than the parchment boot of the Holy Inquisition could do. Here I have to act a scene with a cheap actor from the country, instead of Liston, or Terry, or Downton, or any good hand to whose playing I am accustomed, and they to mine; a stick who knows nothing of the point, and very little of the part; and then arrive at the period where I have to sing a comic song, with speaking and pattering imitations of sundry men and other animals between the verses; during the protracted symphony to this, I keep my tongue to my tooth in order to lull the pain, rest my corny foot upon my sound one, and think of nothing but my poor fevered child at home and the protested bill at the bankers',—putting my hand instinctively into my pocket, I find that I have left the little bit of reed with which I imitate Punch and the ducks (the great hits of my song) in the waistcoat I have just taken off. I sing the song, of course without the ducks and Punch, but make up for the omission by dancing very funnily, forgetting at the outset the tight shoes and corns, and being unable, when I have once begun, to leave off. The pain I feel makes me twist and wriggle more than ordinary; the consequence is, that I am encored by some few boys in the gallery, who have paid sixpence a-piece for their privilege—the decent part of the audience dissent from the repetition, and I stand bowing humbly to the 'liberal and enlightened public,' a set of senseless brutes, whose tastes I despise, and for whose intellect I have most unqualified contempt.

"In the midst of my obsequiousness, one monster among the gods, more hardened than the rest, flings an apple at my head, which takes effect exactly on my throbbing tooth; shouts of 'turn him out' resound, and the cry of 'go on' increasing, I repeat all my little playfulness in detail (which are rendered wholly unintelligible by the clapping of the *ayes*, and the vigorous hissings of the *noes*), and hop about upon my pinched foot with the most laudable activity.

"All this over, I go towards my dressing-room to avoid witnessing the degradation of the *ladies* of the

profession, who, by the convenient connivance of the conductors of our theatrical establishments, are at present subjected to the open advances of every man who thinks himself entitled, by his wealth or rank, to knock down the barriers which separate virtue from vice, and decency from profligacy, and chooses to attend the green-room to carry on a system which, in the days of Harris, Colman, and Kemble, was confined to the lobbies, or to houses of a different description altogether. In the passage towards my retreat, I encounter the manager, smelling of vulgar potations, rather more drunk and infinitely more important than he was in the earlier part of the evening; he tells me I must study *Falkland*, in 'The Rivals,' for the next night (*Acres* being my *forte*)—he then introduces me to an author who has an equestrian melo-drama to be read the following morning. I cannot conceive what makes them both so civil, till at last I discover that they want me to act, in their new piece, the part of a sorcerer, in a black horse-hair wig, with gilded horns, and to be carried to the flies on the back of a fiery dragon, at the risk of my neck and reputation. I suspend my answer to their request, and the night wears on. At length the play and farce end; heated and tired, I take off my second dress, and put on my own damp clothes. I smear my face all over with grease and pomatum to get the paint out of the pores, and rub my hair out of curl. I find my boots (wet when I came) have shrunk so much by standing before the fire, that I can by no exertion get my heels home in them, and am obliged to walk to my lodgings with a hard, stiff wrinkle under each foot. My toothache much worse than before, I hurry through the hall, and see a rehearsal of 'The Rivals' called for ten o'clock the next morning, and the new melo-drama at one; begin my walk homewards through the mud, recur to the protested note and my sick infant, paddle up the same wretched streets that I had before paddled down; get hustled by three tall women of the town, who, after pulling me about to my great discomfiture, leave me with a shout when they discover, by the light of a great gas lamp, that after all it is only funny —— the actor man.

“When I get home the fire is out—my wife, tired of

her lonely wretchedness, has gone to bed—the poor child is worse, and I, saddled with ‘Falkland’ in my pocket to study for the morning. That morrow brings the same routine, and so it goes on until Saturday, when the concern not being very prosperous, the treasurer cannot pay any of the salaries; and the only intelligence I get at his office is, that my benefit is fixed for the second day of Epsom Races, when the cheesemongers and bakers, who would take my tickets, will all be attending them, and, therefore, unable to go to the play:—find at the theatre a letter, offering me two sovereigns and my dinner to go to a patriotic party and be comical, at the City of London Tavern. Swear at the ‘fat and greasy citizens,’ who take a gentleman for a mountebank, and spend the whole of my Sunday in studying the part of Mustyfastigig, the wizard, in the infernal new melodrama of ‘Blue Blazes; or, The Intellectual Donkey,’ which it will cost me the price of a felon’s neck to refuse to act.

“These, my dear George, are but a few of the evils by which I am assailed in the midst of my success; and when I walk down to my nightly task, and see the ruddy-faced, healthy shopkeeper sitting quietly at his tea, by his cheerful fireside, with his family round him, and recollect that he can weigh butter without leaving his home, painting his face, or being subject to the insolence of a sottish manager; and sell cheese and hog’s-lard without bowing for the usual indulgence of the enlightened public, or a chance of being hissed, or pelted with hard apples, penny-pieces, and pewter pots,—I heave a sigh of regret that I adopted a calling which I now *must* prosecute, but which is irksome in its duties, precarious in its existence, and which, above all, in my heart I cordially despise.

“You have asked for an account of myself, and I give it you; if not flattering, it is at least correct. Mary sends her best love; and I beg you to believe me, dear George, yours truly, &c.”

CHAPTER III.

Practical Jokes.—The Museum.—Mr. H.— and the Golden Eagle—The Uninvited Guest.—“Le Gastronomer sans Argent.”—Turnpikes.—Tour in Wales.—Mr. Thomas Hill.—“The Haunch of Venison.”—Sir P. D——e’s Larder.—Croydon Fair.—The Hackney Coach.—The Berners-street Hoax.

AT this period, it was for his performances off the stage that the name of Theodore Hook became most notorious; for that series of practical jokes or “hoaxes,” which, inexcusable as they must be considered, were so inexpressibly ludicrous in effect, as well as original in conception, and were carried out with so unparalleled a degree of impudence, as to provoke the dullest of mortals to mirth. Transferred to paper even by his own pen, they necessarily lose much of their piquancy; but told as he, when “i’ the vein,” was wont to tell them, eye, tone, and gesture, all richly significant of fun, they were perfectly irresistible; it was not in nature *tenere risum*; at least, if the individual exists whose gravity could have held good under the circumstances, he may be—

“Fit for treasons, stratagems, and spoils,”

or even for a resident fellowship at Cambridge, but for little else.

He commenced, as a very young man of course, with the establishment of a museum, which boasted the most complete collection of knockers, the finest specimens of sign-painting, the most magnificent bunches of grapes, the longest barbers’ poles, and the largest cocked hats that the metropolis could produce. His predatory adventures, indeed, evidently suggested to his friend, “Thomas Ingoldsby,” the matter of one or two chapters of “My Cousin Nicholas,” even if that worthy personage does not owe his existence altogether to some dim recollection of the vagaries of his great prototype. The scene at Brighton, for instance, with the abstraction of the “Jolly Bacchus,” the pursuit, the little bare legs peeping out under the fugitive’s arm, the hue and cry after the “Resurrectionists!” are not without foundation.

A more successful achievement was the carrying off

a gigantic Highlander, for there *were* giants in those days,—the race of snuff-taking Highlanders has sadly degenerated,—from the door of a tobacconist. A dark foggy night was selected for the purpose; the fastenings were carefully removed, a large cloak thrown over the shoulders of the gallant Gael, a southron hat placed upon his plumed brow, and the first dreamy-looking “Jarvey” that made his appearance, hailed. Open flew the door, down rattled the steps, and before the becaped and bebooted Jehu could descend from his box—“My friend—very respectable man, but a little tipsy,”—was tumbled into the hackney-coach, and the order given to drive on.

Hook’s confederate in these freaks, and in some cases his rival, was a Mr. H——, who subsequently becoming a wiser, if not a sadder man, entered Holy Orders, and withdrew from the society of his former companions. Theodore used to give an amusing account of this gentleman’s sensitiveness, and of a sort of quarrel between them, to which, on one occasion, it gave rise. H——, who, it seems, had an opposition establishment in the pump-handle and bell-pull line of his own, called on Hook, and in the course of conversation observed, that for a considerable time he had been looking at, and longing for, what, if attainable, would have proved the first gem of his “collection.” “However,” he added, “as I have quite convinced myself that the thing is not to be got, I don’t mind telling that in — Street, over a shop window, No. —, there is *such* a golden eagle! such a glorious fellow! such a beak! and such wings!” &c., &c. Hook took little apparent notice of the communication at the time; but some three or four weeks afterwards, prevailed upon his friend to “drop in and take a chop with him.” The first course, whatever it might have been, removed, a servant entered, staggering under the weight of an enormous dish, which, with some difficulty, was placed upon the table; the cover of corresponding size, which had itself probably graced the exterior of some tinman’s “emporium,” was raised, and displayed to the eyes of the astonished guest the identical features of the much-coveted piece of sculpture, gorgeous and glittering as gold-leaf could make it.

Every windy evening during the preceding fortnight had the spoiler taken his station within view of the devoted object—it stood firm, however, braved the tempest, and defied the storm; at length his patience was rewarded, the wind shifted, and set in fresh from a particular quarter, a glance at the golden prize was enough—it moved, it “waggled!” Nothing now was wanting but a fitting opportunity, and that was not wanting long—a *lasso* had been provided, by means of which the royal bird was speedily dragged from his eyrie on the first floor, and deposited forthwith in a sack by way of game-bag. So far from entering into the joke, Mr. H—— was seriously annoyed, and chose to look upon the abstraction in the light of a personal affront; what precise view the quondam proprietor might have taken of the transaction, and whether *his* feelings were equally nice upon the point, we are unfortunately not informed.

Most of the more amusing instances of Hook's practical joking have been detailed, and with but slight embellishment, in “Gilbert Gurney,” which, as has been before hinted, is little more than a record of his own mad doings, loose thoughts, and feelings. Others have appeared in the very entertaining volumes of Mrs. Mathews, and a few have been recently printed in the life of “Thomas Ingholdsby.”*

* One from this last work we must venture to borrow. It was on the occasion of Lord Melville's trial. Hook was present with a friend:—

“They went early, and were engaged in conversation when the peers began to enter. At this moment a country-looking lady, whom he afterwards found to be a resident at Rye, in Sussex, touched his arm, and said: ‘I beg your pardon, sir, but pray who are those gentlemen in red now coming in?’ ‘Those, ma'am,’ returned Theodore, ‘are the Barons of England; in these cases the junior peers always come first.’ ‘Thank you, sir, much obliged to you. Louisa, my dear! (turning to a girl about fourteen), tell Jane (about ten), those are the Barons of England; and the juniors (that's the youngest, you know) always goes first. Tell her to be sure and remember that when we get home.’ ‘Dear me, ma!’ said Louisa, ‘can that gentleman be one of the *youngest*? I am sure he looks one, very old.’ Human nature, added Hook, could not stand this; any though with no more mischief in him than a dove, must have been excited to a hoax. ‘And pray, sir,’ continued the lady, ‘what gentlemen are those?’ pointing to the bishops, who came next in order, in the dress which they wear on state occasions, viz., the scarlet and

One of his early friends observes:—"At this period the exuberance of his fun was irrepressible. He did all sorts of strange things, merely that he might be doing—"and if he had not done them, he had died." One day he observed a pompous gentleman walking in very grand style along the Strand; instantly leaving his companion he went up to him and said, 'I beg your pardon, sir, but pray may I ask, are you anybody in particular?' Before the astonished magnifico could collect himself so as to reply practically or otherwise to the query, Mr. Hook had passed on."

One of the most notorious of these hoaxes was the Spanish ambassador's visit to Woolwich, so admirably told by Mrs. Mathews in the second volume of her husband's life, albeit we fancy we have heard a different and somewhat less triumphant termination to the adventure. The scene supposed to have been enacted on the banks of the Thames, and also narrated in the same pages, is not strictly authentic; the landing on the lawn, marking out the projected line of the Paddington Canal, "just taking the end of that conservatory;" the alarm of the portly

lawn sleeves over their doctors' robes. 'Gentlemen, ma'am!' said Hook, 'those are not gentlemen; those are *ladies*, elderly ladies—the Dowager Peeresses in their own right.' The fair inquirer fixed a penetrating glance upon his countenance, saying as plainly as an eye can say, 'Are you quizzing me or no?' Not a muscle moved; till at last, tolerably satisfied with her scrutiny, she turned round and whispered, 'Louisa, dear, the gentleman *says* that these are elderly ladies, and Dowager Peeresses in their own right; tell Jane not to forget *that!*' All went on smoothly till the Speaker of the House of Commons attracted her attention by the rich embroidery of his robes. 'Pray, sir,' said she, 'and who is that fine-looking person opposite?' 'That, madam,' was the answer, 'is Cardinal Wolsey!' 'No, sir!' cried the lady, drawing herself up, and casting at her informant a look of angry disdain, 'we know a little better than that; Cardinal Wolsey has been dead many a good year!' 'No such thing, my dear madam, I assure you,' replied Hook, with a gravity that must have been almost preternatural; 'it has been, I know, so reported in the country, but without the least foundation; in fact, those rascally newspapers will say anything.' The good old gentlewoman appeared thunderstruck, opened her eyes to their full extent, and gasped like a dying carp; *vix faucibus hæsit*, seizing a daughter with each hand, she hurried without a word from the spot."—*Ingoldsby Legends*, 3rd series, p. 69.

proprietor, introduction to his wife and daughters, the excellent dinner, *recherché* wines, and proffered bribe, are little improvements subsequently introduced, and repeated, doubtless, so often as to have become matter of faith, if not with the inventor, at least with many of his friends. In point of fact we have before us a letter from Hook himself, expressly denying, and in rather indignant terms, the story as it stands.

That an occurrence, similar in the principal feature, involving equal impudence, though with less of humour, did take place, is undoubtedly true; the *venue*, however, is to be laid in the neighbourhood of Soho-square; Frith-street or Dean-street being, we believe, the actual spot, both, at that period, places of comparatively fashionable residence. Lounging up one of these streets in the afternoon, with Terry the actor, the nostrils of the promenaders were suddenly saluted with a concord of sweet odours arising from a spacious area. They stopped, snuffed the grateful incense, and peeping down perceived through the kitchen-window preparations for a handsome dinner, evidently on the point of being served.

"What a feast!" said Terry. "Jolly dogs! I should like to make one of them."

"I'll take any bet," returned Hook, "that I *do*—call for me here at ten o'clock, and you will find that I shall be able to give a tolerable account of the worthy gentleman's champagne and venison." "Why, you don't know him!" said Terry doubtfully. "Not at present," replied Hook, "but don't be later than ten:" so saying, he marched up the steps, gave an authoritative rap with the burnished knocker, and was quickly lost to the sight of his astonished companion. As a matter of course he was immediately ushered by the servant, as an expected guest, into the drawing-room, where a large party had already assembled. The apartment being well-nigh full, no notice was at first taken of his intrusion, and half-a-dozen people were laughing at his *bon-mots* before the host discovered the *mistake*. Affecting not to observe the visible embarrassment of the latter, and ingeniously avoiding any opportunity for explanation, Hook rattled on till he had attracted the greater portion of the com-

pany in a circle round him, and some considerable time elapsed ere the old gentleman was able to catch the attention of the agreeable stranger.

"I beg your pardon, sir," he said, contriving at last to get in a word, but your name, sir,—I did not quite catch it—servants are so abominably incorrect—and I am really a little at a loss—"

"Don't apologise, I beg," graciously replied Theodore, "Smith—my name is Smith—and as you justly observe, servants are always making some stupid blunder or another; I remember a remarkable instance," &c.

"But, really, my dear sir," continued the host at the termination of the story illustrative of stupidity in servants, "I think the mistake on the present occasion does not originate in the source you allude to. I certainly did not anticipate the pleasure of Mr. Smith's company to dinner to-day."

"No, I dare say not—you said *four* in your note, I know, and it is now, I see, a quarter past five—you are a little fast by the way—but the fact is, I have been detained in the city—as I was about to explain when—"

"Pray," exclaimed the other, as soon as he could stay the volubility of his guest, "whom, may I ask, do you suppose you are addressing?"

"Whom? why Mr. Thompson, of course,—old friend of my father. I have not the pleasure, indeed, of being personally known to you, but having received your kind invitation yesterday, on my arrival from Liverpool,—Frith-street—four o'clock—family party—come in boots—you see I have taken you at your word. I am only afraid I have kept you waiting."

"No, no; not at all. But permit me to observe, my dear sir, my name is not exactly Thompson, it is Jones, and—"

"Jones!" repeated the *soi-disant* Smith, in admirably assumed consternation, "Jones!—why surely I cannot have—yes I must—Good Heaven! I see it all! My dear sir, what an unfortunate blunder—wrong house—what must you think of such an intrusion!—you will permit me to retire at present, and to-morrow—"

"Pray don't think of retiring!" exclaimed the hospitable old gentleman, "your friend's table must have been

cleared long ago if, as you say, four was the hour named, and I am only too happy to be able to offer you a seat at mine."

Hook, of course, could not hear of such a thing—could not think of trespassing upon the kindness of a perfect stranger—if too late for Thompson, there were plenty of chop-houses at hand—the unfortunate part of the business was, he had made an appointment with a gentleman to call for him at ten o'clock. The good-natured Jones, however, positively refused to allow so entertaining a visitor to withdraw dinnerless. Mrs. Jones joined in solicitation, the Misses Jones smiled bewitchingly, and at last Mr. Smith, who soon recovered from his confusion, was prevailed upon to offer his arm to one of the ladies, and to take his place at "the well-furnished board."

In all probability the family of Jones never passed such an evening before; Hook naturally exerted himself to the utmost to keep the party in an unceasing roar of laughter, and to make good the first impression. The mirth grew fast and furious, when by way of a *coup de grâce*, he seated himself at the piano-forte, and struck off into one of those extemporaneous effusions which had filled more critical judges than the Joneses with delight and astonishment. Ten o'clock struck, and on Mr. Terry being announced, our triumphant friend wound up the performance with the explanatory stanza:—

"I am very much pleased with your fare,
Your cellar's as prime as your cook;—
My friend's Mr. Terry, the player,
And I'm Mr. Theodore Hook!"

Such we believe to be the true version of the story; such, at least, was somewhat the manner in which Hook used to tell it.

A friend has supplied us with another veritable case, in which "*Le Gastronomes sans argent*" was performed with equal success and applause, and in which he himself formed one of the *dramatis personæ*. Hook, on this occasion, had induced some good-natured man to lend him a horse and gig, and he accordingly called on the gentleman in question, inviting him to join in an excursion into the country. The weather was fine, and off started

the pair in the highest possible spirits, though not with the clearest ideas as to whither they were to go, or on what particular object bent. However onwards they sped, and some two or three hours past noon found themselves in the neighbourhood of Ruislip, near Uxbridge: in obedience to certain internal monitions, they now began to cast their eyes about in search of some snug hostelry which might give promise of "good entertainment for man and horse."

"By the way," said Hook to his companion, "of course you have got some money with you?" A most melancholy negative was given by the respondent: "Not a sixpence—not a *sous*." Hook was in the same predicament, the last turnpike had exhausted his finances. It was an awkward business: what was to be done? Dine they must, and so must the nag, though it might be difficult under the circumstances, to induce mine host of the "Red Lion," or "Blue Boar," as the case might be, to see the necessity.

"Stay!" said Hook, suddenly reining up; "do you see that house—pretty little villa, isn't it? Cool and comfortable—lawn like a billiard-table: suppose we dine there?" The suggestion was capital, nothing could be more to the taste of his friend.

"You know the owner, then?" inquired he.

"Not the least in the world," was the reply. "I never saw him in all my life; but that's of no consequence: I know his name, it's E—w, the celebrated chronometer-maker; the man who got the 10,000*l.* premium from government, and then wound up his affairs and his watches, and retired from business. He will be delighted to see us." So saying, up he drove to the door. "Is Mr. E—w at home?" Answer, "Yes!" In they went. The old tradesman appeared, and after a little staring at each other, Hook began:—

"Mr. E—w, happening to pass through your neighbourhood, I could not deny myself the pleasure and honour of paying my respects to you: I am conscious that it may seem impertinent, but your celebrity overcame in me regard for the common forms of society, and I and my friend here, were resolved, come what might, to have it in our power to say that we had seen you, and

enjoyed, for a few minutes, the company of an individual famous throughout the civilized world."

"The flame was lighted, the moth was on the wing."

The blush of an honest pride mantled on the old man's countenance: shaking of hands followed, a few more compliments, a little chat, and presently the remark, "But, gentlemen, you are far from town—it's getting late, pray do me the honour of staying and dining, quite as we say 'in the family way'—now pray, gentlemen, *do stay.*"

The two visitors consulted gravely for a minute, and then protested, "that it was quite impossible—they must return to town," Hook adding a little more of what *Sam Slick* denominates the *soft sawder*, which served to elicit a still more pressing invitation from the gratified chronometer-maker. The pair were at length graciously pleased to condescend to his request, and agreed to partake *sans cérémonie* of his plain roast, which was already giving odour, and to join him in the discussion of a bottle of "Barnes's best." The dinner dispatched, the bottle, multiplied by six, was emptied, and the host made the while as merry and as happy as a king, nor would he allow his new friends to depart save under solemn pledges of repeating their visit at the first opportunity. The old gentleman, after all, had by no means the worst of the joke. When we remember how men used to cluster, at the clubs, round the well-known corner, for the mere chance of picking up crumbs of conversation, an evening spent in the society of two such wits will not appear dearly purchased at the expense of a few slices of "South Down," and some half-dozen extracts from the favourite bin.

But the day's adventures were not yet concluded; on arriving at Hammersmith, on the way home, the horse, who had probably been as hospitably entertained as his *pro tempore* masters, began to rear, and shewed symptoms of an inclination for a freak, which he eventually indulged by snapping the shafts, and kicking the body of the vehicle to pieces. Happily, neither of the travellers were injured, and leaving the animal and shattered gig at an inn, they returned safely to town per stage.

Rural wanderings into the "bowels of the earth," in search of the sublime and the ridiculous, were at this time much in fashion with Hook and a knot of intimates—and what a knot it was! Mathews, Terry, Tom Hill, Higginson, Dubois, &c. Much material of mirth, afterwards to be worked up for the delectation of the public, was in this manner obtained both by author and actor. *Inter alia* the state of the metropolitan roads, the abundance of those misanthropic eremites, the takers of toll—legalised *latrones*, before whom the *vacuus viator* feels no disposition to sing, suggested the following sketch:—

"Few persons can have passed through life, or London, without having experienced more or less insult from the authoritative manner and coarse language of the fellows who keep the different toll-bars round the metropolis; but even were those persons uniformly civil and well-behaved, the innumerable demands which they are authorised to make, and the necessary frequency of their conversation and appeals to the traveller, are of themselves enough to provoke the impatience of the most placid passenger in Christendom.

"We will select one line of about three or four miles, which will answer by way of an example of what we mean: A man, driving himself (without a servant), starts from Bishopsgate-street for Kilburn. The day is cold and rainy—his fingers are benumbed; his two coats buttoned up; his money in tight pantaloon-pockets; his horse restive, apt to kick if the reins touch his tail; his gloves soaked with wet; and himself half-an-hour too late for dinner. He has to pull up in the middle of the street in Shoreditch, and pay a toll;—he means to return, therefore he takes a ticket, letter A. On reaching Shoreditch Church, he turns into the Curtain-road, pulls up again, drags off his wet glove with his teeth, his other hand being fully occupied in holding up the reins and the whip; pays again; gets another ticket, number 482; drags on his glove; buttons up his coats, and rattles away into Old-street-road; another gate, more pulling and poking, and unbuttoning, and squeezing. He pays, and takes another ticket, letter L. The operation of getting all to rights takes place once more, nor is it repeated until he reaches Goswell-street-road; here he

performs all the ceremonies we have already described, for a fourth time, and gets a fourth ticket, 732, which is to clear him through the gates in the New-road, as far as the bottom of Pentonville;—arrived there, he performs once more all the same evolutions, and procures a fifth ticket, letter x, which, unless some sinister accident occur, is to carry him clear to the Paddington-road; but opening the fine space of the Regent's Park, at the top of Portland-street, the north breeze blowing fresh from Hampstead, bursts upon his buggy, and all the tickets which he had received from all the gates which he has paid, and which he had stuffed *seriatim* between the cushion and lining of his dennet, suddenly rise, like a covey of partridges, from the corner, and he sees the dingy vouchers for his expenditure proceeding down Portland-street at full speed. They are rescued, however, muddy and filthy as they are, by the sweeper of the crossing, who is, of course, rewarded by the driver for his attention with a larger sum than he had originally disbursed for all the gates; and when deposited again in the vehicle, not in their former order of arrangement, the unfortunate traveller spends at least ten minutes at the next gate in selecting the particular ticket which is there required to insure his free passage.

“Conquering all these difficulties, he reaches Paddington Gate, where he pays afresh, and obtains a ticket, 691, with which he proceeds swimmingly until stopped again at Kilburn, to pay a toll, which would clear him all the way to Stanmore if he were not going to dine at a house three doors beyond this very turnpike, where he pays for the seventh time, and where he obtains a seventh ticket, letter g.

“He dines and ‘wines;’ and the bee’s-wing from the citizen’s port gives new velocity to Time. The dennet was ordered at eleven: and, although neither tides nor the old gentleman just mentioned, will wait for any man, except Tom Hill, horses and dennets will. It is nearer midnight than eleven when the visitor departs, even better buttoned up than in the morning, his lamps-giving cheerfulness to the equipage, and light to the road; and his horse whisking along (his nostrils pouring forth breath like smoke from safety valves), and tho-

whole affair actually in motion at the rate of ten miles per hour. Stopped at Paddington. "Pay here?"—"L."—"Won't do."—"G?"—(The horse fidgety all this time, and the driver trying to read the dirty tickets by the little light which is emitted through the *tops* of his lamps.)—"x?"—"It's no letter I tell you?"—"482,"—"No." At this juncture the clock strikes twelve—the driver is told that his reading and rummaging are alike useless, for that a new day has begun. The coats are, therefore, unbuttoned—the gloves pulled off—the money to be fished out—the driver discovers that his last shilling was paid to the ostler at the inn where his horse was fed, and that he must change a sovereign to pay the gate. This operation the toll-keeper performs; nor does the driver discover, until the morning, that one of the halfcrowns and four of the shillings which he has received, are bad. Satisfied, however, with what has occurred, he determines at all hazards to drive home over the stones, and avoid all further importunities from the turnpike-keepers. Accordingly, away he goes along Oxford Street, over the pavement, working into one hole and tumbling into another, like a ball on a *trou madame* table, until at the end of George Street, St. Giles's,—snap goes his axle-tree; away goes his horse, dashing the dennet against a post at the corner of Plumtree Street, leaving the driver, with his collar-bone and left arm broken, on the pavement, at the mercy of two or three popish bricklayers and a couple of women of the town, who humanely lift him to the coach-stand, and deposit him in a hackney-chariot, having previously cut off the skirts of both his coats, and relieved him, not only of his loose change, but of a gold repeater, a snuff-box, and a pocket-book full of notes and memoranda, of no use but to the owner.

"The unhappy victim at length reaches home, in agonies from the continued roughness of the pre-adamite pavement, is put to bed—doctors are sent for, the fractures are reduced, and in seven weeks he is able to crawl into his counting-house to write a cheque for a new dennet, and give his people orders to shoot his valuable horse, who has so dreadfully injured himself on the fatal night as to be past recovery."

Hook's "mononag excursions," as he called them, were occasionally prolonged to a duration of some weeks. He once made the tour of Wales in this way, accompanied by an intimate friend in the Treasury, who had provided a gig, drawn by a white horse, for the journey. Everything passed off pleasantly enough; fine weather—magnificent scenery—a stream to be whipped one day, a mountain to be climbed the next—a mine to be explored at one spot, a Druid temple to be traced at another. Castles, cataracts, and coal-mines, all inviting inspection!

"Ah!" said Hook, as they lounged along one bright morning, "this is all very well in its way—very delightful, of course—plenty to look at—but then, somehow, nobody looks at us!—the thing is getting a little dull, don't you think so?"

His companion assented. "Well, we can't go on in this manner," continued the other, "I must hit upon something, and get up a *digito monstrari* somehow or another."

And at the next town from which they started, his friend had a taste of his quality in that line, for having procured a box of large black wafers, he had completely spotted the snowy coat of the white animal they were driving, after the pattern of those wooden *quadrupegs* which, before the diffusion of useful knowledge, used to form the studs of childhood. The device fully answered its purpose, and the happy pair drove off, attracting, throughout the remainder of the day, the gaze, wonder, and unqualified admiration of Cadwallader and all his goats.

When confined to the neighbourhood of town, the drive not unfrequently terminated with a dinner at the cottage of his old friend, Mr. Hill, at Sydenham. Here, especially on the Sunday, a small party of congenial spirits, "fit though few," used constantly to assemble. The house being small, the company never exceeded a dozen, and with the exception of Mrs. Mathews, who seems to have been voted a bachelor for the occasion, consisted entirely of gentlemen. Among them might be numbered the brightest wits of the day. The merry-hearted little host himself, who discharged the office of the whetstone rather than the razor, as *Paul Pry*, *Mr. Hull*, the hero of *Little Pedlington* and *Morning Chronicle* of

the great American sea serpent, has been brought so continually before the public, that

“Not to know him argues thyself unknown.”

His curiosity and habits of “prying” are hardly to be described, and are quite beyond the reach of caricature. No matter what the subject or whence the source; whether an *on dit* of club-house origin, or a bit of domestic gossip wormed out of an esurient school-boy at a pastry-cook’s shop, it was all food for his craving appetite. “Pooh! pooh! it’s all information, you know!” Nothing too lofty for his capacity or too minute for his attention.

“W——n, my dear boy,” said he, one day, to an acquaintance whom he had seized by the button, “how are you all at home? how are all the little W.’s?”

“Why, my daughter, for I have but one child, is quite well, I thank you.”

“Only one! pooh! pooh! don’t tell me, you’ve half a dozen at least. I happen to know it.”

“Half a dozen!” repeated his friend, in astonishment, “all I can say is, that I had but one when I left home, and I really was not aware that there was any probability of so alarming an addition to my family.”

“Nonsense, my dear boy, you can’t deceive *me*. I passed by your house last Wednesday, and as I *happened* to look down through the kitchen window, I saw nine slices of bread and butter ready cut for tea. One little girl can’t eat nine slices of bread and butter, you know, my dear boy; pooh! pooh!”

The mystery was explained, by the fact of the said Wednesday having been the birth-day of the young lady, on which occasion she had given a *conversazione* to a few juvenile friends in the neighbourhood.

Another peep in the same direction has been versified by George Colman, under the title of “The Haunch of Venison.” Hill, invited to dine at No. 1, sees a magnificent haunch on the spit at No. 2. Unable to resist the temptation, he knocks at the first door:—“Give my compliments—very sorry—aunt taken alarmingly ill—must be off into Surrey.” Calls at the house adjoining, where he is equally at home:—“Just dropped in to take

pot-luck in a quiet way." An hour passes and an Irish stew is at length put upon table. Tom declines. "Pooh, pooh! my dear boy! I shall wait for the venison—I saw it—glorious haunch, the first of the season." "Oh, that," replies the host, "belongs to my neighbour next door; he has people to dine with him, and as—

"His chimney smoked—the scene to change,
I let him have my kitchen range
Whilst his was newly polished;
The ven'son you observed below,
Went home just half-an-hour ago;
I guess it's now demolished."

But it would be an endless task to attempt to give all the stories, good and true, of a similar kind, whereof this singular being was the hero. One more may suffice.

He had been, with a couple of friends, paying a short visit at the villa of Sir P—D—e; on the morning fixed for the departure of the party, Sir P— pressed them strongly to remain another day, and succeeded in overruling the objections of the others, but Hill was firm, unshakable as his namesakes:—"No, he must return to town; and to town return he would." Finding it useless to urge the matter further, and not choosing to suffer him to take his journey alone, his two companions—with some little reluctance, however—took their places in the postchaise.

"What on earth, Hill," asked one, as soon as they had got clear of the gates, "could make you so absurdly obstinate? You are the only one of the three who has no engagement—no business—nothing to call you away; why not stop?"

"He didn't want us to stop," replied Tom.

"Nonsense," said the other, "no man could have been more kind, or more hospitable in his invitation; he was clearly annoyed at our leaving him."

"He was no such thing," persisted Hill. "I tell you he didn't want us to stop; and he is very glad we are gone—I happen to know it."

"But why doubt the man's sincerity? There was no need to press us, and he did so with every appearance of being in earnest!"

“Pooh!” said the imperturbable Hill, “I know better; I am not to be taken in; I tell you I was up before any body else in the house, and I just took a look into the larder, *and he had got nothing for dinner!* Don’t tell me, he *didn’t* mean us to stop!”

It cannot be doubted that the habit, in which he persevered to the last, of being “up before any body else in the house,” contributed in no small degree to that freshness of face, for “’Twas in the grain, sir; ’twould endure wind and weather,” and that juvenility of form which drew down the ceaseless raillery of his associates. One hinted that he was no other than the Wandering Jew; another suggested that he was one of the skipping little hills alluded to by David; while the most moderate, confessing that his early life was involved in obscurity, declared that the first authentic piece of intelligence respecting him was, that he held a small post about the court in the time of Charles the Second; but that, from what he once inadvertently let fall, it was probable he was privy to, if not an accomplice in, the Gunpowder Plot; that he was intimate with the “man in the iron mask,” and had furnished information to the various authors of *Junius*, was generally admitted. All this and more besides he bore from those who were privileged to take the liberty, and from many who were not, with unwincing good temper; and appeared never more happy than when contributing, in any way, to the amusement of his “dear boys,” Hook, Mathews, &c.

He suffered severe pecuniary losses towards the close of his career, but at the time of which we are writing was the comparatively affluent and superlatively hospitable owner of the Sydenham villa. It was from this spot that the little band before mentioned, started to enjoy the delights of Croydon fair. Here Hook, at the theatre, whither they had repaired, drew the attention of the performers and the audience to the presence of Mathews, as the original representative of *Mathew Daw*, the principal character in the piece being performed on the stage;* and afterwards, on their visiting the booth, Mr. Richardson kindly complimented the said well-known

* Vide “Memoirs of Charles Mathews,” vol. ii. p. 39.

“Mr. Mathies” with a free admission: “You know, sir, we never take money from one another,”—the former incident as painful to the modesty as the latter was irritating to the pride of that sensitive individual. The performers over, the party adjourned to a “long room” at one of the inns, filled with all sorts of people carousing. Hook and Mathews now got up a mock quarrel—each appealing most earnestly to the sympathy of the company who, with the true British predilection for anything in the shape of a “row,” eagerly espoused the side of one or other of the champions. The contest proceeded; Hook’s cool invectives grew more and more cutting, and the gesticulations of Mathews more wild and extravagant; blows followed, and the partizans, full of gin and valour, soon followed the example of their principals—a general *mêlée* succeeded, candles were knocked out, tables and chairs overthrown, the glasses “sparkled on the boards,” and in the midst of the confusion, just in time to avoid the “arrival of the police and impressive *dénouement*,” the promoters of the riot, unobserved, effected their escape, leaving their excitable adherents to compute at leisure the amount of damage done to their persons and property, and to explain, if possible, to a magistrate in the morning, the cause and object of the combat.

Everybody has heard of the ingenious manner in which Sheridan evaded payment of a considerable sum for coach-hire, by inveigling Richardson into the vehicle, getting up a quarrel, no very difficult matter, then jumping out in disgust, and leaving his irritable friend to recover his composure and pay the fare. Hook, who like all men of genius, augmented the resources of his own wit by a judicious borrowing from that of others, seems to have caught at this idea when once, under similar circumstances, he found himself, after a long and agreeable ride, without money to satisfy the coachman—a friend happened to be passing—he was hailed and taken up—but unfortunately proved to be, on inquiry, as unprepared for any pecuniary transaction as Theodore himself. A dull copyist would have broken down at once, but with a promptitude and felicity of conception that amply redeem the plagiarism, with whatever else he may be left chargeable, Hook pulled the cheek-string and bade the driver

proceed as rapidly as possible to No. —, — Street, at the West End of the town, the residence of a well-known “surgeon, &c.” Arrived, he ordered the coachman to “knock and ring,” as desired, with energy, and on the door opening, told his friend to follow, and hastily entered the house. “Mr. —, is he at home? I must see him immediately!” Mr. — soon made his appearance, when Hook, in an agitated and hurried tone, commenced:—

“My dear sir, I trust you are disengaged!” Mr. — bowed; “he was disengaged.” “Thank heaven!—pardon my incoherence, sir,—make allowance for the feelings of a husband—*perhaps a father*—your attendance, sir, is instantly required—*instantly*—by Mrs. —, No. —, &c., pray lose not a moment, it is a *very* peculiar case, I assure you.”

“I will start directly,” replied the medical man; “I have only to run up stairs, get my apparatus, and step into my carriage.”

“Ah! exactly,” returned Hook; “but I am in agony till I see you fairly off—don’t think of ordering out your own carriage—here’s one at the door—jump into that.”

Mr. —, with a great mahogany case under his arm, made the jump, and quickly found himself at the house to which he had been directed; it was the abode of a very stiff-mannered, middle-aged maiden lady, not unknown to Hook; one, moreover, to whom he owed a grudge, a kind of debt he rarely failed to pay. The doctor was admitted, but on explaining the object of his visit, soon found it convenient to make a precipitate retreat from the claws of the infuriate spinster into the arms of the hackney-coachman, who deposited him in safety at his own door, which, however, he declined quitting without the full amount of his fare.*

* We are reminded of a yet more abominable trick played off some four or five years since, upon a celebrated practitioner residing in the neighbourhood of the Horse Guards, by a party of lively young gentlemen, one of whom was not altogether satisfied with the treatment he had met at the hands of his medical friend. Between the hours of one and two in the morning an omnibus stopped at the house of the gentleman in question. Raps, ringings, and kicks soon brought a half-dressed servant to the door, and Mr. — himself in his *robe de chambre* to the stair. “Come down directly, make haste for heaven’s sake!—here is a man dying in a fit in an omnibus.”

But the most inexcusable and most mischievous—far more so, probably, in the event than its contrivers anticipated—of all these youthful pranks was the gigantic “Berners Street hoax,” perpetrated in 1809. Not merely, in this case, were the comforts of a single family suspended, or a few movables demolished, but a quarter of the town was disturbed—a whole street was thrown into a state of uproar, which lasted from morning till night—hundreds of individuals, servants, artisans, tradesmen, great and small, from all parts of London, professional men of every class, not to speak of princes, potentates, and nobles of high degree, swelled the catalogue of the victims; the police were employed to trace out the delinquents; rewards were offered for their apprehension. Neither the “Cock-lane ghost,” nor the Cato Street conspiracy, produced a greater amount of popular excitement, or furnished a more abundant crop of “latest particulars.” A previous trick of the kind had been played, on a smaller scale, upon an unfortunate Quaker, by Hook alone, and the success which attended it, probably led to a more complete development of the idea. On this occasion, however, the confederates, Mr. H—— and Mrs. ——, a celebrated actress still alive, were called into council; six weeks were spent in preparation, during which time about four thousand letters were despatched, “I’ll just dress, and then—” “Shame! shame!” roared the party from below; “the man’s dying!—fetch him down—push him down—make him come at once!” Seeing the determination of his summoners, Mr. — hastily snatched up a case of lancets, hurried to the vehicle, placed his foot on the step, and was next instant, by a skilful application of the shoulder of the conductor, plunged into the interior; “bang” went the door, “All r-right” was the word; and off went the omnibus, rattling and clattering through the streets at the rate of sixteen miles the hour. Somewhere near the Haymarket it “pulled up,” and Mr. — was uncartered like an Easter stag, “his streamers waving in the wind,” to the great sport of a rather mixed company that was assembled to receive him. Haekney coaches and policemen are fortunately not rare in that locality, and by their aid an escape was soon effected. Whether, however, he was unable to discover the perpetrators of the “abominable outrage,” whether he knew them too well, or whether he thought that in the course of an inquiry the laugh might chance to run against him, whatever the verdict might do, he appears to have been content to let the matter rest, and not to have followed his first incautious step by any of a graver nature.

all, under various pretences, inviting the several recipients to call on a certain day at the house of a Mrs. Tottenham, a lady of property, residing at No. 54, Berners Street, and who had, on some account, fallen under the displeasure of this formidable trio.

Scarcely had the eventful morning begun to break, ere the neighbourhood resounded with the cries of "sweep," uttered in every variety of tone, and proceeding from crowds of sooty urchins and their masters, who had assembled by five o'clock beneath the windows of the devoted No. 54. In the midst of the wrangling of the rival professors, and the protestations of the repudiating housemaid, heavy waggons laden with chaldrons of coals from the different wharves, came rumbling up the street, blockading the thoroughfare, impeding one another, crushing and struggling to reach the same goal, amid a hurricane of imprecations from the respective *conducteurs*. Now among the gathering crowd, cleanly, cook-like men were to be seen, cautiously making their way, each with a massive wedding-cake under his arm; tailors, boot-makers, upholders, undertakers with coffins, draymen with beer-barrels, &c., succeeded in shoals, and long before the cumbrous coal-waggons were enabled to move off, about a dozen travelling chariots and four, all ready for the reception of as many "happy pairs," came dashing up to the spot. Medical men with instruments for the amputation of limbs, attorneys prepared to cut off entails; clergymen summoned to minister to the mind; and artists engaged to pourtray the features of the body, unable to draw near in vehicles, plunged manfully into the mob. Noon came, and with it about forty fish-mongers, bearing forty "cod and lobsters;" as many butchers, with an equal number of legs of mutton; and as the confusion reached its height, and the uproar became terrific, and the consternation of the poor old lady grew to be bordering on temporary insanity, up drove the great Lord Mayor himself—state carriage, cocked hats, silk stockings, bag wigs and all, to the intense gratification of Hook and his two associates, who, snugly ensconced in an apartment opposite, were witnessing the triumph of their scheme.

All this, perhaps, was comparatively commonplace, and

within the range of a mediocre "joker of jokes." There were features, however, in the Berners Street hoax, independently of its originality, which distinguished it for wit and *méchanceté* far above any of the numberless imitations to which it gave rise. Every family, it is said, has its secret, some point tender to the touch, some circumstance desirable to be suppressed; according to the proverb "there is a skeleton in every house," and as a matter of course the more eminent and conspicuous the master of the house, the more busy are men's tongues with his private affairs, and the more likely are they to get scent of any concealed subject of annoyance. Completely familiar with London gossip, and by no means scrupulous in the use of any information he might possess, Hook addressed a variety of persons of consideration, taking care to introduce allusion to some peculiar point sure of attracting attention, and invariably closing with an invitation to No. 54, Berners Street. Certain revelations to be made respecting a complicated system of fraud pursued at the Bank of England, brought the governor of that establishment; a similar device was employed to allure the chairman of the East India Company, while the Duke of Gloucester started off with Colonel Dalton to receive a communication from a dying woman, formerly a confidential attendant on his Royal Highness's mother. His were the royal liveries conspicuous on the occasion: the Duke of York was not, we have reason to believe, included in the hoax.

The consequences of this affair threatened to be serious: many of the beguiled tradesmen and others, who had suffered in person or in purse, took active measures towards bringing the charge home to the principal offender, who was pretty generally suspected. Such, however, was the precaution that had been observed, that the attempt proved fruitless, and the inquiry fell to the ground; and Theodore Hook, after a temporary visit to the country, returned unmolested, and more famous than ever, to his usual occupations. The following account, short and imperfect as it is, extracted from one of the morning papers of the day, may not be without interest:

A HOAX.—This very malignant species of wit was yester-

day most successfully practised at the house of Mrs. T—, a lady of fortune, at No. 54, Berners Street, which was beset by about a dozen tradespeople at one time, with their various commodities; and from the confusion altogether, such crowds had collected as to render the street impassable. Waggon's laden with coals from the Paddington wharves, upholsterers' goods in cart-loads, organs, pianofortes, linen, jewellery, and every other description of furniture, were lodged as near as possible to the door of No. 54, with anxious tradespeople and a laughing mob. About this time, the Lord Mayor arrived in his carriage, but his lordship's stay was short; and he was driven to Marlborough Street police-office. At the office, his lordship informed the sitting magistrate that he had received a note purporting to come from Mrs. T—, which stated that she had been summoned to appear before him, but that she was confined to her room by sickness, and requested his lordship would do her the favour to call on her. Berners Street was, at this time, in the greatest confusion, by the multiplicity of tradespeople, who were returning with their goods, and spectators laughing at them. The officers at Marlborough Street office were immediately ordered out to keep order, but it was impossible for a short time. The first thing witnessed by the officers was six stout men bearing an organ, surrounded by wine-porters with permits, barbers with wigs, mantua-makers with band-boxes, opticians with the various articles of their trade; and such was the pressure of tradespeople who had been duped, that at four o'clock all was still confusion. Every officer that could be mustered was enlisted to disperse the people, and they were placed at the corners of Berners Street, to prevent tradespeople from advancing towards the house with goods. The street was not cleared at a late hour, as servants of every description, wanting places, began to assemble at five o'clock. It turned out that letters had been written to the different tradespeople, which stated recommendations from persons of quality. This hoax exceeded by far that in Bedford Street, a few months since, for, besides a coffin which was brought to Mrs. T—'s house, made to measure, agreeable to letter, five feet six by sixteen

inches, there were accoucheurs, tooth-drawers, miniature painters, and artists of every description.*

CHAPTER IV.

Mr. Hook's first Novel.—Matriculation at Oxford.—Scene with the Proctor.—“The Cockney University.”—George Colman and the “Roman History.”—Anecdote.—Death of Mrs. Wall.—Introduction to High Life.—Rev. Edward Cannon.—Anecdotes of him.—Hook's power of Memory.—The Precession of the Equinoxes.—Fable of the Two Dogs.—Letter from Cannon.—“The Dean,” Impromptu.

INSTANCES of purely voluntary abdication are rare in the page of history, and perhaps the ease of an author abandoning a style of composition well adapted to his taste, and equally agreeable to that of those whom he may have addressed, is not much more frequent. Far more likely is he to run into the opposite extreme, and to work out a favourite vein to exhaustion, repeating himself, and reproducing at each time, a *progeniem vitiosiore* of any fortunate creation. The warmth of popular applause—though the pitiless storm of the critic may not be equally effectual—will often be sufficient to turn a man from his original bent and inclination, and permanently fix him in a line of writing into which he deviated accidentally at first, and wherein he by no means considers his strength to lie. An exception to what then almost amounts to a general rule is presented to our notice by Theodore Hook. Successful beyond the most sanguine expectation as a dramatist, with actors at hand, and those his personal friends, most eager and the best qualified to give expression to his ideas, he stopped suddenly in his theatrical career, at a time of life when few men would have ventured to enter upon it.

He was barely twenty-one when, declining to write for the stage, he commenced as a novelist, and to say the

* Thus speaks Daly, “Gurney's” double:—“I am the man—I did it; sent a Lord Mayor in state to relieve impressed seamen; philosophers and sages, to look at children with two heads apiece, &c. Copy the joke and it ceases to be one—any fool can imitate an example once set: but for originality of thought and design, I do think that was perfect.”—Vol. ii.

truth, his *coup d'essai*, "The Man of Sorrows," published under the pseudonym of *Alfred Allendale*, brought with it but little encouragement to proceed. In point of fact, so little attention did the work excite that he was enabled, some years afterwards, to present it, condensed and remodelled, as illustrative of the proverb, "Many a slip 'twixt the cup and the lip," in "Sayings and Doings." The hero in the original, as in the second version, is, almost from his birth, the very sport of fortune; one against whom the tide of luck sets with an unvarying and irresistible current; in small things as in great,—from the staining his face at a grand dinner-party by wiping it with a wet doyley.—"The discovery was mortifying, though the incident proved that he had come from the dinner-table with *flying colours*,"—to the crowning misery, the accidentally shooting his bride as they are on the point of starting for the honeymoon, everything goes wrong. At the very outset he loses an affectionate mother, and here, as in a later work before spoken of, the writer's own feelings, expressed almost in the same words, break forth with a distinctness, touching, and almost painful:—"He never lost remembrance of that awful scene—the sable hearse—the drawing of the cords that lowered her to earth—the rattling dust thrown in upon her coffin."

It is unnecessary to follow the unhappy *Musgrave* through the farcical series of misadventures which meet him at every chapter,—and yet it must be confessed, that after all, the absurdity consists rather in the multiplicity and rapid succession of these mishaps than in any want of tact in the bringing them about. Even in this early work, Hook exhibits much of that remarkable facility in developing what he terms the "wheel within wheel system," which especially distinguishes his later productions.

Few writers shew themselves more thoroughly possessed of the idea that there are no such things in the world as trifles—few more happy in the application of the maxim to fictitious narrative. His effects flow from causes, however remote, in a manner singularly natural and easy—he loves to touch, at starting, upon some spring seemingly insignificant, and exhibit the extensive

and complicated machinery set in motion by the vibration. In the present case, and perhaps in some others, the habit of referring striking and important incidents to matters of mere accident is indulged in too freely. The fault, if it be one, is more or less perceptible in all his novels. There are charges, however, of a graver nature which might be substantiated against the "Man of Sorrow;" but let them pass; no one could be more alive to its blemishes than the author himself, who when he alluded to it, which was not often, always spoke of it as the crude work of a very young man, carelessly, and, in some places, very loosely, written. He had suffered it to get out of print, not even possessing a copy himself.*

It abounds, as a matter of course, in play upon words: for example, a rejected suitor's taking to drinking, is accounted for on the plea that "it is natural an unsuccessful lover should be given to *whine*," a pun, by the way, better conveyed in the name "Negus," which he is said to have bestowed upon a favourite, but offending, dog. There are also introduced a couple of tolerably well-sketched portraits, *Mr. Minus*, the poet (T. Moore), and *Sir Joseph Jonquil* (Banks). An epigram, referring to the celebrated duel of the former with Jeffrey,† in consequence of an article in No. 16 of the "Edinburgh Review," is worth repeating,—the more so, as its paternity has been subject of dispute, the majority attributing it to one of the authors of "Rejected Addresses!"—

"When Anacreon would fight, as the poets have said,
A reverse he displayed in his vapour,
For while all his poems were loaded with lead,
His pistols were loaded with paper;
For excuses, Anacreon old custom may thank,
Such a *salvo* he should not abuse,
For the cartridge, by rule, is always made blank
Which is fired away at *Reviews*."

* It has been reprinted since his death, in three scanty volumes.

† The parties, it will be remembered, were arrested on the ground, and conveyed to Bow Street; the pistols on examination were found to contain merely the charge of powder; the balls had disappeared! Byron alludes to the circumstance:

When *Little's* leadless pistol met his eye,
And Bow Street myrmidons stood laughing by."

But the most peculiar feature in this juvenile production of Hook's is the frequent and indiscriminate use of classical quotation. He seems to have emptied the contents of his Harrow commonplace book over the pages, which are accordingly studded here and there with scraps from a host of authors, Greek and Latin, ancient and mediæval, with whom in after-life he did not think it necessary to keep on terms of great intimacy; not, however, that there is the slightest ground for supposing that at any period he lost the distinguishing traits of an educated man. In all probability, the somewhat pedantic display in question, common enough with boys fresh from a public school, originated in his having occasion, about this time, to "brush up" his Homer and Virgil, by way of preparing for a sojourn at the University.

He had been already entered at St. Mary's Hall; his friends would have preferred a residence at Exeter College, but to this, as entailing a somewhat more strict observance of discipline than was compatible with his habits, he himself, averse from the proceeding altogether, positively objected. A compromise was effected, and he was placed under the charge of his brother, and presented by him to the Vice-Chancellor, Dr. Parsons, Head of Baliol, and afterwards Bishop of Peterborough, for "Matriculation." The ceremony was well nigh stopped *in limine*, in consequence of a piece of facetiousness on the part of the candidate, ill-timed, to say the least of it. On being asked if he was prepared to subscribe to the Thirty-nine Articles:—

"Oh, certainly, sir," replied Theodore; "*forty* if you please."

The horror of the Vice-Chancellor may be imagined. The young gentleman was desired to withdraw; and it required all the interest of his brother, who fortunately happened to be a personal friend of Dr. Parsons, to induce the latter to overlook the offence. The joke, such as it is, was probably picked out of one of Foote's farces, who makes *Mrs. Simony*, if we mistake not, say, when speaking of her husband the Doctor (intended for the unfortunate Dr. Dodd), "He believes in *all* the Thirty-nine Articles; ay, and so he would if there were forty of them."

We have heard another instance of Oxford impudence attributed to Hook, but not, as in the preceding case, from his own lips, nor will we venture to vouch for its authenticity. On the evening of his arrival at the University, says our friend, he contrived to give his brother the slip, and joined a party of old schoolfellows in a carouse at one of the taverns. Sundry bowls of "Bishop," and of a popular compound yclept "Egg-flip"—the Cambridge men call it "Silky," to the *nondum graduati* of Oxford it is known by a *nomen accidentale* which we have forgotten,—having been discussed; songs, amatory and Bacchanalian, having been sung with full choruses; and altogether the jocularly having begun to pass "the limit of becoming mirth," the Proctor made his appearance; and, advancing to the table at which the "Freshman"—fresh in every sense of the word—was presiding, put the usual question,—

"Pray, sir, are you a member of this University?"

"No, sir," replied Hook, rising and bowing respectfully. "Pray, sir, are you?"

A little disconcerted at the extreme gravity of the other, the Proctor held out his ample sleeve—"You see this, sir?"

"Ah," returned Hook, having examined the fabric with great earnestness for a few seconds, "Yes! I perceive—Manchester velvet—and may I take the liberty, sir, of inquiring how much you might have paid per yard for the article?"

The quiet imperturbability of manner with which this was uttered was more than the Rev. gentleman could stand; and, muttering something about "supposing it was a mistake," he effected a retreat, amid shouts of laughter from Hook's companions, in which the other occupants of the coffee-room, the waiters, and even his own "bull-dogs" were constrained to join.

It must be sufficiently evident to the reader, that a youth, or rather *per legem universitatis*, a man of Mr. Theodore Hook's free and easy disposition, utterly unaccustomed too as he was to any kind, or measure, of restraint—the companion of wits and "men about town,"—was not likely to become a very tractable son of *alma mater*, or to look up with any great degree of deference to the

dull and dignified *domini et magistri* placed in authority over him. Even the lax rules of "St. Mary" would have soon been found to yield "too small a bound" for such a soul. Luckily, perhaps, for both parties, an unlooked-for turn in his affairs enabled him to quit Oxford, after a residence of one, or at most a couple of terms, if with no great accession of honour or wisdom, at least without censure.

Brief, however, as was his stay "among the groves of Academus," it was enough to leave lasting traces in his heart of that reverential feeling with which few who have trodden them have departed unimpressed, and to inspire a proportionate contempt, pretty plainly manifested, for those modern institutions, which however serviceable in their way, are certainly woefully deficient in that classic grace and those associations which hallow the old seats of learning on the banks of Cam and Isis. One might as well expect a subaltern of the "Tenth" to "fraternize" with the officers of a "Spanish Legion," as an Oxford undergraduate to admit the pretensions of his brethren of the Strand and Gower-street. There may be the same buttons and bravery in the one case—the same prize-poems and trencher-caps in the other—nay, as is we believe the fact, the more recently organized bodies may even boast a greater luxuriance of lace, and a larger amplitude of tassel, but the *prestige* is wanting. These subjects afforded, each, a mark too fair to be neglected by the watchful Theodore, whose private prejudice on the occasion might lend an additional impetus to his political feeling. *Cedant arma togæ.* We give a stanza or two from—

"THE COCKNEY UNIVERSITY.

"Come bustle, my neighbours, give over your labours,

Leave digging, and delving, and churning ;

New lights are preparing to set you a-staring,

And fill all your noddles with learning.

Each dustman shall speak both in Latin and Greek,

And tinkers beat bishops in knowledge,

If the opulent tribe will consent to subscribe

To build up a new Cockney College.

"We've had bubbles in milk, we've had bubbles in silk,

And bubbles in baths of sea-water ;

With other mad schemes, of railroads and steams,
 Of tombstones and places for slaughter—
 But none are so sure, so snug and secure,
 As this for which now we are burning ;
 For 'tis noble and wise to rub the world's eyes,
 And set all the journeymen learning.

* * * * *

“ This College, when formed, established, endowed,
 Will astonish each Radical's grammam,
 She may place her young fry in the midst of the crowd
 For two pounds ten shillings per annum.
 And, oh, what a thing for a lad who climbs flues,
 Or for one who picks pockets of purses,
 To woo, in Ionic and Attic, the Muse,
 And make quires of bad Latin verses !

“ Hackney-coachmen from *Swift* shall reply, if you feel
 Annoyed at being needlessly shaken ;
 And butchers, of course, be flippant from *Steele*,
 And pig-drivers well versed in *Bacon*—
 From *Locke*, shall the blacksmiths authority crave,
 And gas-men cite *Coke* at discretion—
 Undertakers talk *Gay* as they go to the *Grave*,
 And watermen *Rowe* by profession.”

Among Hook's early associates, was old George Colman the younger ; and of the first evening spent in the society of that distinguished wit, the former used to give an amusing anecdote. They had been sitting together for some hours, and their potations the while had probably not been confined to that agreeable beverage

“ Which cheers but not inebriates ;”

and to which, by the way, Hook “ entertained the profoundest objection,” when the great dramatist, fixing his eyes upon his young companion, and ever and anon taking a sip from his glass, as he regarded him, began to mutter, “ Very odd, very strange indeed ! wonderful precocity of genius ! astonishing diligence and assiduity ! You must be a very extraordinary young man. Why, sir,” he continued, raising his voice, “ you can hardly yet have reached your twenty-first birthday.

“ I have just passed it,” said the other, “ *vingt-un* overdrawn.”

“Ah! very good,” replied old Colman, “but, sir, pray tell me, how the d—l did you contrive to find time to write that terribly long Roman history?”

A similar story is told of Tom Moore, one drawing somewhat less upon our credulity; he was in a bookseller’s shop at Paris, and his companion quitting him for a short time, to join a couple of handsome and fashionable looking young ladies, who were engaged in turning over the “new publications,” Moore soon observed the attention of one of the *belles dames* to be directed towards himself, and could scarcely fail to discover that he was forming the subject of conversation among the party. On the return of his friend, he not unnaturally inquired what was the nature of the remarks that had been evidently made upon him—“I saw distinctly that they—especially the taller one—were examining me with some interest.”

“Oh yes,” said the other, with an evil-minded affectation of carelessness, “they asked who you were.”

“Well, but my dear fellow, you told them of course, eh?”

“Certainly, I told them,” replied his friend, taking up a paper.

“Well,” exclaimed Moore, unable to restrain a pardonable curiosity, “what then—what did they say when they heard who I was?”

“Why, the taller one observed that she was delighted to have had the pleasure of seeing so famous a personage.”

“Indeed!” returned the gratified poet; “anything more?”

“Yes,” continued the other, “she said she was the more pleased because she had herself taken in your celebrated ‘Almanac’ for the last five or six years!”

It is worthy of note, that among the many “conversation men” of the day—the intellectual giants of a generation almost passed by, whom Hook was in the habit of meeting, and there was scarcely one of eminence, Sidney Smith perhaps excepted, with whom he was not at times brought into collision,—George Colman was the only individual, “the keen encounter” of whose wit he shunned; “for *his* powers,” writes a friend of both, “he

(Hook) had a respect bordering on fear, and with him he rarely ever ventured to enter the lists,—no other time or place could annihilate him.” It was not, perhaps, without a spice of revenge that he fathered upon the veteran a *bon-mot*, and the affiliation has remained, we believe, unquestioned, which he had himself the grace to disclaim: on the death of Mrs. Wall, the actress, being announced, he observed, “Well, I suppose then by this time she is stuck all over with bills.—this is the way they serve all the *dead walls* about Tondon.” Colman has always had the credit or discredit of the pun—it has appeared in print as his, and as his it will probably be handed down.

As has been previously observed, about this time, 1809–10, fresh scenes and more brilliant prospects opened to the view of the young “lion,” for such he had already become, although neither then nor at any subsequent period did he exhibit any of the ferocity, overbearing carriage, or voracious appetite for applause that commonly distinguish the tribe. He was ever as ready to listen, as willing to speak; his fun was exuberant and spontaneous, and, a sure test of the absence of artifice, he thoroughly revelled in it himself.

Those who have attentively regarded the exhibition of a second-rate wit, cannot fail to have remarked the solitude with which he watches for an opening, the laboured ingenuity with which he leads the conversation round to a desired point, and the care with which he husbands his good things, biding his time, and dealing them out frugally, so that none be wasted. In Hook the reverse of all this was conspicuous; “there was no question detached to lead you into the ambushade of the ready-made joke.” Nor was his personal appearance less prepossessing than were his manners engaging; he is described as being, at the age of twenty, “a slim youth of fine figure, his head covered with black clustering curls;” and though years as they rolled over his head, “rubbing,” as he said, “nearly all the hair off it,” added to a sedentary life, and a too free indulgence in the pleasures of the table, had robbed him prematurely of all pretensions to “the mould of form,” the eloquent eye, the rich and mellow voice, joyous smile, and expressive play of feature,

remained to the last. It is not to be wondered at, therefore, that the *accolade* was graciously bestowed, and the agreeable candidate received, after very slight probation, into the order of fashion.

Elected a member of the "Eccentrics" on the same memorable night with Sheridan, Lord Petersham, and many others, he was soon admitted into a much nearer intimacy with these distinguished characters, and eventually, through the agency of the Marchioness of Hertford, who, like all that heard him, was struck with admiration at his peculiar powers, was presented to the Prince Regent. Introduced to a society, hitherto entirely strange, and beset by forms not altogether in accordance with his previous habits, his tact, nevertheless, and discrimination, soon made good a footing; and for the space of two or three years—probably the most idle of his life—during which he was, on more occasions than one, called upon to minister to the amusement of royalty, he enjoyed all the sweets of a gratified vanity, pride, ambition, or by whatever name that pleasurable feeling is to be designated, which men of humbler origin naturally experience in being pressed into the companionship of the *élite* of the land.

Hook, however, was the last man to be seriously affected by this sudden coöptation; no one was more capable of nicely estimating the degree of respect due to rank and birth; no one less likely to be dazzled by the glitter of a coronet, or, on the other hand, less liable to fall into the contemptible vulgarity of sneering at the claims of an aristocracy—to say the least, as well educated, as well mannered, and, for once to coin a word, as well moralled an assemblage of families as could be drawn from the gentry of any country in Europe.

In your thorough-going, loud-mouthed, cringing, crawling, Radical—your roaring "vindicator of the people's rights," till the shadow of a lord passes athwart his view, then the most vermicular of creeping things—he took, indeed, the greatest delight; the creature was turtle and venison to him, a dish not to be disposed of hastily, and merely a vague remembrance carried away of its flavour, but one eminently worthy of the concentrated regard of the epicure, a morsel to be daintily and delicately eaten.

What a luxurious meal does he make of the immaculate *Mr. Tickle* and his faithful chronicle of the vices of the nobility, "The Fashionable Magazine; or, High Life exposed," in "Passion and Principle." The whole sketch of the domestic manners of the Hackney patriot—especially the introduction of Lord Feversham to the family of his calumniators, is perfect. The good nature and good breeding of the young nobleman, the sneers and gossip of the ladies of the establishment—faint echo of the parental thunder—freely indulged in till the rank of their unknown visitor is ascertained: and the vulgar and awkward acknowledgments that succeed the discovery, are hit off in the happiest style. Nor is the mischief effected through the medium of the "*Jenkinses*" of literature—discarded lacqueys, and the associates of gentlemen's gentlemen, who provide "fashionable intelligence for the million, at all overstated, however lightly esteemed it may be by the objects of their attacks:—

"It was not worth while," says our author, "just at that moment to undeceive the viscount, as to the effect produced by falsehoods and calumnies regularly and incessantly persisted-in in print; it was sufficient for Welsted to arm himself with an unanswerable answer, if ever he was again attacked upon the subject by the Tickle. Had he known human nature generally, or the class of howling liberty boys in particular, he would not have taken this trouble. It was now probably needless. The stubborn, high-spirited, independent Briton, (such as Tickle professed himself), who rails and blusters at his betters, and thinks it the birthright of an Englishman to be discontented, and to proclaim his discontent at every possible opportunity, is, when the test is applied, the most fawning sycophant upon the face of the globe; nay, wherever that portion of the political world which is addicted to radicalism and foul linen, can flatter, or wheedle, or terrify, or induce, by any other means, an aristocrat to join their ranks, their joy is boundless and unmixed; and the lordling, who would have been stigmatised as an ass or a tyrant had he maintained his proper station in society, the moment he joins the motley herd below him, is hailed as combining in his precious person first-rate natural talents with every accomplishment necessary to give

full force to his virtuous exertions."—*Sayings and Doings, Second Series*, vol. iii. p. 242.

Strong full-bodied language this, such as smacks of Toryism in its high and palmy days, and in which Hook, richer or poorer, remained consistent to the last. But if he was free from the railing envy of the radical, so, as we have said, was he equally uninfected by vice of an opposite character. There was not, in truth, a taint of meanness or servility in his whole composition. So far from being a "tuft-hunter," he was the tuft-hunted!—sought, solicited, dragged from his home, to form the chief and choicest attraction at lordly banquets, and though exception has been taken at the readiness with which he permitted himself to be allured from his literary labours, still, who has the right to blame? Assuredly not those who offered the temptation, or benefited by the lapse; and it must be remembered there were those near and dear to him, whose interests, without doubt, he believed were to be more effectually served in the *salons* of London, than in the retirement of his retreat at Fulham.

Active and indefatigable as he was, and secure by the moderate exercise of his talents of a handsome income, he could not bring himself to rely upon his own industry; the pace was too slow; his sanguine temperament suggested a more exciting and eccentric course, and he preferred resting his hopes of fortune rather upon the results of some grand *coup*, than on the accumulating proceeds of regular exertion. A "man of many friends," he lived in the perpetual expectation of something "turning up," and—private considerations apart—something was surely due to a political adherent so staunch and powerful as the conductor of "Bull." Indeed, had not his life been brought prematurely to a close, it is more than probable that his claims, which it is gratifying to know were, albeit somewhat tardily, admitted, would have been satisfied with something more substantial than the smiles of Royal Dukes, or a pressing invitation to the premier's. As it is, who shall think of Theodore Hook and his Conservative patrons, without acquiring a keener relish than ever for the exquisite apologue of "Don Torribio," and the "Dean of Badajos!"

These remarks, however, obviously apply to a later period than that before us; in 1810, the case was very different; young, prepossessing, and unincumbered,

“The world was all before him where to choose,”

and prudence, as well as inelination, would naturally move him to push his way in that particularly exclusive portion of it, to which admittance had been gained, and where his first success was as remarkable as his subsequent career proved fruitful in distress and disappointment.

Among the various characters, notable and noted, with whom Theodore Hook was now associated, was one, not more than his equal in point of birth, but raised, like himself, by social qualifications, principally by his exquisite taste in music, to a companionship with lords and dukes, and noble princes. We allude to the Rev. Edward Cannon, one of the chaplains of the Prince Regent. With this gentleman, then in high favour at Carlton House, Hook contracted a close intimacy, and, though his friend's star did not continue long in the ascendant, that intimacy was interrupted only by death. Of course, Hook took all sorts of liberties with him, among the rest, that of daguerreotyping him, under the name of *Godfrey Moss*, in his novel of “Maxwell.” It must be confessed, however, that the brother of the rector of Fudley-cum-Pipes presents a resemblance far from flattering to the original.

Hook, in truth, did not do his friend justice; and we lament it the more, inasmuch as, admirable as the delineation is, the introduction of a few more traits of genuine worth, which the original would have amply warranted, would in our opinion have materially heightened the interest of the portrait. As it is, in spite of our wishes to love the man, one's heart perforce contracts its affection, chilled by his unredeemed selfishness. Little, however, cared Cannon for the *suppressio veri*, for it amounts to no more, nothing that is set down being in the slightest degree exaggerated; and as little would he have cared had he found himself held up as a Monster or a Merry-Andrew. He contented himself with a pinch or two of snuff, and the remark, “The *cretur* has drawn one

half of the picture well enough, but he has somehow quite forgotten the other!"

As has been observed, it was his musical skill that proved the means of introducing him to the notice of the Prince of Wales; but the peculiar bent of his humour, which admitted no respect of persons, proved a bar to his advancement, and lost him the countenance of that illustrious personage; the favourite, Mrs. Fitzherbert, he soon offended, and that fact, possibly, may have contributed not a little to his final dismissal. On being requested to give his opinion of an upright pianoforte, an instrument then but recently invented, he ran his hand, light as a lady's, over the keys, and threw himself back with a dissatisfied air.

"What do you think of it, Mr. Cannon?" asked Mrs. Fitzherbert.

"Why, madam, it may do to lock up your bread and cheese in, and that's all it's fit for," was the reply.

It needed a voice sweeter even than Cannon's, and few surpassed it, to render harsh truths grateful to royal ears; and a still more glaring instance of plain speaking, addressed to the Prince himself, soon after procured him his *congé*. The example, once set, was speedily followed, and Cannon, ere long, found himself well nigh deserted by his noble friends. Nothing, however, could induce him to curb the license of his tongue, or to submit himself to the conventional restraints of society. On one occasion, for example, when inveighing with caustic bitterness against Bishop Majendie, a reverend Doctor who was present begged him to desist.

"Remember, my dear sir, his Lordship has been a kind friend to me: I am under the greatest obligations to him: it was he who gave me the living of Cripplegate."

"Well," said Cannon, "he ought to be hanged for that."

Nor were the liberties he took confined to those of the tongue; in practical coolness, where his comforts were concerned, he was unsurpassed by Hook himself. At more houses than one, where he was received on terms of intimacy, he would call possibly in the morning, and

informing the servant of his intention of dropping in to dine, would next inquire what dishes had been ordered,—“Roast leg of mutton, eh?—ah! not a bad thing—boiled better—much better! Tell Cookums to *boil* the leg of mutton with ‘um capers,” and accordingly on or before the stroke of five or six, as the case might be—and even the hour was occasionally altered to suit his convenience—he would roll into the drawing-room, seat himself in an arm-chair, wheel and wriggle himself into the snugest corner by the fireside, gather the children round him—with them he was sure to be a prime favourite—and if the *pater familias*, unconscious of the presence of his uninvited guest, happened to be a little behind time, he would fidget and grumble, and give the unhappy “Kittums,” or by whatever name he addressed the lady of the house, no rest till she allowed dinner to be served.

To no one since the time of the old Greek could the epithet *ἡδύπειρος* be applied with a nicer propriety than to Cannon, silver-tongued Cannon, as he was called. The tones of his voice were most melodious. He was wayward and whimsical, it is true, and when displeased, apt to be silent or sarcastic; but when satisfied with his fare, and in society he liked, his playful wit and rich fund of anecdote, rendered him one of the most fascinating companions imaginable. Young and old were subject to the spell, and sat delighted listeners, as some quaint tale or old English ballad flowed from his lips: even the hostess, hardest to be appeased, melted beneath his smile, forgot her outraged economy, and suggested, with little danger of a refusal, one more glass of the “ginnum and water,” such as he loved.

Lax perhaps in his habits, he might be esteemed, beyond what was strictly becoming one of his profession; St. James’s, indeed, in the days of the Regency, could hardly be expected to furnish forth a very satisfactory model for a divine. Upon one point, however, Cannon was firm and inflexible; he would suffer in his presence no jesting with sacred things; and his volatile friend, somewhat too ready to offend in this particular, not unfrequently elicited a rebuke:—

“Come, come, my Hookums,” the former would ex-

claim; "stop there—be what you think witty with anything else, but *that is my book*—you must not touch *that*."

It is but fair to say, that the hint was invariably taken in good part, and proved commonly sufficient for the evening.

Active and energetic as was the mind of Theodore Hook, facile in receiving impressions, apt in the combination of ideas, it was no less remarkable for its retentive powers. Numerous efforts of his memory have been recorded, such as his undertaking to repeat, in proper order, all the names of the shopkeepers on one side of Oxford Street, and of which he omitted but one—and again, when he quite succeeded, his running over, after a single perusal, the whole list of advertisements in a number of the "Times" newspaper—extraordinary feats, although in neither case did the line extend to such an Alexandrine length as at present. One occasion, we remember, when, with the assistance of Cannon, this faculty was brought into play with rather more amusing effect. *Moss* and his biographer were engaged to meet, at the table of a common friend, a certain reviewer, well-known in the literary world for his varied information and for the somewhat dictatorial manner in which he was in the habit of dispensing it. As with the great Cambridge Professor, on all matters, from the inductive sciences to Chinese chess, his *ipse dixit* was to be considered final.* Rochefoucault observes that there is something in the misfortunes of our best friends that does not displease us; he might have said, and with more truth, there is something in the ignorance of our best friends that does not displease us; at all events, a gentleman who always talks as Sidney Smith said of Macaulay, like a book in breeches, is apt to become disagreeable among less learned individuals; and to silence the great man in

* There is a story current at Cambridge of an attempt, on the part of some junior Fellows, to catch the great man tripping; "Chinese Chess," it is said, was selected as the conversational stumbling-block to be laid in his way; but, on allusion being made to it in the "Combination Room," off started the Professor at score, occupying, to the confusion of the jokers, the best part of an hour in most learned and voluble discourse, historical and scientific, upon this somewhat recondite, but doubtless, very interesting subject.

question, or at least to lower his tone to the level of meaner capacities, was the object of the two confederates.

Hook selected a subject which, though not perhaps particularly abstruse to astronomers, he thought was a little out of his friend's line, the Precession of the Equinoxes; and referring to the "Encyclopædia Britannica," learnt the entire article, a very long one, by heart, without, however, stopping to comprehend a single sentence. Soup had scarcely been removed, when Cannon, as had been previously arranged, led the conversation round to the desired point—and, availing himself of a sudden pause, drew the eyes of the whole party upon Mr. —, whom he had already, with no little tact, contrived to entangle in the topic. The gentleman, as had been anticipated, happened not to be "up" in that particular branch of science; to plead ignorance was not to be thought of, and after a vague, and not very intelligible answer, he made an attempt to escape from the dilemma, by adroitly starting another question. His tormentors, however, were men cunning of fence, and not to be easily baffled: Hook returned to the charge.

"My dear sir, you don't seem to have explained the thing to 'the Dean,' with what commentators would call 'your usual *acumen*;' everybody, of course, is aware that 'The most obvious of all the celestial motions is the diurnal revolution of the starry heavens,' &c." Here followed a couple of columns from the aforesaid disquisition in the "Encyclopædia Britannica:"

"But," continued he, "you can doubtless put the thing in a much clearer light: I confess the 'Mutation of the axis, which changes also the longitudes and right ascension of the stars and planets, by changing the equinoctial points, and thus occasioning an equation in the precession of the equinoctial point,' is a little beyond me."

For some time Mr. — parried the attack with considerable dexterity; but as the joke became obvious, others pursued it, and the victim was overwhelmed by inquiries relating to the "parallax of the earth's orbit" — "disturbing force and matter of the moon," &c., &c., till he was compelled at length to forego all claim to infallibility, and throw himself on the mercy of the foe.

It must be admitted of Cannon, that he did not always stop to consider the justice of his attacks; when in an irritable mood, at the slightest provocation, or even in the absence of provocation, he would turn upon some unoffending individual, and direct a constant fire of sarcasm upon him during the whole evening. At a dinner, for example, given by Sir ——, a gentleman attached to the Court—a message came down from the palace, and the host was compelled, in consequence, to quit his friends for an hour or two, while he remained in attendance upon the king. On his return to the table, Cannon, pointing to one of the Orders with which he was decorated, asked him what he called *that thing*?

“Why, you know as well as I do,” was the reply; “it is my Guelphic collar.”

“Oh,” said Cannon, (taking an enormous pinch of snuff); “it’s your *collar*, is it? Ah! you think yourself a very grand cretur, I dare say. Pray, did you ever read the fable of um two dogs?”

“If I have, it has escaped my memory just now,” returned the host.

“So I should think—well, it is something of this sort:—There was once a poor, little, thin cur, half-starved, and a *leetle* mangy or so; and he met, as he was trotting across the fields, an old friend of his, a stout, plethoric-looking dog, with a glossy coat, and him tail curled over him back, like a gentleman.”

“Ah! Mr. Tray,” says the poor little pup, “is that you? Why, how sleek you look! as for me it is much as I can do to keep skin and bone together.”

“Poor little devil!” says Tray, “come along with me to my master’s, and you’ll soon look as plump as I do.” So the two dogs trotted off together.

“Well, but Mr. Tray,” says his friend, after a while, “what is the matter with your neck?—all the hair is rubbed off.”

“Oh! that’s nothing,” says Tray, “it is only my collar.”

“Your *what!*” says the little thin dog; “your collar, what’s that?”

“Why, it is the collar my master puts on when he chains me up.”

“ Oh, then, your master chains you up sometimes, does he ? ”

“ Of course,” says Tray.

“ Oh! then you can't run and about and join your friends, and do um dandy whenever you like ? ”

“ Why, not exactly,” says Tray ; “ that is— ”

“ Ah!” says the other, “ I wish you a very good arternoon—I'd rather have my bone and liberty ; ” and the little dog strutted off prouder than he had ever felt in his life, leaving his fat friend to go home to kennel.

The “ moral ” was obvious enough ; and, notwithstanding the good humour and good breeding with which the application was received, so palpable a hit produced a disagreeable feeling in the party, which Cannon took care to keep alive by perpetual recurrence to the collar mark.

Even Hook came in at times for his share of *Godfrey's* severity ; the former having expressed a conviction that dreams were not the mere objectless workings of the brain they are commonly considered, but that signs and meanings were often conveyed to man by their medium.

“ See what it is to be a wit,” replied Cannon, with an application to the never-failing box ;* “ you will believe, my Hookums, anything you ought not, and nothing that you ought ! ”

The following note, addressed by Cannon to one of his intimate friends, may serve to show how little his peculiarities of expression are exaggerated in the sketch in “ Maxwell : ”—

“ MY DEAR DICKUMS,

“ Dr. Moss is all for Dulwich,† the circumstances

* Cannon's receptacle for snuff was generally either the dirty piece of paper which originally enveloped his purchase, or some trumpery tin thing adorned with the representation of the “ Jolly Sailor,” &c. Mr. Croker having remonstrated, half in earnest and half in jest, at the production of such a piece of vulgarity at his table, was answered, “ It suits my purpose very well, and I can't afford a better.” Shortly afterwards, the Dean—so Cannon was called—was presented, by his entertainer, with a handsome box, mounted with a cannon in gold upon the lid, and beneath, the motto—“ *Non sine pulvere.* ”

† Mr. Cannon, at this time, thought of standing for a vacant

thereof suit me very well; salary paid quarterly and nothing to do. I had thought the election was pulling papers out of a hat, and the successful boy drew out one, on which '*Donum Dei*' was written: if it depends on people, get their names, and I dare say we can get at them. I suppose six and eightpence is at the bottom of the thing, as of everything else in this world: meanwhile, your zeal for me becomes you, although I do not see so strongly as you do, the necessity of my shewing my old face to the creturs. I can't run after them all over the town, but I have written ('ah! *written*,' you'll say—stop a bit) to Linley, to ask him about it all. If introduction is necessary, he shall be the introducer. The Pope was too cool about it in his converse on Sunday. Whatever Linley thinks is right to be done, I'll awake and rise and do it. That I think will satisfy you. Did you send '*Intelligencee?*' it came to-night. I see your claw in it. Poetryums and Puffum Devilums. Do send me '*Valpergis*,' by Twopenny, I will repay thee. Yours, always, DEANUMS."

"March, 1831."

In the habit of composing, almost extemporaneously, beautiful airs and variations, to which he either supplied words himself, or adapted those of some relique of ancient minstrelsy, Cannon could rarely be induced to put poetry or accompaniment to paper. Those who ever heard him are not likely to forget the exquisite taste with which he used to sing the rare old ballad of "Bold Robin Hood, and the Bishop of Hereford," a performanee quite unequalled in its way. The melody has happily been preserved in the popular song of "The Old Maid,"* which Hook struck off, having frequently, but fruitlessly, begged Cannon to give to the public some version of his own. But the latter, though busy enough with his brain, exhibited, possibly with fear of the fate of his brother of Chatham before his eyes, a marvellous aversion from the pen and inkhorn. Of some half-dozen slipshod effusions

fellowship at Dulwich College. The idea, we believe, was afterwards abandoned.

* It was nearly all improvised one evening by Hook: each character is a portrait.

of his Muse, which it must be confessed was rather of the "worst-natured," we subjoin a specimen, not that it is the best, but as being one no longer liable to give offence:—

THE DEAN.

Once on a time there was a Dean
 Lord L—— made by mistake,
 For if he had known him as well as I,
 There never had been such a make.

This Dean was a man about four feet high,
 With a skin like the skin of a toad,
 On his waistcoat before a collar he wore,
 Beautiful, red, and broad.

Behind that red there beat a heart
 As black as a Dean's need be ;
 He talked of his "feelings," as many Deans do,
 But that was—Hypocrisy.

Two men of worth in their different states
 Did once to his choir belong,
 The first of these I call Tom for short,
 Jonathan t'other, for long.

Poor Jonathan went his weary way
 To see his mother when dying ;
 Think you when Jonathan mourning came back
 He found the Dean a-crying ?

Oh, no ! To Jonathan thus he said,
 "Your mother is under ground,
 But you've been away for many a day,—
 I shall fine you forty pound."

Poor Tom is dead—around his grave
 His weeping comrades stay,
 But as to the Dean, he was not to be seen,
 His "feelings" kept him away !

'Twas so he said—but had poor Tom
 Been a lord, or anything higher,
 The Dean had been there, with mock visage of care,
 And his tears would have filled the choir.

Beggars on horseback ride but one way,
 And this is our hope and desire,
 When Tom is happy with his music above
 May the Dean sit down stairs by the fire !

Or, by way of a picce of unparalleled nonsense, take the following—

IMPROMPTU.

If down his throat a man should choose
 In fun, to jump or slide,
 He'd scrape his shoes against his teeth,
 Nor dirt his own inside.

Or if his teeth were lost and gone,
 And not a stump to scrape upon,
 He'd see at once how very pat
 His tongue lay there, by way of mat,
 And he would wipe his feet on *that!*

Cannon, notwithstanding the personalities in which he too freely indulged, was a kindly-hearted man, and would have gone, grumbling of course all the way, a hundred miles to serve a friend; instances, indeed, of a generosity almost romantic, and directly at variance with his acknowledged selfishness in trifles, have been recorded of him. "*Les vertus se perdent dans l'intérêt, comme les fleurs se perdent dans la mer,*" says some one, Cannon, at least, had the merit of affording an exception to the rule, by resolutely declining a considerable fortune freely offered, in favour of one who, though comparatively a stranger to him, he judged to have a prior claim upon the donor; that too at a time when he was himself suffering not a little from straitened circumstances. Some slight trait of so redeeming a nature should have been preserved in drawing the character of *Godfrey Moss*.

CHAPTER V.

Love Matters.—Adventures at Sunbury.—The Rivals.—"The Flower-pot."—Visits to Taunton.—Mr. Hook's engagement with Miss —.—"Lines from the Heart."—Epigram.—The Match broken off.

In *affaires de cœur*, properly so called, Theodore Hook was doomed to be unfortunate; spite of the fascinating charms of his conversation, which softened the savage hearts of bailiffs and made men of war forgetful of the

stern duties of discipline, and what, perhaps, some of our readers may deem more inexplicable still, spite of his handsome figure and manly bearing, his mirthful smile, and his eye beaming with intellect and imagination, and (can we doubt it?) skilled in all the "prone and speechless dialect" of love, he failed in early life to win to his arms some fair partner, whose gentle influence might have controlled that prodigal nature, and have set his unmatched talents upon the compassing of high and honourable ends. It was not to be so—his wooing never prospered—as with his first hero, luck was ever against him; and who shall tell how much of that carelessness of living—that ceaseless craving after excitement that marked his career, had origin in crushed hopes and a wrung heart!

Of the three courses which present themselves to the choice of an unhappy lover—the suicidal or misanthropic, the rational, and the outrageous—his hot and rebellious temperament, always at fever heat, prompted the adoption of the last. He wanted fixedness of purpose to struggle successfully with disappointed passion; and as to listening to reason, as it is called, you might as well, to use his own expression, "wash Mount Ætna with Gowland's Lotion, in the hopes of preventing an eruption, as expect to extinguish the steady flame smouldering in such a bosom." Still less, on the other hand, was he a man likely to abjure cravats, make parade of his misery, and, as was said of his old school-fellow Byron, to weep with the public and wipe his eyes with the press. Scarcely a trace of this morbid feeling is discernible in his works; here and there an isolated passage might be found, which to those in the secret, would tell of bitter remembrances and sorrow unsubdued; thus, in "Sayings and Doings:"—

"I once knew a lovely girl, all kindness, all gentleness, all goodness; from her I parted in the midst of gaiety, and in a crowd of idlers who were participating in it. We shook hands, and I left her—I never saw her again. Had I known that I then beheld her for the *last time*, my heart would have burst."

The first of his amatory adventures which we have been able to trace—it was too transient and too extravagant to warrant a graver name—had an issue not only

unsuccessful, but ludicrous enough to have supplied an admirable "hit" for one of his own farces. In the course of his numerous suburban excursions, or possibly during his brief sojourn with Doctor Curtis, at Sunbury, he had become acquainted with a young lady, a resident in the neighbourhood, possessed of an amiable disposition and great personal attractions. Theodore was a favourite both with her family and herself, but her affections, unfortunately, were fixed upon another. Notwithstanding, however, the evident preference shewn to his rival, the young gentleman prosecuted his suit with all the ardour and blindness of eighteen. It was to no purpose that good-humoured hints were thrown out on the part of his inamorata, that highly agreeable as his society could not fail to be, another held that place in her regards for which he was in vain contending. He determined to set all upon a single cast, and to throw himself, and whatever loose silver might be remaining from the proceeds of his last operetta, at the fair one's feet.

On the day fixed for the final appeal, he found the ground already in the occupation of the enemy; and it was not till towards the close of the evening that an opportunity was to be snatched of making a formal proposal for the lady's hand: as might have been expected, it was declined, firmly but kindly; and off rushed the rejected swain, in a frenzy of rage, to his hotel, whither—for the little village in those days boasted but of one—he was soon followed by the successful candidate, Mr. P——.

It so happened that, in addition to the *contretemps* or being lodged beneath the same roof, the rivals actually occupied adjoining chambers, and were separated from each other merely by a thin boarded partition: everything that passed in one apartment was consequently pretty distinctly audible in the next; and the first sounds that greeted Mr. P—— on his arrival were certain strong objurgations and maledictions, in which his own name was constantly recurring, and which proceeded from the neighbouring room. Every now and then a boot-jack or a clothes-brush was hurled against the wall; next a noise would be heard as of a portmanteau being kicked across the floor, accompanied by such epithets as might

be supposed most galling and appropriate to a discomfited foe. Then a pause—a burst of lamentation or an attempt at irony—then again more invectives, more railing, more boot-jacks, and so on for half the night did the hapless lover continue to bewail the bad taste of women in general, and the especial want of discernment in his own mistress; and to heap bitter abuse and inflict imaginary chastisement upon the person of his more favoured opponent.

Mr. P—— was a Welchman, and for a moment the hot blood of the Tudors and Llewellyns bubbled up; but “cool reflection at length came across:” the irresistible absurdity of the position struck with full force upon a mind rendered more than usually complacent by the agreeable assurances so lately received, and he threw himself on the bed in a fit of perfectly Homeric laughter. Early on the next morning Hook started for town; but whether he ever learnt the perilous vicinity in which he had passed the few preceding hours, we know not. The anecdote reached us from a different quarter.

During this period he was not so thoroughly engrossed by the anxieties of love, but that he found time and sufficient spirits for the indulgence of those lively pleasantries, which must doubtless have contributed much to recommend him to the favour of the lady’s guardian, if not to her own. The name of the inn, “The Flower Pot,” which was the scene of the absurd adventure just related, suggested one of these. There resided, it seems, at Sunbury, in a large house, an elderly gentleman, a bachelor, of somewhat eccentric disposition, whose ruling passion was for his garden. This, albeit prodigality was by no means a besetting sin of the proprietor, was kept in the most admirable order, and decorated, regardless of expense, with a profusion of ornaments in the very height of suburban fashion—leaden cupids, slate sun-dials, grottoes of oyster-shells and looking-glass, heaps of flint and overburned bricks, denominated rock-work, and beyond all, and above all, with a magnificent vase filled with a flaming cluster of fuchsias, geraniums, and a number of plants with brilliant blossoms and unutterable names, which faced the entrance. Here, one fine afternoon, when the flowers had reached their *acmé* of

refulgence, Mr. Theodore pulled up his dennet. A powerful tug at the bell brought a sort of half-gardener, half-groom, to the gate in double-quick time.

"Take the mare round to the stable, put her in a loose box, and rub her down well. I'll come and see her fed myself in a few minutes; none of you rascals are to be trusted!"

So saying, the young gentleman threw the reins to the domestic, marched leisurely along the broad, brown-sugar-looking walk, dexterously cutting off here and there an overgrown carnation with the lash of his driving-whip, and entered the hall. Giving another tremendous jerk to the bell-wire in passing, he walked into the dining-room, the door of which happened to be open, took up a magazine, and threw himself at full length upon the sofa. A tidily-dressed maid servant appeared at the summons.

"Bring me a glass of brandy-and-water, my dear, and send 'Boots.'"

"Boots,' and 'brandy-and-water,' — La, sir!" exclaimed the astonished girl.

"You may fetch me a pair of slippers yourself, if you like; so make haste, and you shall have a kiss when you come back."

Duped by the authoritative air assumed by the visitor, (it would be indecorous to suppose another motive) the attendant disappeared, and speedily returning with the slippers, observed,

"If you please, sir, I have brought you a pair, but they are master's, and he is rather particular."

"Particular! Nonsense! where's the brandy-and-water?"

"He never leaves out the spirits, sir; he always keeps the key himself, sir, in his own pocket."

"He must be a deuced odd sort of fellow, then: send him here immediately."

"Master is dressing, sir; he will be down directly," was the reply; and, accordingly, after the lapse of a few minutes, Mr. — made his appearance in full evening costume.

"My good friend," commenced Hook, without raising his eyes from the paper, "allow me to observe, that the rules of your establishment are a little inconvenient to

travellers: I have been here above a quarter of an hour, and have not been able to get so much as a glass of brandy-and-water—bring one immediately—hot; and let me know what you have got for dinner.”

“I really beg your pardon,” said old Mr——, as soon as he could find words; I really beg your pardon, but I am quite at a loss—”

“So am I, my good man—for a glass of brandy-and-water—bring that, and another for yourself, and then I shall be happy to hear whatever you have to say.”

“But, sir, you must permit me to state—”

“I was never in such a detestable house in my life,” exclaimed Hook, starting up; “what do you stand chattering there for, instead of attending to my order: am I to be kept here starving all night? Bring the brandy-and-water, d’ye hear.”

The old gentleman was struck positively speechless; his face purpled, he seemed in imminent peril of choking with the sudden conflux of ire, indignation, and astonishment.

“Why, the fellow’s drunk!” pursued Theodore; “disgracefully drunk, at this time of day! and in his own parlour, too! I shall feel it my duty, sir, to lay a statement of this inexcusable conduct before the bench.”

Mr. —— sprang to the bell. “John—Thomas—turn this impudent scoundrel out of the house!”

The arrival of the servants necessarily led to an explanation. Nothing could exceed Mr. Hook’s regret; what could be done? what apology could be made? He was a perfect stranger to Sunbury; had been directed to the “Flower Pot,” as the inn affording the best accommodation; and, on seeing what he imagined to be a gigantic representation of the sign in question at the garden-gate, he had naturally entered, and acted upon that erroneous impression. This was the unkindest cut of all. To find a stranger reclining in full possession of his sofa and slippers, was bad enough; to be treated as a dilatory innkeeper, was worse; and to be taxed with insolence and intoxication, was still more trying to a gentleman of respectable character and excitable nerves; but to hear the highest achievement of art he possessed—the admiration of himself and friends, and the envy of all Sunbury,

his darling vase, compared with which the "Warwick" and the "Barberini" were as common washpots—to hear this likened to an alehouse sign, was a humiliation which dwarfed into insignificance all preceding insults. But as to whether Hook contrived to soothe the anger he had provoked, and to win a way, as was his wont, into the good graces of his victim—or whether this last affront proved irremediable, and he was compelled to seek further entertainment for himself and horse at the "Flower Pot" minor, unfortunately our informant is at fault.

With respect to his love affair, any painful impression which the circumstance we have related may have left upon his mind was destined to be speedily obliterated by an attachment of a far more serious nature,—one in which his deepest feelings were engaged, and one which was not unreturned by the object of his affections,—one, too, which, had friends and fortune smiled, might happily have worked with the best results upon his warm and generous nature, reclaiming him from habits now fixing an unresisted hold upon him, generating motives not only for industry but for providence, and proving the means of preserving him from years of suffering, sorrow, and remorse.

Nearly a couple of years had elapsed, allowing ample time for the first wound, which we take to have been but skin-deep, to have healed, when he was induced to visit Taunton, in Somersetshire, about 1810. Here, at the house of Mr. Woodforde, with whose sons he had contracted an intimacy in London, he was received with all the warmth of hospitality for which that gentleman was noted. The family happened to be large, the house cheerful, and the master never better pleased than when he saw his table filled, and especially by men of vivacity and genius. The *avatar* of such an incarnation of the spirit of fun as the youthful Theodore was naturally hailed with delight in so congenial a circle. His wit and pleasantry, supported by the extreme amiability of his disposition, rendered him, as they never failed to do, a general favourite. His visit was extended,—repeated and repeated again. The time wore merrily on, and "softened remembrances" of those days, each worthy of its white stone, "yet steal o'er the heart" of such of the denizens

of Taunton, whose memory reaches back to Theodore Hook's sojourn amongst them. To him it was probably the happiest point of the happiest period of his life, and being so, was naturally fruitful in those burst of eccentricity which distinguished the early portion of his career; many and mirthful are the legends rife in that neighbourhood, far and wide, of his adventures: the farmers of —— yet recount how, when the tithe-dinner was waxing dull, and the churchwarden prosy, he threw unlooked-for life into the party, on summoning them to witness the regatta he had contrived by launching their broad-brimmed beavers upon the sea. Nor is the celebrated banquet (that should have been) at Taunton itself, forgotten,—the surprise and anger of the host on the arrival at his house of some dozen unexpected guests, Theodore among the number—his sudden dart at the author of the hoax, the sparkle of whose eye for once betrayed him,—Hook's fall and pretended death, the anguish and alarm of the supposed homicide, and his proportionate delight at seeing his tormentor spring from the floor on the approach of the surgeon, and disappear, harlequin-like, through the open window. Chapters might be filled with similar anecdotes; and if we have appeared somewhat too free in our selection, it must be borne in mind that the buoyancy of spirit resulting in those daring feats of humour is one of the prime characteristics of the man, part and parcel of his very nature.

But he was not destined to escape himself unseathed. Of all perilous places, there is none so fraught with danger to the peace of a bachelor as a pleasant country-house. Hook never ceased to inculcate a truth so painfully attested by his own experience. Among the many agreeable visitors he was in the habit of meeting at the Woodfordes' were General F—— and his family, residents in the neighbourhood. The General's wife had several very beautiful and fascinating daughters by a former husband, a captain in the navy, and it was to the youngest of these, Merelina, who to extreme youth, added the graces and accomplishments of her sisters, that Theodore yielded up his heart. Morning, noon, and evening were they thrown constantly together. The young lady was passionately fond of music; Theodore, we know,

played and sung beautifully, composing both words and accompaniment as his fingers passed over the instrument. She listened with "a greedy ear" to the charm of the improvisatore, till wonder rose to admiration, and admiration kindled into love. How could it be otherwise?

We have been favoured with a few stanzas, written by Hook at this time, wherein the state of his affections is developed with sufficient plainness. Whatever degree of inspiration they may exhibit, they at least read in curious contrast with the more usual effusions of his muse.

LINES FROM THE HEART.

Sweet is the vale where virtue dwells,
 The vale where honest love invites,
 By margin'd brook or moss-grown cells,
 To taste its joys, its soft delights.
 Sweet is the vale where oft I've strayed
 Through tangled brake or meadow green ;
 Sweet are its groves and sweet its shade,
 The verdant vale of Taunton Dean.

If friends the way-worn stranger seeks,
 Whose kindness, comfort can impart ;
 Here every tongue a welcome speaks,
 A home he finds in every heart.
 Nay, when I hear the cynic cry,
 No friendship in the world is seen,
 My fleeting thoughts to Taunton fly,
 For friendship dwells in Taunton Dean.

The bandage once from Cupid's eyes,
 By reason and by prudence drawn,
 The wanton God to Taunton flies
 To revel on its daisied lawn.
 For oh ! 'tis sure where Beauty plays
 Love in its ecstasy is seen ;
 His sight restored he onward strays,
 She holds her court in Taunton Dean.

And if amid the brilliant throng,
 One angel girl appears most fair,
 After his flight, would Love be wrong
 To claim her heart and settle there ?
 My Rosa's eye,—her peach-bloom cheek,
 Her smile divine, her look serene,
 Command the God—he dares not speak,
 But owns her sway in Taunton Dean.

Grant me a cot wherein to live
 With such a girl, with friends so rare,
 No greater boon need Fortune give,
 Save what my wants might warrant there:
 'Tis all I hope,—'tis all I seek,
 For there all bliss, all joy is seen ;
 In one short prayer, my wishes speak,
 To live, to die, in Taunton Dean.

There does not appear to have been any attempt to conceal the progress of this attachment; at all events, it did not escape the observation of a certain elderly lady, who was also an inmate of Mr. Woodforde's mansion, and who, to judge from the tone of the following lines, written by way of answer to the above, seems to have wished the wooing well. We give them for the sake of the characteristic rejoinder, which the omission of a couple of letters in the transcribing provoked from Hook.

In gentle Merelina's *prase*
 Young Edward sung in softest strains ;
 But such kind thoughts had oft been breathed
 To other *Nympts*, by other swains.

This, that which proves her charms supreme,
 And in our minds exalts her more ;
 She won the peerless Edward's heart,
 Which no maid e'er could win before.

On reading the above, and finding the words *praise* and *Nymph* misspelt.

In your lines there's a satire concealed, I discover,
 For in singing the praise of your T. E. H. lover,
 By the way you have spelt it, a slight is committed,
 For in praising the youth, I find *I* quite omitted ;
 Your *Nymph* too is only a few degrees better,
 Though *H* is at best but an optional letter ;
 But really this nymph can ne'er shine as my bride,
 If she goes through the world without *H* at her side.
 T. E. Hook.

But the lays neither of the "peerless Edward" himself, nor of his poetic patroness availed to avert the *fulmen* that was impending. The proposed departure of the General and his family for Hampshire, rendered necessary an avowal of attachment on the part of Theodore.

but though the young lady exhibited no unwillingness to share the humble "cot at Taunton Dean," it was not precisely the sort of establishment which Mrs. F—— had contemplated for her daughter. Hook, at the time, had no fixed income, no visible means of subsistence, not even the cot to offer. Under these circumstances, a formal *veto* was placed upon the engagement into which the youthful pair had a little rashly entered. Something like an idea of resistance to the parental mandate, seems to have been entertained at first; if so, it was quickly abandoned, and the young lady induced to submit her case to the arbitration of a friend of the family, a barrister, and a man of unquestionable honour and discernment. The decision of this gentleman could but prove fatal to the hopes of the lovers; the engagement was cancelled forthwith. The fair Merelina bade adieu to Taunton, and—a rather remarkable conclusion to the affair—eventually married the referee, who, then undistinguished and unknown, was destined to arrive at one of the highest dignities attainable in his profession.

This was not the last of Mr Hook's attachments, though it was, we believe, the only instance which terminated in a positive engagement; his union with another lady, young, amiable, and in every way attractive, was, at a somewhat later period, half anticipated by his family. His brother, and his excellent sister-in-law, who ever took the warmest interest in his welfare, were most anxious to see him respectably settled, and would have given their cordial assent to the match; what interposed to disappoint their wishes, and to launch him again rudderless upon the stream of life, we know not. Later still, after his return from the Mauritius, an opportunity is said to have offered itself to him of forming an eligible alliance with one who became subsequently the wife of a member of a noble house; but other bonds, gathering daily accession of strength and weight, were upon him, fettering his affections, and silencing his tongue; and all hope of a happy marriage was, henceforward, at an end.

CHAPTER VI.

Mr. Hook appointed Treasurer to the Mauritius.—His Dislike to Dancing.—Paper on the Subject.—Duel with General Thornton.—“Lionizing” Port Louis.—Colonial Delicacies.—A Public Dinner.—Epigram.—Departure of Governor Farquhar, and its Consequences to Mr. Hook.

UP to this date, 1812, Theodore Hook had been almost, if not entirely, dependent upon his pen for pecuniary supplies; his father was in no condition to assist him; and at the rate of two or three farces a year, which seems to have been about the average of his productions, an income could scarcely have been realized by any means commensurate with the expenses of a fashionable young gentleman “upon town;” debts began to accumulate, and he had already resorted to the pernicious expedient of raising money upon his “promise to write,” (a draught upon the brain, honoured, on at least one occasion, by Mr. Harris, the manager of Covent Garden), when he was presented with an appointment which promised to place him in easy circumstances for the remainder of his life—that of Accountant-General and Treasurer at the Mauritius, worth about £2,000 per annum.

How, indeed, a trust of such importance came to be confided to a young man utterly unversed in the common routine of an office, and whose habits were far from being such as would guarantee any very extraordinary application to the details of business, it is unnecessary to inquire. It is said, “*les femmes peuvent tout, parcequ’elles gouvernent les personnes qui gouvernent tous,*” and Hook was, we know, a prime favourite with “the fair of May Fair.” He had certainly as yet but little legitimate claim upon the notice of Government, and we can scarcely suppose that any feeling of that particular species of gratitude, defined to be a lively sense of favours to come, could have led to so remarkable a disposal of patronage. With an evident spice of autology, he says, in describing one of the prominent characters in “Sayings and Doings,” that being “full of anecdote, with an elegant mind, good taste, and great readiness, he was naturally sought, courted, and admired; the consequence of which was, that his retire-

ment in Garden-court was seldom visited out of term, and by degrees the disinclination he felt to the prosecution of his profession, grew into absolute disgust. His talent, however, was not to be subdued or overcome; it was of that commanding nature which ensures success; and never did man in the outset of life meet with a greater share of good fortune than our hero. He had secured amongst his friends men of power and interest, and at eight-and-twenty found himself possessed of an office worth a couple of thousand pounds per annum." The main difference between the two cases being, that the true man outstripped the fictitious, in the race of promotion, by about four years. It was not, however, till October, 1813, that, after a long but agreeable voyage, he entered upon his duties at the Mauritius.

It so happened that the island, which had been captured from the French in 1811,* had been since that time under the control of Mr. (afterwards Sir R. J.) Farquhar, who, as Governor, united in his own person all the executive and legislative powers. Nothing could have been more favourable to the young official than this circumstance, Mr. Farquhar being not only esteemed throughout the colony, on account of his judgment, moderation, and affability, but being also connected with Dr. James Hook, by the latter's marriage with his sister. The reception which met Theodore on his arrival was as encouraging as could have been wished, and his own convivial qualities and agreeable manners soon made him as popular among the *élite* of Port Louis, as he had been in the fashionable and literary circles of London. In a letter addressed to his old friend, Mathews, about a couple of years after his establishment in what he terms "this paradise, and not without angels," he gives a most spirited and joyous account of his general mode of life, and of the social resources of the island:—

"We have," says he, "operas in the winter, which sets in about July; and the races, too, begin in July. We have an excellent beef-steak club, and the best Freemason's lodge in the world. We have subscription concerts and balls, and the parties in private houses here

* It was finally ceded to Great Britain in 1814, on the restoration of Louis XVIII. to the throne of France.

are seldom less than from two to three hundred. At the last ball given at the government-house, upwards of seven hundred and fifty ladies were present, which, considering that the greater proportion of the female population are not admissible, proves the number of inhabitants, and the extent of the society.

“I dare say some of my fat-headed friends in that little island where the beef grows, fancy that I am making a fortune, considering that I am Treasurer and Accountant-General! Fresh butter, my dear fellow, is ten shillings per pound; a coat costs thirty pounds English; a pair of gloves fifteen shillings; a bottle of claret (the best) tenpence; and pine-apples a penny apiece. Thus, you see, while the articles necessary to existence are exorbitant, luxuries are dirt cheap, and a pretty life we do lead. Breakfast at eight—always up by gun-fire, five o’clock; bathe and ride before breakfast; after breakfast lounge about; at one have a regular meal, yclept a tiffin, hot meat, vegetables, &c.; and at this we generally sit through the heat of the day, drinking our wine and munching our fruit. At five, or half-past, the carriages come to the door, and we go either in them or in palanquins to dress; which operation performed, we drive out to the race-ground, and through the Champ de Mars, the Hyde Park Lane, till half-past six; come into town, and at seven dine; when we remain till ten or eleven, and then join the French parties, as there is regularly a ball somewhere or other every night; these things blended with business, make out the day and evening.”*

The amount of business blended with these things was it is to be feared, disproportionately small; the grievous calamity that subsequently overtook him, the whole host of ills and sorrows that followed after and weighed him down prematurely to the grave, were solely attributable to the culpable and dangerous habit of trusting business entirely to subordinates. As for the lighter occupations of which he speaks, and which, considering the degree of intimacy with him in which Mathews stood, and the absence of all apparent motive to play the hypocrite, may surely be taken as a fair sample of his mode of life; they

* Life of Mathews, vol. ii.

seem blameless enough, and certainly afford no indications of the recklessness and profligacy ascribed to him by his enemies.

How, indeed, he managed to undergo the regular succession of balls we cannot pretend to guess; dancing, in all its phases, he abhorred—"the greater the fool the better the dancer," was a maxim, the truth of which he would at all times, and in all places, most stoutly maintain. Denunciations against the indecent exhibitions on the stage, and the scarcely less objectionable introduction of the waltz into private life, are rife throughout his pages. But it was his fate ever to war with giants;—Reform and Railroads—Ballet and Emancipation of the Blacks, have held their sway, with what profit to the community need not here be discussed—spite of the grey goose quill, *telum imbelle*, of the satirist. But whatever opinion may be entertained of his political vaticinations, the following remarks, quite as applicable now, or even more so than when originally penned, may possibly meet with a favourable reception from gentlemen (not being subscribers to the "Omnibus Box"), on either side of the "house":—

"Now, not being at this present writing in love with any opera dancer, we can see with 'eyes unprejudiced,' that the performances to which we allude (*ballets*) are in the highest possible degree objectionable as referring to taste, and disgusting as relating to decency.

"First, then, as to taste—nobody upon earth, we should think, can be bold enough to assert that the horizontal elevation of the female leg and the rapid twisting of the body—the subsequent attitude and expansion of the arms—are graceful—we mean merely as to dancing. No man certainly, except those whose intellects and appetites are more debased than those of men in general, can feel either amusement or gratification in such an exhibition.

"Woman is so charming, so fascinating, so winning, and so ruling by the attractions which properly belong to her—by her delicacy—her gentleness—and, her modesty—that we honestly confess, whenever we see a lovely girl doing that which degrades her, which must lower her even in her own estimation, we feel a pang of regret,

and lament to find conduct applauded to the very echo which reduces the beautiful creature before us to a mere animal in a state of exhibition.

“But if there really be men who take delight in the ‘*Ionic motus*’ of the Italian Opera, surely *our own* women should be spared the sight of such indelicacies: nothing which the Roman satirist mentions as tending to destroy the delicate feelings of the female sex, could possibly be worse than those which week after week may be seen in the Haymarket.

“We have strenuously attacked, for its unnatural indecency, the custom of dressing actresses in men’s attire upon the English stage, but a lady in *small* clothes is better on a public theatre than a lady with no clothes at all.

“We are quite ready to admit, without in the smallest degree lamenting, the superiority of foreigners over the natives of England in the art and mystery of cutting capers, and if the ladies and gentlemen annually imported jumped as high as the *volteurs* in POTIER’S ‘*DANAIDES*’ at the *Porte St. Martin*—neither would our envy nor our grief be excited, but we certainly *do* eye with mistrust and jealousy the avidity with which ‘foreign manners,’ ‘foreign customs,’ and ‘foreign morality,’ are received into our dear and much loved country.

“While custom sanctions the nightly *commission* of waltzing in our best society, it perhaps is only matter of consolation to the matrons who permit their daughters to be operated upon in the mysteries of that dance to see that women can be found to commit grosser indelicacies even on a public stage.

“A correspondent of the “Spectator,” in the 67th Number, Vol. I, describes accurately under another name the *mechanical* part of the Foreign Waltz of these days, and says:—‘I suppose this diversion was first invented to keep up a good understanding between young men and women; but I am sure, had you been here, you would have seen great matter for speculation.’

“We say so *now*—but the waltz has proved a *bad* speculation to the very dowagers who allow it to be committed; for as can be proved by reference to fashionable parish registers, there have been fewer marriages

in good society by one half, annually upon the average, since the introduction of this irritating indecency into England.

“If, therefore, the *public* dances at the King’s Theatre are looked at, merely as *authorities* for the conduct of *private* balls, the matter is still worse; but we have too high an opinion of our country-women in general to think this of them, and we are sure that we are speaking the sentiment of the most amiable and the most charming when we raise the voice of rebuke against the dress and deportment of the Italian Corps de Ballet.

“One advocate we are certain to have in the person of an old gentlewoman next to whom we sat last Saturday se’nnight, who clearly had never been at the Opera during the whole course of her long and doubtlessly respectable life, till that very evening.

“When the ballet commenced, she appeared delighted; but when one of the principal females began to elevate her leg beyond the horizontal, she began evidently to fidget, and make a sort of see-saw motion with her head and body, in pure agitation; at every lofty jump I heard her ejaculate a little ‘Oh!’ at a somewhat lengthened *pirouette*, she exclaimed, *sotto voce*, ‘Ah!’ with a sigh; but at length when a tremendous whirl had divested the greater part of the performer’s figure of drapery—the band ceasing at the moment to give time to the twirl—the poor old lady screamed out—‘*Oh la!*’—which was heard all over the house, and caused a shout of laughter at the expense of a poor, sober-minded Englishwoman, whose nerves had not been screwed up to a sufficiently fashionable pitch to witness what she *saw* was a perfect, but *thought* must have been an accidental exposure, of more of a woman’s person than is usually given to the gaze of the million.

“Witlings and whipsters, dandies, demireps, and dancers, may rank us with our fat friend in the tabby silk, to whom we have just referred, if they please; but we will always run the risk of being counted unfashionable rather than immoral.

“So few people moving in the world take the trouble of thinking for themselves, that it is necessary to open their eyes to their own improprieties; the natural answer-

to a question, 'How can you suffer your daughters to witness such exhibitions?' is, 'Why every body else goes, why should not they?' And then, the numerous avocations of an opera-house evening divert the attention from the stage. True; but there is a class of women differently situated, who are subject to the nuisance, merely because those who do not care about it are indifferent to its correction; we mean the daughters and wives of respectable aldermen and drysalters, and tradesmen of a superior class, who are rattled and shaken to the Opera once or twice in the season, in a hackney-coach, and come into the pit all over finery, with long straws abstracted from 'their carriage,' sticking in their flounces.

"Who is there that does not know that the Lady Patronesses of ALMACK'S have interdicted pantaloons, tight or loose, at their assemblies? We have seen a MS. instruction (which, alas! never *was* printed) from this mighty conclave, announcing their *fiat* in these words: '*Gentlemen will not be admitted without breeches and stockings!*'

"No sooner was this mandate, in whatever terms the published one was couched, fulminated from King Street, than the 'lean and slippered *pantaloons*' was exterminated, and, as the Directresses directed, 'short hose' were the order of the day.

"If the same lovely and honourable ladies were to take the Opera House under their purifying control, and issue, in the same spirit at least, an order that 'Ladies will not be permitted to appear without ——' (whatever may be the proper names for the drapery of females) we are quite convinced that they would render a great service to society, and extricate the national character from a reproach which the tacit endurance of such grossnesses has, in the minds of all moderate people, unfortunately cast upon it at present."—"John Bull," 1823.

This contempt of dancing and dancers, which, in so young a man, is almost as remarkable as his subsequent antipathy to the stage, proved the means of involving Mr. Hook, quite at the outset of life, in a quarrel with no less a personage than the well-known General Thornton (the original, it is said, of Mathew's Major Long-

bow), from which he extricated himself in the usual way, with great *éclat*, and what is the fashion to term honour. He had let fall it appears, at an assembly, some expressions derogatory to the amusement in question, to which the General, who was himself waltzing most vigorously, and accidentally overheard them, replied in terms of uncalled-for personality; the latter was, in consequence, compelled by Theodore to quit the apartment, but thought fit speedily to return and resume the dance, without taking further notice of the affront. Such conduct, whatever might have been its motive, not unnaturally led to a demonstration of surprise on the part of the other, which rendered further forbearance impossible. The General was compelled to demand a species of "satisfaction," which was very readily accorded; the parties met, Hook attended by a worthy baronet, and exchanged shots, without other effect than to elicit the fullest approbation of the courage and self-possession of the youthful combatant; so youthful in feelings as well as years, that while the *salons* of London were resounding with praises of his gallantry, he was busily engaged in mock renewals of the fight with his brother's children, beneath the walnut-trees of Hertingfordbury.

Of Mr. Hook's pursuits at the Mauritius, few particulars, save those given in the letter to Mathews, already quoted, have reached us: they were probably not far dissimilar in spirit from those in which he had indulged at home; at least an anecdote or two corroborative of the "*solum non animum mutant*," &c., which we have heard him relate, would lead to such an inference. One of these bore reference to the reception with which a respectable family, that had been recommended to his notice by some common friend in England, was greeted on its arrival at the island. Hook was, of course, all kindness and hospitality — an invitation to *La Réduite*, a country retreat belonging to the Governor, and at which the Treasurer also occasionally resided, was immediately forwarded to the strangers. Equally, as a matter of course, their agreeable host took upon himself the task of "lionizing" the neighbourhood; and more especially of pointing out to their observation the beauties, architectural and otherwise, of Port Louis.

For this purpose, the morning following that of debarcation was selected. The town at that period, and it has received but few additions since, was of moderate extent, stretching something in the shape of an amphitheatre almost three miles along the coast, and bounded inland at a distance scarcely exceeding half a mile, by an open space called the "Champ de Mars." Along this narrow slip, the streets of which are straight and laid out at right angles after the French fashion, did Mr. Hook conduct his new acquaintances; up one lane, down another, along the Rue Marengo, by the Government House, backwards and forwards, right and left, till every building of the least pretensions to importance had been visited by every possible mode of approach, and on each occasion honoured with a different name and fresh history. The Joss House was multiplied by six; the old East India Company barracks did duty for public asylums for lunatics, or private residences of the Queen of Madagascar; churches, prisons, the Royal College and theatre, were examined again and again, and so on till the miserable party, completely fatigued with the extreme heat, and seeing no symptoms of a termination to the walk, pleaded inability to proceed. One ventured to observe, that though of a much greater size than the view from the harbour would have led him to suppose, the town exhibited a singular sameness of style in the principal edifices. "A natural thing enough in an infant colony," suggested Hook.

The prospect of a luxurious "tiffin" which was awaiting their return, served in some manner to restore the spirits of the travellers, and they took their seats with a full determination of doing ample justice to the far-famed delicacies of the island. The first course presented to the eyes of the astonished but still unsuspecting strangers, comprised nearly every species of *uncatable* that could be got together. An enormous gourd graced the centre of the table, strange de-appetizing dishes were placed around, and in turn pressed upon the attention of the guests.

"Allow me to offer you a little cat-curry," exclaimed the host; "there is an absurd prejudice against these things in Europe I know, but *this* I can really recom-

mend; or, perhaps, you would prefer a little devilled monkey; that is, I believe, a dish of fried snakes opposite you, Mr. J——.”

Mr. J—— recoiled in alarm.

“Hand those lizards round, they seem particularly fine.”

Nastiness after nastiness was proffered in vain; the perplexed Cockneys struggled hard to maintain a decent composure, but with difficulty kept their ground before the unsavoury abominations. What was to be done!—it was clearly the *cuisine de pays*, and the host appeared evidently distressed at their want of appreciation of his fare. One gentleman at length, in sheer despair, thought he “*would* just try a lizard.”

“Pray do so,” eagerly returned Hook; “you will find the flavour a little peculiar at first, I dare say; but it is astonishing how soon it becomes pleasant to the palate.”

But however rapidly a taste for the saurian delicacy might be acquired, the adventurous individual in question was not destined to make the experiment. In endeavouring to help himself to one of those unpromising dainties, the tail became separated from its body—it was too much for his nerve—turning a little pale, he pushed aside his plate, and begged to be excused. Since the celebrated “feast after the manner of the ancients,” such a collation had never been put down before hungry men: the jest, however, was not pushed to extremes, a second course succeeded; and, on the choice viands of which it consisted, the guests proceeded to fall with what appetite they might.

Equally absurd, though perhaps hardly becoming the dignity of a treasurer and accountant-general, was a piece of pleasantry played off at the expense of the authorities of the island! It was on the occasion of a public dinner given at the Government House, and at which the governor himself, confined by ill-health to his country residence, was unable to be present. The officer next in rank was, therefore, called upon to preside; but whether from the soup, or the fish, or the cucumber—if there happened to be any—disagreeing with him, or from what-

ever cause, he was compelled to quit the banquet at an early hour, and was conveyed, utterly incapable of either giving or receiving any command, to his quarters. The task of occupying the chair, and proposing the remainder of the loyal and usual toasts, now devolved on Hook; and, as each separate health was given and duly signalled, it was responded to by an immediate salute from a battery in the square below, according to special orders. The appointed list having been gone through, the greater portion of the company departed; but the chairman, so far from showing any disposition to quit his post, begged gentlemen "to fill their glasses, and drink a bumper to that gallant and distinguished officer, Captain Dobbs,"—up went the signal—bang! bang! bang! roared the artillery. "Lieutenant Hobbs" followed, with the same result. "Ensign Snobbs," and bang! bang! bang! greeted the announcement of his name. Quick as the guns could be reloaded, up again went the signal, and off went his majesty's twenty-fours, to the honour, successively, of every individual present, soldier, or civilian.

In vain the subaltern on duty, who had expected at the termination of the accustomed formalities to be permitted to join the party, sent up a remonstrance. The directions he had received were as imperative as those delivered by Denmark's king:—

"Let the kettle to the trumpet speak,
The trumpet to the cannoneer without,
The cannon to the heavens—the heaven to earth."

Such a bombardment had not been heard since the capture of the island, and it was not till the noisy compliment had been paid to cook and scullion, who were summoned from the kitchen to return thanks *in propria personâ*, and the powder as well as patience of the indignant gunners were exhausted, that the firing ceased. Something in the shape of a reprimand was talked of, but as, after all, the principal share of blame was not to be attached to the facetious deputy, the affair was permitted to rest.

Of his improvisations at this period, a stanza of one

in which the names of the company seem to have furnished, each, the subject of an epigram, is extant; it runs as follows:—

“ We have next Mr. Winter, assessor of taxes,
I'd advise you to pay him whatever he *axes*,
Or you'll find, and I say it without any flummery,
Tho' his name may be Wiuter, his actions are *summery*.”

In the year 1817, continued ill-health compelled Governor Farquhar to return for a time to England, and his place was supplied in the first instance by Major-General Hall, an officer in many respects the very reverse of his predecessor. A certain want of courtesy and abruptness of manner, presenting as they did so unfavourable a contrast to the kind and polished demeanour of Mr. Farquhar, added to the extreme severity of his administration, soon rendered him unpopular throughout the colony. “His seizure,” observes Mr. Pridham, “of the foreign vessels in Port Louis, under the pretence that they had contravened the navigation laws, met with opposition even from the officers of government, who were in consequence superseded by him, but subsequently re-instated by the Home Government. The measures adopted to ensure the due observance of the laws relating to the suppression of the Slave Trade rendered him no less obnoxious. Arrests and deportations rapidly succeeded each other. The procureur-general was suspended, in consequence of his declining to support a course so extreme; and so general became the dissatisfaction that Major-General Hall was recalled at the expiration of the year.”

Meanwhile, however unsatisfactory the appointment of this gentleman might have been to the great body of the colonists, to Hook the change proved particularly disagreeable. In Mr. Farquhar he lost not only an indulgent superior but a kind friend; in his successor he found neither; nor was it long ere an act which, sanctioned though it might have been by custom, was undoubtedly illegal, drew upon him severe censure from the new deputy governor. Having been in a great measure forced into a quarrel with one of his associates, a hostile meeting in the “Champ de Mars,” terminating

happily without bloodshed, was the consequence. On the affair reaching the ears of General Hall, he sent immediately for Mr. Hook, and having commented upon the offence in terms somewhat more severe than the latter deemed warrantable, told him that a repetition of it would be visited with instant dismissal from office, and with the infliction of such further penalties as the law provided. I am determined," he added, "at all cost to put down duelling."

"But, sir," pleaded the delinquent, "constituted as society is, there are occasions when the vindication of one's character renders the 'Gothic appeal to arms' as necessary as defence of the person would do."

"Such occasions must be avoided," replied the Governor.

"But," continued the other, "it is not always in a man's power to avoid insult,—suppose, for example, a person were to address you yourself publicly, and say that he thought you were a meddling impertinent upstart,—what course would be left for you to pursue?"

"I can't conceive such a case possible, sir," was the reply.

"Can't you, indeed," replied Hook, "I can—*very*,—I wish you good morning."

Such a tone was not exactly calculated to conciliate a man of General Hall's disposition, and we view accordingly with less surprise the very decided, not to say harsh, line of conduct that gentleman thought fit to adopt towards Hook, on the termination of the examination, then pending, of the Treasury Chest.

CHAPTER VII.

The Mauritius.—Transfer of the Government to General Hall.—Committee appointed to Examine into the State of the Public Chest.—Allan's Accusation of Mr. Hook.—A second Committee Appointed.—Discovery of a large Deficit.—Mr. Hook's Arrest.—His Voyage to England.—Favourable Opinion of the Attorney-General.—Mr. Hook Arrested as a Debtor to the Crown.—His Appeal to Lord Liverpool.—Final Decision of the Audit Board.—Analysis of the Charges.—Mr. Hook's Defence.

OF the unhappy result of the inquiry alluded to in the foregoing chapter, and of the mysterious particulars connected with it, we cannot undertake to give more than a brief and summary account; still less can we hope to succeed in reconciling contradictions, sifting evidence, and elucidating difficulties, the consideration of which occupied a board, composed of men of the highest abilities and legal attainments, thoroughly conversant with the intricacies of colonial finance (upon which many of the questions hinge), and possessing access to every possible source of information, during a space of five years, and which to the last seems to have baffled their penetration. That Mr. Hook was equally unable to throw light upon the affair, appears on the face of his own examinations, and was, in fact, *totidem verbis*, admitted by himself; nor can we find any cause whatever to doubt the absolute truth of the assertion. We shall endeavour, nevertheless, to lay before the reader a short statement of the leading facts, and of the impression produced on us by a careful and dispassionate perusal of the various documents relating to the case, kindly permitted by the authorities of the Treasury.

It must be premised, that in the year 1813, Mr. Theodore Hook, a young man whose education and habits, up to that time, had been such as hardly to qualify him for the common business of an accomptant's office, entered upon the complicated duties of Treasurer to a distant colony; it must be remembered, moreover, that the island and its dependencies had but recently—some two years previously—fallen under the dominion of

the British crown ; that its revenue was, and must have been in a state, more or less, of confusion, which, as it happened, was materially increased by the insufficiency and variable value of the currency, and would present peculiar obscurities and embarrassments, in addition to the ordinary difficulties of the situation; and further, it is to be borne in mind, that the whole of Mr. Hook's clerks and assistants were appointed by government and not by him, and were in some cases—and this is a matter of some importance—men of colour, with whom, from the prevalent prejudice, not even a white servant could be induced to associate.

Up to November, 1817, everything went on smoothly enough, when, on the departure of Governor Farquhar, in consequence of ill-health, a committee was named jointly by him and General Hall, the Commander of the Forces, and who, as has been stated, succeeded him as acting Governor, to examine into the state of the Treasury, with a view to the transfer of all pecuniary responsibility from the former to the latter officer. This committee comprised five officials, who, from the nature of their appointments, civil and military, would be considered most competent for the task allotted to them; and in their report, dated November 19th, which distinguishes, with much particularity, every description of value in the chest, a full discharge was given to Mr. Hook up to the date of the transfer of the Treasury to the new Government. But here, at the very outset, occurs a specimen of those extraordinary inconsistencies and contradictions in which the whole affair is involved. The audit in question, which would naturally be, and which was in the first instance declared to be, of a more complete and graver nature than usual, was subsequently pronounced by the very same individuals to have been a short hurried examination, and regarded at the time as a mere matter of form; an assertion hardly reconcilable with the details of that proceeding as given by Mr. Hook, and left uncontradicted by his accusers.

“At the time of the transfer,” he says, “the chief secretary of the Government sat at one end of a table—at the other end I sat, with the box containing the vouchers. On either side the table sat the other mem-

bers of the commission; the chief secretary held in his hand the list of vouchers, and, as he called it over, the voucher named was handed by me to the member on my left hand, who, having examined it, handed it round to every member, who examined it also, till it was finally returned to me. It was after this minute examination the committee proceeded to the cash-room; and after taking every measure they thought fit, without let or hindrance from me, they signed a certificate, now in the hands of the Audit Board, that they had examined the vouchers, the balance, and the treasury, and that not only the balances were correct as to the accounts, but that they were correct as to the amount in hand.”*

Hurried or not, no suspicion appears to have been entertained of the accuracy of the report until about two months afterwards, when Mr. Allan (a black man), who was chief clerk in Mr. Hook's office, and who, it is to be observed, had previously fallen under his superior's displeasure from official irregularities, and been threatened, in consequence, with dismissal, addressed a letter to General Hall, stating the “fact of the impropriation of the public money” by Mr. Hook, consequent upon an omission to debit himself with the sum of 37,150 dollars (about £9000), received by him as treasurer in December, 1816. Of this omission, Allan admitted himself to have been aware for a period of about fifteen months, declaring that he had contented himself with pointing it out to Mr. Chaillet, Mr. Hook's assistant. Here, however, he was met with a flat denial on the part of that individual, who attested further that the falsified account was actually in Allan's own hand-writing, and made out entirely by him.

In a second letter to the governor, Allan, whose style and phraseology are all along peculiar, and at last utterly incoherent, laments, in terms of great anxiety and regret, the step he has taken, and evinces considerable apprehension of “injurious personal consequences” from the disclosure he has made. A third letter followed, dated January 28th, 1818, betraying still more decided marks of derangement; and, among other things, a statement, utterly and entirely refuted, of a tender on the part of

* “Letter from Theodore Hook to the Lords of the Treasury” April 12th, 1822.

Hook to provide him an allowance of twenty-five dollars a month, "on the condition of his leaving the colony, by the earliest and first opportunity that might offer."

In consequence of these communications, General Hall appointed a second committee, "for the purpose of examining the books of the treasury department, as well as the state of the chest," &c., who commenced their duties on the 11th of February, by taking the evidence of Allan. Other matters intervening, his further examination was postponed for several days, and before it could be resumed, viz., on the 21st, he destroyed himself, having, in the interval, given unequivocal proofs of a mind labouring under the influence of wild and extravagant insanity.

The commissioners, meanwhile, were actively pursuing their investigations, the results of which not only confirmed the fact of the omission in the accounts to which their attention had been called, but exhibited an actual deficit in the contents of the chest, to no less a sum than 62,717 dollars. On the 24th of February, Hook stoutly protesting that "the deficiency was one which could not, in the nature of human possibility, exist—its magnitude put it out of the question," was suspended from his office; and, after undergoing several *vivá voce* examinations before the commissioners, in the course of which it was made clear, not less to his own consternation than to the surprise of others, that an enormous balance against him *did* exist, with respect of which he was unable to suggest the slightest explanation or clue; he was finally taken into custody on the 1st of March.

Of the consequent degradations and miseries to which he was unnecessarily, if not illegally subjected, we give the particulars nearly in his own words. He was, he states, in his letter to the Lords of the 'Treasury, dragged from a friend's house in Port Louis, at eleven o'clock at night, and taken first to his own residence, then hurried by torchlight at midnight to the common dungeon, his servant being allowed, as a favour, to carry a mattress for him to sleep upon. On his arrival at the prison, the jailor having represented that, in consequence of the effects of the dreadful hurricane of the preceding night, there was no cell habitable, he was, after remaining there until nearly three o'clock in the morning, "from physical necessity," admitted to bail, and permitted to remain,

under the surveillance of a French police, at the house of a gentleman who had accompanied him:—a proceeding by the way, pleasantly described by the Colonial Attorney-General as simply taking “*un cautionnement pour la représentation de sa personne.*”

At the sametime, an Extent was issued against his property; a measure which the judges charged with its execution seem to have considered so extreme, that they evinced an unwillingness to adopt it, save with his own consent, which, however, was given at once, and unhesitatingly. The proceeds of the sale of every article he possessed, amounted to £3,407; and he was sent on board deprived of every comfort, and almost without the necessaries or decencies of life. To such extremity, indeed, was he reduced, that he was indebted to a servant, of whom he speaks in terms of no ordinary gratitude, for the restoration of a small writing-case, purchased at the auction for *ten shillings!*

On the 22nd of April, having been delivered into the hands of a military guard, under the command of Captain Pritchard of the 56th Regt., who treated him with every possible kindness and indulgence, he set sail for England. The passage was tedious and dangerous.* For a month they suffered off the Cape of Good Hope a tremendous gale of wind, in which all the privations of short allowance, and the prospect of utter starvation, were lost in the more pressing horrors of the danger of foundering at sea; for six weeks he had no other sustenance than half a pound of mouldy biscuit and half a pint of water *per diem*. At the expiration of nine melancholy months, including a stay at the Cape, whence he addressed an appeal to Earl Bathurst, he returned to England, “without one penny upon the face of the earth.” And yet, such is the conciliatory effect of long association, that even he,

“Regained his freedom with a sigh.”

* Here (at St. Helena) he encountered the late Lord Charles Somerset, on his way to assume the governorship of the Cape. Lord Charles, who had met him in London occasionally, and knew nothing of his arrest, said, “I hope you are not going home for your health, Mr. Hook.” “Why,” said Theodore, “I am sorry to say, they think there is something wrong in the *chest.*”—*Quarterly Review*, vol. lxxiii. p. 73.

He observes, in one of his novels published not long afterwards:—"To see a person, or to visit a place, or to quit it for the last time, is at best a melancholy business, even though the person be indifferent, or the place in itself uninteresting. I remember feeling a regret in leaving, avowedly for the 'last time,' an inconvenient cabin in an ill-found ship, at the close of a tedious voyage, full of dangers and difficulties, cares and anxieties."

The moment he arrived at Portsmouth, the Attorney and Solicitor-General having previously pronounced that there were no grounds to sustain any kind of criminal proceedings against him, he was released from custody—a decision which certainly serves to shew that the severity with which he had been treated, was no less unwarrantable, than it would appear uncalled-for.

He lost no time in repairing to London, where he was immediately, January 19, 1819, summoned to appear before the Board of Colonial Audit, and submitted to a series of distracting examinations, *vivâ voce* and otherwise, recurring at brief intervals, during a period of three years. At first, a balance appeared against him amounting to about 15,000*l.* This, on the singularly fortunate appearance of an important witness, was reduced to 12,885*l.*, and a report shewing this result and the evidence on which it was founded, was presented to the Lords of the Treasury in the autumn of 1821, and submitted to the law-officers of the Crown. But nothing had been elicited to connect Mr. Hook with the appropriation of the money; and, after a laborious review of the case, and a careful comparison of the whole mass of testimony, the original opinion was confirmed, that, however irregular and improper the conduct of Mr. Hook appeared to have been, and whatever might be his civil responsibility as a debtor to the public, there was nothing to warrant a criminal prosecution.

In December, 1821, in consequence of the above report, a writ of Extent was issued against his person and property, and the amount of his debt to the Crown diminished by the sum of forty pounds,—at the same time, his few books were seized by his landlord as security for rent.

From a sparging-house in Shire Lane, a narrow noisome alley on the eastern side of Temple Bar, (lately swept

and garnished, and named anew,) where, in the hope of a speedy release, he remained lingering on for nine months, in preference to removing to the King's Bench, he addressed the following appeal to Lord Liverpool:—

*“The Right Honourable the Earl of Liverpool, K.G.,
 &c., &c., &c.*

“London, December 18, 1823.

“MY LORD,—I trust the peculiarity and difficulty of my present situation will excuse the liberty I am taking in addressing your Lordship personally upon the state of my case. I had indulged the hope, that I might have been permitted to explain away any of its points which might have appeared unsatisfactory to the Government, before the writ which has been enforced against me had been acted upon. I was deceived; and am, as I presume your Lordship knows, in custody for a debt which I dispute, and the existence of which, to its present extent, is highly problematical.

“To observe, now, to your Lordship, that the accounts in which the errors appeared, whence has arisen the deficiency stated to exist, had been audited and passed as correct for two years; to say that all those accounts were made up by my chief clerk, Mr. Allan, who, if he had no sinister view in making the mistake, at all events wilfully concealed it throughout those two years; to say that the balance upon which I gave over the treasury to General Hall's government was struck and made out by Mr. Allan, and that he eventually destroyed himself on the second day of the investigation of the accounts, would be quite superfluous now, because those facts have already been considered by the Colonial Audit Board as perfectly unimportant.

“I shall decline referring to a certificate signed by the five principal civil and military officers of the Government of Mauritius, that they counted the treasury on the 19th of November, 1817, and found it correct, and therefore gave me on that day, under their hands, a full discharge up to that period, of the total amount of my balance, because it has been held by the Colonial Audit Board that, as these officers did not actually count the treasury, as they certified that they had, they were mistaken. I may,

perhaps, be permitted to remark that the favourable construction put upon their conduct for a neglect of duty, and an erroneous statement, is strikingly different from the colouring given to what are never called mistakes when I happen to be the object of accusation.

“It is not possible, my lord, under my present circumstances, to go over the whole report of the colonial auditors to awaken the Government to a reconsideration of my case; after having been illegally sent to England upon an informal and unrecognised warrant, deprived of my office, after having been stripped of every particle of property I possessed in the world by the terrible process of Extent, I now find myself, at the instance of the Colonial Audit Board, suffering under the same formidable process. * * * * *

“I cannot stop here to expatiate upon the merits of the case which has been made against me, by examinations and cross-examinations of myself against myself for three years consecutively, the earliest of these three years being nearly three years removed in point of time from the date of the transaction.

“The chairman of the Colonial Board is a lawyer, and with his talents and professional skill, armed as he was with every document he required, and aided by the suggestions and research of the whole establishment, I was doomed to contend. Reduce the whole of the proceedings to one fair, unsophisticated question, and I throw back boldly the imputations with which the Colonial Audit Board have so liberally loaded me. Under my present circumstances, perhaps I may be allowed, in appealing to your lordship, to say that imprisonment for debt is not intended as punishment for crime, and if imprisonment be persisted in when the object of its severity has already been deprived of every particle of property he possessed, and has not the means of payment, it has so much the character of persecution that as, I need not remind your lordship, the mild laws of England have provided a remedy for insolvent debtors in matters between subject and subject — it cannot be feared in England that the Crown is more vindictive towards its creditors than an individual, although its processes are more severe.

“I apprehend, most humbly, my lord, that the debt alleged to be due from me is not only capable of great reduction, but that, considering the whole of it to be proved, the amount to be paid in England to replace the sum of 12,000*l.* in Mauritius would, according to the present rate of exchange, not exceed 7,000*l.* or 8,000*l.* at the most; and, although I have no means of paying the sum thus reduced, I most humbly submit that, while it remains an undecided amount, and an unclosed account, that upon giving security for my personal appearance in the full alleged amount, I might be permitted to have my liberty.

“If, my lord, I am kept in confinement, my health, now seriously injured, will forsake me; and deprived by the restraint of the means by which I might eventually retrieve myself in the world, I must fall a victim to conduct which may have been officially inattentive, but which my heart tells me has never been morally guilty.

“I throw myself thus hastily and abruptly upon your lordship, in the hope that, under all the circumstances of the case, your lordship will see cause to relax the dreadful severity of the law.

“I remain, my lord,

“Your lordship’s most obedient, humble servant,
“THEODORE E. HOOK.”

Some considerable time elapsed before this letter worked its effect; he had, in the interval, wisely removed from the house of Hemp, the sheriff’s officer, and taken up his abode “within the rules of the Bench,” where, of course, he enjoyed comparative freedom. On the 31st of March, the final decision was given by the Lords of the Treasury on the various reports submitted to them from the Colonial Audit Office, in pursuance of which the Extent against his person was taken off, and he was set at liberty, but with the distinct declaration that he was “in no degree exonerated from his liability to the debt, if he should hereafter have the means of discharging it.” A supplementary judgment was issued from the Treasury in the May following, reflecting upon the conduct of various individuals concerned in the transactions at Mauritius, who were

respectively visited with suspension from office, and admonition according to their different degrees of culpability.

It is, as we have before stated, quite impossible to follow the Commissioners of Audit, through an inquiry protracted for nearly five years; it will be sufficient to offer a few remarks upon the various heads under which the charges were finally ranged, viz.:—

1. Omission to enter in the Treasury Accounts for the month of December, 1816, the sum of 37,150 dollars.

2. Deficit in the Treasury Chest.

3. Issue of Duplicate Treasury Notes.

4. Loan to Messrs. K—— and B——.

5. Transactions relating to the purchase of specie, and the substitution of paper for it in the Treasury Chest.

6. Unauthorized advances made by Mr. Hook out of the Public Chest.*

As regards the third, fourth, and sixth counts, little need be said; whatever may be thought of the treasurer's care and prudence, here at least his honour stands unaffected. The issue of the duplicate notes was the result of a blunder which clearly did not originate with him; which involved no loss to the State, and one which he was the first to detect and expose. It is admitted by the Commissioners themselves that, but for this disclosure by Hook, the double issue might, and probably would have escaped detection until the whole of the Treasury paper was called in and replaced by a new issue; and that, in the interim, Mr. Hook, but for this, his own act, would have had credit for 5,000 dollars more, in diminution of the deficit in the Treasury.

“It is most improbable,” they say, in their report, “that if he had been conscious of any such secret and improper transaction, he should have rendered the deficiency more glaring, and increased the probability of detection, by making himself accountable for so much more specie as received from the collectors than was in truth paid to him.” This is manifestly a very important

* There were some minor charges advanced by Allan, but which, speedily refuted and abandoned, only tend to depreciate the value of his evidence in other respects.

admission, and not without its influence upon the other particulars of the charge.

So as respects the loan to Messrs. K—— and B——, the extent of his offence seems to have been a charitable unwillingness to drive a respectable house into bankruptcy by pressing them for cash at a juncture when he knew their inability to meet the demand; time was given, the credit of the French merchants saved, and the money *paid*. That, in permitting this indulgence, Hook was acting without the knowledge, and, indeed, in opposition to the directions of the Governor, is very true. Let him bear the blame duly attaching to an act of unprofessional weakness, to use the harshest word, of which *his* creditors certainly were not guilty.

To the same easy good-nature is to be attributed certain trifling advances of salary made to his brother officials, men with whom he was on terms of intimate friendship, and from whom, from the nature of the case, their pay passing through his hands, the debt could be, and was, readily recovered. In both these cases let it be clearly borne in mind, that Hook derived no advantage whatever from the irregularity; nothing like the acceptance of any gratuity or per-centage is ever hinted against him, and the contrary is clearly established by voluntary affidavits.

We come now to the “Transactions relating to the purchase of specie, and the substitution of paper for it in the Treasury Chest.” Here an almost insurmountable difficulty presents itself in arriving at the exact facts, and in estimating the weight due to each—a difficulty arising, not only from the complicacy of the transactions themselves, the shifting and obscure grounds on which they were founded, and the imperfectly organized system of conducting them, but from the confusion in which all the accounts relating to them are involved.

An idea of some of the obstacles that meet us may be derived from a glance at the condition of the metallic currency of the island, which consisted of coins and tokens, French, Chinese, Indian, &c., differing from each other, not more in the weight than in the assay, and ever fluctuating in value from a constantly and capriciously shifting rate of exchange. Cash payments appear

rarely to have been made in an uniform coinage, but commonly to have contained specimens of many, and sometimes nearly all denominations; and, consequently, to have represented an amount requiring some nicety of calculation, and which would be in a measure dependent on the date. It is obvious how great an advantage a familiarity with this intricate subject would have given a dishonest subordinate over his inexperienced and unsuspecting superior, and to what a field of peculation it would invite. Mistakes, telling now against, and now for Mr. Hook, and signed by his own hand, occur in every page, and bear witness to the extreme negligence that seems to have pervaded every department of the Treasury.

With respect to the transactions to which we are now immediately referring, they appear to have originated in the depreciating tendency of the Government paper, which was generally current at about eight per cent. discount; but which, after the tremendous conflagration in 1816, during which the little capital of the island—in both senses of the word—was nearly destroyed, fell considerably in value. This difference, however, the Government never formally admitted—a circumstance tending to still further confusion; and, by consequence, sums would be constantly paid into and out of its hands, varying considerably in value from that which they nominally bore, and which demanded, therefore, the most exact accuracy in entry.

Upon a minute scrutiny of his own books, there appeared a balance against Mr. Hook, independent of the omitted item, amounting to about £6,000. It was in vain that he protested against the correctness of the decision; his own accounts were the accusers—his own signatures bore witness against him: of the existence of some grave error, he declared himself confident; but where it lurked he was utterly unable to offer a conjecture. By a singular piece of good fortune, a colonial clerk, with whom he had numerous dealings, arrived at Edinburgh: not a little against his wish, this gentleman was summoned to London in 1821, and in the course of eleven answers—Hook says three—relieved the latter from half the amount of surcharge: the remaining moiety

he continued to the last unable to shake off. The discrepancy arose, he states, and with great show of probability, from "transactions precisely of the same nature and under similar circumstances," with that part which he had already invalidated, except that, from embracing the more general operations of his office, they were more varied, and mixed up with a plurality of persons who had daily intercourse with the colonial treasury, and whose presence in England to give evidence he had not an equal advantage of procuring.

At one time, indeed, he thought he had (by the discovery of a singular coincidence in amount between two sums supposed to have been received at different times, but which he maintained to have been one and the same payment) obtained a clue to the mystery. Proof was, however, wanting to establish the identity contended for; and the Commissioners were, of course, unable to grant an acquittance;* at the same time, they took occasion to point out, as most important for the consideration of the Lords of the Treasury, that the extreme

* In the "Quarterly" there occurs the following passage:— "On a certain page there appeared as paid in to the credit of the Crown two different sums—one of Spanish dollars, the other of sicea rupees. Hook had nothing to object—there was the record with his own signature at the foot of the page. Far down in the process of investigation *here*, in the spring of 1823, it chanced that Hook one morning had occasion to look over a totally different document, in which appeared numerous entries, both of sums in dollars and sums in rupees. He had to ascertain the precise relative value of these coins at the specified date. A little later in the day that particular page fell for perhaps the hundredth time under his eye—he was fresh from the comparative computation—behold the sum in dollars and that in rupees, entered one immediately under the other on that same page, being turned into sterling money, produced each to a minute fraction the same identical amount. It was *prima facie* impossible that two payments, one from America, one from India, of precisely the same amount to sixpence three farthings, should have been made at the Mauritius treasury on the same day, one immediately after the other. By what was, in this case, a singular piece of good fortune, the clerk who made the entries was in England, and could be got at. After rubbing his head for a time, he remembered distinctly that the money was paid in dollars, and immediately turned into rupees for the governor's convenience in some bill negotiation with Calcutta. The two entries ought to have been made on opposite pages, and the sum was struck off Hook's debt the moment these facts were

carelessness with which Mr. Hook, in his returns to the governor, charged himself with so much more specie than he had actually received, strongly repelled the supposition of any wilful purpose on his part secretly to withdraw the specie, and to supply its place with paper currency.

Up to this point, we think, then, nothing occurs to warrant even a suspicion of Mr. Hook's honesty, but much, on the contrary, to establish an habitual want of caution, almost, if not entirely, irreconcilable with the pursuance of a system of daring and ingenious plunder. It remains to consider the original charge brought against him by William Allan—that of omitting to enter the receipt of 37,150 dollars, together with the actual deficit in the chest. That there was something beyond negligence in this case is clear: the money was received, was not duly entered, and was not forthcoming. A sum, amounting to about 9000*l.* sterling, was unquestionably abstracted from the treasury, either after, or, as seems more probable, before the examination at the time of the transfer. As the number of the bundles of notes only was counted, and not one of these opened to verify its supposed value, the fraud might easily have escaped the scrutiny of the committee.

made intelligible to the commissioners.”—*Quarterly Review*, vol. lxxii. p. 83.

The writer of the above account will, we trust, pardon the correction of some important errors therein, which, as silence might imply assent, we feel compelled to make. A re-examination of the “Reports,” &c., will convince him that he has here confounded two classes of transactions, perfectly distinct in themselves, and followed by opposite results. The evidence of the clerk, who, however, did not make the entries, referred exclusively to transactions between the government and the military cashier, and was indeed at once admitted by the board. The two entries maintained by Mr. Hook to be of one and the same payment, occurred in accounts relating to transactions between the government and the government-broker, with which the clerk in question had nothing whatever to do, and in respect to which he was not even examined. Further, it appears that the two sums did not correspond exactly in amount, nor did the entries bear the same date, one being made in September and the other in October; finally, the sum, about 3,000*l.*, never was struck off Mr. Hook's debt, but remained a *casus belli* to the last, precisely because the alleged facts never were made “intelligible to the commissioners.”

Now, it is material, in the first place, to observe, that the document in which the omission occurred, was not in Mr. Hook's handwriting, but appears to have been the joint production of Allan and another assistant. Secondly, that the testimony, on oath, of these two individuals, is in direct contradiction, the one to the other. Thirdly, that, although the sum itself, the produce of the sale of commissariat bills, is not entered, yet the premiums at which they were sold were noted, and plain though indirect evidence thus afforded on its very face, of the inaccuracy of the account; an error which, had he been implicated in the transaction, Mr. Hook might easily have corrected or concealed, and the neglect of which exhibited a degree of clumsiness unlikely to have been committed by a man of his "extraordinary intelligence and firmness," however compatible with the crack-brained, irresolute character of his subordinate. And, fourthly, there must be noted the impossibility of Hook's having contrived the embezzlement without the collusion of his clerks, and the equally apparent facility of its having been effected by them without the knowledge of their superior; one, indeed, we have seen, confessed that for fifteen months he was aware of the error, of which there is nothing to show that Hook was ever cognizant, till it was forced, for the first time, upon his notice by the commissioners.

As to the precise mode in which the robbery was effected, it is of course bootless, without a perfect acquaintance with the *locale*, and the mode of conducting public business, even to hazard a conjecture. It is clear that two persons, besides the treasurer, had legal and recognized access to the chest; and that for above a year, including the period at which the error was committed, the key was entirely out of his possession: further, it appears that, during the fire before alluded to, the said chest was tumbled out in the middle of the night, into an open barrack-square, where it remained, out of even his nominal custody, during twelve or fourteen hours of the greatest confusion; and that subsequently the cash was kept partly in a hired building, partly in Hook's private house. Opportunities surely were supplied in abundance for eluding a vigilance far more active than the juvenile

and joyous *custos* dreamed of bestowing upon his charge. He, indeed, strangely enough, as it seems to us, pertinaciously rejects the idea of any burglary having been perpetrated; though why that should be impossible at Port Louis, then notoriously the refuge of scoundrels of all castes and countries, which any "cracksman" of moderate professional skill would have readily accomplished at London, it is hard to determine. Hook, for a novelist, shows a marvellous want of appreciation of the talents of these gentry. The authors of "Jack Shepard" and "Paul Clifford" would have been more alive to their danger.

But, supposing Mr. Hook himself to have been the delinquent, the question necessarily arises, How was the money disposed of? Ten or twelve thousand pounds are not to be run through, in the course of a couple of years, in a small colonial town, without attracting notice; they do not commonly disappear and make no sign.* It was this difficulty which, doubtless, suggested the supposition that he had remitted large sums to England; but these remittances, when traced, were shown to have been of comparatively trifling amount, sent home during the first year of his residence, for the purpose of discharging debts he had left on embarkation, and were further proved to have been borrowed in the Isle of France on the credit of his salary, and to have been paid off by instalments. Horse-racing is next represented as the probable whirlpool in which the proceeds of his supposed treachery were engulfed. On this point, however, the tables seem completely turned upon his accuser. So far from suffering losses in prosecuting this, truly very perilous, amusement, the adduced records of the Mauritius turf club show him to have been particularly successful; and the very furniture, &c., which also attracted the notice of

* General Hall does, indeed, bring against him some vague charges of extravagant expenditure, but which he admits to be grounded not on his personal knowledge, but merely on common report. It must be remembered, however, that for a bachelor, Mr. Hook's income was at that time large, holding as he did, besides the appointments already mentioned, one or two others—he was private secretary to Governor Farquhar—of minor importance.

General Hall, was shown to have been actually purchased with his winnings at a recent meeting.

That his conscience fully bore him out in indignantly repelling the charge of having appropriated any part of the sum to his own use, is a conclusion justified, we think, if not by positive proof, at least by the evident balance of probabilities,—so far as it can be struck in a matter so imperfectly accessible—and perfectly independent of the *argumentum ab homine*, which, with those who knew his honourable and generous disposition, will be allowed no little weight. It is with no slight degree of satisfaction that we find this view confirmed by testimony entitled, on various grounds, to the highest consideration. One of the three commissioners, whose scrutiny served to bring the defalcation to light—an officer of unimpeachable honour, the very man selected to succeed Mr. Hook *pro tempore* in his office, who had the whole of the establishment at his command and under his control, to whom every paper connected with the inquiry was submitted, and, as may be fairly inferred, the man most familiar with the intricacies of the case, and best qualified to pronounce upon his merits, not only expressed his conviction “that Mr. Hook had none of the deficient money, and, moreover, *that he could not have had it*, but openly backed his opinion by seeking the latter out on the first opportunity, and renewing his acquaintance with him in England.

As regards the deficiency itself, Hook fully and fairly admitted his responsibility to make it good, to the amount of about 9,000*l.* currency. The Audit Board claimed more than 12,000*l.* sterling. They had originally pointed at a much larger sum: it was next fixed at upwards of 15,000*l.*; and, subsequently, brought down to about 12,000*l.* Of the extreme rigour with which the Extent, repeated in England against his property, was put into execution, he did not complain, pleading only for personal liberty and for certain arrears of salary to be admitted as a set-off, and proposing to secure payment of the remainder of the debt by insuring his life. Neither of these last suggestions appear to have been attended to.

It is worthy of remark, that with a generous forbearance, Hook refrains throughout, in the absence of direct evidence,

from any attempt to fix the guilt upon his assistants, never insinuating, save where his own exculpation imperatively demands it, anything to their disadvantage. Previously to his quitting the Mauritius, he had taken measures in the hope of tracing part of the plunder to several people, but without success. Of one individual, more especially—a person not immediately connected with his office—he asserts that he entertained grave suspicions, which were strengthened on the passage from the Cape of Good Hope to England, and which he subsequently endeavoured to follow up by means of his friends in the Isle of France. He was again unsuccessful, and the name of the man does not escape him.

In other respects his defensive documents are certainly liable to objection; a tone and temper characterize them ill becoming his position, and of which his maturer judgment must have disapproved. He endeavours by taunt and invective to lash men into hostility who, in the course of their painful duties, appear actuated by none other than a desire of deciding with strict impartiality between the public and its servant. Where is the wonder if he in some measure succeeded!

Again, his line of defence is unquestionably weakened from an ill-advised pertinacity with which he struggles to maintain a post untenable from the first—negligent he was: why not admit it? A negligence shared, and perhaps encouraged, by nearly every one connected with his department, is exhibited on the face of every account brought under review, and elicited at every stage of the inquiry. He seems, indeed, to have considered the principal duties of his appointment to have consisted in the quarterly discharge of certain pecuniary formalities, and the signing from time to time such statements and accounts as were presented to him by his clerks. The consequence naturally is, that no sooner is he questioned as to transactions attested by his own signature, than he becomes lost in a maze of contradictions and inaccuracies which, as is obvious to the Lords of the Treasury themselves, are to be imputed to inattention and ignorance rather than design.

That some inconsistencies and seeming contradictions should be elicited in the course of a series of severe cross-

examinations, continued at various intervals for upwards of three years, was hardly to be wondered at. As he himself reasonably argues, these examinations were very frequent and very protracted; they related to every possible detail of his business, from the day he entered upon office until the day he left it; and in labouring to explain a wilderness of papers and an infinity of items, when pressed to recollect his reason for this and his motive for that, when even the fact itself was forgotten, no human memory and no power of intellect (for he was often questioned not as to matter of fact, but as to matter of inference) could ensure a perfect agreement or undeviating consistency. And it is also proper to observe that the very inconsistencies complained of arise, not unfrequently, from a candid acquiescence in the spirit and purport of the queries, from a seemingly honest endeavour to get at the truth quite irrespective of the effect his admissions may have upon his case, and that in no instance is anything like shuffling or evasion discernible. It may be, perhaps, too much to contend that all this is strongly corroborative of innocence, but we cannot but feel, nevertheless, that had he really been profligate and unprincipled, he might have adopted a far more efficient and plausible defence: the guilty are for the most part wiser in their generation, and Hook certainly was not deficient in ingenuity.

Blameworthy he was; and for the thoughtlessness of his youth he suffered—how long, how bitterly, those who only witnessed his intellectual triumphs little suspected. But after all, was his the only, or the chief head on which reproof should alight? What is to be thought of the prudence and propriety of conduct of those who set their heedless friend among the “slippery places?” That they were not aware of the peculiar perils that awaited him at the Mauritius is probable enough, but the promoting any young man, untrained by a previous apprenticeship, to the head of a department where not only steadiness and vigilance, but information and experience are necessary for the discharge of its ordinary duties, appears to us not more irregular than unwise; in the case of one of Theodore’s known and notorious volatility, it would seem to amount to absolute insanity. Genius

and wit are among the unbought gifts of nature, but something of study and application is needful to furnish forth a decent financier and arithmetician; the Rule of Three does not fix itself intuitively in the mind; a certain expenditure of paper, a moderate application of birch, are requisite for its establishment. Treasurers and clerks do not commonly spring ready-made, Minerva-like, into the world, with all the organs and attributes of Cocker fully developed. Theodore Hook was born the poet, but most assuredly was not fit for the Accountant-General!

A remarkable proof of his utter carelessness with respect to money matters at this period, has recently reached us. At the sale of his effects consequent on his arrest, an officer of the 56th regiment bought a library-table. Shortly afterwards this gentleman, on examining his purchase, discovered a considerable sum in bank-notes, which had been thrust, crumpled up, into a drawer. They were of course immediately returned to Hook, who had, however, entirely forgotten them. Surely this is not the conduct of a crafty peculator, or of a man whose necessities have driven him to crime!

Yet another point remains—one not altogether clear of the mystification characterizing the whole case. How came it to pass that no attempt whatever should have been made on the part of the ex-Treasurer, to liquidate any portion of the debt? a liability just and stringent, and to a considerable amount, he admitted, as well in his public defence, as in the circle of his private friends. To one, at least, of the earliest and most intimate of these, he earnestly declared that he should never be a happy man till every shilling of the actual deficit was replaced. The assertion may, perhaps, be said to have held good to the letter,—but Hook's subsequent conduct would seem to supply a practical disavowal of the sentiment.

We are credibly informed, that in 1823 four gentlemen, whose names are before us, proposed to satisfy all legal demands against him, but that he firmly refused their liberal offer, alleging, it is averred, that any payment from him, or on his behalf, would be construed into a tacit admission of guilt, and a recognition of the justice of the award—concessions that he was determined no power on earth should wring from him. Something,

perhaps, might be urged in support of such a position, on the score of the vast difference between the balance put forth by the Commissioners, and that which he maintained and believed to be really and justly due—a difference which, when the alleged over-surcharge, his arrears of salary, and the depreciated value of the paper currency (according to which, he contended, the sum ought to have been cast) are taken into consideration, will be found to amount to something more than one-half, viz., 7,000*l.* or 8,000*l.*

But it appears probable rather that his pride took alarm, that he recoiled from the idea of receiving the money as a donation, and was at the same time indisposed to render the debt urgent and inevitable by converting it into one of honour. Nor can there be any doubt that he entertained some vague and not perhaps very unreasonable expectation, that something would be done for him. We can but believe, had he brought the interest, which for many years he unquestionably possessed, to bear upon the point (but this again his pride forbade), either that *novæ tabulæ* would have been granted, and the claim fully and formally abandoned, or that, if nominally retained upon the Treasury books, a distinct pledge would have been given that it should never be enforced. An intimation to some such effect may possibly have reached him, and in point of fact, the latter was the line of conduct actually adopted by successive administrations while he lived. For many years no proceedings were instituted against him, and seemingly, all remembrance of his delinquency had passed away. It was not until his death that the Crown reasserted its right.

There is not, under all the circumstances of the case, so much ground for wonder that he should have been content to acquiesce in an act of oblivion, which appeared to have been passed by common consent, and which he fondly hoped would have been final; and that he should have trusted in a manner to the chapter of accidents, and waited, to use his own expression, “to see what would turn up.” Indeed, during the latter portion of his life, it is difficult to point out what other course remained open to him.

His industry was certainly unflagging, and his income,

as must be confessed, large, averaging for some years after the establishment of the "Bull," from two to three thousand pounds per annum; but—that which makes the richest needy—it was invariably forestalled.

Under these painful circumstances, fighting from day to day against a host of clamorous creditors, the dormant claims of the Crown were of necessity postponed to a more convenient season, even if they were not considered virtually extinct. He had done the State some service, and he knew it; and under the influence of that reflection, he might with an accommodating casuistry have readily brought himself to believe, that the moral obligation was as completely discharged as the legal one appeared to be forgotten; and after all, were the balance to be fairly struck between his country and himself, few persons, we think, would be inclined to pronounce Theodore Hook to be the debtor.

CHAPTER VIII.

Mr. Hook's Residence at Somers-Town.—Extraordinary Instance of Improvisation.—Tom Hill's Song.—Anecdotes.—Mr. Hook's Arrest under a Writ of Extent.—His Confinement in Shire-lane.—Removes to Lodgings "within the Rules."—His Discharge from Custody in 1825.—Takes a House at Putney.—"Tentamen."—"The Arcadian."—"Exchange no Robbery."

It has appeared convenient to place before the reader, at one view, all the particulars connected with the Mauritius deficit, and not to interrupt the narrative by the introduction of contemporaneous matter; much, however, had been undergone by Hook, and much had been effected towards the re-establishment of his position in the world, ere the final edict issued, in 1825, from the Treasury chambers. Throughout the whole distressing affair,—his prospects blighted, his appointment absolutely gone, his character impeached,—he, nevertheless, preserved an indomitable spirit, sustained, we may well believe, by a conscience free from grave offence. His gaiety neither deserted him under the dangers and privations suffered on board the transport, which was to him, literally, "a prison with the chance of being drowned," nor did it droop

in the depressing and impure atmosphere of the Shire Lane sponging-house.

His old friend, Dubois, who had ever remained kind and true, visited him during his confinement, and, being struck with the comparative spaciousness of his apartment, observed, by way of consolation :—

“ Why, really, Hook, you are not so badly lodged here, after all ; this is a cheerful room enough.”

“ Oh yes !” returned Theodore, in a significant tone, as he pointed to the iron defences outside, “ remarkably so—*barring* the windows !”

Even the tough nature of the bailiff himself was softened by the inexhaustible vivacity of his guest, and he celebrated the departure of the latter from durance vile by a grand entertainment, at which Hook, with a singular freedom from that sensitiveness which afterwards possessed him, supplied the chief staple of mirth from his own misfortunes.

Soon after his return to England, he took up his abode in a small lodging in Somers-town. Here he remained until his arrest in 1823, and here, we believe, originated that lamentable connection with the mother of his children (a young woman up to that time, we are told, of unimpeachable character, and who certainly devoted herself to his interests) which, with his warm heart and honourable feelings, he could not dissolve, and which he yet had never sufficient courage to render sacred and indissoluble. Here, too, many of his former friends, Matthews, Tom Hill (who had himself sunk in the world, and been compelled to throw up the retreat at Sydenham) and Terry among the number, gathered round him, and in their society many of the mad scenes of former days were re-enacted.

We are indebted to a friend for a slight record of one of these memorable symposia. It was held at the house of one, himself well skilled to keep the table in a roar, “ the witty and agreeable barrister,” Mr. Dubois. Among others, Hook, Tom Hill, the elder Mathews, and the Rev. — J — u, were present. The last-mentioned gentleman was led to give a very interesting account of a casual interview he once enjoyed in a stage-coach with a brother of Burns, and had repeated in a most

touching manner, some unpublished verses of the poet addressed to his beloved relative.

"Sir," said Mathews, at the conclusion of the recital, which elicited universal applause, "I would be willing and well-content to commence life again a beggar, if I could but deliver those beautiful lines with half the pathos you have just thrown into them!"

"Oh! Matty, Matty," interrupted Hook, "you have no idea how exquisitely ludicrous your enunciation would have made them—but you shall hear." Whereupon he commenced a display of mimicry, memory, and improvisation united; furnishing forth, verse by verse, a complete and perfect parody upon the poetry in question, and adopting the while an imitation of Mathews's expression, tone, and gesture, that even to those familiar from boyhood with his power and his genius, appeared little less than miraculous. Mathews alone kept clear of ecstasies;—no man, perhaps, is qualified to appreciate a caricature of himself; his deep reverence for the sentimental and pathetic being outraged by the profane burlesque, he maintained a moody silence, adding the finishing touch to the comedy, by the look of indignation and contempt which he threw upon the performer. It was not, however, long before his good humour was thoroughly re-established, and he himself entertained the company with one or two of his admirable songs, calling at last upon Tom Hill, whose honest face was beaming with punch and pleasure, to contribute a specimen of his vocal abilities.

"Sing!" exclaimed Hill, "I sing!—come, come, Mat, that's too bad—you know I can't sing—never sung a song in my life, did I Hook? Pooh, pooh!"

"No," replied Theodore, "I can't say I ever heard you as yet—but sing you shall to-night—by proxy." And again he burst forth, giving an extemporaneous versification of what were supposed to be Hill's adventures; raking up the most grotesque medley of anachronous events, and weaving them into a sort of life of his trecentenarian friend, each stanza winding up with a chorus:

"My name's Tommy Hill—
I'm jolly Tom Hill—

I'm fat Tommy Hill—I'm little Tom Hill ;
I'm young Tommy Hill—I'm *old* Tommy Hill !”

All were again convulsed with merriment, with the exception of Hill himself, who, nevertheless struggled manfully to conceal his chagrin, muttering between his forced attempts at laughter:—“Excellent!—admirable!—clever deg!—d—him!—too bad—old friend.—Pooh, pooh, Hook!”

For Tom Hill Hook entertained a very sincere regard, as is evident from the tenour of a letter before us, written on his being requested to furnish a memoir of his deceased friend. This he promised to do for “Bentley’s Miscellany,” but for want of time or want of material, or for some other reason, he was compelled to leave the task in other hands. On the disposal of Hill’s effects, after his death, in 1840, Mr. Dubois had occasion to write to Hook, respecting some particulars connected with the sale of the books and pictures at Evans’s:—

“I told him,” says that gentleman, “how the things went; amongst others, an excellent portrait in water-colours, of Hook himself, by Bennett, of Bath; which, as well as one of Jem Smith, fetched only a few shillings. In his letter in reply, I find the following passage; he had long perceived the vain results of notoriety. ‘At the sale I bought my *juvenile portrait*, which, to my own disparagement as regards popularity, I got for less than the cost of the frame and glass!’”

Notwithstanding the real affection he felt for him, Hook was sometimes led, as is the case with spoiled children, whether of larger or lesser growth, to trespass overmuch upon the good nature of his friend—almost worshipper—and to allow himself liberties which no degree of intimacy could justify. An instance of the kind occurred at Sydenham, when Hook, resenting the introduction of a comparative stranger to their saturnalia, chose to assume all sorts of extraordinary and offensive airs, to the great discomfiture of his host, who, with the warmest desire to “see everybody comfortable,” had not always, perhaps, tact commensurate with his benevolence. Having completely mystified the unwelcome guest during the hour or two before dinner, when that

meal was served Mr. Hook was not to be found; search was made throughout the house, but in vain. The garden was scoured and a peep taken into the pond, but no Hook! The party at length sat down, and a servant soon after informed them that he had discovered the lost one—in bed! Hook now thought fit to make his appearance, which he did in strange guise, with his long black hair plastered over his face, and his whole head and shoulders dripping with water. “Feeling a little fatigued,” he said, “he had retired to rest; and by way of thoroughly arousing himself had just taken a plunge in the water-butt;” at the same moment, and before he had time to partake of any of the good things before him, Mr. Hook’s carriage was announced; and merely observing that he had recollected an engagement to dine that day in town, he bowed and quitted the company.

It is not possible to estimate the degree of provocation that led to his extraordinary, and as it stands, certainly inexcusable procedure; but he, of all men, was particularly exposed to annoyance from the intrusive curiosity of people, who seemed to consider they had been lured to the table under false pretences, if Mr. Hook declined “tumbling” for their amusement, and from the scarcely less offensive adulation of those who thought themselves bound to grin and giggle at every word, however commonplace, that fell from his lips.* Those who were present will not readily forget how completely he succeeded in extinguishing the laughter of one of these indiscriminating admirers who frequently beset him in society.

In consequence of his arrival at a club-dinner late, as

* He has hinted at this sort of persecution which he had to endure in more than one of his novels:—“I happened to observe (the first observation I had made, too, and that in reply to a question of the big Bagswash) that I thought mustard went remarkably well with cold boiled beef, they all burst out into an immoderate fit of laughter; and the Doctor, who had been tutored into a belief in my superlative wit, exclaimed—‘Oh! oh! that’s too bad,’ which every fool cries out, either when he thinks a thing remarkably good, or does not comprehend it in the least.”—*Gilbert Gurney*.

We remember witnessing the complete discomfiture of a wit, of no inferior order, by a message, politely delivered at a supper party by a little girl:—“If you please, Mr. B——, mamma sends her compliments, and would be much obliged if you would *begin to be funny!*”

was usual with him, Hook was placed next an individual who eagerly availed himself of an opportunity, never before enjoyed, of entering into direct communication with his eminent neighbour. The slightest symptoms of fun, on the part of the latter, were hailed with noisy approbation, and his puns were instantly repeated for the benefit of those at the upper end of the table, with highly flattering comments, such as "Uncommonly good! capital! excellent, is it not?" &c. But not content with this busy retail business, Mr. — endeavoured to monopolize Hook's conversation altogether, constantly appealing to him, and, in short, forcing himself upon the other's notice, in a manner not less ill-bred than annoying.

"Who is he?" scribbled Hook on a slip of paper, which he tossed across the table to Stephen Price. "A second-rater on the — newspaper," was the reply. This, as Price probably foresaw, served only to aggravate the offence; for, towards the latter portion of his life, Hook entertained, or at all events expressed, opinions far from flattering with respect to "the gentlemen of the press." There was bad taste and probably affectation in this; but so it was!

A mode of escape suggested itself. Unwilling to disturb the company by a display of that severity which he had at command, he chose to adopt sedatives, replying courteously to every remark, and invariably concluded with: "*But, my dear Sir, you don't drink.*"

Gratified by the attention he obtained, his new friend began to push forward his observations with greater confidence; they were all received with a polite smile, a nod of assent, and a motion towards the decanter:—

"Exactly! but I see my dear sir, you *don't drink!*"

Glass after glass was filled and emptied by the unsuspecting victim, at the suggestion of his companion, who redoubled his civilities as he observed an increasing profundity in the former's criticisms, a wilder luxuriance in his eloquence, and a more decided tendency towards imperfect articulation.

"You see, Mr. Hook, with regard to *Shaks-pere*, my opinion is—"

"I beg your pardon for the interruption, but permit

me—your glass, I see, is empty. *My dear sir, you don't drink!*"

The *finale* was not long delayed; the enemy did his work, and stole away, not only his victim's brain, but his speech also. The effect of the potent spirit became visible about the same time upon another of those present; and it was not unamusing to observe the contrast afforded by the gentlemanly demeanour of the one and the coarse vulgarity of the other, both alike thrown off their guard by the insidious juice. "*In vino veritas,*" said Hook, as the pair quitted the apartment,—Mr. — with an elaborately elegant bow, and a creditable attempt at gravity, the "bore," sick and helpless, and sprawling in the arms of the servants,—“you may now see the difference between the real and *spu-rious* gentleman.”

It was shortly after his location at Somers-town, that Mr. Hook renewed his acquaintance with Mr. Wilson Croker, in whose society no small portion of his time was spent, both at the Admiralty and at the latter's villa at Moulsey. He was also occasionally a visitor at General Phipps's (a relation of his mother's), in Harley Street, where he met and speedily became intimate with the late speaker, Lord Canterbury. They were afterwards seen a great deal together, and the pair strolling arm-in-arm down St. James's Street, forms the subject of one—not the most happy—of the HB sketches.* With these exceptions, for a long period his position as a public defaulter, together with the *res angustæ domi*, confined him to the narrow and comparatively inexpensive circle of his old literary and theatrical associates.

After a dreary and injurious confinement of eight months' duration, in the Shire Lane sponging-house, and a subsequent removal to a lodging within the rules of the King's Bench, in Temple Place (where he lived about a year, enjoying, although subject to many galling restrictions, comparative liberty), he was, as has been stated, finally discharged from custody in May, 1825. He engaged immediately a comfortable house at Putney, and established himself in a style sufficiently complete and well

* A slight obliquity of vision for which his lordship was remarkable suggested the title—a passable adaptation of Theodore's own joke—"Hook and *Eyc*."

appointed, but by no means incommensurate with the income of which he was now in the receipt.

Hook had returned to England penniless; but he brought with him stores, the result of increased knowledge of the world and of an observation active under every vicissitude of fortune, which, with his singular facility in composition, were readily reducible to current coin.* According, notwithstanding the harassing and protracted business at the Audit-office, he found time to strike off a succession of papers and pamphlets, the proceeds of which for some months formed his sole income. These, for obvious reasons, were published anonymously; and from this fact, and that of their being for the most part mere hits at the politics of the day, they have, with scarcely an exception, been swept from the face of the literary globe, and are only to be met with in the museums of such curious collectors as Tom Hill and the like.

One of these *jeux d'esprit*, entitled "*Tentamen; or an Essay towards the History of Whittington, some time Lord Mayor of London, by Dr. Vicesimus Blenkinsop,*" produced no little sensation, and ran rapidly through two or three editions. Hook, however, we believe, was not suspected to be the author. This *opusculum*, which is now extremely rare, and a copy of which would fetch quadruple its original price, was an attack, conducted in a strain of elaborate irony, equal to the happiest efforts of Martinus Scriblerus, upon the worthy Alderman Wood (a portrait of whom adorned the title-page), and his royal *protégée*. It served to introduce, among other things, "Ann exceedinge, exacte, and excellente good Ballade," existing in the British Museum (*Messalina* 2), which, for the benefit of those who might despair of finding the original in so multitudinous a class, we transcribe:

* This facility was, however, in a great measure the result of application; he used to compare his progress in composition to that of the parliamentary oratory of Mr. Perceval; the latter, it will be remembered, set out as a very timid and indifferent speaker, but ended in becoming one of the best debaters in the House.

- “ Yee cytyzens of Lundun toune,
 Ande wyves so faire and fatte,
 Beholde a gweste of high renoune !
 Grete Whyttingtone hys Catte !
- “ Ye Kynge hathe ynn hys toure of state
 Beares, lyones, and alle thatte ;
 But hee hathe notte a beste soe grate
 Ass Whyttingtone hys Catte !
- “ This Catte dothe notte a catte appear,
 Becynge toe bigge forre thatte ;
 But herre attendants all doe weare
 Some tokyn off a Catte !
- “ Ye one hathe whyskerres thick as burrs,
 Moste comelye toe looke atte ;
 Anoder weares a gown of furrs,
 Ye lyverye off ye Catte !
- “ She dothe not creepe along ye floores,
 But standes or else lyes flatte ;
 Whyles they must gambole onne all fours
 Whoe wyshe to please ye Catte !
- “ A conynge monkeye off ye lande,
 Ass bye ye fyre he satte,
 Toe pick hys nuts oute, used ye hande
 Off Whyttingtone hys Catte !
- “ But Whyttingtone discovered playne
 Whatte this rude ape was atte,
 Whoc failedde thus hys nuttes toe gayne,
 And only synged ye Catte !
- “ Then Whyttingtonne ynn gorgeous state,
 Syttyng wythoute hys hatte,
 Broughte toe hys house at Grovner-gate
 Thys moste illustrious Catte !
- “ Shee is soe graciouse and so tame,
 All menne may stroke and patte ;
 But it is sayde norre mayde norre dame
 Have dared toe see thatte Catte !
- “ Fuller hugelye glade she seemeth whenne
 They bryng herre a grete ratte ;
 But still moe gladde atte katchynge menne
 Ys Whyttingtone hys Catte !

“A catte, they saye, maye watche a kynge,
Ye apotheme is patte ;
Ye conuerse is a differente thyng ;
Noe kynge may watch thys Catte !

“Thenne take each manne hys scarlate goun,
And eke hys velvette hatte,
And humblye wellcome ynto toun,
Grete Whyttingtone hys Catte !”

The cat is clearly demonstrated in the inquiry that follows (and which, by the way, shews more learning than Hook commonly obtained credit for), to have been no other than an enchantress, who is induced to visit England under the protection of Whyttingtone, than whom never was mayor more worthy or more modest withal.

“Serche Englonde round, naye all the erthe,
It myghtelic would trouble you,
To finde a manne so riche in worthe
As honeste Matthewe W.

“He’s notte the manne to doe you wronge,
Nor wythe false speeches trouble you,
Whyle beef grows fatte, and beer grows strong,
Long lye to Matthewe W.”

The speculation, however, does not turn out satisfactorily for either party. The cat pines for sunnier climes, regrets the seraglio at Algiers, where she had been received with so much distinction, and where, according to the *vates sacer*, she

“Passed herre tyme amydst ye thronge,
As happie as ye daye was longe,”

while honest Matthew on his part gets heartily sick of the bargain, and contrives to shuffle her off his hands.

In the spring of this year (1820), Hook, with the assistance of his old friend, Daniel Terry, started a small periodical. It was published, and we believe suggested by Mr. Miller, who had recently engaged extensive premises in—what was then expected to prove a great mart for the lighter description of literature—a sort of occidental “Row,”—the Burlington Arcade. Hence the

name of the first-born, "The Arcadian," but which, to say the truth, had little of the pastoral in its composition, if we except a certain ballad of melodious rhythm addressed to Lady Holland, and commencing :

" Listen, lady, to my measures,
While they softly, gently flow,
While I sing the harmless pleasures
Of the classic, silver Po," &c.

Like its predecessor, "Tentamen," "The Arcadian" has long since disappeared from the shelves of "the trade." We have to thank Mr. Miller for a sight of one of the few copies in existence, and for his permission to quote, which, under the circumstances we shall do liberally, from its pages.

It has been proved to the entire satisfaction of various doctors, irrefragable, seraphic, and sublime, that all human events fall out in an established cycle, so as to be repeated with the nicest exactness, every six thousand and some odd hundreds of years ; it may, perhaps, be admitted by way of corollary, that there are certain minor revolutions in that vast and complicated system, by which a particular crisis may be at shorter intervals reproduced with a marvellous similarity of circumstance and effect. Who, for example, would not surmise that the Arcadian was not addressing in the following lines some great "Moral Force Demonstrator" of 1848 ; as they would equally well have applied, some forty years before, to the "*petitioners*" of '80 ? They form part of a letter supposed to be written by "Colonel D—d, who (with a select party of his friends) was executed for high treason on the top of the prison in Horsemonger Lane," to an agitating friend, a certain clamourer for Radical Reform, and an uncompromising stickler for the "MAJESTY OF MUD." The worthy gentleman alluded to seems not to have despised the hint thus conveyed to him :—

" All that I ask and warn you from the tomb
To DO and NOT TO DO, in days to come,
Is to be fair with those who think you just,
And place in you a most important trust ;

Not lead them on by specious argument,
 Or speeches of Reform in Parliament,
 To fancy THAT the object of their aim.
 Speak boldly out, and call it by its name :
 Say that the object is to trample down
 The Laws, Religion, and the Monarch's Crown ;
 To overturn the happy Constitution,
 And plunge the country into Revolution !
 Tell them all this—and thus your duty do ;
 Speak from your conscience—and you'll say 'tis true.
 The sneaking terms in which they cloak the thing
 Are false : they say that they respect their King,
 And style him gracious—sweet returns for grace,
 To cast their filthy insults in his face ;
 Petitions you would call them—not unlike
 The thief's petition when prepared to strike ;
 But what respect can factions owe the throne,
 Who, lost to shame, their Saviour can disown ?
 'Tis true C—e the miscreant who was tried,
 The Holy Word unblushingly denied,
 And quoted Scripture only to deride.
 You may be startled at my change of tone,
 And think my fickleness exceeds your own.
 But no ! repentance, which comes sometimes late,
 Arrived in time t'have saved me from my fate ;
 But I refused the proffer'd pardon then,
 And self-devoted bled for other men.
 They live and flourish—I gave up my breath,
 And, to preserve them, died the traitor's death.
 Spurn, then, these Radicals—these blinded fools,
 Lest they become in craftier hands mere tools.
 Shew them their madness—thus the patriot be,
 Pity their weakness—AND REMEMBER ME !”

The war-cry of the “ Arcadian ” was of course “ King and Constitution,” for its editor was Conservative, or rather Tory, (the former euphuism was not then in vogue) to the heart's core ; neither penury nor fancied persecution sufficed to drive him into that pseudo-patriotism, which is the common resource of the desperate and disappointed. Much, too, of that personality was introduced in its pages, which rendered its more fortunate successor, the “ Bull,” so formidable. It opened with a sort of address to a well-known popular leader, entitled :—

" CARMEN ÆSTUALE.

A SONG FOR THE SUMMER, TO BE SUNG BY J. C. H——, Esq.,
NOW A PRISONER IN HIS MAJESTY'S GAOL OF NEWGATE.

TUNE—" *Whare ha' ye bin a' the day, my boy Tammy?*"

" Where have ye been a' the Spring,
My boy Cammy?
Where have ye been a' the Spring,
My boy Cammy?
I have been in Newgate keep,
Doomed to dine, to drink, to sleep,
Side by side with rogue and sweep,
In dungeon dark and clammy.*

" What took you to Newgate keep,
My boy Cammy?
What took you to Newgate keep,
My boy Cammy?
I did once my goose-quill take,
To shew a Whig a small mistake.
Did you do't for freedom's sake?
Freedom's my eye and Tammy!

" What then did you do it for,
My boy Cammy?
What then did you do it for,
My boy Cammy?
Because I thought if I were sent
To jail, for libelling Parliament,
I might chance to circumvent
Next election, Lamby.†

" How would that throw out George Lamb,
My boy Cammy?
How would that throw out George Lamb,
My boy Cammy?

* This is a poetical licence; for by the paternal solicitude of Sir Francis B——, little Cammy was rescued from the dreadful contamination. It was not unamusing to see the worthy baronet start with horror at the idea of sending a *gentleman*, like his friend, to a nasty, damp, filthy prison. We thought the laws were to know no distinctions, particularly the laws of the Radicals.—*Arcadian*.

† At a meeting at a tavern in the Strand, Hunt observed that Mr. H——'s Newgate manœuvre "savoured a little of an election trick."—*Ibid*.

Because, with tag, rag, and bobtail,
 Nothing does but going to jail ;
 We have seldom found it fail ;
Voyez vous, mon ami!

“ How do you make *that* out,
 My boy Cammy ?
 How do you make *that* out,
 My boy Cammy ?
 See what all the rest have done—
 Abbott, Burdett, Waddington,
 Blandford, Hunt, and Wat—son,
 And now, like them, here am I !

“ Did the Speaker talk to you,
 My boy Cammy ?
 Did the Speaker talk to you,
 My boy Cammy ?
 No ;—my visit to Papa
 Wrecked my prospects of *éclat* ;
 I was never at the bar,
 Where I thought they'd ha' me.

“ Why, then, 'tis a stupid job,
 My boy Cammy ?
 Why, then, 'tis a stupid job,
 My boy Cammy ?
 No ;—because when I come out
 They'll have a car, without a doubt,
 And, in triumph, all about,
 The biped beasts will draw me.

“ You've mistaken quite your game,
 My boy Cammy.
 You've mistaken quite your game,
 My boy Cammy.
 Of fulsome stuff, like that, we're sick,
 Besides, we all see through the trick ;
 Before we drag, we'll see you 'kick'
 Before your prison, d—mme !”

The same contemptuous tone, in treating of theatricals, is observable both in the “ Bull ” and its tiny predecessor. The latter, by the way, contains a most exquisite *critique*, a perfect masterpiece of irony, upon the “ first appearance ” of a certain young lady ; but who would have expected to find Theodore Hook, the popular

dramatist, thus writing in the thirty-second year of his age, of the stage and its attractions?—

“With shop-lads, junior clerks to bankers and attorneys, underlings of Somerset House, and bettermost apprentices, the theatre is everything. Fitted out for the play with false collars, black neckcloths, and cheap great coats, with hanging capes (sure indications of dirty shirts and shabby clothes), these aspiring youths look upon Covent Garden and Drury Lane as objects of more importance than the Houses of Parliament, and speak of Fawcett and Harley, Oxberry and Russel, as men of the world would of a lord-chancellor or a prime minister, and descant upon the merits of authors (*as they call the wretched farce-writers of the day*), whose names are never wafted farther over the cabbages of Covent Garden than the portico of the church, with the same tone of recognition which scholars and gentlemen would use in discussing the merits of a Scott or a Campbell, and ask each other—‘Have you seen Monierieff’s play?’ ‘Have you read Parry’s farce?’ ‘Do you know Dr. Millingen?’ ‘What a clever fellow Soane is?’ Then cries one—‘I am asked out on Sunday, to dine where Jeffries does.’ ‘And I,’ exclaims a second, ‘met Winston at a tea-party, in Swallow-street, on Friday.’ ‘And I,’ roars a third, ‘smoked a pipe with Kean, at the Coal-hole,’ or wherever it might chance to have been.”—*Arcadian*, p. 78.

Among others, who fell under the lash of the redoubtable *Rodney Birch*, may be numbered one *Mr. Little*, whose whiggery and wickedness were, of course, highly offensive in the nostrils of the loyal *Arcadian*. We have accordingly, among the “dead letters,” one—

“From the late lamented Miss E——P——, who died, in the seventeenth year of her age, at Mrs. ——’s boarding-school, at Chelsea, in consequence of perpetually reading “*Little’s Poems*,” which had been incautiously lent her by one of the housemaids.

“TO T——S M——RE, ESQ.

“Oh, least of my loves ! how I’ve lingered and listen’d
While sweetly I’ve heard your soft melodies flow ;
At your stories of love, how my eye-balls have glisten’d,
How charmingly warm have I felt my cheek glow !

“ When I read all those things about Rosa and Fanny,
 How over each page did I ponder and pore,
 And had thought them too few, had there been twice as
 many,
 For girls who read *Little* will languish for *More!*”

“ When I praised you at home, mamma call'd me stupid,
 And brother, the lawyer, said, ‘ What, like *that* thing ?’
 * * * * *
 * * * * *

“ Yet still did I love you—and oh, for that power,
 That magical power of wild flowing song ;
 How thrilling, how melting, in banquet or bower,
 How charming, how warming, how pleasant, how wrong !”

“ One peak of Parnassus is held by Apollo,
 The other by Bacchus, in glory divine,
 From which my dear Tommy, it justly should follow,
 That warblers like you should be fond of their wine.

“ But your little tiplings have none of the merits,
 Which in fair honest claret they say people see ;
 You suck the old *Hollands*, unwholesome, bad spirits,
 Which with sound constitutions can never agree.

“ But I must conclude, and concluding implore ye,
 In pity to virtue in woman or man,
 Not to write as you do ; change the tone of your story ;
 Be decent and loyal—at least if you can.

“ I remember a fable, I think 'tis in Æsop,
 Where a trumpeter, taken in war by a king,
 Was hang'd, by his order, on some neighbouring trees up,
 Which seem'd to the *Staff* an extraordinary thing.

“ But the king said, ‘ Although the man wasn't to fight meant,,
 And had only to sound on his trumpet the call,
 He deserv'd to be hang'd for his heartless incitement,
 Himself in the fray doing nothing at all.’

“ Though I was your victim, and death seal'd my eyes, too,
 I'll not add a word which can give you distress ;
 If you don't see, at once, whom the fable applies to,
 I'm your humble, dear Tommy, and leave you to guess.”

Full of fun and spirit as the little magazine was, it came to an untimely end ; but two numbers ever made their appearance. Such was the difficulty which the publisher

experienced in making up the second, owing to Hook's listlessness, or more probably preoccupation, that he declined venturing on a third. Once more, then, notwithstanding his growing aversion from theatricals, Hook was induced to have recourse to the drama; and the favourite "stock-piece," "Exchange no Robbery" (written for, and probably at the instigation of, his literary *collaborateur*, Terry,) was the result of his labours. Whatever objections existed to the appearance of his name in connection with previous works, they were not a little heightened by the equivocal title of this. It was produced, therefore, under the pseudonym of Richard Jones. The copyright brought him in 60*l*.

CHAPTER IX.

The Origin and Object of the "John Bull."—The real Projectors.—The Day of Publication.—Unexpected Demand.—"Hunting the Hare."—"The Prophecy."—Curious Circumstance connected with the Publication of an alleged Libel against Lady ——. —Prosecutions.—Messrs. Weaver, Shackell, and others summoned to the Bar of the House of Commons.—Fine and Imprisonment.—Mr. Hook's Disclaimer.

THE most important event with which the name of Theodore Hook stands connected is, without question, the establishment of the "John Bull" newspaper, at the close of 1820. Of late years journals have not been wanting in which the "liberty of the press" has been pushed to the utmost limit permitted by a too indulgent law, and which have been brought to exercise more or less influence over particular classes of society; but the universal, instantaneous, and appreciable effect produced on the great political movements of the day by the appearance of "Bull," is probably without a parallel in the history of periodical literature.

The paper set out with one specific object, the extinction of the Brandenburg House party; and to accomplish this, Hook's varied talents, his wit and humour—his sarcasm and bitterness—his keenness of argument, fiery zeal, and unscrupulous daring were all brought to bear with concentrated energy upon the ranks of the

opposition. Any man reckless of legal consequences, or beyond their reach, familiar with the current scandal of the day, and having so powerful an engine as a public paper at his disposal, may inflict a vast amount of injury upon his adversaries: but to these conditions, in the present case, may be added powers, if not of the very highest order, doubtless the best adapted to the purpose, sources of information peculiar and inexplicable, a singleness of purpose and firm conviction of its justice that combined to render "Bull" the most formidable antagonist that had as yet entered the lists against the Queen.

The Whig wits, who, with the most unblushing effrontery, had launched their satire against the monarch and his private friends, were completely taken aback by so unlooked-for an application of the *lex talionis*. The foe was felt, not seen—impervious to retorts, the humble names put forth could not supply even a peg whereupon to hang an epigram; while it was obvious that prosecutions for libel, and denunciations of personality, must come with the least possible grace from the patrons of the "Twopenny Post Bag" and the "Fudge Family:" to say nothing of the "Gorgons," "Medusas," "Republicans," and the infamous caricatures with which the town was deluged and disgraced—that witty, wicked, progeny of treason—

"Begot by brilliant heads on worthless hearts,
Like things that quicken after Nilus' flood,
The venom'd birth of sunshine and of mud."

Whatever may be thought of the fierceness of invective and the overwhelming ridicule, the torrents of splendid abuse with which the Queen and her partizans were assailed—and nothing, to our mind, could render such reprisals justifiable—it must nevertheless be remembered, that, at all events, "Bull" was not the aggressor. War to the knife had been proclaimed, and waged, too, on the one side, with ruthless malignity; and although society had grave cause of offence in the audacious violation of the decencies of controversy that resulted, the Liberals and their allies were but writhing under a chastisement they had themselves provoked.

Hook certainly had no personal malice to gratify; his

shafts struck home, but were urged for the most part against those who entered of their own accord into the lists: nor was private character invaded, with a few deeply-to-be-regretted cases of exception, save when that private character was by its owner dragged forth into political life, and made to challenge, as it were, the scrutiny of the public.

Much has been said, insinuated, and conjectured respecting the early history of the "John Bull;" a pleasant mystery has long hung over its birth and nurture. *Junius* himself scarce excited more ingenious speculation, or called forth more active endeavours to drag to light the intangible "*Nominis Umbra*." To individuals the most opposed in character and in politics have been ascribed the editorial honours; Whigs as well as Tories were lauded and denounced; while a very general opinion obtained, that, let who might wield the pen, the design could but have originated in what, by a polite adumbration, is termed "a certain quarter," whence also it was declared, the sinews of war must have been supplied. It has been intimated, even lately, that Sir Walter Scott, whose penetrating eye detected the future hero in Sir Arthur Wellesley, pointed out to a personal friend of George IV. Mr. Theodore Hook as a fit and proper person to waken the thunder and direct the storm, that were to blast the budding hopes of Radicalism.

This supposition would certainly seem to derive additional weight from the fact of Sir Walter's intimacy with one of the real projectors, Daniel Terry. We have, however, the best grounds for believing that by Hook himself and his old literary ally, *Arcades ambo*, the rough design was originally struck out; that it was neither prompted by any "illustrious personage," nor promoted, in the first instance at all events, by pecuniary assistance from any extrinsic source whatever. A suspicion, perhaps, may be admitted, that the party whose interests were so materially advanced by the new paper, did not prove altogether unmindful of the obligation. But, whether anything in the shape of an *honorarium* was, or was not, subsequently tendered to the proprietors, it is not in our power to state.

With respect to the circumstances which gave rise to the undertaking, it will be remembered that, on the

demise of George III., arrangements were required to be entered into for the maintenance of the Queen-consort, at that time travelling on the continent. An offer was in consequence submitted to her Majesty on the part of the King, of continuing her former allowance of 50,000*l.* per annum, conditionally on her engaging to remain abroad, and to resign all claim to the regal style and title: while at the same time, it was pretty broadly hinted, that, should she venture to return to England, proceedings would forthwith be commenced against her in Parliament. The Queen, however, who, to do her justice, was far from deficient in spirit, spurned alike at the threat and the proposal, and, crossing the channel, boldly hastened to confront her accusers.

The fate of the Bill of Pains and Penalties, abandoned by ministers in consequence of the reduced majority on the third reading, is well known. Then came all the unmitigated extravagances of a popular triumph: public meetings, addresses, illuminations, squibs, bonfires, and breaking of windows, together with such other ebullitions of gaiety, as his majesty the mob, when tickled, delighteth to indulge in.

Every attempt meanwhile was being made by the more sober of the party to throw an air of respectability round the new Court established at Brandenburgh House. Men, of course, were not found wanting to rally round anything that had the form and semblance of a throne; the difficulty was with their ladies. The women of this country have unfortunately a rough and stubborn virtue about them—an awkward, old-fashioned code of proprieties, very ridiculous, doubtless, in the eyes of our more polite neighbours, but not altogether without its advantages, which render it no easy matter to gain their countenance for one whose fair fame has been sullied even by suspicion. Still fashion and example may do much, and the Whig aristocracy began to waver, while every convert, of whatever rank or character, was paraded in the Liberal prints as a fresh witness in favour of calumniated innocence, and forced as an authority upon the notice of the public. Such a course was evidently obnoxious to one species of retort. An *exposé* of the

pretensions upon which the females, who thus made themselves, or permitted themselves to be made, dangerously conspicuous, rested their own claims to consideration and respect. Hook saw the blots that might be hit, and immediately conceived the plan of starting a periodical by way of counterblast to the puffatory notifications in the "Times," "Chronicle," &c., and in which a thorough sifting of, and investigation into, the life and position of every individual who appeared in the Queen's society should be published, and every flaw in the reputation, every weak point in the family history of her adherents duly brought to light.

Few persons, we should suppose, at this day, even of those who retain a lively recollection of the fury with which party spirit was then raging, will be inclined to justify the revelations to which the adoption of this mode of attack inevitably led; all that can be urged in extenuation is, as we have said, the rancour and recklessness with which characters even more sacred, and involving greater public interest, were traduced by writers on the other side; among whom might be numbered not only the herd of professional and insignificant libellers, but not a few of a far higher and more responsible class—men of rank and eminence.

Full of their new scheme, which was among other results to open an *Eldorado* to all concerned, off started Hook and his *fidus Achates* to find a "proprietor." Application was naturally made to their old friend Miller, the publisher of their former venture; all losses were to be repaired, and a fortune made out-of-hand by the unquestionable success of the present speculation; but that gentleman, luckily perhaps for himself, happened to entertain strong opinions upon the subject of "fine and imprisonment!" With him all arguments proved, as Hook said, *Newgate-ory*; he declined, and the subject was then, or perhaps had been simultaneously, opened to Mr. Shackell, the printer of various loyal and popular works, "Tentamen" among the rest.

Hook was all eagerness for a magazine—always a pet scheme—upon the model of "Blackwood," a revival, in short, in a more extensive form and with a more definite

object, of the defunct "Arcadian." Wiser counsels prevailed, and at Mr. Shaekell's suggestion, the plan of a weekly newspaper was adopted as being better adapted for general circulation, and affording a more available medium for the exposure of the tricks and devices of the enemy, which would have answered their purpose and been forgotten, long before the heavy artillery of a monthly periodical could have been directed against them. A demur next arose as to the title; "John Bull" was mentioned at once, and appeared the very thing, but unfortunately it had been in a measure pre-engaged by Elliston, who, together with Hook, had actually entertained the idea some considerable time before, of establishing a paper under that name. Minor considerations of delicacy gave way, and it was finally determined that a weekly journal, to be called the "John Bull," should be published every Saturday afternoon in time for that day's post;—the property was to be divided into two equal parts, and the profits shared by Hook and Mr. Shaekell, the former engaging to produce the literary *matériel*, the latter to supply the necessary funds, undertake the commercial management, and stand all hazards pecuniary and otherwise.

The preliminary arrangements were soon concluded; a nominal editor was appointed at a small weekly salary, who was to occupy his leisure by correcting the press, and to act as a sort of legal lightning-conductor to the concern. A printer and publisher was easily found among the subordinates of Mr. Shaekell's establishment; and, in short, every disposition was made to insure the real agents from discovery, a condition essential to the success and even existence of the paper. As regards Hook, the secret was only partially, and for a time preserved. To other individuals, though the tongues of men were busy with the names of not a few, the connection was never brought home; indeed, in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, the suspected were purely innocent; but nevertheless, Hook, notwithstanding what has been asserted to the contrary, was far from being left entirely to his own resources. The song, for example, in the very first number, concluding with the stanza, the only one we can venture to repeat—

“In short, each Whig Lord is an ass
 -emblage of all merit ;
 And, to reward their virtuous lives,
 May all their daughters and their wives
 The Queen’s good taste inherit.”

was by another hand, or at all events by another head, these extraneous contributions being, for the most part, delivered orally,—a fact which would enable the author to declare with scrupulous accuracy, that he had never *written* a line for the “John Bull.” Nor, again, can there be any doubt but that the design which must have been communicated to certain influential members of the Tory party, probably to Royalty itself, was received with tacit approbation, if not with assurances of active support.

Meanwhile the important day of publication arrived ; a brief announcement, couched in terms sufficiently mysterious, had been for some weeks circulating among “the trade,” but without attracting any extraordinary attention. And now, on the eventful evening, December 16, 1820, let Hook and his coadjutor be imagined, seated in a small parlour, situated in a silent, traffickless spot enough, though within a hundred yards of the busiest thoroughfare in London, denominated Gough Square ; torn newspapers, sheets of “copy,” “slips,” “revises” fresh, or rather foul from the printer’s hand, with all the many *désagremens* of an editor’s room, scattered in confusion around—post hour drawing on—Hook himself fretting, fuming, fancying everything wrong, storming, apologizing, starting from his chair, pacing the apartment, stopping ever and anon to gulp down draughts of a suspicious-looking sedative, and in the whirl and agony of excitement, uttering as many good things as would have supported his paper for a month—at length, unable to endure suspense, seizing brush and seissors, and by pasting the *dissecta membra*, the corrected “proofs,” upon a blank sheet, endeavouring to frame a sort of Frankenstein similitude of the coming stranger—all eagerness, anxiety, apprehension—when lo ! just in time to save that night’s mail, the reeking devilet enters, bending beneath the first impression !

Within a few hours the town was in a blaze ; orders arrived from every quarter, and the office was beset with

applicants! Preparations for the distribution of the paper must have been made by its patrons, to an extent unsuspected by the proprietors themselves, for so moderate had been the anticipations held as to the probable demand, that no more than 750 stamps had been procured: hundreds of copies were in consequence struck off upon unstamped paper, and issued in the course of that and the following day, the publisher making the proper affidavit, and paying the extra duty on the Monday.

Its success was complete and unexampled; at the sixth week the sale had reached ten thousand, the first five numbers were reprinted more than once, and the first and second actually kept in stereotype.

According to the original design, all those ladies whose names appeared on the pages—"John" would say *page*, hinting that it was never turned,—of the visitors' book at Brandenburgh House, were enumerated, with some unpalatable fact or insinuation appended to each. It was, as has been observed, one of Hook's favourite axioms, constantly occurring in his novels, that there exists some weak point, some secret cancer in every family—he had his own—the lightest touch on which is torture. "Upon that hint he spake." Those of the clergy, also, were duly chronicled, who took upon themselves to introduce the Queen's name in the Liturgy, a mark of attention particularly inconvenient to certain peace-loving pluralists, who were in the habit of praying very heartily for the Queen, where her cause was popular, but who adhered strictly to the rubric where the 'Squire happened to be Tory, or the parish officers intolerant. Of the celebrated songs, "Bull's" "Queen of Weapons," one of the earliest, and perhaps the best, was on the subject of the Addresses already referred to—it runs merrily enough, to the old tune of—

HUNTING THE HARE.

"Would you hear of the triumph of purity?
 Would you share in the joy of the Queen?
 List to my song, and, in perfect security,
 Witness a *row* where you durst not have been

All kinds of addresses,
 From collars of SS,
 To venders of cresses,
 Came up like a fair ;
 And all through September,
 October, November,
 And down to December,
 They *hunted this Hare!*

* * * * *

“ Bold, yet half-blushing, the gay Lady Jersey
 Drove up to the entrance, but halted outside,
 While Sefton’s fair tribe, from the banks of the Mersey,
 Who promised to keep her in countenance shyed.
 But this never hinders
 The sham Lady L——,
 Who stoutly goes in-doors—
 Old Rush does the same ;
 Great scorn of all such is !
 But Bedford’s brave Duchess,
 To get in her clutches,
 Delighted the dame.

* * * * *

“ Damsels of Marybone, decked out in articles
 Borrowed of brokers, for shillings and pence ;
 The eye of vulgarity anything smart tickles ;
 Drabs love a ride at another’s expense ;
 So swarming like loaches,
 In ten hackney-coaches,
 They make their approaches,
 And pull at the bell ;
 And then they flaunt brave in,
 Preceded by Craven,
 And, clean and new shaven,
 Topographical Gell.

“ Next came a motley assemblage of what I call
 Mummers and mountebanks, wildly arrayed,
 Hodmen and coal-heavers, landsmen and nautical,
 Tag, rag, and bobtail, a strange masquerade ;
 A rout of sham sailors,
 Escaped from their jailors,
 As *sea-bred* as *tailors*,
 In Shropshire or Wilts.

But mark Oldi's smile and hers,
 Greeting, as Highlanders,
 Half a score Mile-enders,
 Shiv'ring in kilts !

" Noel and Moore are the pink of her quality,
 Judge what must be the more mean partizans .
 What sweepings of kennels, what scums of rascality,
 Hir'd and attir'd to enact artisans ;
 Sham painters, and stainers,
 Smiths, coopers, cordwainers,
 And glaziers, chief gainers
 In such a turmoil,
 Though chandlers and joiners,
 And forgers and coiners,
 And pocket-purloiners,
 All share in the spoil.

" Verdant green-grocers, all mounted on jackasses
 (Lately called *Guildfords*, in honour of Fred),
 Sweet nymphs of Billingsgate, tipsy as Bacchuses,
 Roll'd in like porpoises, heels over head.
 And the better to charm her,
 Three tinkers in armour,
 All hired by Harmer,
 Brave Thistlewood's friend ;
 Those stout men of metal,
 Who think they can settle
 The State, if a kettle
 They're able to mend.

" Next come the presents. Whitechapel (where Jews bury)
 Sends needles to hem Dr. Fellowes's lawn ;
 Cracknells from Cowes—sweet simnels from Shrewsbury—
 Rump-steaks from Dublin—and collars of brawn !
 A pig—and a blanket—
 A sturgeon from Stangate—
 The donors all thank-ed
 By royal desire ;
 Old Parr gave his benison,
 To Parkin's venison,
 But the pamphlet of Tennyson
 He threw in the fire.

* * * * *

" And now, ere I send off my song to the town-sellers
 ('Twill fetch rather more than the speeches of Hume),

We'll give one huzza to her pure privy-councillors,
 Lushington, Williams, Wilde, Denman, and Brougham;
 With Vizard and Cobbett,
 And Hunt who would mob it,
 And Cam who would job it,
 As Dad did before,
 With Waithman the prate man,
 And Pearson the *plate*-man,
 And Matthew the great man
 Who found us the *Hare*."

In the same number there occurs also the following lines, remarkable for the touching hint to the author, with which they were republished in 1832.

THE PROPHECY.

"I care not a l——
 For J—— C—— H——e ;
 He may fume and may fret,
 And may toady Burdett ;
 He may think himself witty,
 Cut a dash in the city ;
 Vent vulgar abuse,
 Or hiss like a goose ;
 To St. Paul's he may ride,
 With a sword by his side ;
 Or may follow the queen,
 Like a Jack in the green ;
 But, do what he will,
 He's a little man still ;
 He'll be laughed at and scouted,
 Be frump'd and be flouted ;
 Ignoble his fate,
 Be it early or late ;
 He will live in a splutter,
 And die in a gutter."

"When the author of these lines re-reads them to-day, and recollects that he really wrote them, we should think that he must have some compunctious visitings. As far as we are concerned, he is safe ; but surely he cannot hide himself from *Himself*!

Hook was as good as his word—he never permitted the writer's name to transpire.

Another of these extraneous contributions, though in

this case none connected with the paper ever knew to whom they were indebted, was the famous "Michael's Dinner." The circumstances which gave rise to this *jeu d'esprit* were as follows. A notice for reform having been ushered in, under the auspices of Mr. Lambton, with more pomp and ceremony than usual; preparatory assemblies having been held, and their proceedings duly reported and commented on by the Whig journals, a formidable band of partizans, all ready to die for their country, came down to the House; the debate began; but owing to the crowds of patriots, who were impatient to express their opinions on so soul-stirring a subject, an adjournment was rendered necessary. On the following day, the hostile ranks met in battle array; but alas! αἶ, αἶ, τυφλοὶ ἡγεμόνες, the Agamemnon, the Achilles, not sufficiently swift as to the feet,—the mover, the seconder of the motion, with a band of staunch adherents, a little miscalculating the probable duration of the preliminary skirmish, were absent from their posts, refreshing themselves, it was hinted, for the renewal of the fight, with soup à la Reine and Barnes's elaret, beneath the hospitable roof of Mr. Michael Angelo Taylor.

Seeing the deserted ranks of the enemy, the Tories made a grand push, forced on a division, and when Mr. Lambton, "preceeded by his groans, and followed by Mr. Brougham," rushed indignantly into the House, there was nothing left him but to bewail the premature fate of his new-born babe, and to relieve his labouring breast by venting dire anathemas on those who had presumed to hail his appearance with symptoms of irreverend mirth. Canning, according to the tactics of his party, had spoken but a few sentences, and it is not impossible, that his repressed eloquence might subsequently have broken out in the following pæan.*

* It was placed in the publisher's hands by a ticket-porter of the Temple—the luckless paragraph on Mr. Grey Bennett, that brought with it fine and imprisonment, was forwarded through the same medium, and not written by any one connected with the paper.

MICHAEL'S DINNER: OR, STAUNCH FRIENDS TO REFORM.

TUNE—"Soger Laddie."

- "Fair Reform, celestial maid,
 Hope of Britons—hope of Britons!
 Calls her followers to her aid,
 She has fit ones—she has fit ones!
 They would brave in danger's day,
 Death to win her—death to win her;
 If they met not, by the way,
 Michael's dinner—Michael's dinner.
- "Lambton leads the patriot van,
 Noble fellow—generous fellow!
 Quite the dandy of the clan,
 Rather yellow—rather yellow.
 Of fair liberty he tells
 Tales bewitching—tales bewitching;
 But they vanish when he smells
 Michael's kitchen—Michael's kitchen.
- "Lawyer Brougham is next in rank,
 Prates like Babel—prates like Babel;
 He has never ate or drank
 At Brib'ry's table—Brib'ry's table.
 What then, now can stop his mouth,
 In this hot age—in this hot age?
 'Tis, if he would tell the truth,
 Michael's potage—Michael's potage.
- * * * * *
- "Where was, on that famous night,
 Hume, the surgeon—Hume, the surgeon?
 Who pretends to set us right
 By constant purging—constant purging.
 No division yet expecting,
 Fond of work, he—fond of work, he
 At the moment was *dissecting*
 Michael's turkey—Michael's turkey.
- "F——n his place may choose
 In the bevy—in the bevy;
 He's the real TAYLOR's *goose*,
Hot and heavy—hot and heavy;
 He'd outdo, with sword and flame,
 Senna-cherib—Senna-cherib;
 What, that evening, made him tame?
 Michael's spare-rib—Michael's spare-rib.

“ Thus the social round they form,
 In Privy gardens—Privy gardens ;
 And they care about Reform
 Not three farthings—not three farthings.
 To yawn and vote, let *others* stay
 Who can bear it—who can bear it ;
 They much wiser drink away
 Michael’s claret—Michael’s claret.

“ While ye thus, in claret, sirs,
 Lose your reason—lose your reason,
 England will recover hers
 Lost last season—lost last season.
 Faction’s mobs, sedition’s hordes
 Must grow thinner—must grow thinner,
 When plain common sense records
 Michael’s dinner—Michael’s dinner !”

Early in his career there occurred a somewhat remarkable circumstance connected with one of the prosecutions, which the temerity of “ Bull ” drew upon his representatives. A letter arrived at the office, by post, containing a bank-note for 20*l.*, and recommending that a Monday edition of the paper should be issued, and forwarded to the inns of the principal towns throughout the kingdom, the expense of which would be partially covered by the enclosed subscription. The hint was adopted, and the next number, unhappily charged with severe reflections upon the memory of a female member of a noble family, was sent off to the various posting-houses mentioned in the Road-book. In due course, a copy was directed to the “ Red Lion,” Wolverhampton, in the neighbourhood of which, the widower of the lady in question resided. Steps were immediately taken to avenge the affront, rendered, it was alleged, doubly malicious by the libel being thus wantonly obtruded upon the notice of the friends and connections of the deceased. This fact was most severely commented on in the Court of King’s Bench, and gave rise to not a little indignation elsewhere; malice, however, there certainly was none; the transmitting the paper was of pure accident, and entirely owing to the recommendation of the anonymous correspondent, who could not by possibility have known anything of the obnoxious paragraph about to appear.

Other prosecutions followed—that for libel on the Queen among the rest; but the grand attempt on the part of the Whigs to crush the paper, was not made till the 6th of May, 1821. A short and insignificant paragraph, containing some observations upon the Hon. Henry Grey Bennett, a brother of Lord Tankerville's, was selected for attack, as involving a breach of privilege; in consequence of which, the printer, Mr. H. F. Cooper, the editor, and Mr. Shackell, were ordered to attend at the bar of the House of Commons. A long debate ensued, during which ministers made as fair a stand as the nature of the case would permit, in behalf of their guerilla allies, but which terminated in the committal of Messrs. Weaver and Cooper to Newgate, where they were detained from the 11th of May till the 11th of July, when Parliament was prorogued.

Meanwhile, the most strenuous exertions were made to detect the real delinquents, for, of course, honourable gentlemen were not to be imposed upon by the unfortunate "men of straw," who had fallen into their clutches, and who, by the way, suffered for an offence of which their judges and accusers openly proclaimed them to be not only innocent but incapable! The terror of imprisonment, and the various arts of cross-examination proving insufficient to elicit the truth, recourse was had to a simpler and more conciliatory mode of treatment,—bribery. The storm had failed to force off the editorial cloak,—the golden beams were brought to bear upon it. We have it for certain that an offer was made to a member of the establishment to stay all impending proceedings, and further, to pay down a sum of 500*l.* on the names of the actual writers being given up; it was rejected with disdain, while such were the precautions taken, that it was impossible to fix Hook, though suspicion began to be awakened, with any share in the concern.

In order to avoid being seen in company with the avowed proprietors, and to elude any watch that might be set upon the office, certain coffee-houses were selected, and designated by numbers ranging from one to ten, at which private conferences might be held, and the business of the paper effectively carried on. A note couched in most melodramatic terms—"To-night, at half-past eight,

No. 5!" was usually the sort of summons received by the printer, to meet the great unknown at some obscure place of tryst in the purlieus of Westminster.* In order, also, to cross the scent, already hit off and announced by sundry deep-mouthed pursuers, the following "Reply" framed upon the principle, we presume, that in literature, as in love, everything is fair, was thrown out in an early number.

"MR. THEODORE HOOK.

"The conceit of some people is amusing; and it has not been unfrequently remarked, that conceit is in abundance where talent is most scarce. Our readers will see that we have received a letter from Mr. Hook, disowning and disavowing all connection with this paper. Partly out of good nature, and partly from an anxiety to show the gentleman how little desirous we are to be associated with him, we have made a declaration which will doubtless be quite satisfactory to his morbid sensibility and affected squeamishness. We are free to confess that two things surprise us in this business; the first, that anything which we have thought worthy of giving to the public should have been mistaken for Mr. Hook's; and secondly, that *such a person* as Mr. Hook should think himself disgraced by a connection with 'John Bull.'"

For sheer impudence, this, perhaps, may be admitted to "defy competition;" but in point of tact and delicacy of finish, it falls infinitely short of a subsequent notice, a perfect gem of its class, added by way of elenching the denial.

"We have received Mr. Theodore Hook's second letter. We are ready to confess that we may have appeared to treat him too unceremoniously; but we will put it to his own feelings, whether the terms of his denial were not in some degree calculated to produce a little asperity on our part; we shall never be ashamed, however, to do justice, and we readily declare that we meant no kind of imputation on Mr. Hook's personal character."

The *ruse* answered for a while, and the paper went on with unabated audacity.

* The Spring Gardens coffee-house was frequently selected.

CHAPTER X.

“John Bull” continued.—“Mrs. Muggins’s Visit to the Queen.”—The Queen’s Coronation Circular.—Lady Jersey and “John Bull.”—Dr. Maginn.—Literary Speculations.—The Bellman’s Verses.—Mr. James Smith’s Disclaimer.—Epigram.—Anecdote.—Attacks on Hon. H. Grey Bennett and Mr. Hume.—Causes of the Decline of “Bull.”

THE formal refusal of Queen Caroline, January, 1821, to accept the allowance proposed in the House of Commons, until her name should be restored to the Liturgy, and the subscription very warmly *talked about* in certain circles, for the purpose of indemnifying her Majesty for her magnanimity, and of rendering her in future independent of the King and Parliament, were points too good to be missed by her vigilant opponent. But it was reserved for the grand Brandenburgh House Drawing-room, to elicit “Bull’s” bitterest ebullition of satire. We quote some of the less objectionable stanzas, which, as is observed in the “Quarterly,” are very little different from those which Hook used to *improvise* in the course of a festive evening, and may afford to a person who never witnessed that marvellous performance, a tolerably accurate notion of what it was:”—

MRS. MUGGINS’S VISIT TO THE QUEEN.

TUNE—“*Have you been to Abingdon.*”

“Have you been to Brandenburgh—heigh, ma’am ; ho, ma’am ?
Have you been to Brandenburgh, ho ?

—Oh, yes ; I have been, ma’am,
To visit the Queen, ma’am,
With the rest of the gallanty show—show,
With the rest of the gallanty show.

“And who were your company—heigh, ma’am ; ho, ma’am ?

And who were your company, ho ?
—We happened to drop in
With *gemmen* from Wapping,
And *ladies* from Blowbladder-row—row,
And *ladies* from Blowbladder-row.

- And what said her Majesty—heigh, ma'am ; ho, ma'am ?
 What said her Majesty, ho ?
 —What I understood 's
 She's come for our goods,
 And when she has got them she'll go—go,
 And when she has got them she'll go.
- “ And who were attending her—heigh, ma'am ; ho, ma'am ?
 Who were attending her, ho ?
 —Lord Hood for a man,
 For a maid Lady Anne,
 And Alderman Wood for a *beau*—*beau*,
 And Alderman Wood for a *beau*.
- “ And had she no countesses—heigh, ma'am ; ho, ma'am ?
 Had she no countesses, ho ?
 —O yes ! Lady Jersey,
 Who might have worn kersey,
 Had folks their deserts here below—low,
 Had folks their deserts here below.
- “ Was no one from Croxteth there—heigh, ma'am ; ho, ma'am ?
 No one from Croxteth there, ho ?
 —Oh, no, Lady Sefton
 Would sooner have left town,
 Both her and her daughters, than go—go
 Both her and her daughters, than go.
- “ And had she no oommoners—heigh, ma'am ; ho, ma'am ?
 Had she no oommoners, ho ?
 —I happened to look,
 And could find in her book
 Only Fergusson, Taylor, and Co.—Co.,
 Only Fergusson, Taylor, and Co.
- “ And had she no son-in-law—heigh, ma'am ; ho, ma'am ?
 Had she no son-in-law, ho ?
 —Yes ! time-serving Leopold,
 A puppet that we uphold,
 Though neither for *use* nor for *show*—*show*,
 Neither for *use* nor for *show*.
- “ And did they meet tenderly—heigh, ma'am ; ho, ma'am ?
 Did they meet tenderly, ho ?
 —They were both so intent
 About *taxes* and *rent*,
 That they never once thought of their *woe*—*woe*,
 That they never once thought of their *woe*.

- “ And had she no counsellors—heigh, ma’am ; ho, ma’am ?
 Had she no counsellors, ho ?
 —Yes ; one Mr. Brougham,
 Who sneak’d out of her room,
 Pretending the *circuit to go—go*,
 Pretending the *circuit to go*.
- “ Had she no solicitor—heigh, ma’am ; ho, ma’am ?
 Had she no solicitor, ho ?
 —Yes ; one Mr. Vizard,
 Who, being no wizard,
 She overboard hastened to throw—throw,
 She overboard hastened to throw.
- “ And has she a *clergyman*—heigh, ma’am ; ho, ma’am ?
 Has she a *clergyman*, ho ?
 —Yes ; one Doctor F——,
 Who puffs like a bellows,
 The coals of sedition to blow—blow,
 The coals of sedition to blow.
- “ And has she a *banking-house*—heigh, ma’am ; ho ma’am ?
 Has she a *banking-house*, ho ?
 —When Coutts was unhandsome,
 She shifted to Ransom,
 To whom she does nothing but owe—owe,
 To whom she does nothing but owe.
- “ And what are her *drinkables*—heigh, ma’am : ho, ma’am ?
 What are her drinkables, ho ?
 —It being but noon,
 She said ’twas too soon,
 For anything else but *Noyeau—yeau*,
 For anything else but *Noyeau*.
- “ Will *she* have a drawing-room—heigh, ma’am ; ho, ma’am ?
 Will she have a drawing-room, ho ?
 Oh, yes ; I presume
 That she *might* find a *room*,
 If she could but find any to go—go,
 If she could but find any to go.”
 &c. &c. &c.

The Westminster Abbey business soon followed, and the Queen’s subsequent and very modest demand for an *encore*, in the shape of a separate coronation of herself, suggested a *burlesque* ceremonial, in which all her friends,

in their degrees found appropriate parts. We give a sample of the

CIRCULAR.

“ Her Majesty having gone to several doors of Westminster Abbey and Westminster Hall, on Thursday, where Her Majesty was, in an *unmanly* and *unmannerly* way, refused admittance, and treated very *rudely* by the *civil* power: Her Majesty having got up very early on Saturday morning, consulted her friends, and having taken all their opinions (which were decidedly against it), determined to be crowned on last Monday, upon which Her Majesty issued her orders by the twopenny-post to summon all persons who would come to the ceremony: *upon which* they assembled in their proper places, and the ceremony took place at twelve o'clock. Several very respectable people having collected together, the procession moved to the parish church in the following order:—

LADY ANNE HAMILTON,

In a sky-blue jacket, ornamented with wreaths of jonquils and peonies, supported by a *gardener*, and followed by her six maids throwing away *thyme*.

DRUMS

Parish Beadle of Hammersmith, with his staff.

A FIFE.

The Queen's Eight Trumpeters—

The CHRONICLE.	BRITISH PRESS.
— STATESMAN.	COBBETT.
— TRUE BRITON.	BENBOW.
— EXAMINER.	WOOLER.

Sergeant Trumpeter—

THE OLD TIMES.

The Queen's Attorney-General	The Queen's Solicitor-General
carrying a copy of a bond.	carrying a letter of credit.

Chaplains.

Par nobile,—Noble *Fellowes*.

Clergymen who have prayed for the Queen, two and two.

The Bishop of —,

With his wig powdered blue, to distinguish him from the rest of the Bench.

THE QUEEN'S TRUMPETS.

Mrs. B—, Mrs. W—, and Mrs. D—,

Carrying white silk Banners, with inscriptions:

“Innocence Triumphant.”

“Oh the roast beef of Old England.”

Joseph Hume, Esq., bearing his pestle, his mortar in his hand.
(Here the Peers should have walked, but there were none.)

to fight at such odds, and Lady Jersey, like the rest, after an unsuccessful action, gradually withdrew from a post, which she must have soon felt to be untenable.

The bringing about these results, whether by right or wrong, must be attributed in a greater degree than to any other agency, to the unsparing personalities of Hook and his confederates. The names of those, while still living, and living it may be to regret the hot intemperance of their youth, it would be manifestly improper, even at this distance of time, to disclose. To Dr. James Hook, the editor's elder brother, and his assistant from the first, this scruple need not apply; the less so as the articles from his pen, though among the most able and powerful, are not characterised by any offence against propriety or good taste—they consist chiefly of a series of letters addressed to various statesmen under the signature of "Fitzharding," and are such as might have been avowed without discredit. As for the old *Arcadian*, it is doubtful if he ever actually engaged in wielding the potent engine he had helped to construct; if he did so it must have been in a very subordinate character:—more probable it is, that he fell back upon his congenial employment of delighting the galleries and *Terry-fying*, as Scott used to call it, the novelists by theatrical adaptations of their favourite works.

One article, and only one, was written by the late Dr. Maginn. Hook, it seems, in 1823, having learnt that some six or seven newspapers were in the market, prevailed upon Mr. Shackell to purchase the lot, which he did for 300 guineas, with the view of establishing a journal (to be published on the Wednesday, so as not to interfere with "Bull") upon their ruins. Partly to assist the old, but principally to superintend the new speculation, to which Hook also was to be a large contributor, Maginn was summoned from Cork, and engaged at a moderate salary. Twenty pounds a month we believe to have been the sum.

His talents were doubtless of a high order, and his scholarship and education infinitely superior to those of his friend Hook, for such he soon became; but unfortunately he possessed the same excitable and erratic temperament, only exaggerated, Hibernized to a degree, that

rendered it somewhat unsafe to rely upon him in a matter demanding the prudence and punctuality to be observed in the conduct of a weekly paper.* So far as "John Bull" was concerned, the idea of retaining his services was speedily abandoned.

Its ally started fairly enough, but the circulation it obtained was not commensurate with the projectors' expectations; and Hook, who had not the patience to play an up-hill game, soon threw it up in disgust; it lingered on for some months under the direction of the Doctor, and was finally abandoned at a heavy loss. Much the same may be said of a Review upon the plan of the "Literary Gazette," which had been started some months previously, also at the instigation of Hook, under the title of the "London Literary Journal." Terry was associated in the scheme, and was to supply theatricals, fine arts, &c. While backed up by the powerful influence of their established organ, the most sanguine hopes were entertained of its success. The infant, however, proving sickly, it experienced a neglect on the part of its parents, only to be met with, it is to be hoped, among Indians and editors, and as a natural consequence drooped and died.

Another scheme was, an attempt to revive the "European," in 1825. Messrs. Shackell and Miller again produced funds, and under the auspices of Mr. Edward Dubois, himself a host, who accepted the management of the concern, it gave promise of affording an exception to the general rule—that there is no resurrection for magazines. The first two numbers were brilliant; but again Hook's ardour cooled; his contributions were obtained with increasing difficulty, and fell off in bulk and value, their

* In wit he was scarcely inferior to Hook, whom, indeed, he resembled in the weak, as well as the strong points of his character. One anecdote, a mere straw in the wind, will suffice to shew the man. A friend at his table was complimenting him on the fine flavour of his wine, and begged to be informed of the merchant's name. "Oh, I get it from a house close by, just as I happen to want it," replied the host;—"the London tavern." "Indeed!" said the other; "a capital cellar, unquestionably; but have you not to pay rather an extravagant price for it?" "I don't know—I don't know," returned the doctor; "I believe they put down something in a book!"

place being hastily filled up with any available material that might be at hand. Proprietors and editors, not to mention the public, grew weary of such regular irregularity, and after a feverish existence of about eighteen months, the "European" likewise descended to the tomb of its forefathers.

To the names already mentioned of early writers in the "John Bull," there may be added those of Mr Thomas Haynes Bayley, and Mr. Barham (Thomas Ingoldsby); the latter especially, was for some time a pretty constant contributor, but this was not till after that acerbity and recklessness of crimination had been laid aside, which rendered the paper in its youth so famous and so formidable. We quote some graceful stanzas from the pen of Mr. Bayley, better, perhaps, adapted for the embossed page of an "Amaranth," or "Book of Beauty," than for the dingy columns of the belligerent "Bull," but, as the reader will, we trust, admit, acceptable anywhere:—

THE BELLMAN'S VERSES

TO "BULL'S" CUSTOMERS.

- "A happy new year to the readers of 'Bull!'
 May their spirits be light and their pockets be full,
 May they jest round the fire that cheerfully burns,
 And live to enjoy—many happy returns.
- "A happy new year, and a happy new light,
 To those who begin to perceive wrong from right,
 And 'Bull,' in his pasture, already discerns,
 From error's dark path—many happy returns.
- "A happy new year, and succession of years,
 To the Parliament men, whether Commons or Peers,
 Let them trust to Joe Hume all the nation's concerns,
 And they'll get by his zeal—many happy returns.
- "A happy new year, or four score if they please,
 To all *merry-tory-us* British M.P.'s
 May they meet the reward which true loyalty earns,
 In County and Town—many happy returns.
- "A happy new year to my mercantile friends,
 To the trade of this town, at the east and west ends,
 And may those who have lost in the bubble concerns
 Hereafter receive—many happy returns.

“ A happy new year to the far distant brave,
 Who combat the foemen, or battle the wave ;
 For each, in his home, there's a heart that still burns ;
 God send them, say I—many happy returns.

“ A happy new year to the fair of our isles,
 Whose service is duty o'erpaid by their smiles ;
 For ages of sorrow, of scorn, and of spurns,
 The confessions of love are the happy returns.

“ A happy new year to all manner of folks,
 From Billy, who twaddles, to Sammy, who jokes ;
 God bless ye, my masters, and all your concerns,
 And send you a great many happy returns.”

Jan. 1, 1826.

Among others to whom the paternity of “ Bull ” was at one time ascribed, and with such confidence as to call forth a public denial of that questionable honour, was Mr. James Smith, a conversational wit of high rank, and beyond comparison the best epigrammatist of the day ;*

* His lines upon Craven Street, where he himself for many years resided, are pretty well known ; but as the reply by Sir George Rose has not, we believe, appeared in print, we present the pair to the reader.

In Craven Street, Strand, ten attorneys find place,
 And ten dark coal-barges are moored at its base :
 Fly Honesty, fly, to some safer retreat,
 There's *craft* in the river, and *craft* in the street.

REPLY.

Why should honesty seek any safer retreat,
 From the lawers or barges, odd-rot 'em ?
 For the lawyers are *just* at the top of the street,
 And the barges are *just* at the bottom.

But Mr. Smith's happiest effort was enclosed in a short note to his friend Count D'Orsay :—

27, Craven Street, Monday, June 6.

My dear Count,—Will you give me Gallic immortality, by translating the subjoined into French.—Sincerely yours, &c.

PIUS ÆNEAS.

Virgil, whose magic verse enthral, —
 And who in verse is greater ?
 By turns his wand'ring hero calls,
 Now *pius*, and now *pater*.

in this respect he possessed no little advantage over Hook—economizing his good things; never suffering a happy thought to escape, but uniformly embalming it in some half-dozen easily remembered lines. In the printed collection of his *jeux d'esprit* we miss the following, occasioned by the complaint, as it is said, of a late fascinating actress, who was possessed of that most inconvenient of all theatrical appendages, a jealous husband:—

“ This pair in matrimony
Go most unequal snacks :
He gets all the Honey,
And she gets all the *whacks*.”

Mr. Smith also assisted Mathews in the composition of several of his entertainments,* but his reputation may

But when prepared the worst to brave,
An action that must pain us,
Queen Dido meets him in the cave,
He dubs him DUX TROJANUS.
And well he changes thus the word
On that occasion sure;
PIUS ÆNEAS were absurd,
And PATER *premature!*

* It is worthy of remark, that the piece of sound criticism contained in these lines is to be attributed to Addison, though he somehow missed the pun. On reading the sixth number of the *Tatler*, where the subject is discussed, he at once detected Steele to be the author, having himself pointed out to him the poet's nicety of taste, in varying the epithet with the circumstances.

* The title of one of these pieces, “Earth, Air, and Water,” gave rise, according to Theodore Hook, to a somewhat curious blunder; he dispatched one evening a clever and ingenious Scotch acquaintance with the newspaper orders to the Lyceum; and on the following morning asked his opinion of the performance. The gentleman said that it was rather comical upon the whole, but that there was a little too much matter-of-fact about it, and that as for fun he did not think quite so much was made of it as might have been. Hook asked if the rest of the audience laughed;—he said not much, but this he attributed to there being but few people in the house. “Well, but,” said the editor, “surely you liked the songs,—did you not think Mathews a very droll person?” The gentleman replied that there were no songs, and that he did not think Mathews so *very* droll; he had a good deal of quiet humour, certainly, and an admirable delivery; he had never seen a more gentlemanly man in his life, bating that, perhaps, he was a *little too fat*. Hook was completely puzzled,—a dull entertainment, *no*

well rest upon the "Rejected Addresses," of which he contributed the larger portion; a series of poems, &c., which, as a fellow-traveller once gravely informed him, did not appear so *very bad*—he did not think that they ought *all* to have been rejected!

As for the "Bull," we are pretty sure he was, as he declared, perfectly guiltless of all connection with it; indeed it hardly afforded a field for the lucubrations of one whose muse was so uniformly good-natured, and whose politics were always those, as he said, of the lady he happened to hand down to dinner. He used, however, to relate, by way of an illustration of the contrary aspects under which the paper was viewed at its first appearance, that at a large assembly at Lady ——'s, a nobleman of the Tory party eagerly forced his way up to him, grasped him by both hands, and complimented him in the warmest terms on the brilliancy of his wit, and the essential service it was rendering to the country, through the medium of "Bull." Mr. Smith bowed, passed on, and was speedily accosted by an elderly gentleman, a county member in the Whig interest, who, in language not less glowing, denounced the publication as a disgrace to the age, an outrage against all authority and law, scandalous, libellous, demoralizing! adding, that he had taken it upon himself, in consideration of his long intimacy with him, to give the lie to a current report, and to deny that Mr. Smith was in any way mixed up with so abominable a production.

The death of the Queen, in the summer of 1821, produced a decided alteration in the tone and temper of the paper; in point of fact, its occupation was now gone; the main, if not the sole, object of its establishment had been brought about by other and unforeseen events; the combination it had laboured so energetically to thwart was now dissolved by a higher and resistless agency.

songs, a *thin* house, and a fat performer!—it was past comprehension, till a reference to the play-bills showed that his Scotch friend, having visited the theatre on the *Wednesday*, had been listening unsuspectingly to Mr. Bartley's Lecture on the Structure of the Universe, which was delivered on the alternate nights; and which, from its subject, he was quite convinced was no other than the celebrated representation of the great humourist.

Still, it is not to be supposed that a machine which brought in a profit of something above 4,000*l.* *per annum*, half of which fell to the share of Hook, was to be lightly thrown up, simply because its original purpose was attained; the dissolution of the "League" did not exist then as a precedent. The Queen was no longer to be feared, but there were Whigs and Radicals enough to be held in check, and above all, there was a handsome income to be realized by fair and legitimate means.

Besides, whatever may have been the nature of Hook's feelings at starting, his passions had been excited, and indeed his interests prejudiced, as the work went on. The secret of his connection with the paper was in too many hands to be kept long. Suspicion grew into certainty, and his unfortunate defalcation at the Mauritius, *adhuc sub judice*, was a powerful weapon in the grasp of his enemies. Little surprise can be felt, that no disposition to shew mercy should have been exhibited on the part of such roughly-handled individuals as Mr. Henry Grey Bennett and Mr. Hume; and though the former eventually backed out of the contest, papers were moved for, reports printed, and the commissioners urged on to a degree of severity which amounted, in the eyes of the ex-Treasurer, to little short of persecution.

Hook, in return, rattled his "paper pellets" about their ears, with the rapidity of Mr. Perkins's steam-gun—sometimes a volley of a dozen shots were discharged at once, as when about that number of lines from Horace—each containing some form of the word *humus*, or its cognates—were converted by ingenious translation into so many prophetic allusions to the history of the indefatigable M.P. "*Ex Humili potens*—from a surgeon to a Member of Parliament;" "*Ne quis Hum-asse velit*—Let no one call Hume an ass;" "*Humili modo loqui*,—To talk Scotch like HUME," &c.; not one so good as the motto with which he afterwards provided him:—"*Gravis expers catenis*—I have got rid of my Greek bonds." His other enemy he pursued with a bitterness of invective still more intense; but Mr. Hume was his favourite butt. It became a sort of recreative habit to expose the honourable gentleman and his blunders—to hold him up, illu-

minated in a blaze of ridicule, to the admiration of friends and foes. Hume *loquitur* :—

“ I hastened my genius to shew,
 Though I dealt not in figures of speech ;
 But, speaking of figures, we know,
 Is ever in Maberley’s reach !
 And ’tis O, what did become o’ me ?
 O what did I do ?
 I proved, with a great deal of mummery,
 One and one to be equal to two !
 wo, wo, wo, &c.

“ I wish I had stuck to my text ;
 My fame had continued alive—
 But, alas ! I grew bold, and tried next
 To prove two and two to make five :
 And ’tis O, what did become o’ me ?
 O, what did I do ?
 I swore it, and Walter and Finerty
 Promised to bluster it through—
 ough, ough, ough, &c.

“ But there was a fellow called Croker,
 Who never was heard of before,
 And, with the assistance of Cocker,
 He shewed two and two to make four.
 And ’tis O, what did become o’ me ?
 O, what did I do ?
 He proved all my arguments flummery,
 And all my figures untrue—
 ue, ue, ue, &c.

“ The navy I next took in hand,
 And I just mistook houses for ships,
 And, mixing the sea and the land,
 Made seventeen millions of slips,
 And ’tis O, what will become o’ me ?
 O, what shall I do ?
 Croker took down every sum o’ me,
 And shewed not a sum to be true,
 ue, ue, ue, &c.”

At the least stir, to use his own words, “ *Humi pro-cumbit Bos*—Bull falls foul of Hume.” Saving, however, when these individuals crossed his path, his virulence began materially to abate for some time without any per-

ceptible diminution of vigour. Sam Rogers's puns took the place of political libels; *Dorothea Ramsbottom* succeeded to *Mrs. Muggins*, and Hook by degrees abandoned himself to what, after all, was the natural bent of his humour, jovial, joyous, extravagant, now rising to the most pointed wit, now descending to the broadest farce, occasionally diverging into personality, but ceasing to betray malice or bitterness in his mirth.

Unfortunately that itch for novelty which was inherent in him, and which we have seen exemplified in the number of literary speculations of which he was the prime mover, led him to dissipate his spirit in a dozen different quarters (leaving at last little but a *caput mortuum* for "Bull"), instead of directing his energies to the sustaining a property which might have yielded him a handsome provision for life—one superior even to that which he had lost. Of course the paper declined in sale, as its character became essentially changed; and though it continued to maintain a respectable circulation, as a sort of Club-house and conservative organ, its increased expenses must, we suspect, latterly have left the division of profits little more than a mere matter of form. Hook, indeed, as editor, received to the day of his death a fixed salary, but the proprietorship had long since passed into other hands

CHAPTER XI.

"Sayings and Doings."—Second and Third Series.—Offence taken by Mr. Mathews at the "Fugglestonea."—"Gervase Skinner."—"Martha, the Gipsy."—Ghost Story.—Anecdotes.—"The Christmas Box."—Punning.—Bon-Mots

IN 1824, Mr. Hook published the first series of that collection of tales which, under the title of "Sayings and Doings," placed him at once in the highest rank of the novelists. The first idea and plan of the work were struck out during the sitting of a sort of "John Bull" conclave, held at Fulham, at which Terry and Mr. Shackell were present, and had origin in a suggestion of the latter; delighted with the anecdotes of colonial life

which his friend was pouring forth, he conceived that they might be turned to better account than the mere entertainment of a dinner party, and hit upon the title, at which Hook caught with eagerness.

So convinced was the latter, that his first tale, the "Man of Sorrow," had not been fairly appreciated, that he actually embodied in his new essay the rejected attempt of *Mr. Alfred Allendale*, condensed indeed and purged from its impurities, but not materially altered from the original. The style and incidents of "*Merton*" retain much of the erudition and extravagance of its predecessor; the catastrophe, however, by a judicious alteration, is considerably relieved of its improbability. In the first version, the hero's wife is killed on the evening of their wedding-day, by the accidental explosion of a pistol in the travelling-carriage; in the second, when riches at length flow in, when fortune and mamma begin to smile in earnest, and all obstacles to the match are overcome, the death of the lady, worn out by hope delayed, and reiterated disappointments, gives full and final confirmation to the adage: "There's many a slip 'twixt the cup and the lip."

The resemblance of the two stories to each other, or rather their identity, seems to have provoked hostile criticism, to which the author thus alludes in a letter to his publishers.

Cleveland Row, 1830.

Dear Sirs,—I received your note about the Scots newspaper; if you mean that *I* should take any public notice of what appears in a newspaper *about me*, you do not yet know me. I would as soon cut my hand off. As for the story of *Merton*, I never made either secret or mystery about it. I preserved the incidents of a novel which I wrote when I was a boy, and of which, as far as the language, &c., go, I was very soon heartily ashamed; but which I thought would afford a skeleton to fill up with better matter. As all my friends, at least those really my friends, knew the whole of the history six years ago, I wonder my enemies did not find it out sooner.—Yours truly,

THEODORE HOOK.

Much better in every respect is the story of "Danvers," the *parvenu*; although, such was the offence taken in "certain quarters" (as the newspapers say), at points of supposed resemblance, that the author thought it necessary to introduce a disclaimer, by way of preface to the second series, of any design of caricaturing individuals. In this particular instance, he was doubtless sincere; the cap is one of those useful ready-made sizes that fit a multitude of wearers, and numbers might be pointed out on whose heads it might be adjusted with equal nicety as on that of Mr. Watson Taylor, who was, we believe, the chief claimant to the distinction.

In general, however, the more prominent characters in Hook's novels are unquestionably portraits. Few, for example, would find difficulty in detecting, under "a viridity of intellect which was truly refreshing, a newness and a single-mindedness, unalloyed by the baser attributes of *this* world, which were highly delightful," the original of *Rodney*, the poetic schoolmaster. To many of the Anglo-Indian sketches, the journal kept during the author's sojourn at the Mauritius, would, we are told, supply a key; while upon some others we hope ourselves to be able to throw a little light. In point of fact, Hook always denied the possession of inventive faculties. There was, doubtless, truth as well as modesty in the assertion: "Give me a story to tell, and I can tell it, but I cannot create." He might have added, "Shew me human nature in any of its phases, and I can draw it to the life."

Of the second series of "Sayings and Doings," he says with perfect correctness, as his own reviewer:—"These tales are in every way superior to the former series. The best is 'Passion and Principle,' the last; the worst is the first: and it is upon this conviction, and from a knowledge that the stories were written in the order in which they are printed, that we found an expectation that the writer will progressively improve should he continue his literary career."*

The prediction was soon and amply verified by the appearance of a concluding series, embracing, if we

* "John Bull," 1825, p. 53.

remember right, three tales—one of a serious, another of a comic, and a third of a supernatural cast, each admirable in its way. Such, indeed, had been the success of the first three volumes, of which no less than six thousand copies were sold, that in addition to the original sum, 600*l.*, paid for the copyright, Mr. Colburn, on completing the purchase of the the second series for a thousand guineas, very handsomely presented the author with a cheque for 150*l.*, to which he subsequently added another for 200*l.* In 1829, the third series was published, for which, also, Mr. Hook received a thousand guineas.

In “Cousin William,” which may be considered as a *pendant* to “Passion and Principle, and in which the victory and its results of passion are wrought out, indications are given of the existence of a tragic power, which he but rarely consented to display. To the full as terrible as the conceptions of Sue or Dumas, the story in question has the advantage of being treated with a morality and delicacy foreign from those writers. There is none of that subtle and voluptuous confusion of good and evil, which is at once the characteristic and disgrace of the French school; and although the subject is one, to our thinking, better avoided altogether in a work intended for general perusal, vice is, nevertheless, fairly depicted, and no flimsy veil of sentimentality interposes to soften its hideous mien, and lend a grace to the violator of law and religion.

In “Gervase Skinner,” on the other hand, whose title betrays the point, “penny wise and pound foolish,” the spirit of fun takes one of its wildest flights; the effects of stinginess are delineated in a steady progression of misadventures, charged and overcharged with the richest humour. The players, too, the quondam companions of the author, afford him and his readers fair sport; and those at all familiar with the proverbial and never-ending bickerings of the sons and daughters of harmony, will see little caricature in the Fugglestone correspondence respecting the “Village Bells,” &c. Mathews, however—Hook’s old, but somewhat irritable friend—thought otherwise; and, in a harmless quiz upon an itinerant company, fancied he discovered a deliberate insult to a profession which all but the most prejudiced admit to

contain very many amiable and excellent members of society. Reference, indeed, need only be made to Mr. Mathews himself, beloved and esteemed by all who knew him—and high and noble names might be adduced in proof, were proof wanting, that the character of a gentleman may be preserved untarnished throughout a life devoted even to the less dignified departments of the drama. *His* claims to respect, at all events, Hook would have been the last to call in question. A temporary interruption of their intimacy ensued, which, however, the following *amende honorable*, the natural outburst of a frank and generous disposition, served immediately and effectually to remove.

“*To Charles Mathews, Esq.*

“Cleveland Row, March 5, 1829.

“MY DEAR MATHEWS,

“You are now about one of the oldest acquaintances I have (or just now have not); some of my happiest hours have been passed in your company; I hate mincing (except in a case of *veal*). There *is* a difference, not perhaps existing between *us*, but between you *now* and yourself at other times. They (*on*) say that you have been annoyed with one of my tales, as if any man, except a pacha, had more than one; and our good-natured *friends*, bless them! make out that *you* are personally affected by some of the jokes about the Fugglestones, and other imaginary personages. Now, I verily believe, that if I had read that story to you before it was published, you would have enjoyed it more than anybody who has read it; since to ridicule the bad part of a profession can be no satire upon the good; and, as I have said somewhere before, Lawrence might as well be annoyed at the abuse of sign-painters, or Halford angry at a satire upon quacks, as you personally with anything reflecting upon the lower part of the theatrical world.

“From you yourself I verily believe I culled the art of ridiculing the humbugs of the profession. However, why you should suppose that *I*, after having for years (in every way I could) contributed—needlessly, I admit—to support your talents, merits, and character, profes-

sional and private, could mean to offend *you*, I cannot imagine. I can only say, that nothing was further from my intention than to wound *your* feelings, or those of any other individual living, by what seemed to me a fair *travestie* of a fair subject for ridicule, and which, I repeat, never could apply to *you*, or any man in your sphere or station.

“ Now, the upshot of all this is *this*,—where not the smallest notion of personal affront was contemplated, I think no personal feeling should remain. If *you* think so, come and call upon me, or tell me where I may pay *you* a visit. If you don't think so, why say nothing about it, and burn this letter. But do whichever of these things you may, rest assured I do not forget old associations, and that *I am*, and *shall be*, my dear Mathews, as much yours as ever. And now, having said my say, I remain,

“ Yours most truly,

“ THE. E. HOOK.”

Mathews was not a man to resist such an appeal; illness and anxiety had rendered him morbidly tetchy, but his kindness of heart was intact; and unable to quit his own house, he readily received the proffered visit of the offender. There was another individual who possibly might not have been so easily appeased, but for that pachydermatous self-complacency with which Providence benignantly invests certain people, more especially obnoxious to the shafts of ridicule. The hero himself, *Gervase Skinner*, a sketch admirably true to nature, had an unconscious prototype in a Mr. E——, a member of the Irish bar, whose genuine devices to avoid unnecessary expenditure were nearly as amusing as those attributed to him in the novel.

A story is told of him, that when staying with the C——s, at Dover, he was requested to escort the ladies of the party to the Castle to “lionize” the fortifications; on coming away, Mrs. C——, observing that he had assumed rather an abstracted air, and had apparently forgotten to remunerate the sergeant who had attended them, borrowed half-a-crown of him for that purpose. This, afterwards, at the inn, knowing his eccentricity, she

offered to repay. Mr. E——, however, “could not think of accepting it;” and really appeared half affronted at her insisting upon discharging the debt, throwing down the coin with becoming indignation on the table. There it lay till the waiter announced dinner, when, presenting his left arm to the lady, he contrived, in passing, to slip the piece of money (unobserved as he supposed) off the table with his right hand, and deposit it securely in his pocket! He thought, perhaps, with old Lady Cork, that prudence is the better part of liberality, as well as valour. She is said to have been so affected by one of Sidney Smith’s charity sermons, that she borrowed a guinea of a gentleman next her to put into the plate.

But, for a winter’s tale—to arrest the attention of Master Bobby, freed for six weeks from the claims of Pius Æneas and Agamemnon, king of men; to make the flesh of elderly ladies creep, and matter-of-fact gentlemen declare that they “don’t believe any such nonsense;” to excite the antipathies of our nature, and open an avenue to that strange, half pleasing, half chilling sensation of awe which assails us in the presence of the mysterious,—what shall compare with “Martha, the Gipsy,” the most absorbing and unimpeachable of ghost stories? * Whatever degree of credit may be attached to the narration itself, that Hook was sincere in the confession of faith with which he prefaces it, we have reason to feel assured:—

“It is,” he says, “I find, right and judicious, most carefully and publicly, to disavow a belief in supernatural visitings; but it will be long before I become either so wise or so bold as to make any such unqualified declaration. I am not weak enough to imagine myself surrounded by spirits and phantoms, or jostling through a crowd of spectres, as I walk the streets; neither do I give credence to all the idle tales of ancient dames or frightened children, touching such matters: but when I breathe the air and see the grass grow under my feet, I cannot but feel that *He* who gives me power to inhale the one or stand erect upon the other, has also the power to use for special purposes such means and agency as *He*,

* A reference to the volume convicts us of an error; “Martha the Gipsy” is printed in the first series.

in His wisdom, may see fit; and which, in point of fact, are not more incomprehensible to us than the very simplest effects which we every day witness, arising from unknown causes.

“Philosophers may prove, and, in the might of their littleness and the erudition of their ignorance, develop and disclose, argue and discuss; but when the sage, who sneers at the possibility of ghosts, will explain to me the doctrine of attraction and gravitation, or tell me why the wind blows, why the tides ebb and flow, or why the light shines—effects perceptible by all men—then will I admit the justice of his incredulity—then will I join the ranks of the incredulous.”—*Sayings and Doings*, vol. iii. p. 322.

All the particulars—the refusal backed by an oath, of the respectable gentleman who paid poor-rates and subscribed to the Mendicity Society, to relieve the importunate beggar-woman—her malediction, and threat of the three visitations; the first fulfilled when, dashed from a curricule, the maimed victim perceives Martha grinning at him from among the crowd; the second, when on drawing aside the blind to give light to his dying child, he encounters the malignant gaze of the hag from the opposite pavement; the last, when, after a lapse of years, his family party is disturbed by a thunder-storm, and on the door being burst violently open, the same vision meets his eye, though unseen by others, and the full accomplishment of the curse, by his sudden death during the ensuing night,—all these particulars, with the exception of some trifling heightening of the first accident, Hook stoutly maintained to be true; and he did so on the authority of an intimate friend; Major D——, who professed to have been himself present at the catastrophe. How far chance may have led to the seeming realization of the old woman’s prediction in the first two instances, and a morbid imagination supplied the last, the reader may compute for himself according to the measure of his scepticism, but that the story rests on some sort of foundation cannot admit of a doubt.

Another case of the supernatural, Mr. Hook used to relate as having fallen more immediately under his own observation, and in which he was, in a slight degree, concerned. He stated that, some years ago, the eldest son

of a certain noble lord found it convenient to break up his establishment in London, and to join his father, then resident in Paris, being thus compelled to abandon the society of a young lady who had been for a considerable time, as it is termed, "under his protection," and who was expecting shortly to be confined. For some weeks, letters arrived regularly from the object of his attachment; suddenly, and without any known cause, they ceased, and a very natural anxiety was in consequence excited in the heart of the young nobleman. One evening, about an hour after the family had retired to rest, Lady —— heard a noise proceeding from the library, where she had left her son reading. On rushing to the spot, she discovered the young man extended on the floor, pale and senseless! The usual restoratives being administered, he by degrees recovered consciousness; but a wildness of manner and a degree of terror was noticeable in his demeanour beyond what might be attributed to the mere effects of indisposition. After considerable pressing, he was induced to confess that his nerves had been fearfully shaken by an event not less ill-boding than mysterious.

"He had been sitting," he said, "with his attention fully occupied by the book he was perusing, when a sort of apprehension stole over him of the presence of another person in the room; no sound had struck upon his ear, and no shadow passed across his gaze, but a suspicion, rapidly deepening into a certainty that he was not *alone*, took full possession of his mind. For a time he felt unwilling, almost unable, to withdraw his eyes from the page; but the feeling increasing in intensity and amounting to positive alarm, he raised them with an effort, and beheld those of a thin and wasted figure, who was standing opposite, fixed mournfully upon him. The features were those of Miss ——; but so worn were they by sickness and suffering, and above all, so changed by the peculiar and terrible expression of anguish which marked them, as scarcely to be recognized as those of the beautiful girl he had 'left lamenting.' In her arms she bore an infant. More he could not recall—a conviction seized him that what he saw was not of this world; his brain grew dizzy; his limbs were paralyzed, and he fell!"

All this was very politely received by the medical gentleman in attendance, who proceeded, at once, to explain the phenomena on extremely scientific principles, talked very learnedly of the sensorial functions, inquired if he had ever seen blue dogs, and took a few extra ounces of blood. The patient, however, was not to be reasoned or mystified out of the belief that the accusing spirit had stood before him; and at his urgent request, his mother wrote to her sister, resident in London, begging her to cause inquiries to be made respecting the condition of Miss ——, but without at the time throwing out the least hint of anything remarkable having occurred. This letter Theodore Hook stated that he saw, and, if we remember right, he added that he himself, on being applied to, obtained and forwarded intelligence of the young lady in question having died in giving birth to a child, in the course of the very night on which the supposed apparition had been seen; and further, that neither he nor Lady B——, was made acquainted with the previous circumstances, till the arrival of that answer established the fact of the strange coincidence, and somewhat disturbed the philosophy of the French physician.

From his unquestionable belief in the preceding narratives, it will be readily concluded that Mr. Hook was a man of a more than ordinarily superstitious turn of mind—that he was so, subsidiary proofs in abundance might be adduced; among them, his extreme dislike to making one of a party of thirteen; a marked uneasiness being invariably betrayed, if by chance he found himself in that position. That his miseries consequent upon the Mauritius deficit were evidently fore-shadowed, in the course of his voyage homewards, by a visitation from the original “Flying Dutchman” he also gravely maintained. He declared that at a time when the vessel to which he had been transferred was tossing, in imminent peril of shipwreck, off the Cape, and when, in consequence of the hurricane that was raging, they were unable to show a rag of canvas, he himself, together with five or six others, actually *saw* a large ship bearing down right in the wind’s eye, with all her sails set, and apparently at the distance of not more than half a mile! That she was the ill-omened wanderer of the ocean there could

be no doubt. Grave gentlemen will smile at all this; but considerable indulgence is surely due, at the hands of men of *very* common-sense and somewhat inert imagination, for the fevered fancies of ardent and excitable genius.

One of his friends, who was himself suspected of a leaning that way, notes in the following words, an instance of this weakness.

“Dined at —; we were seated twelve in number, when Hook arrived. He looked at first very black on finding himself the thirteenth, but being told that Young, the actor, was expected, immediately took his seat, and the evening passed off merrily enough. An anecdote was given in the course of conversation singularly corroborative of the superstition by which Hook was, clearly, at first affected. A party of twelve had just sat down, and one of the guests having observed a vacant chair, was remarking that he should hardly like to be the person destined to occupy that seat, when a tremendous double rap was heard,—the door was thrown open, and *Mr. Fauntleroy** announced,—he was hanged within the year! “Late in the evening Young did come, and sang with great taste, Sheridan’s ‘When ’tis night.’ Hook improvised as usual upon the company, but was not so happy as I have heard him. There was a good deal of sparring between him and Murray; the latter was finding great fault with a shilling pamphlet on the character of Shylock, just published by George Farren:—

Hook. “Have you read it, Murray?”

* Another story was at the same time told in connection with this unfortunate gentleman. A Mr. R—, a wine-merchant, was very intimate with Fauntleroy, and with a few friends was in the habit of dining with him frequently. On these occasions, when the party was not too large, the host would produce some very choice old Lunelle wine, of which R— was exceedingly fond; but Fauntleroy could never be prevailed upon to say where he got it, or how it could be obtained. When the latter was under sentence of death, his old associates visited him repeatedly, and at their last interview, the night before his execution, R—, after having bid him farewell with the rest, on a sudden paused in the prison passage, returned to the cell, and said in a low voice to the criminal,—“You’ll pardon my pressing the subject, but now at all events, my dear friend, you can have no objection to tell me where I can get some of that Lunelle.”

“No!”

“Come then, review it!”

An indifferent retort which Murray attempted, brought on him the epithet of ‘hind-quarterly reviewer,’ which seemed to annoy him a good deal.”

To the “Christmas Box” (1828), a tiny annual for children—of every growth, Theodore Hook contributed a very forcible exposition of the perils of the Paronomasia or pun; and upon the principle, we suppose, that—

“He best can paint them, who shall feel them most,”

we have them very clearly depicted, for the benefit of little punnikins at school, in the following—

“CAUTIONARY VERSES TO YOUTH OF BOTH SEXES.

“My readers may know that to all the editions of Entick’s Dictionary, commonly used in schools, there is prefixed ‘A Table of words that are alike, or nearly alike, in sound, but different in spelling and signification.’ It must be evident that this table is neither more nor less than an early provocation to punning; the whole mystery of which vain art consists in the use of words, the sound and sense of which are at variance. In order, if possible, to check any disposition to punning in youth, which may be fostered by this manual, I have thrown together the following adaptation of Entick’s hints to young beginners, hoping thereby to afford a warning, and exhibit a deformity to be avoided, rather than an example to be followed; at the same time shewing the caution children should observe in using words which have more than one meaning.

“My little dears, who learn to read, pray early learn to shun
That very silly thing indeed which people call a pun:

Read Entick’s rules, and ’twill be found how simple an
offence

It is, to make the self-same sound afford a double sense.

“For instance, *ale* may make you *ail*, your *aunt* an *ant* may
kill,

You in a *vale* may buy a *veil*, and *Bill* may pay the *bill*.

Or if to France your bark you steer, at Dover, it may be,

A *peer* appears upon the *pier*, who, blind, still goes to *sea*.

- “ Thus one might say, when to a treat good friends accept our greeting,
 ’Tis *meet* that men who *meet* to eat should eat their *meat* when meeting.
 Brawn on the *board’s* no bore indeed, although from *boar* prepared ;
 Nor can the *fowl*, on which we feed, *foul* feeding be declared.
- “ Thus *one* ripe fruit may be a *pear*, and yet be *pared* again,
 And still be *one*, which seemeth rare until we do explain.
 It therefore should be all your aim to speak with ample care :
 For who, however fond of game, would choose to swallow *hair* ?
- “ A fat man’s *gait* may make us smile, who has no *gate* to close :
 The farmer sitting on his *stile* no *stylish* person knows :
 Perfumers men of *scents* must be ; some *Scilly* men are bright ;
 A *brown* man oft *deep read* we see, a *black* a wicked *wight*.
- “ Most wealthy men good *manors* have, however vulgar they ,
 And actors still the harder slave, the oftener they *play* :
 So poets can’t the *baize* obtain, unless their tailors choose ;
 While grooms and coachmen, not in vain, each evening seek the *Mews*.
- “ The *dyer* who by *dying* lives, a *dire* life maintains ;
 The glazier, it is known, receives—his profits from his *panes* :
 By gardeners *thyme* is tied, ’tis true, when spring is in its prime ;
 But *time* or *tide* won’t wait for you, if you are *tied* for *time*.
- “ Then now you see, my little dears, the way to make a pun ;
 A trick which you, through coming years, should sedulously shun :
 The fault admits of no defence ; for wheresoe’er ’tis found,
 You sacrifice the *sound* for *sense* : the *sense* is never *sound*.
- “ So let your words and actions too, one single meaning prove
 And, just in all you say or do, you’ll gain esteem and love :
 In mirth and play no harm you’ll know, when duty’s task is done ;
 But parent’s ne’er should let ye go unpunished for a *pun* !”

It may not be unsatisfactory to our readers to see so important a subject treated more profoundly, and in prose, by the same experienced hand :—

“It would be vain, at this time of the world’s age, to enter upon a serious disquisition into the ‘art or mystery’ of punning; it would be useless to argue upon its *utility*, the genius and talent required for carrying it on, or the pleasure, or amusement derivable from it. The fact is self-evident, that puns are an acknowledged ingredient of the English language amongst the middling classes, and are, in their societies, the very plums in the *pudding* of conversation.

“It may be said that punning is a vice, and we are quite ready to admit the charge; but still it exists and flourishes amongst dapper clerks in public offices, hangers on of the theatres; amongst very young persons at the universities; in military messes amongst the subalterns; in the city amongst apprentices; and, in some instances, with old wits *rasés*, who are driven to extravagant quibbles to furnish their quota of entertainment to the society in which they are endured.

“A punster (that is, a regular hard-going, thick-and-thin punster) is the dullest and stupidest companion alive, if he could but be made to think so. He sits gaping for an opportunity to jingle his nonsense with whatever happens to be going on, and, catching at some detached bit of a rational conversation, perverts its sense to his favourite sound, so that instead of anything like a continuous intellectual intercourse, which one might hope to enjoy in pleasant society, one is perpetually interrupted by his absurd distortions and unseasonable ribaldry, as ill-timed and as ill-placed as songs in an opera, sung by persons in the depth of despair, or on the points of death.

“Admitting, however, the viciousness, the felonious sinfulness of punning, it is to be apprehended that the liberty of the pun is like the liberty of the press, which, says the patriot, is like the air, and if we have it not we cannot breathe. Therefore, seeing that it is quite impossible to put down punning, the next best thing we can do is to regulate it, in the way they regulate peccadilloes in Paris, and teach men to commit punnery as Cæsar did and Frenchmen dissipate—with decency.

“The proverb says ‘wits jump,’—so may punsters, and two bright geniuses *may* hit upon the same idea at

different periods quite unconsciously. To avoid any unnecessary repetition or apparant plagiarisms, therefore, by *these coincidences*, we venture to address this paper to young beginners in the craft—to the rising generation of wittlings; and we are led to do this more particularly from feeling that the *tyro* in punning, as well as in everything else, firmly believes *that* which he for the first time has heard or read, to be as novel and entertaining to his older friends, who have heard it or read it before he was born, as it is to himself, who never met with it till the day upon which he so liberally and joyously retails it to the first hearers he can fall in with.

“For these reasons we propose, in order to save time and trouble, to enumerate a few puns, which for the better regulation of jesting, are positively prohibited in all decent societies where punnery is practised; and first, since the great (indeed, the only) merit of a pun is its undoubted originality—its unequivocal novelty—its extemporaneous construction and instantaneous explosion—all puns by recurrence, all puns by repetition, and all puns by anticipation, are prohibited.

“In the next place, all the following *travelling puns* are strictly prohibited:—

“All allusions upon entering a town to the *pound* and the *stocks*—knowing a man by his *gait* and not liking his *style*—calling a tall turnpike-keeper a colossus of *roads*—paying the post-boy’s charges of *ways* and means—seeing no *sign* of an *inn*; or replying, sir, you are *out*, to your friend who says he does—talking of a hedger having a *stake* in the *bank*—all allusions to *sun* and *air* to a new married couple—all stuff about village *belles*—calling the belfry a *court of a peal*—saying, upon two carpenters putting up a paling, that they are very peaceable men to be *fencing* in a field—all trash about ‘*manors* make the man,’ in the shooting season; and all stuff about trees, after this fashion: ‘that’s a *pop’lar* tree’—‘I’ll turn over a new *leaf*, and make my *bough*,’ &c.

“Puns upon field-sports, such as racing being a matter of *course*—horses *starting* without being shy—a good shot being fond of his *but* and his *barrel*—or saying that a man fishing deserves a *rod* for taking such a *line*; if he is sitting under a *bridge* calling him an *arch* fellow, or sup-

posing him a nobleman because he takes his place among the *piers*, or that he will *catch* nothing but cold, and no fish by *hook* or by *crook*. All these are prohibited.

“To talk of yellow pickles at dinner, and say the way to *Turn'em Green* is through Hammersmith—all allusions to eating men, for *Eton* men, *Staines* on the tablecloth,—*Eggham*, &c., are all exploded; as is all stuff about *maids*, and *thornbacks*, and *plaise*; or saying to a lady who asks you to help her to the wing of a chicken, that it is a mere matter of a *pinion*—all quibbles about dressing *hare* and cutting it—all stuff about a merry fellow being given to *wine*; or, upon helping yourself, to say you have a *platonic* affection for roast beef; or when fried fish runs short singing to the mistress of the house, with *Tom Moore*,

‘Your *sole*, though a very sweet *sole*, love,
Will ne'er be sufficient for me,’

are entirely banished.

“At the playhouse never talk of being a *Pittite* because you happen not to be in the boxes—never observe whatever a *Kean* eye one actor has, or that another can never grow old because he must always be *Young*—never talk of the uncertainty of *Mundane* affairs in a farce, or observe how *Terry*-bly well a man plays Mr. Simpson—banish from your mind the possibility of saying the Covent Garden manager has put his best *Foot* forward, or that you should like to go to *Chester* for a day or two; or that you would give the world to be tied to a *Tree*, or that *Mr. Macready* is a *presentable* actor—all such stuff is interdicted.

“In speaking of parliament, forget *Broom* and *Birch*, *Wood* and *Cole*, *Scarlett* and *White*, *Lamb* and the *Leakes*, the *Hares* and the *Hérons*, the *Cooks* and the *Bruins*; such jumbles will lead into great difficulties, and invariably end, without infinite caution, in an observation that the conduct of that House is always regulated by the best possible *Manners*.

“There are some temptations very difficult to avoid—for instance, last Saturday we saw gazetted as a bankrupt, ‘*Sir John Lade*, Cornhill, watchmaker.’ Now this, we confess, was a provocation hard of resistance. When

one sees a lad of sixty-four *set up* only to *break down*, and perceives that whatever he may do with *watches*, he could not make a *case* before the Insolvent Debtors' Court; and, moreover, since his taking to watch-making, arose from his having in the *Spring* of life gone upon *tick*, and that the circumstance may be considered as a *striking* instance of a *bad wind-up*; we admit that in the hands of a young beginner such a thing is quite irresistible; but such temptations should be avoided as much as possible.

"We have not room to set down all the prohibited puns extant; but we have just shown that the things which one hears when one dines in the City (where men eat peas with a two-pronged fork, and bet *hats* with each other), as novelties, and the perfection of good fun, are all flat, stale, and unprofitable to those who have lived a little longer and seen a little more of the world, and who have heard puns when it was the fashion to commit them at the West end of the town."—*John Bull*, 1823.

In the art of punning, whatever be its merits or demerits, Hook had few rivals, and but one superior, if indeed one—we mean Mr. Thomas Hood. Among the innumerable "Theodores" on record, it will be difficult, of course, to pick out the best; but what he himself considered to be such, was addressed to the late unfortunate Mr. F——, an artist, who subsequently committed suicide at the "Salopian" coffee-house for love, as it is said, of a popular actress. They were walking in the neighbourhood of Kensington, when the latter pointing out on a dead wall an incomplete or half-effaced inscription, running Warren's B—," was puzzled at the moment for the want of the context.

"'Tis *lacking* that should follow," observed Hook, in explanation. Nearly as good was his remark on the Duke of Darmstadt's brass band.

"They well nigh stun one," said he, in reference to a morning concert, "with those terrible wind instruments, which roar away in defiance of all rule, except that which Hoyle addresses to young whist players when in doubt—*trump it!*"

CHAPTER XII.

“Maxwell.”—A Prolonged Sitting.—Mr. Stephen Price.—Trifling with an Appetite.—Anecdote.—“Love and Pride.”—Mr. Hook undertakes the Editorship of the “New Monthly Magazine.”—“Gilbert Gurney.”—Anecdotes.—The great Mr. S——.—Story of Tom Sheridan.—The Original of “Mr. Wells.”—“Gurney Married.”—“Jack Brag.”—Anecdotes.—Proposed “History of Hanover.”—“Life of Charles Mathews.”

MR. HOOK’S next novel, “Maxwell” (1830), is, in point of plot, by far the most perfect of his productions; the interest which is at once excited, never for an instant flags; and the mystery, so far from being of the flimsy, transparent texture, common to romances, is such as to baffle the most practised and quick-witted discoverer of *dénouements*, and to defy all attempts at elucidation, short of the unjustifiable reference to the third volume, occasionally resorted to by invalids and readers devoid of self-control.

The hero himself is said to be intended as a sketch of an eminent dentist, but the principal portrait is one, for finish and fidelity unsurpassed, and, to the best of our belief, unequalled. The strange *melange* of cynicism and kind-heartedness, selfishness and generosity, fascination and repulsiveness, refined tastes and sordid habits, each ingredient being genuine, and unaltered by affectation, presented in the character of *Godfrey Moss*, is brought out with such admirable harmony and distinctness, as to impress the reader at once with the conviction that it is no “unreal mockery” that is before him, but a veritable personage, humorous and eccentric to the very verge of credibility, but full of life and reality. The likeness carries with it that intrinsic stamp of accuracy perceptible in certain paintings, even to one unacquainted with the features of the original.

A pun on paper loses somewhat of its relish—you want it hissing hot from the intellectual furnace—like an *omelette* or *fondue*, it becomes heavy as it grows cold—but one of the most perfect after its kind, conveying, too, at one artistic stroke, the most admirable illustration of the

good-natured sarcasm of the man, is put into the mouth of *Godfrey*. When "Master Neddums," the son of Maxwell, the surgeon, who, to the practice of the "regular M.D., or murderer of distinction," added that of an accoucheur, is narrating, with ecstasy, an adventure, in which he has saved a lovely young girl from being run over by a carriage in Long Aere—he is answered by his father:—

"'And a very meritorious act, too, Ned,' said Maxwell, 'no accident *did* happen to her, I hope?' 'No job for the craft,' said Moss, 'no feeling for the faculty—eh?—six and eightpence again, Kittums.' 'No, sir,' said Edward, 'she was, as they say, more frightened than hurt; but she was all gratitude to me—and called me her deliverer.' 'Mistook you for your father, perhaps, Neddums, said Moss."

The endearing diminutive "Kittums," by which *Godfrey* here addresses *Miss Maxwell*, was that which the true man invariably applied to his old friend, Miss Stephens, the Dowager Countess of Essex.

We are tempted to give one more anecdote of this extraordinary being, especially as the subject of our memoir was himself one of the parties therein concerned. They both had been dining with the late Mr. Stephen Price, the manager of Drury-lane theatre, and as the host shewed unequivocal symptoms of indisposition—he was suffering severely from gout in the hand—the party broke up early; and all but Cannon and Hook took their leave by about eleven o'clock. Upon them every possible hint short of absolute rudeness was expended in vain; a small table had been wheeled up close to the fire, amply furnished with potations such as they loved, and they were not to be wiled away. At length, unable to endure the increasing pain, Price quietly summoned up an inexhaustible supply of "black spirits and white," and leaving his guests to mingle as they might, stole off unobserved to bed. Next morning, about nine, his servant entered his room.

"Well, sir," said Price, on awaking, "pray, at what time did those two gentlemen go, last night?"

"Go, sir?" repeated the man.

"I asked ye, *sir*, at what time did Mr. Hook and Mr. Cannon go?"

"Oh, they are not gone yet, *sir*," replied John, "they've just rung for coffee!"

Mr. Price, himself, was a man of singular and eccentric character, and would have formed an admirable subject for a portrait; under the hands of his artistic friend, he would have become as popular as *Hull* or *Daly*, or *Godfrey Moss*; Hook neglected or postponed him: but a few, and those not the most prepossessing, of his features are said to be preserved in Mr. Poole's clever sketch of the "Pangrowthon Club;" to say the truth, his habits were, not all of them, the best adapted to the liberty, equality, and fraternity of such a society; he would stroll, for example, in heavy creaking boots, along the coffee room of the —, casting a penetrating eye right and left, till he found some young and too easily satisfied member discussing his solitary chop.

"What have you got there, *sir*?" he would ask, plunging a fork into the questionable viand, and holding it up, to the indignation of the proprietor, "D' ye mean to say you can eat this thing? Waiter! d' ye call this a chop fit to set before a gentleman? Take it away, *sir*, and bring the gentleman another."

On one occasion his gratuitous supervision was happily anticipated.

"You need not trouble yourself, Price," exclaimed a diner, on seeing him enter the room, and throw an inquiring glance upon the table which he was occupying—"I have got," and he held up his plate, "a broiled fowl, much burned in parts, underdone in others, and no mushrooms!"

Mathews, too, if we remember right, introduced him in one of his entertainments, as the gentleman whose cholera was perpetually aroused by the sweet sounds proceeding from muffin-men, sweeps, organ-grinders, and others; "It isn't that I mind his bawling about the streets, but then, *sir*, the man has a r'-right to do it."

Mr. Price was an American by birth, and a proficient, it is said, in the national accomplishment—duelling; in this country he was more favourably known as a *bon*

vivant of taste, and a giver of bachelor dinners of a high order ; he was, moreover, the first promulgator of one of those Transatlantic beverages, which are justly the admiration of the curious. It is a species of punch, in which gin, maraschino, and iced soda-water are blended in a certain occult and scientific way, and is esteemed of sovereign worth in very hot weather, or in cases where an obstinate and unaccountable thirst has somehow survived the repeated efforts made to quench it the preceding day.

Hook, one afternoon succeeding a banquet at the Freemason's Tavern, where the port had been particularly fiery or the salmon had disagreed with him, happened to drop in at "the Club," and found the mighty master with an amphora of his potent elixir before him : the former was with some difficulty—probably no great deal—induced to give an opinion as to its merits ; but it was a matter not to be decided lightly, and some half-dozen pints of the beguiling compound were discussed ere the authoritative "*imbibatur*" went forth. In the evening, at Lord Canterbury's, Hook was observed to eat even less than usual, and, on being asked whether he was unwell, replied—

"Oh no, not exactly ; but my stomach won't bear trifling with, and I was foolish enough to take a biscuit and a glass of sherry by way of luncheon."

But it required a head stronger even than Theodore Hook's—and it would be no easy task to point out the particular pair of shoulders that carried it—to stand proof in every instance against these mid-day "triflings." We can vouch for one extraordinary scene in which Hook figured, that owed its origin to a similar pre-prandial indiscretion. The dinner, at which he was afterwards engaged, was a public one, and connected with some literary object ; for a considerable time all went on as it commonly does on such occasions ; gentlemen "charged their glasses," the regular toasts were proposed, drunk with the usual enthusiasm, and responded to by individuals unaccustomed, as ever, to public speaking. At length the prescribed list being exhausted, one of the stewards, slightly acquainted with Mr. Hook, but who was, or had been, on terms not the most cordial with him

rose nevertheless, and, calling the attention of the company to the presence of the eminent visitor, proceeded to give his health in a very flattering speech.

The toast was naturally received with unanimous approbation, and people began to quit their tables and to crowd round the spot where the great wit was seated—all on the tip-toe of expectation for the facetious reply. Hook rose with an air of unusual sternness—his unlooked-for aspect itself elicited immediately a handsome round of applause—and, darting around glances full of ire and indignation at the gathering crowd, he commenced his reply, in terms not the most complimentary, to what, under the circumstances, he considered the *liberty* that had been taken with his name. Louder and louder grew the laughter as the speech went on,—each sentence betraying an increase of warmth;—the simulation was admirable—the turn so very original and unexpected,—and a deafening clattering of glasses, on the part of the audience, marked their nice appreciation of the jest.

Those in his immediate vicinity soon became aware of the genuine exacerbation of the speaker, who was now lashed into a perfect frenzy; every attempt was made to appease him, but, for some time, in vain; meanwhile, the real nature of the *fun* they had been so rapturously enjoying, began to be made manifest to those who stood next in propinquity, and at last became known throughout the room; and during the confusion which ensued, Hook was prevailed upon to resume his seat. Ample apologies were despatched on the following morning to the proper quarters, more especially to the gentleman who had been the means of introducing him on the occasion. “He had never in his life been so completely thrown off his guard—it was all owing to one of those ‘confounded’ glasses of sherry at the —.”

But, notwithstanding the round of gaiety and pleasure in which the greater number of his evenings were spent, the time so employed cannot be said to have been altogether wasted; for, to a writer who has to draw from life, whose books are for men and women, and to whom the gossip and *on dits* of the day are the rough material of his manufacture, a constant mixing in society of every accessible rank is absolutely necessary—to one of his

taste and discrimination, the higher the grade the better. Whithersoever he went he carried with him not only an unflinching fund of entertainment, but also unslumbering powers of observation, that served to redeem what otherwise would have appeared mere weakness and self-indulgence. And that he was not slow to avail himself of the advantages that fell to his share, no one will deny who casts a glance over the list of productions he gave to the world, during a period when the intellectual exertion of his convivial hours alone would have exhausted the energies, physical and mental, of well-nigh any other man.

In 1832, he published the "Life of Sir David Baird," two vols. 8vo, a standard biographical work, and one spoken of in the highest terms of approbation by the influential Reviews of the day. So satisfied—a somewhat rare case—were the family with the manner in which he executed his task, that they presented him, in testimony of their approval, with a magnificent gold snuff-box set with brilliants, the gift of the Pacha of Egypt to the subject of the memoir. The trinket, on its arrival, is said to have been tossed without examination into a drawer, the receptacle of a hundred unconsidered trifles, from which it was happily rescued on the accidental discovery of its value and importance.

In 1833 he sent forth no less than six volumes, replete with originality and wit. A novel called the "Parson's Daughter," 3 vols.; and a couple of stories under the title of "Love and Pride," also in 3 vols. In one of the latter, the supposed resemblance of Liston to a certain noble lord is happily turned to account; the being mistaken for *Mr. Buggins*, principal low comedian of the Theatre Royal, Drury Lane, forming a light and pointed climax to the *congeries* of ridiculous miseries heaped on the unfortunate "Marquis."

The original "double" of the oddly favoured actor alluded to, is reported to have borne the play upon his features with much greater philosophy. A good-natured friend, so runs the story, hastened eagerly to present him with an impression of the last H.B. of which—

"These two Dromios, one in semblance;"

formed the subject. So far from appearing irritated, his lordship laughed heartily at the caricature, and disavowed any ill-feeling towards the artist who had taken the liberty and the likeness.

"Ay," replied his informant, "it may be a matter of no importance to you, but I understand Liston is dencedly annoyed!"

In 1836, Mr. Hook undertook the editorship of the "New Monthly Magazine," at a salary of 400*l.* per annum, exclusive of the sums to be paid for original contributions. Here he commenced his "Gilbert Gurney," accommodating himself to the exceedingly uncomfortable practice, now a'll but universal among popular and prolific novelists, of delivering his tale by monthly instalments. One of his last letters, addressed to Mr. Poole, a fellow contributor to the pages of "The New Monthly," was in deprecation of this plan, which is not only wearisome to the reader, but positively fatal to anything like fair development of plot.

Of all his works (we must not limit the assertion to those of fiction, for it scarcely comes within that category) "Gilbert Gurney" is by far the most mirth-provoking and remarkable. His own adventures form the ground-work of the comedy; himself and his friends figure as the *dramatis personæ*, and throughout the whole there appear an unrestrained expression of private feelings, and a frequency of personal allusion, that give it the semblance, and almost the interest of true history. In casting our eye over the volumes, we are at a loss to point out a single character of importance that has not its prototype, or an incident—the most incredible the most true—that is not, in some measure, founded on fact. Of the former, his own spirit animates the two more prominent specimens, *Daly* and *Gurney* himself; to the more volatile moiety are attributed those masqueradings and extravagances which it would have been not altogether consistent with the author's dignity to appropriate immediately; while in the career of his hero are shadowed forth many particulars of his own position and pursuits in early life.' To sundry of them,—his birth coincident with that of Byron,—his brother by seventeen years his senior,—the loss of his mother,—his introduc-

tion to literary and theatrical circles,—the Thames and Berners Street hoaxes, &c.—we have before had occasion to advert.

There may be added, the very first *plaisanterie* of *Mr. Daly* on the river:—

“ ‘I say, you sir,’ cried the undaunted joker to a very respectable round-bodied gentleman who was sitting squeezed into the stern-sheets of a skiff, floating most agreeably to himself adown the stream, ‘what are you doing there? You have no business in that boat, and you know it!’

“ A slight yaw of the skiff into the wind’s eye was the only proof of the stout navigator’s agitation. Still *Daly* was inexorable, and he again called to the unhappy mariner to get out of the boat.

“ ‘I tell you, my fat friend,’ cried he, ‘you have no business in that boat!’

“ Flesh and blood could not endure this reiterated declaration. The ire of the cockney was roused.

“ ‘No business in this boat, sir? What d’ye mean?’

“ ‘I mean what I say,’ said *Daly*; ‘you have no business in it, and I’ll prove it.’

“ ‘I think, sir, you will prove no such thing,’ said the navigator, whose progress through the water was none of the quickest; ‘perhaps you don’t know, sir, that this is my own pleasure-boat?’

“ ‘That’s it,’ said *Daly*; ‘now you *have* it—no man can have any *business* in a *pleasure-boat*. Good-day, sir. That’s all.’”*

In the same manner, the “doctoring” the macaroon cakes, the substitution of the bullock for the cow, and the destruction of the reserved supper, are genuine enormities actually practised upon the late Duchess of Buckinghamshire. Nor is the anecdote with which *Mr. Daly* introduces himself less authentic, although it is one in which the author, fortunately for his credit, had no personal share. It happened that an individual, an acquaintance of his youthful days, a *Mr. James H—*, being in some pecuniary embarrassment, positively presented himself to a tradesman, to whom he owed a con-

* “Gilbert Gurney,” p. 49.

siderable sum, as his own brother, and succeeded in beguiling the unsuspecting tailor or upholsterer into the belief that his debtor had died abroad insolvent; some trifling composition was, under that impression, readily accepted, and an acquittance in full duly delivered. We are unable to say whether the ingenious gentleman "polished off the end of the story with any retributive facts," but in this dull country of shopkeepers, whose "imaginary paradise," as the wise and witty Canon hath it, "is some planet of punctual payment, where ready money prevails, and debt and discount are unknown," it would be no easy matter to bring together twelve good men and true, possessed of sufficient acumen to discover the excellence of the jest. They might be apt to take a less imaginative view of the transaction.

The second volume of the novel opens with a description of one of those delightful Sydenham dinners before spoken of, where round the board of the hospitable Tom were wont to congregate not a few of the brightest wits and geniuses of the day,—

"A day, alas! gone by."

Where now may we look for the elements of a symposium such as that to which Mr. Gurney was admitted beneath the roof of the merry bachelor? Colcridge "the poet," *Tim. lege Mat.*, the "actor," Barnes, "the editor," Hook, poet, actor, editor in one, together with the eccentric little host himself—all are gone! *Duberly* alone, "the barrister," now—

"Mounted to the lunar sphere,"

yet remains.* The sheriff, Hook used to say, was an imaginary character, a farcical abstraction, introduced simply as a foil to the genuine brilliants; but the judge, subsequently depicted as presiding at the Old Bailey, will be readily recognized as a sketch, by no means overcharged, of a late functionary, whose final blunder was even of a more serious nature than those attributed to him by the novelist.†

* We regret to state that this is no longer so: Mr. Dubois has passed away with the rest.

† It was no less than the allowing a prisoner to be left for

The dinner with the Worshipful Company of Toothpick Makers, in which *Mr. Hicks*, "a name dear to every Englishman," so advantageously figures, was suggested by a scene at which the late *Mr. Barham*, who mentioned the circumstance to *Hook*, was present. He had been invited by a friend to dine with the trustees of a certain charity at Canonbury House, Islington, and punctual to his appointment entered on the stroke of five. Some ten or a dozen highly respectable individuals were assembled. "Generally speaking," says *Gurney*, "they ran fat and wore white waistcoats," and a half hour was pleasantly occupied in discussing the topics of the day, and in reviving reminiscences of the last meeting. As it drew near six, there was a gradual lull in the conversation; watches were consulted, and some indistinct expressions of surprise became audible. At length *Mr. Barham* ventured to inquire of one of his new acquaintances, when it was probable that dinner would be served?

"He is not come, sir."

"And may I ask," pursued the inquirer, "*who* is not come?"

"*He*, sir, *Mr. S—s*, sir!"

"Indeed! but, I beg your pardon, pray who *is* *Mr. S—s*?"

"Who is *Mr. S—s*!" repeated the worthy trustee in astonishment; "why, my dear sir, he is *the* *Mr. S—s*, the *great* *Mr. S—s*, the *great* *Mr. S—s* of — Hill!"

With some recollection, possibly, of *Lucifer's* reproof, *Mr. Barham* forbore further question. The time wore on, and the converse "which for a while did fail," was now renewed on all sides, and *Mr. S—s* "was the cry." "Where is he?"—"Can't have forgotten?" "Mr. S—s never forgets."—"Can't have met with an accident." "Mr. S—s never meets with an accident," &c. Seven o'clock struck, and no *Mr. S—s*, and what was worse, no dinner!

About half-past seven, a carriage drove up, and in a few minutes a stout, affable gentleman walked leisurely

execution whose pardon had come down from the Secretary of State. The error was fortunately, but by the merest accident, discovered in time to save the life of the unhappy culprit. His judge was induced to retire in consequence.

into the room, rubbing his hands—not knowing, doubtless, what else to do with them, as nobody present seemed on “shaking” terms—and, after a few smiles, nods, and courteous replies to inquiries after his health, *but not one single word of apology*, he quietly remarked, that he thought “dinner ought to be ready,” and on its being announced, led the way into the hall of banquet—and so on through the next hour, did the great Mr. S—s continue to treat his obsequious friends most completely *de haut en bas*; and the free and independent Britons bowed themselves down before the millionaire, ministered to his vanity, and endured his patronage quite as matters of course. The cloth was hardly removed, when the door opened and in bounced a red-faced gentleman, who made his way up the great man, slapped him familiarly on the back, and exclaimed:—

“Ah, S—s, my boy,—who would have thought of tumbling upon you! I have only just heard from the waiter that you were in the house—but we’ve a snug party up stairs: A—, and B—, and C— are there: you must come and join us.”

“Dear me!” said Mr. S—s, “are they, indeed?—it’s a little awkward, but I dare say, under the circumstances, my worthy brother trustees here will excuse me—and—”

Here followed a little whispering with his right-hand neighbour—“as short as possible,” being the only words that reached the ear; after a little deliberation, that gentleman rose; regretted that Mr. S—s was compelled to quit them so very early in the evening, &c., and concluded by proposing his health, “with the usual honours.” Mr. S—s briefly responded; and then taking the arm of his friend, left the company, without further ceremony, to enjoy their wine and walnuts, so far as they could contrive to do so in his absence.

Fresh incidents, taken from real life, the results of the author’s own observation in society, meet us at every chapter; it will be sufficient to particularize two,—*Mr. Daly’s* involuntary trespass upon the “Bagwash preserves,” and the ingenious mode in which *Gilbert* is coaxed into a proposal for the hand of *Miss Harriet Wells*. Of the first adventure, young Tom Sheridan

was the hero; and although the story has been told before, yet as the following version is undoubtedly the true one, and as it has the advantage, moreover, of coming from Hook's own pen, we shall venture to repeat it:—

“He (Tom Sheridan) was staying at Lord Craven's at Benham (or rather Hampstead), and one day proceeded on a shooting excursion, like Hawthorn, with only ‘his dog and his gun,’ on foot, and unattended by companion or keeper; the sport was bad—the birds few and shy—and he walked and walked in search of game, until, unconsciously, he entered the domain of some neighbouring squire.

“A very short time after, he perceived advancing towards him, at the top of his speed, a jolly, comfortable-looking gentleman, followed by a servant, armed, as it appeared for conflict. Tom took up a position, and waited the approach of the enemy.

“‘Hallo! you sir,’ said the squire, when within half-ear-shot, ‘what are you doing here, sir, eh?’

“‘I 'm shooting, sir,’ said Tom.

“‘Do you know where you are, sir?’ said the squire.

“‘I 'm here, sir,’ said Tom.

“‘Here, sir,’ said the squire, growing angry; ‘and do you know where here *is*, sir? These, sir, are *my* manors; what d'ye think of that, sir, eh?’

“‘Why, sir, as to your manners,’ said Tom, ‘I can't say they seem over agreeable.’

“‘I don't want any jokes, sir,’ said the squire, ‘I hate jokes. Who are you, sir,—what are you?’

“‘Why, sir,’ said Tom, ‘my name is Sheridan—I am staying at Lord Craven's—I have come out for some sport—I have not had any, and I am not aware that I am trespassing.’

“‘Sheridan!’ said the squire, cooling a little; ‘oh, from Lord Craven's, eh? Well, sir, I could not know *that*, sir—I—’

“‘No, sir,’ said Tom, ‘but you need not have been in a passion.’

“‘Not in a passion! Mr. Sheridan,’ said the squire, ‘you don't know, sir, what these preserves have cost me, and the pains and trouble I have been at with them;

it's all very well for *you* to talk, but if you were in *my* place I should like to know what *you* would say upon such an occasion.'

" 'Why, sir,' said Tom, 'if I were in *your* place, under all the circumstances, I should say—I am convinced, Mr. Sheridan, you did not mean to annoy me; and, as you look a good deal tired, perhaps you'll come up to my house and take some refreshment?'

"The squire was hit hard by this nonchalance, and (as the newspapers say), 'it is needless to add,' acted upon Sheridan's suggestion.

" 'So far,' said poor Tom, 'the story tells for me,—now you shall hear the sequel.'

"After having regaled himself at the squire's house, and having said five hundred more good things than he swallowed; having delighted his host, and more than half won the hearts of his wife and daughters, the sportsman proceeded on his return homewards.

"In the course of his walk, he passed through a farm-yard; in the front of the farm-house was a green, in the centre of which was a pond, in the pond were ducks innumerable swimming and diving; on its verdant banks a motley group of gallant cocks and pert partlets, picking and feeding—the farmer was leaning over the hatch of the barn, which stood near two cottages on the side of the green.

"Tom hated to go back with an empty bag; and, having failed in his attempts at higher game, it struck him as a good joke to ridicule the exploits of the day himself, in order to prevent any one else from doing it for him, and he thought that to carry home a certain number of the domestic inhabitants of the pond and its vicinity would serve the purpose admirably. Accordingly up he goes to the farmer and accosts him very civilly—

" 'My good friend,' says Tom, 'I'll make you an offer—'

" 'Of what, sur?' says the farmer.

" 'Why,' replies Tom, 'I've been out all day fagging after birds, and haven't had a shot—now, both my barrels are loaded—I should like to take home something; what shall I give you to let me have a shot with each barrel

at those ducks and fowls—I standing here—and to have whatever I kill?’

“‘What sort of a shot are you?’ said the farmer.

“‘Fairish,’ said Tom, ‘fairish.’

“‘And to *have* all you kill?’ said the farmer, ‘eh?’

“‘Exactly so,’ said Tom.

“‘Half a guinea,’ said the farmer.

“‘That’s too much,’ said Tom. ‘I’ll tell you what I’ll do—I’ll give you a seven-shilling piece, which happens to be all the money I have in my pocket.’

“‘Well,’ said the man, ‘hand it over.’

“The payment was made—Tom, true to his bargain, took his post by the barn-door, and let fly with one barrel and then with the other; and such quacking and splashing, and screaming and fluttering, had never been seen in that placo before.

“Away ran Tom, and, delighted at his success, picked up first a hen, then a chicken, then fished out a dying duck or two, and so on, until he numbered eight head of domestic game, with which his bag was nobly distended.

“‘Those were right good shots, sir,’ said the farmer.

“‘Yes,’ said Tom, ‘eight ducks and fowls were more than you bargained for, old fellow—worth rather more, I suspect, than seven shillings—eh?’

“‘Why, yes,’ said the man, scratching his head—‘I think they be; but what do I care for that—*they are none of them mine!*’

“‘Here,’ said Tom, ‘I was for once in my life *beaten*, and made off as fast as I could, for fear the right owner of my game might make his appearance—not but that I could have given the fellow that took me in seven times as much as I did, for his cunning and coolness.’”

The *Mr. Wells* before alluded to was intended for a late eminent divine, who held a prebendal stall in — Cathedral; of the accuracy of the portrait, we know nothing, but in the scene of courtship, if so it may be called, the fiction certainly appears to fall short of the reality. Hook, indeed, used to declare, that though by no means deficient in the quality of assurance, he felt himself, and all that he had done, thrown completely

into the shade by the consummate coolness of the rev. gentleman alluded to. In him this might have been mere modesty—

“It is the witness still of excellency,
To put a strange face on its own perfection,”

but inferior minds must regard with feelings of intense admiration, the conception and execution of the worthy prebend's matrimonial *coup*.

A young friend, also a clergyman, who was staying at his house, and dreaming as much of becoming a bishop as a benedict, happened to be sitting up one night engaged in reading, after the family, as he supposed, had retired to rest. The door opened, and his excellent host re-appeared in dressing-gown and slippers.

“My dear boy,” said the latter, seating himself and looking pathetically at his guest, “I have a few words to say—don't look alarmed, they will prove agreeable enough to *you*—rely upon it. The fact is, Mrs. ——— and myself have for some time observed the attention which you have paid to Betsy; we can make every allowance, knowing your principles as we do, for the diffidence which has hitherto tied your tongue, but it has been carried far enough; though in a worldly point of view, Betsy, of course, might do better, yet we have all the highest esteem for your character and disposition—and then our daughter—she is very dear to us, and where her happiness is at stake, all minor considerations must give way. We have, therefore, after due deliberation,—I must own, not altogether without hesitation, made up our minds to the match. What must be, must be; you are a worthy fellow, and, therefore, at a word, you have our free and cordial consent: only make our child happy, and we ask no more.”

The astonished divine, half-petrified, laid down his book. “My dear sir,” he began to murmur, “here is some dreadful mistake; I really never thought—that is, I never intended—”

“No, no, I know you did not; your modesty, indeed, is one of those traits which have made you so deservedly a favourite with us all; but, my dear boy, a parent's eyes

are sharp—anxiety sharpens them,—we saw well enough what you thought so well concealed. Betsy, too, just the girl to be so won! Well, well, say no more about it—it is all over now. God bless you both, only make her a good husband. Here she is. I have told Mrs. —— to bring her down again, for the sooner young folks are put out of suspense the better. Settle the matter as soon as you like: we will leave you together.”

Thus saying, the considerate papa bestowed a most affectionate kiss upon his daughter, who was at this juncture led into the room by her mother, both *en deshabille*, shook his future son-in-law cordially by the hand, and with a—“There, there, go along Mrs. ——,” hurried his wife out of the room, and left the lovers (?) to their *tête-à-tête*. What was to be done? common humanity, to say nothing of politeness, demanded nothing less than a proposal; it was tendered accordingly, and we need scarcely add, very graciously received.

A sequel to “Gurney” was published in the pages of the “New Monthly,” and afterwards collected into a single volume. Two evening guns, however, are equally objectionable with two morning; the story was very fairly wound up with the hero’s marriage, and it was hardly advisable to append a second *dénouement*.

The main feature of the continuation is the further development of the character of *Nubley*, in whom many of its readers will have no difficulty in recognising the late excellent but eccentric Lord Dudley and Ward. Instances of that nobleman’s extraordinary absence of mind, and particularly of a habit so rarely indulged in, except upon the stage, of confiding the most secret resolves in very audible whispers to those around, might be quoted *ad infinitum*: thus, when suffering on one occasion from the annoyance—it was his whim to consider it such—of having a companion in his carriage—he began to mutter aloud, after a considerable interval of sulky silence:—

“What a bore! I ought to say something, I suppose. Perhaps I had better ask him to dinner. I’ll think about it.”

The other laughed, and entering into the joke, replied in precisely the same tone. “What a bore! suppose he

should ask me to dinner, what should I do? I'll think about it."*

"Jack Brag," three vols., followed in '36; and here again the author hit upon a character with which he could go to work *con amore*. Vulgar, vain, and impudent, a cross between a tallow-chandler, and what in the cant phrase of the day is termed a sporting *gent*, a hanger-on upon the loose branches of the aristocracy, and occasionally thrown into society more respectable, Mr. Brag's *gaucheries* convulse the reader; while those who scorn not to read a warning, even on the page of a novel, may be led to devote more than a passing thought to the folly (to say the least of it) of indulging in the very silly and very common habit of perpetual though petty misrepresentation, as regards their means and position in life, and the nature and degree of their acquaintance with individuals of a rank higher than their own. There is no lower depth of drawing-room degradation than is involved in the exposure of one of these pretenders; unrecognised, perhaps, by his "most intimate friend" Lord A——, cut by his "old erony" Sir John B——, or never "heard of" by his "college chum," the Bishop of C——.

London would, of course, supply plenty of sitters for such a portrait as that of "Jack Brag," but Hook is said to have kept pretty steadily in view the features of one particular specimen of the *genus*—a certain metropolitan sportsman, found frequently at the cover side in Surrey and elsewhere. It happened that the two met on one occasion at the house of Mr. Murray, the publisher; an awkward *rencontre*, in alluding to which a few days afterwards, Hook asked his friend how he could permit such an underbred cockney to cross his threshold? "I have just parted with him," was the reply; "and he was equally curious to learn how I ventured to admit into my family such an impertinent caricaturist as yourself."

* Thus Mr. Nubley:—"Here he stared and fixed his eyes upon me, and began to pick the stubble hair out of his chin, with a short, sharp sort of a jerk. He sat so occupied for about a minute, when he began to think.—"Umph! knew his father—foolish man—not quite so ugly as Cuthbert—don't think he'll ever come to good in the House. I'll see!"

Other characters, besides that of the hero, are probably taken from the life; the Dover exquisite, for instance, young *Gunnersbury*, we suspect to be a genuine sketch from the "Marine Parade." The incidents, also, as in the preceding tales, are far from being purely imaginary. The artifice of paying a trifling sum into the hands of a gentleman's banker, for the purpose of bringing up his balance to the amount of a bill about to be presented, was actually resorted to in a certain case by the holder of the security. Nor are the circumstances of Mr. *Brag's* disappointment very dissimilar from what once happened to the author himself. Believing that a note of hand which he had given to his wine-merchants, was to become due on a particular day, he called at their house of business, and requested as an especial favour that the draft might be kept back for a short time, when he should be better able to meet it. This was really promised by one of the partners; but he observed, as Mr. Hook was taking his leave, that the latter appeared unusually dull and out of spirits.

"Yes! I confess I am," replied Hook. "I am harassed by money matters; I have received this morning an intimation from Herries's people that my account with them is overdrawn; whereas, I confidently reckoned upon having a considerable balance in hand."

The facts turned out to be, that the term of the bill which he was so anxious to prolong had expired two or three days before, and that on being duly presented by one of the senior members of the firm, it had been, a little perhaps to his astonishment, and after some demur among the clerks, paid. Hence the unlooked for absorption of all Theodore's stock of loose cash, and the disagreeable billet from Messrs. Herries!

The success of "Jack Brag" was such as in the author's judgment to warrant the production of a "Sequel," to which he would probably have lent his name as editor. He thus addresses Mr. Bentley on the subject.

"DEAR SIR,

'Fulham.

"I will attend to your note, and take good heart, and work accordingly. I send you herewith a novel of a

novel character, which I think would make a hit if done directly: it is "The adventures of Jack Brag after he joined the Legion in Spain," to which I send him at the end of my history. The point of the work and its object is the disclosure of much of the proceedings of the Legion; the characters introduced are portraits, and, blended with the humorous parts, would no doubt be very attractive. Its correctness geographically is unquestionable, it being from the pen of an officer of the Legion itself; I believe you are acquainted with the author's name through other works—Major —. I wish you would look over it, and the sooner you come to a decision the better, as Major — leaves England on the 20th.—Believe me, &c.

"T. E. HOOK."

That the vicissitudes of the Spanish Legion would, in the hands of the gallant *αυτόπτης*, supply ample materials for a very entertaining work, we have no doubt: but our protest has already been entered against those literary monsters, stories with two tails; a bi-caudal pacha may possibly be a very agreeable companion,—it is not so with a book, especially when the cumbrous appendage happens to be tacked on by a stranger. The publisher seems to have acted upon this opinion in the present instance, and the project fell to the ground.

"Jack Brag" was followed, in 1839, by "Births, Marriages, and Deaths," which, notwithstanding its infelicitous title,—as far as fitness goes, it might as well have been called "Law Notices," or "Fashionable Intelligence," or by other newspaper "heading,"—was a novel of a higher class than any he had before attempted: the humour is seantier and more subdued than heretofore, and though the magnificent *Colonel Magnus*, and his rascally attorney *Brassey*, here and there afford admirable sport, the latter, with his economical wardrobe, to wit:—"one tooth-brush twisted up in a piece of whitey-brown paper; a razor by itself razor, tied with a piece of red tape to a round pewter shaving-box (enclosing a bit of soap), with the tip of its handle peeping from the bottom of a leathern case, like the feet of a long-legged Lilliputian sticking out of his coffin; a re-

markably dirty flannel under-waistcoat, edged with light blue silk and silver; one pair of black silk socks, brown in the bottoms," &c.—yet the general effect is heavy,—heavier, that is, than the public were inclined to accept from the pen of Theodore Hook. The reduced sum of 600*l.* was paid for the copyright, but the work did little more than cover its expenses.

This, in point of fact, may be considered his last finished work. "Precepts and Practice," appeared in 1840,—the name an obvious plagiarism, and from himself, being merely a collection of short papers and tales, published during the preceding year or two, in the "New Monthly," of which he was the editor. As for "Fathers and Sons," portions of which appeared in the same magazine, and "Peregrine Bunce," we believe neither of them to have been completed by his own hand; of the latter about one hundred pages of the last of the three volumes were certainly supplied by another writer.

The story of "Peregrine" was suggested in the course of a conversation with Mr. Barham; mention being made of one of his early Cambridgeshire schoolfellows. Hook, in an instant, assumed the manner and almost the features of an individual of whom he had lost sight for above forty years; and a relation of this gentleman's wife-hunting adventures,—the prize invariably snatched away when all but within his grasp, his gradual depreciation in the matrimonial market, the fall of his pretensions from twenty thousand pounds to ten and five, and his ultimate capture by a cleverer speculator than himself,—induced his old acquaintance to take him for a hero of which he happened to be in want. The *Rev. Slobberton Mauks*, a subordinate sketch, was also, with some exaggeration, it is to be hoped, furnished from actual survey.

To these works may be added the "Reminiscences of Michael Kelly," an agreeable olio of anecdote, musical and theatrical, ranging over a period of half a century, which we are told Mr. Hook, "from motives of pure kindness, re-wrote, that is to say, composed from rough illiterate materials;" the style and dialogue are pointed up, and an occasional reflection, betraying *ex pede Hercules*, is introduced, but the staple of the two volumes is the genuine experience of the veteran himself. Of a

somewhat similar character is "The French Stage," an adaptation from M. Fleury, edited by Hook in 1841, a work which we believe attracted little notice, and to which he contributed but a few good-humoured and jocular notes. He had previously translated the "Pascal Bruno," of Dumas.

There can be no need at this day, to enter upon any lengthened criticism of Theodore Hook's merits as a novelist; they have been discussed over and over again, with little variety of opinion by every reviewer in the kingdom. Indeed, both his faults and his excellencies lie on the surface, and are obvious and patent to the most superficial reader; his fables for the most part ill-knit and insufficient, disappoint as they are unfolded; repetitions and omissions are frequent; in short, a general want of care and finish is observable throughout, which must be attributed to the hurry in which he was compelled to write, arising from the multiplicity, and distracting nature of his engagements. His tendency to caricature was innate, but even this would probably have been in a great measure repressed, had he allowed himself sufficient time for correction. While, on the contrary, in detached scenes which sprang up as pictures in his mind replete with comic circumstance, in brilliant dialogue and portraiture of character, not to mention those flashes of sound wisdom with which ever and anon his pages are lighted up, his wit and genius had fair play, revelling and rioting in fun, and achieving on the spur of the moment those lasting triumphs which cast into the shade the minor and mechanical blemishes to which we have adverted.

A comparison seems almost to force itself upon our notice, between the writings of Hook and those of a still more popular author, Mr. Charles Dickens. We shall not be tempted to pursue it further than to remark, that their subject-matter being in some measure the same, the former seems to survey society from a level more elevated and more distant than his competitor; his delineations are in consequence general and sketchy, those of the latter more technical and minute. Hook gives you a landscape, while "Boz" is tracing every leaf of a particular tree. The same analogy holds good as regards

their moral teaching. Hook is pithy, pointed, and off-hand; the reflections of Mr. Dickens are elaborated, with a care that occasionally, perhaps, detracts from their effect. Hook has undoubtedly the advantage of a more varied experience of the world, but the palm of originality must, we should think, be awarded to his rival.

One more observation, and we have done. In the management of a dinner-party, Hook is certainly unapproachable; we have them of every possible grade, from the *chef-d'œuvre* of a *cordons bleu* to the humble effort of the maid-of-all-work, with company to match. Not a story is without one, and yet there is no repetition, each will be found appropriate and distinctive: they rank among his principal agents in developing character, and winding up his plots. Nor is there anything remarkable that a man should select for those purposes, scenes in which he is perfectly at home, and which, indeed, comprise his own particular sphere of action; the only strange part of the business is, that he should have been doing so unconsciously all the while, and have never observed the habitude till it was pointed out to him by another. He defends it upon what must be admitted to be full and sufficient grounds:—

“Nothing,” he says, “can be more just or true than the axiom, that no man knows himself. I was not conscious of this peculiarity until it was pointed out to me by a stranger. The moment it was noticed, I looked back at as many of my ‘narratives’ as I could lay hold of at the time, and sure enough every important event occurs at ‘dinner’ or ‘supper.’ I have before noticed this just conclusion, and I have defended it, as I must again, upon the plain and undeniable fact, that it is *at* and *after* dinner or supper (more especially when the supper comes late, after a ball), that all the pleasurable business of society is transacted, and that the bashful Englishman, and the timid Englishwoman are never so much at their ease, as when they are sitting round a table; and, moreover, that the table in question, whether one eats and drinks or not, is, and must be, the *point de réunion* of every circle every day in the week, whether in London or in a country-house.”

A few years before his death, Mr. Hook contemplated

a work of a more important nature than any he has given to the public—no less than a History of Hanover; and in which, to judge from the promise of speedy publication, put forth in the “Prospectus,” he must have made considerable progress; but whether he would ever have found time, or even patience, for the research and labour necessarily involved in such an undertaking, is doubtful. It is as well, perhaps, for his literary fame that the design was left incomplete, or, as we suspect, altogether abandoned.

Of far richer promise was the “Life” of his old associate, Charles Mathews, the first chapter of which—all he ever wrote—is before us, and for which he was to have received five hundred pounds. A difference of opinion arising between the family and himself, respecting the proposed length of the “Memoirs,” he recommending two, they contending for three volumes, he resigned the task into hands, certainly proved by the result, fully competent for its performance. That for once, his more experienced judgment was in error, and his foresight less keen than that of persons more interested, appears from the success that has attended the work in a form still more extended.* That Theodore Hook would have produced a masterly and brilliant book—one which would have added, in no little degree, to his own reputation, and surpassed, perhaps, any thing of the kind in existence—his introductory pages go far to testify. But it must be admitted, that as an amusing record of theatrical men and manners, and a minute exposition of the genius and eccentricities of her husband, Mrs. Mathews has left little to be desiderated.

* It is published in four large octavo volumes.

CHAPTER XIII.

Mr. Hook removes to Cleveland Row.—His losses and embarrassments.—His return to Fashionable Life.—Hook at Drayton Manor.—Anecdotes.—Mr. Barham's Recollections of Hook.—His Retreat at Fulham.—Letter.

THE great success of Mr. Hook's first novels, and the large sums they brought him in, proved indirectly, as is too often the case with literary men, the cause of much of his subsequent embarrassment; his better judgment was completely dazzled by the prospect that appeared to open; he seemed to think that by virtue of his pen, an almost unlimited income was placed at his command, and he launched out accordingly into expenses, and adopted a style of hospitality that induced the most disastrous consequences. His first step was to give up, in 1827, his moderate establishment at Putney, and hire a large and fashionable mansion in Cleveland Row, belonging to his friend, Lord Lowther, but in the hands, at that time, of the late Captain Marryat. For this he paid 200*l.* a year, and immediately laid out between two and three thousand pounds in furniture and decorations—accepting bills for the amount, and trusting to the returns from the "John Bull" and other publications for the wherewith to meet them. This was his great error, and one which no amount of exertion sufficed to repair. Ready money became scarce, supplies were to be raised at any cost, his account with the paper was overdrawn, and the patience of his co-proprietors exhausted; fresh engagements were, in consequence, entered into, and advances obtained from the publishers.

And here we may take the opportunity of observing that in his transactions with these gentlemen, that is to say, with Messrs. Bentley and Colburn, with whom he was principally concerned, he appears to have been treated with marked consideration and liberality; such most surely is apparent from the uniform tenor of his own declarations, throughout a correspondence extending over many years, and referring to a complicity of literary engagements—made, modified, fulfilled, and cancelled, in

ready, it might be almost said indulgent, acquiescence with his wishes. It would not have been necessary to advert to the circumstance at all, but from the fact that some unguarded expressions let fall in certain published sketches of his life, would lead to the supposition that advantage was taken, by the parties in question, of Mr. Hook's embarrassments. As it is, let him speak himself. We quote from two letters, bearing date respectively, 1830—and 1839—being about the first and the last of the series before us:—

“Assure yourself that I do this with great pain, because, as I have always said, and say still, *I have been so liberally treated by your house, that it seems almost presuming upon kindnesses,*” &c. Again: “I assure you I would not press the matter in a quarter where, *I am proud and happy to say—as I do to everybody—I have met with the greatest liberality;* but it is of vital consequence to me, and would put me at my ease to do my business with a cheerful mind and a light heart.”

This testimony, capable of manifold corroboration, from the same source, will probably be deemed sufficient. Both the letters obviously refer to the involved state of his finances, and in a third, application for an advance of money is made, under feelings of excitement still more intense, and the result of a refusal hinted at in terms the most gloomy and significant.

The proceeds of his intellectual resources being thus mortgaged and forestalled, and his energies, in consequence, withdrawn from the “Bull,” in favour of more pressing claimants, the sale of the paper, together with his clear profit of two thousand a year, began rapidly to sink. Straited and reduced, he remained, nevertheless, for a time unwilling to retrench; there was but one alternative, and he became speedily entangled in the meshes of usurers and bill-discounters, and all the obscene tribe of vampires that feed on the extravagant and necessitous. It is not, however, without a feeling of satisfaction, that we are enabled to trace much of the pecuniary distress in which he became so early and apparently so inexplicably involved, to the imprudence or ill fortune of others. In 1831, we find him soliciting advances from his publishers, on the ground of a “loss of

upwards of 1,500*l.*, sustained during the year, by the bankruptcy of two or three friends." His connection with one firm, in particular, plunged him into sudden and considerable difficulty; he had undertaken the editorship of some literary speculation, and had received large sums—in paper—on account, most of which had been paid into the hands of his upholsterers, when the failure of the house, just as these bills were becoming due, entailed upon him, quite unexpectedly, the necessity of finding the money to meet them.

A temporary relief was obtained by the sale of a moiety of his share in the "John Bull," for which he received four thousand pounds, but at the sacrifice, of course, of a considerable portion of his annual income, and with the almost certain prospect of increasing embarrassment.

Meanwhile a very considerable change had been brought about in his external position; he had completely emerged from the obscurity into which prudence, if not necessity, had driven him on his return from the Mauritius; again the great and gay smiled upon him, and though no longer the slim, handsome, curly-headed youth that captivated and delighted as much by his prepossessing appearance as by his precocious talents, he was sought after by lords and ladies who had a dinner to give, or a Christmas party to arrange, with a greater pertinacity than ever. In a word, Theodore Hook may be said to have won the singular distinction of being raised twice from that middle class, which without offence may be termed the "ranks" of society; a reiteration of promotion as rare in the fashionable as in the military world. His misfortunes had thrown, it may be, something of interest around him, and his high reputation as an author attracted favourable attention; with some political partisans his connection, now tacitly admitted, with the above-mentioned journal would have no little weight; but his rapid rise, once from obscurity, once from a point even less favourable, must in the first and highest degree be attributed to his unrivalled powers of entertainment, and to the fascination that hung upon his lips, unlogged by any drawback on the score of temper or deportment. As was said of Sheridan, he had no ancestry, no wealth,

no patron to recommend him; others stood or rose upon the basis of something which was external as well as tangible and recognised, Theodore Hook stood upon the strength and fame of his own talents alone.

Mr. Hook now became a constant guest at the tables of the nobility, Whig as well as Conservative, and not unfrequently an inmate of their country seats.* At Hatfield House, for example, where he provided "Private and Confidential Dramas" for the admirers of amateur theatricals, at the late Lord Canterbury's, Sir Robert Peel's, &c., he was occasionally received; and, what perhaps may strike the reader as a little strange, Sir Francis Burdett is to be included among those who flattered him with their notice.

It was at the first named of these houses that he is said to have attracted the attention of Lady Salisbury, by a succession of bows made without any apparent object during the whole course of dinner. The lady ventured, at last, to ask an explanation of behaviour so eccentric.

"The fact is," replied Hook, "I have been accustomed all my life to those social recognitions at table which are now interdicted by fashion; and, as I can't quite get out of the habit, I usually 'take wine' with the epergne and bow to the flowers."

The late Sir Robert Peel was strongly impressed with his conversational powers and the genuine readiness of his wit; in illustration of this, he used to relate, among others, the following anecdote. One morning, at Drayton Manor, where Hook was staying as a guest, some one after breakfast happened to read out from the newspaper a paragraph, in which a well known coroner was charged with having had a corpse unnecessarily disinterred. The ladies were very severe in condemnation of such unfeeling conduct; a gallant captain, however, who was present, took up the cudgels in behalf of the accused, maintaining that he was a very kind-hearted man, and incapable of doing anything without strong reasons, calcu-

* The constant attention demanded by "Bull" prevented these visits being prolonged. On *one* occasion, when staying for about a month at Lord Canterbury's, he was compelled to hold regular conferences with Mr. Edward Shackell, one of those employed on the paper, who attended him weekly at an inn in the neighbourhood for that purpose.

lated to annoy the friends of the deceased. The contest waxed warm: "Come," said Captain —— at length, turning to Hook, who was poring over the "Times" in a corner of the room, and who had taken no part in the discussion, "you know W ——, what do you think of him? Is he not a good-tempered, good-natured fellow?"

"Indeed he is," replied Hook, laying aside his paper, "I should say he was just the very man to *give a body a lift*."

On the same authority, we may repeat a pun made at the expense of the Duke of Rutland. There was a grand entertainment at Belvoir Castle, on the occasion of the coming of age of the Marquis of Granby; the company were going out to see the fireworks, when Hook came, in great tribulation, to the Duke, who was standing near Sir Robert, and said, "Now isn't this provoking! I've lost my hat—what can I do?" "Why the deuce" returned his grace, "did you part with your hat—I never do!" "Yes!" rejoined Theodore, "but you have, especially good reasons for sticking to your *Beaver*."

At Ham, the residence of the Countess of Dysart, he was presented to the present King of Hanover, who subsequently received him at Kew, and proved always a warm and sincere friend.

Hook used to give an amusing account of one of his interviews with his Royal Highness, imitating his tone and manner with most grotesque fidelity. The Duke had just arrived from town, and on approaching the window was struck with horror and indignation at the appearance, in most offensive proximity to the palace, of what seemed the chimney of some new factory erected on the opposite side of the river, during his absence. Volumes of thick black smoke were drifting across the lawn, poisoning the air, and making the afternoon "hideous." After anathematizing most royally the Brentfordians, and consigning them to a locality more disagreeable, if possible, than the one they at present occupy, he sent Colonel —— to make a nearer examination of the nuisance. The Duke's relief may be imagined, when it was ascertained that the supposed gas or glass-house abomination, was nothing but the funnel of an unfortunate steamer, chartered by "brother Brown,"

and conveying a cargo of pious (eel-pie-house, Hook called them) holiday folks, which had run aground on the shallows opposite the gardens, in its return from Twickenham.

About this time, also, Mr. Hook became a member of many of the clubs which were then beginning to spring up, like mushrooms, in the western hemisphere of London—those dangerous resorts of the idle and discontented, who, relieved from the restraints imposed by female society, for there—

“more sinistro

Exagitata procul non intrat fœmina limen—”

are thus encouraged to indulge in all sorts of post-prandial extravagances. He was admitted at the “Athenæum,” “Croekford’s,” “the Carlton,” and was, some years afterwards, one of the original members and promoters of the “Garriek.”

Agreeable as the mixing in this society must have been to one doomed so long to a most uncougenial seclusion, —flattering as his warm reception must have proved to his vanity, and especially soothing to those feelings of wounded self-respect under which he was labouring, they were luxuries not to be obtained but at an expenditure of time—to him money, his sole inheritance—which tended proportionably to increase his difficulties. Nor did the evil stop here; loss of time and prostration of mental powers were not the only, nor the worst results of his new associations. Temptations to indulge in high play were constantly occurring, and were but too feebly resisted. And yet, few men ever entered into this perilous field with surer certainty of loss than Theodore Hook; he seemed to possess not one of the elements of success;—in place of the cool head, undivided attention, and temperate regimen of the professional gamester, a thousand brilliant conceits were thronging his brain and engaging his thoughts, and diverting his eye from the game before him—even in respect of his potations he was placed at disadvantage; leaving feebler stimulants to lighter hearts and stronger stomachs, he was compelled, especially during the latter portion of his life, to feed the glowing flame with ardent spirits. It neces-

sarily followed that he constantly rose a severe loser from the table, where his gaiety, heedlessness, and limited resources had been waging unequal war with perfect impassibility of temperament, profound knowledge of the chances, and an inexhaustible exchequer.

No man knew human nature better than he—no man perhaps knew himself better: in the case of another, he would have been the keenest to detect, and the ablest to expose the inevitable consequences of such a course; he would have perceived, moreover, how agreeable to the “bank” would be the attendance of a man of such wit and celebrity as himself, how valuable as a decoy if not as a victim; and he would have readily appreciated at a just estimate, “*the very handsome conduct and extreme liberality*” of Mr. C—d, who allowed him three years to pay off the balance that appeared against him.

That Hook, too, suffered considerably from the habitual, perhaps unconscious, rapacity of certain titled companions, seems pretty certain; that either he or his derived any solid advantage from the connection is far more problematical. And yet a man might be named—a nobleman of boundless wealth, who had ever professed the greatest esteem and regard for him, who, by a stroke of his pen, a drop from his ocean, never to be missed or remembered, might have obliterated a world of cares from one who was positively wasting the very means of subsistence in ministering to his amusement—a man who boasted to Hook himself, that, at the close of a particular year, all bills, &c. being paid, there remained, over and above his expenditure, a surplus in his hands of 95,000*l.* that he did not know what to do with; but who, as the latter observed, would probably not have consented to expend five of them in saving his *friend* from the horrors of a jail.

An incident may be here mentioned, hardly indeed worthy of notice, except that an incorrect and injurious version was at one time in circulation. Mr. Hook had been staying a few days at a country mansion, and on his departure, he was pressed to share the travelling-carriage of a youthful scion of the noble family he was about to leave. The pair, it seems, had managed, on the preceding evening, to secrete dice, and, by way of boxes, had bor-

rowed a couple of chimney ornaments from one of the bedrooms; thus furnished, they proceeded to beguile the tediousness of the journey by a regular bout at hazard, which was prolonged till their arrival in town. The story got wind, with the charitable addition, that Hook had succeeded in winning a very considerable sum of his inexperienced *compagnon de voyage*; the facts, however, being, that the aforesaid young gentleman was by no means the novice that was represented; that the money lost consisted of but a few pounds; and that Hook, as usual, was the loser!

He gives, in "Gilbert Gurney," with too close a fidelity to be mistaken, a description of his own first introduction to the gaming-table; well had it been if, as with his hero, his first visit had also proved his last:—

"I must confess that, after ten minutes' sojourn in the midst of the motley group, all those alarms and prejudices which my grave friend the justice, and my exemplary mother, had so prudently instilled into my mind, as to the horrors of gaming-houses, which, in the earnestness of their zeal for my safety, they constantly designated by a word wholly "unfitted for ears polite," had utterly and entirely subsided. I saw nothing but good humour and good fellowship. Some won their tens and twenties, and fifties, with perfect good nature; and others lost them with equal complacency. Daly made me sit down beside him—the box came—he called a main. I did not even know the term—'Seven 's the main,' said Daly; he threw again, and out came eleven, upon which the gentleman in the chair, with a rake in his hand, cried out 'Eleven 's a nick,' and immediately I saw my five pound note converted into a ten, by a process which appeared to me not only extremely simple but remarkably pleasant. Daly threw again, again called seven and threw nine; a loud cry of 'Five to four' rang through the room.

" 'Fifty to forty,' cried one.

" 'Done,' bawled another.

" 'Do it in fives, Colonel,' screamed a little man very like a frog in the face upon whose back an Irish gentleman was sitting or leaning, pushed forward by half-a-dozen eager spectators behind *him*.

'I heard nothing but 'Five to four' for a minute or

two, varied with a counter cry of 'Nine to seven;' then a pause, broken only by the rattle of the dice, and then a call of—'Nine—the easter wins;' whereupon, notes and guineas changed hands all round the outside run of the table, and Daly swept up ten pounds as a stake, and five for his single bet."

It was during his brief residence in Cleveland Row that Mr. Hook fell in with an old college acquaintance, Mr. Barham, in whom he found to the last a very sincere friend, and, in literary matters, an honest and perhaps not altogether injudicious adviser. Mr. Barham had taken orders, and, in the discharge of his duty as one of the priests of the Chapel Royal, was a regular attendant at St. James's. Hook's house stood invitingly opposite, and they accordingly saw more of each other than from the different circles in which they were then moving, would otherwise have been the case. Of the progress of the intimacy which ensued, and which continued uninterruptedly and with increasing cordiality until the death of the latter, there exist frequent and detailed notices in Mr. Barham's papers, who himself survived but three years. Many extracts from these "Diaries," &c. have already been laid before the public, and in the preceding pages we have largely availed ourselves of the information they contain relative to the subject of the present memoir. The following entries appear in his note-book for 1829, and may not be unacceptable to the reader:—

"Jan.—Called on Hook, in Cleveland Row, and found him at luncheon; I had scarcely taken a seat when he (Hook), seeing a gentleman cross the road and hearing his rap immediately afterwards, said, 'Here comes E——, my *Gervase Skinner*,' and he prepared us for his visit by stating precisely what he would do when he entered, begging us to put down the lids of the silver beakers, in order that his visitor might, as he truly prophesied would be the case, open and peep into them both as soon as he got fairly into the room. Haynes Bayley was there that day; I found him when I entered busy discussing a devilled kidney. Hook introduced me, as it was the first time I had ever met him, by saying:—

" 'Barham—Mr. Bayley—there are several of the name; this is not 'Old Bailey,' with whom you may some day

become intimate, but the gentleman whom we call 'Butterfly Bayley' (in allusion to his song, 'I'd be a butterfly,' then in the height of its popularity).

"My answer was, 'A misnomer, Hook! Mr. Bayley is not yet of the *grub!*' The latter, who was a very gentlemanly good-natured man, a thought dandified, forgave the impertinence, and, though we did not often meet afterwards, whenever we foregathered, we were very good friends.

"May 5.—Dined at Hook's; Lord ———, Mathews, Yates, Canning, Allan Cunningham, Professor Millington, Horace Twiss, &c. present; Sir A. Barnard being engaged with the King, and C. Kemble ill. * * * * Hook had hung black crape over Peel's picture, which was on one side of the room: and Twiss being Under Secretary of State, thought it incumbent on him to remove it. The piece of 'mourning' proved more strongly fastened than he had anticipated, which induced Lord ——— to say, on seeing him bungling at it, 'Ah, it's of no use, you will never be able to get him out of his *scrape.*'"

In 1831, Mr. Hook found it necessary to abandon his house in town, and to make other considerable reductions in his establishment. London, indeed, was not the place for one so fond of the pleasures of society, and who was surrounded with such perpetual and pressing temptations to indulge in them; where too, independent of the actual expenses entailed by his mode of living—and he was a profuse host as well as a constant "diner out"—his resources were crippled and contracted by the undue drain upon his time. He retired, accordingly, to a neighbourhood to which he was always attached, and which the vicinity of one or two of his oldest friends rendered doubly attractive, Fulham. Here he engaged a comfortable but unpretending villa on the banks of the river, situated between the bridge and the pleasure-grounds of the Bishop of London. He was now enabled, in a great measure, to shake off the crowd of fashionable and idle intruders that had hitherto beset him, and to spend his mornings, at all events, without fear of interruption, in his library.

The latter was the *beau ideal* of a literary workshop—of moderate dimensions, but light and cheerful—hung

round with choice specimens of water-colour drawing, and opening upon a small garden, jealously walled in at the sides, and sufficiently elevated in front above high-water mark to baffle the gaze of inquisitive cockneys; but commanding one of the most beautiful and diversified views in the vicinity of the metropolis, and supplied, on the last occasion on which we visited it, with a couple of pets in the shape of two enormous sea-gulls, who were waddling about the green turf, fat and sulky, like Napoleon at St. Helena; and over whom a magnificent canine Sir Hudson Lowe, stretched at a little distance, was, to all appearance, keeping watch and ward.

His new residence afforded occasion for the delivery of one of the best of his best *bon mots*. A friend, viewing Putney bridge from the little terrace that overhung the Thames, observed that he had been informed that it was a very good investment, and, turning to his host, inquired "if such were the case—if the bridge really answered?"

"I don't know," said Theodore, "but you have only to cross it, and you are sure to be *tolled*."

It must have been about this period that Mr. Hook rarely appended to his correspondence any date, save the day of the week, that the following letter addressed to an intimate friend resident in the neighbourhood, and shewing, as the letter well observes, the *boy-ancy* of the *man*," was written; the accompanying sketch, in which those who knew him cannot fail to trace through the caricature, something of the true lineaments of the artist, will serve at least to prove the versatile ability with which he wielded his pen: . .

"MY DEAR ———,

Sunday.

"I have been desired to forward the enclosed to you; having also been apprized of its contents, I beg to add, for my *own part* that if your highness be pleased to accept this invitation, I (who can only travel in a close carriage) shall have great pleasure not only in calling for you in ——— place, (or any other place *in* London you may appoint which perhaps may suit you better), and taking you to Ivy Cottage,* and in bringing you back and setting

* The residence of the late Mr. Mathews; *Momus*, the *sobriquet* by which he was occasionally addressed.

you down on your return in the evening. Momus's is a pleasant and *easy* house, and the earlier you *can* go the better pleased he will be; the later you *will* stay, the more agreeable to his hospitality: depend upon it he is a worthy man, and acts in private life better than he does upon the mimic stage. I am still extremely bad i' the knee. I should think I must look in this wise: [*vide portrait*].

- A. My bad knee.
- B. My beard.
- C. My crural tendon—
- „ or muscle—
- „ or artery—
- „ or something,—as big as your fist.
- D. My well leg.
- E. The place where my hair was when I was young.

“The progress of my recovery is slow; so is my own when I attempt to move; perhaps another week may make some change for the better. Will you say everything that is kind to the lady, and believe me, &c.

“Theodore of Put-*knee*
(out of joint).”

In these pen-and-ink sketches, especially where he himself formed the subject, Mr. Hook was eminently successful. His diary we are told, abounds in them. One, comprising a couple of back views of himself at the ages of twenty and of forty, has been engraved, and was given in the “Life of Mathews,” to whom it was addressed in a familiar letter. Such, indeed, was the facility with which he hit off likenesses of his friends, that he was at one time suspected, according to the writer in the “Quarterly,” of being HB.



CHAPTER XIV.

Mr. Hook's mode of Life.—Its exhausting nature.—Excursions on the Thames.—Anecdotes.—Epigram.—A Richmond Party.—The Nobleman's Butler.—Disputes with the Proprietors of "John Bull."—Correspondence with Mr. Shackell.—Mr. H—— and the Boar's Head.—Letters.—Remarkable Dream.—The Hamburg Lottery.

NOTWITHSTANDING the facilities afforded Mr. Hook by his change of residence to withdraw from those scenes of destructive excitement, which well nigh every dinner-party proved to be, and to relieve his mind, wearied and spent under severe and protracted labour at the desk, by proportionate repose, he appears to have wanted sufficient resolution to avail himself of them; or possibly he might have been persuaded into some dim expectation of advantage to be derived from what he considered "strengthening his position."

It was, indeed, no longer in his power to receive his fashionable associates at home; his diminished income and the inefficiency of his *cuisine* forbade that; his hospitality was necessarily confined to a few early and valued friends of his own station in life. But as a guest, he mingled more unreservedly than ever in the gaieties of high life; his acquaintance increased daily, till it came to include at last, as we are informed by one who possessed every means of ascertaining the fact, "numerous representatives of every rank of the peerage—with few exceptions, all the leading politicians on the Tory side—not a few of their conspicuous opponents in both Houses—a large proportion of what most attracted notice at the time in the departments of art, literature, and science; and lastly, whatever flaunted and glittered in the giddiest whirl of the *beau monde*."*

We may venture to supply, by way of specimen, a sketch, by no means overcharged, of one of those restless, life-exhausting days, in which the seemingly iron energies of Theodore Hook were prematurely consumed. A lato-

* "Quarterly Review."

breakfast—his spirits jaded by the exertions of yesterday, and further depressed by the impending weight of some pecuniary difficulty—large arrears of literary toil to be made up—the meal sent away untasted—every power of his mind forced and strained, for the next four or five hours, upon the subject that happens to be in hand—then, a rapid drive to town and a visit, first to one club, where, the centre of an admiring circle, his intellectual faculties are again upon the stretch, and again aroused and sustained by artificial means: the same thing repeated at a second—the same drain and the same supply—ballot or “general meeting” at a third, the chair taken by Mr. Hook, who, as a friend observes, addresses the members, produces the accounts, audits and passes them—gives a succinct statement of the prospects and finances of the society—parries an awkward question—extinguishes a grumbler—confounds an opponent—proposes “a vote of thanks,” seconds, carries it, and “returns thanks” with a vivacious rapidity that entirely confounds the unorganized schemes of the minority—then, a chop in the committee-room, and “just one tumbler of brandy-and-water,” or *two*, and we fear the catalogue would not always close there.

Off next to take his place at some lordly banquet, where the fire of wit is to be stirred again into dazzling blaze, and fed by fresh supplies of potent stimulants. Lady A—— has never heard one of his delightful *extempores*—the pianoforte is at hand—(we have seen it established, with *malice prepense*, in the dining-room, when he has been expected),—fresh and more vigorous efforts of fancy, memory, and application are called for—all the wondrous machinery of the brain taxed and strained to the very utmost—smiles and applause reward the exertion; and, perhaps, one more *chanson*, if he has shewn himself thoroughly i' the vein, is craved as a special favor: or possibly, if the call has been made too early or too late, some dull-witted gentleman hints that he is a little disappointed in Mr. Hook, and the host admits that he has not been so happy as he has known him. He retires, at last, but not to rest—not to home. Half an hour at Croekford's is proposed by some gay companion, as they quit together—we need not continue the picture;

the half hour is quadrupled, and the excitement of the preceding evening is as nothing to that which now ensues—whether he rises from the table winner or loser, by the time he has reached Fulham the reaction is complete, and in a state of utter prostration, bodily and mental, he seeks his pillow—to run, perhaps, precisely a similar course on the morrow.*

And it was amid all this stunning, distracting roar of dissipation that, harassed by pecuniary demands, perplexed by legal intricacies, and almost maddened by the thought, to quote his own words, that “he had uselessly wasted not only money to a great extent in useless things, but had also wasted the time that would have reimbursed him”—that he had to sit down, with distracted thoughts and a fevered head, to frame the clear, collected, leading articles for his weekly journal; carry the hero of his forthcoming novel through half a dozen chapters of complex absurdity—racking his imagination for mirth, with anguish at his heart—or to pore over bulky parcels of dull MSS., submitted to his judgment as Editor of the “New Monthly.” Little, indeed, did those who only knew Theodore Hook superficially, as the acute politician, the “lion” of the *salon*, or the laughter-stirring novelist, dream of the woe that was working beneath the surface! “Why,” said he, “should I suffer my own private worries to annoy my friends!”

Occasional relaxation he obtained, or he must have sunk, long before he did, from sheer exhaustion. In one of his later works, laying aside for a moment the mask of

* “Theodore Hook,” writes a friend, “had a receipt of his own to prevent invalids from being exposed to the night air. I remember his once taking me home from a party in his cab, between four and five o'clock on a brilliant morning in July. I made some remark soon after we had passed Hyde Park Corner, about the reviving quality of the air after the heated rooms we had been in. ‘Ah,’ said Hook, ‘you may depend on it, my dear fellow, that there is nothing more injurious to health than the night air. I was very ill some months ago, and my doctor gave me particular orders not to expose myself to it.’ ‘I hope,’ said I, ‘you attended to them?’ ‘O yes!’ said he, ‘strictly; I came up every day to Crockford’s or some other place to dinner, and I made it a rule on no account to go home again till about this hour in the morning.’”

fiction (a rare instance) he affords a passing glimpse of the sad and care-worn features it has concealed:—

“‘I have,’ says he, ‘a tolerably large, and an extremely agreeable circle of acquaintances—many people who know the world less than I do would call them friends—but still the memory of past days, and the recollection of what I *might* have been, compared with what *I am*, makes me seek at certain times the charm and comfort of solitude. I do not mean in the gloomy sense of the word, I mean the charm and comfort of being alone, free, and my own master,—uncontrolled, unchecked, and independent. This feeling—this desire to leave all gaiety—all the society in which one ordinarily moves—to cast off the world and its cares, or, as they are sometimes called, pleasures, has led me to make my annual tour, just during the period in which partridge shooting ceases to be a novelty, and pheasant-shooting has not begun.*

One favorite employment of a day, snatched from “the world, its cares, and its pleasures,” was a sauntering excursion up the Thames, ostensibly, perhaps, for the purpose of fishing;—accompanied by a single friend, he would in this manner gain a brief taste of real and refreshing enjoyment. Entertaining he could not fail to be, but his fancy and imagination were thus only kept in gentle exercise, and not stimulated to pernicious exertion: in his diet, too, on these occasions, he was commonly moderate and even abstemious. Ditton was not unfrequently his resort, and his grateful muse has recorded its attractions:—

“Give *me* a punt, a rod and line,
A snug arm-chair to sit on,
Some well iced punch and weather fine,
And let me fish at Ditton!”

Mr. Barham’s note-book gives an unusually full account of one of those happy holidays; for the satisfaction of professors and amateurs of “The noble and delightful art of angling,” we may premise that the weather was favorable and the sport excellent:—Hook, however, though his spirits were as high as ever, was far

* “Precepts and Practice,” vol. iii.

from being good in health; indications of that internal disorganization which eventually proved fatal had begun to shew themselves; he complained much of cough, which, he said, they told him proceeded from the deranged state of his liver; and he drank only a tumbler of sherry-and-water at dinner, which was limited to a dish of fish and a duck.

The entry which bears date August, 1839, goes on to state—after recording some conversation relative to his private affairs—“ He mentioned that Jack Johnstone, commonly known as ‘Irish Johnstone,’ the original *Dennis Bulgruddery*, had once played off a mischievous prank upon poor old Murray, in *Richard the Third*. Murray, who usually enacted *Henry the Sixth*, had, in that character, been killed by *Richard*, in the first act; and being anxious to leave the theatre as early as possible, had doffed the royal hose, and replaced them with his ordinary nankeen pantaloons; but the exigencies of the piece requiring him to be raised partially through a trap, to speak a few lines, as his own ghost, in the ‘Tent scene,’ he had retained the doublet of black velvet and bugles, not intending to be raised higher than what might be sufficient to exhibit his head and shoulders above the stage. Johnstone, however, watched his opportunity, and going below, in the very middle of the royal spectre’s speech, gave the winch that worked the trap door, two or three sharp turns, thus screwing up the substantial shadow considerably above the waistband, and displaying the strange incongruity of his costume, to the admiration of the House! The effect was irresistible, and was hailed with roars of laughter.

“ Close to the ‘Swan,’ the house at which we had dined, is B— farm, the seat of Sir —, whose father is said to have been a hair-dresser. The house is splendidly fitted up, and in the hall is a very beautiful vase of exquisite workmanship; Hook said, that when he and C— went to dine there one day, their host happened to meet them at the door, and, on their stopping for a moment as they passed, to admire this fine specimen of art, told them it was a fac-simile of the celebrated ‘Warwick vase.’

“ ‘Ay, so I see,’ returned C—, ‘and very handsome

it is: but don't you think a copy of the *Barberini* would be more appropriate?'

"Sir — had too much sense to show annoyance at the joke, which was certainly rather more out of place than the ornament.

"The conversation turning on the Chartists, and on the visit they had paid St. Paul's on the preceding Sunday for the purpose of making a grand demonstration of 'moral force,' he (Hook) observed, relative to a remark of mine, that the Marquis of Westminster had been present—that the latter had recently received an invitation from a particular friend, couched in the following terms:—

" 'DEAR WESTMINSTER,—

" 'Come and dine with me to-morrow-week. You will meet *London, Chelsea, and the Two Parks.*—Yours, &c.'

"In the course of our fishing, we had been punted down the river opposite to Lord ——'s house, and while seated in front of it, he remarked that he used to be on very friendly terms with the noble owner; but that a coolness had lately sprung up between them, in consequence of his lordship's having taken umbrage at the epitaph (pointed with a clever but objectionable pun) he had composed for his late brother, so unhappily notorious for the charges brought against him of false play at Whist. On seeing the present Peer out on the river fishing, Hook had received from him, instead of his usual courteous greeting, a very stiff ceremonious bow, but determined not to notice it, he only replied:—

" 'What, my lord, following the family occupation, eh!—*punting*, I see—*punting!*'"

An impromptu of Hook's on the same subject, ran the round of the club-houses. It will be remembered that the nobleman alluded to brought an action for defamation against certain of his accusers, which however, he thought proper to abandon at the last moment.

EPIGRAM.

"Cease your humming,
The case is 'on';
Defendant's *Cumming*
Plaintiff's—gone!"

Another instance of the readiness of his wit, is set down, a few days later, in Mr. Barham's diary. "The Duke of B——, who was to have been one of the knights at the Eglinton Tournament, was lamenting that he was obliged to excuse himself, on the ground of an attack of the gout—

"'How,' said he, 'could I ever get my poor puffed legs into those abominable iron boots?'

"'It will be quite as appropriate,' replied Hook, 'if your Grace goes in your *list* shoes.'"*

Although now become a staid, middle-aged gentleman, his boyish love of mystification still survived, and was occasionally displayed in the course of these rural rambles; the humourists and quaint characters which are perpetually encountered in coaches, second-class carriages on railways, and "commercial inns,"—but who are not to be played upon by every pert witling and retail joker, who may think fit to be feebly facetious at his neighbour's expense, in Theodore Hook's hands yielded ample sport, without being pained by, or even made conscious of, the operation. The steam-boat at that time afforded ample field for this kind of experimental study of men and manners, and a voyage to the Twickenham Eyot and back, which, wind and tide permitting, was to be effected in a single day, and which the merest dullard could scarcely have pronounced all barren, proved to Hook and his companions most prolific of amusement, and not altogether unproductive of profit.

One of these parties, consisting of Cannon, Hook himself, the gallant Baronet with the "collar mark," before alluded to, and one or two others, were enjoying the warm day, the cold punch, and the other delights of a Richmond excursion, when an elderly gentleman, very neatly attired, and having the air of a citizen well to do

* The reader, we fear, may be sated with this constantly recurring play upon words, but the following is too good to be omitted. When Messrs. Abbott and Egerton, in 1836, took the old Coburg Theatre (the Victoria), for the purpose of bringing forward the legitimate drama, the former gentleman asked Hook if he could suggest a new name, the old being too much identified with blue fire and broad swords to suit the proposed change of performance. "Why," said Theodore, "as, of course, you will butcher everything you attempt, suppose you call it the *Abattoir!*"

in the world, attracted by the fun that was going on, drew up his camp-stool, and with a—"No offence, I hope, gentlemen," joined in the conversation.

"Gentle dulness ever loves a joke," and the new-comer was mightily pleased with such of Hook's as he could manage to comprehend—when, for instance, Theodore informed him that they were nearing the Isle of Wight, as he saw *cows* in the distance, the old gentleman's delight exceeded all sober bounds; but it was amusing to watch the extreme gravity with which he received an anecdote told of Sir George W—.

"Sir George," said Hook, "was once obliged to put off a dinner, in consequence of the sudden death of a relative, and sat down to a haunch of venison by himself;—while eating, he remarked to his butler that it would make an admirable hash next day—"Yes, Sir George," said the man, "if you leave off *now*."

For some time the merriment of this little party ran on without a check—when suddenly the old gentleman was observed to halt in his laughter; he became all at once silent and reserved, and seemed to be regarding Sir —— with evident symptoms of uneasiness and perplexity. On the latter quitting his seat, which he shortly did, Hook instantly commenced:

"I observed, my dear sir, that you were looking a little suspiciously at our friend's coat!" (Sir —— happened to be wearing the household buttons.) "I trust you have no objection to his society?"

"Oh dear me, no!—by no means—the fact is, I began to fear that I might have made a mistake and have intruded myself—"

"Intruded!" repeated the other, "my dear sir, you can't be serious; our friend is certainly a very respectable man—a very superior man for his station in life—he is, as you may have guessed, from his master's button, a butler in a nobleman's family—and though not perhaps company—"

"Don't say another word," cried the old gentleman, much relieved by the explanation, "pray don't; there is no pride about me, sir,"—an assertion which he strenuously endeavoured to enforce throughout the remainder of the voyage, by paying the most condescending atten-

tion to the baronet, who became every moment more embarrassed by the patronage he had unwittingly attracted.

It has been already remarked, that the various literary engagements into which Mr. Hook's difficulties led him to enter, precluded his devoting to the "John Bull" his entire time and talents, and, as it appears, even that share of them which the proprietors considered they had a right to expect. Gentle hints proving of no avail, a formal remonstrance was determined on, and Mr. Shackell was selected to prepare and forward it.

This gentleman had been one of Hook's most sincere and most serviceable friends; necessarily trusted with the important secret of the latter's connection with the paper, he had shown himself, in every respect, worthy of the confidence reposed in him. He had submitted patiently to the many and harassing cares resulting from his own more exposed position; not the least of which was the being compelled invariably to procure the money, amounting altogether to a sum exceeding four thousand pounds, which was swallowed up in fines and prosecutions; and had, in addition, constantly afforded his partner pecuniary assistance, in times of pressing need, to an extent which, if we may judge from the tenour of the letters, &c., before us, was not always either convenient or prudent.

An appeal from one whose kindness and endurance had been so often tested, certainly merited serious attention; Hook, however, with that impatience of anything approaching to dictation, that characterized him, and with something, perhaps, of the wrong-headedness of a man who feels he is to blame, hastily assumed an angry and offensive attitude, declining a direct reply, and demanding, instead, to know, "who were the proprietors who *goaded* you into writing your letter to me?"

Some intemperate letters followed, and a disagreement ensued between these old comrades, which threatened to become permanent—when, in the midst of the dispute, now beginning to run high, the intelligence reached Mr. Hook of an affliction that had just befallen his friend—the loss of an only daughter. In an instant, every injury, real or imaginary, was forgotten; every trace of anger banished from his breast; and he des-

patched forthwith a note to Mr. Shackell, which, short and simple as it is, yet, as affording an indication of the writer's true heartedness, and the natural tendency of his feelings to flow in the right channel, we transcribe:—

“ Fulham, Friday, Aug. —, 1836.

“ DEAR S.,

“ Whatever differences may arise between us on matters of business, they cease upon occasions like that which causes my writing to you to-day. I have heard with deep and sincere regret of your serious loss, in which, believe me, I most truly sympathize.—I am quite aware that anything like consolation it is vain to offer at a moment like the present; but I should be glad [to learn] how you and Mrs. Shackell are.—Do not trouble yourself to think of writing, but send me word by William—and, above all, assure yourself, that had I been in the slightest degree aware of the afflicting circumstances in which you must latterly have been placed, I never should have pressed you for an answer to my last letter.

Believe me, &c.,

“ THEO. E. HOOK.”

Several letters of about the same date might be quoted, bearing reference to the bickerings and disputes which existed between Mr. Hook and the other shareholders in the “ Bull,” but all of which, with the exception of those already alluded to, abounding with honourable evidence of the real regard which he ever entertained for his old and, it must be admitted, hardly-used ally.

One is worthy of preservation, as affording, besides some remarkable expressions, glimpses of that buoyant and hopeful temper grounded, we believe, on surer foundations than those commonly suggested, which had sustained its possessor through many a stormy day, and which never seemed entirely to have deserted him. As usual, the origin of the dispute is traceable to the embarrassed state of Mr. Hook's finances. Certain plans and proposals, on the part of the latter, for the disentanglement of his affairs, had been submitted by Mr. Shackell—and not improperly, so far as we can see to

the approval of a Mr. H——, who was the legal adviser to “Bull,” and who held, moreover, a considerable stake in the concern:—

“Sunday afternoon.

“MY DEAR S.,

“Time was, when one man writing to another received that other’s answer; and that when a letter was marked ‘private,’ it was not handed about the town like a novel from a circulating library. We have been connected some twelve or thirteen years; I have by me dozens of your letters, as ably written as any man’s I ever read—How comes it, then, now you feel yourself bound to carry my private letter to a third person to have it replied to? If men, who have so long known each other, take to *corresponding by attorney*, the world is a good deal altered since I began to know it.

“In the whole course of my dealings with you, and with every human being with whom I have had dealings, I never in my life played a game—never finessed—never manœuvred. *If I had chosen to do so, perhaps God has given me the power*; but there is no transaction of my life, public or private, in which I ever sought or desired to take advantage of a living creature: what, then, could induce you take my private letter to your lawyer, and instruct him to reply to it—are you afraid of *me* or of *him*? That you are estranged from *me*, is most true—why, I know not; for, ever since I first knew you, to this moment, I have, wherever and whenever you have been mentioned, given you the entire credit for the honour, honesty, and integrity which I really and truly believe you possess. If you had answered my letter as heartily as it was written, and referred me to Mr. H——, well and good! * * * * Rouse yourself—look about you—you ought to be rich and happy—you have now got rid of all your infernal acceptances—you are established in what, everybody says, is an excellent business, and you have no bad income from ‘*B*,’ which don’t *curse*—you need not look back and recollect what it might have been—but look forward—look to brighter days—and, bright or black, up or down, believe me your friend in any way which I can be friendly—all

I ask is—*answer your own letters*—and believe me yours most sincerely and faithfully,

“T. E. H.”

The mention of Mr. H—— suggests an anecdote of a namesake of his, a well known banker, which Hook used to tell with the greatest glee, vouching for its authenticity on the authority of the noble peer, who was himself a party concerned. Mr. H——, he averred, having received a boar's head from some friend in Germany, happened to mention the circumstance to the late Marquis of Hertford, adding, “and now I have got this wonderful delicacy, I declare I don't know how it is to be dressed.”

“Oh!” said the Marquis, “send it to my cook, Champigni—he shall do the thing properly for you—it is really well worth eating.”

The banker availed himself of his lordship's offer, sent the head, which, in due course of time, was returned a handsome dish, artistically garnished, and bearing evident marks of a highly cultivated genius in its treatment.

“Well, and how did your head turn out, H——?” asked the marquis, the next time he fell in with his friend. “My fellow says he devoted himself to it with enthusiasm; it was one of the finest specimens he ever had the pleasure of manipulating.”

“I dare say he is right,” was the reply; “but if so, there was a great deal of trouble and ingenuity thrown away, for it was so confoundedly tough after all, that I, for one, could not get my teeth through it.”

“Tough, was it?—you could not have dressed it sufficiently.”

“Why, of course, I never dressed it at all—your people dressed it, and d—lish well, too—nothing could *look* better, but as to eating it—however, some of them at table contrived to get it down, and said it had the true flavour.”

“My people?” repeated his lordship, “my man *dressed* it, certainly—but then, the cooking?”

“What cooking?” said H——, “it got no cooking but what he gave it; we ate it just as it was sent.”

“What, *raw*?” said the marquis, “why, my good friend, Champigni only prepared the head for roasting—your men should have cooked it afterwards.”

“Then why the devil did not the fool say so?” exclaimed the discomforted banker.

The coolness to which Mr. Hook alludes, as existing between Mr. Shackell and himself, and which was referable to the impaired circulation of their paper, appears to have increased in intensity, and to have resulted, as is the case of snowed-up villages, in a cessation of all intercourse with each other, personal or otherwise. The *Jam satis* feeling was first manifested in the heart of Hook, and broke forth, not indeed in an ode, but in the following characteristic epistle:—

“Fulham, Sunday.

“MY DEAR S.,

“You cannot think how delighted I was to get a letter from you about *anything*; they told me that you had been dead about two years, and I had put on mourning for you—and, as I have never heard to the contrary from yourself, I, of course, believed it. I must rejoice that I am mistaken. I have been dangerously ill myself, and very near dying; but, thank God, I am better, indeed, I may say, quite well. I regret to hear from Edward, who has confirmed the report of your being alive, that you have been suffering from some local inflammation; I trust you will soon conquer it; and I beg you to believe that in *that*, as well as everything else that concerns you, I am much and warmly interested; although your *demise*, or (as it turns out you are really alive) your various occupations, so entirely prevent my ever seeing or hearing of you.

“Dead or alive, believe me, dear S.,

“Yours, faithfully,

“T. E. H.”

We shall give one more extract from this correspondence, interesting in as much as it conveys Mr. Hook's honest opinion of a rival; and because, in so doing, it goes to show how completely he was above those petty jealousies which too commonly deform the character of

literary men, and that party blindness, not less rife among politicians, which refuses, with great consistency, to recognize merit in an opponent.—Nor need the well-crowned novelist himself receive with indifference an additional leaf, tendered in all sincerity and truth, by such a hand :

“ Fulham, Wednesday morning
(Jan. 13, 1836).

“ DEAR SHACKELL,

“ You need not have written about *Rienzi*. It is no fault of yours. The fault is, that the seals of letters and parcels directed to the ‘ Editor,’ are opened at the office. If one person opens a letter or parcel, clearly having no right to do so, every body will do it, and you can have no check—a letter or parcel directed to the ‘ Editor,’ ought to be, and *must* be, sacred; it is not because the letters and parcels are not directed to me by name, that they ought to be held sacred: the office the man holds is his identification. Suppose—as is always the case—letters are addressed to ‘ The Speaker of the House of Commons,’ is that a reason why every member of the House should have the privilege of breaking them open?

“ My position with J. B. is totally different from what it was ten, or even five years since. I am known as the Editor, and am responsible as Editor: and, therefore, it becomes necessary that I should do what is right and just to the paper and those who support it. Now, with respect to ‘ *Rienzi*.’ It is written by Mr. Bulwer, with whom in politics I totally differ, whom I know personally, and whose writings I greatly admire: his publishers are Messrs. Saunders and Ottley * * * * Well, they send ‘ *Rienzi*’ some three weeks back to the ‘ Editor’ of J. B., and although half-a-dozen other novels are noticed and praised—which nobody much caring about reach me—this, which of all others I should wish to do justice to, *and doing justice to*, to *praise*, never comes to my hand. Why? because H—— is reading it, and W—— or somebody else has broken the seal which covered it to the Editor. * * * *

“ Don’t fancy I blame *you*—how should you know who breaks open this or that!—if once the principle is de-

parted from, the little boy who brings me the proofs, and is *my only colleague* in 'Bull,' may just as well open all the letters and take all the books.

"Read 'Rienzi' at your leisure, and send it me if you can, so as to get it, Friday, I never take more than one afternoon to read the best novel ever written.

"Yours truly,
"T. E. H."

"P.S.—I say, *Mum!*—this week the Hamburg Lottery draws—this *entre nous*."

From this and other specimens given, it will be inferred that in the generality of Mr. Hook's letters there was little remarkable, except the absence of that wit and humour which the known turn of his mind would have led us to expect; he seems, as one of his friends observes, "to have written his Hebrew* without points." But, independent of a careless inaccuracy not altogether incompatible with grace in familiar correspondence, his general style betrays a roughness we are certainly not prepared for in so practised a writer. Of course, there can be no doubt that Hook could write admirable letters—there are sufficient evidences of that—if he took the pains; the only marvel is, that pains should, in his case, have been requisite. Nothing, indeed, has surprised us more, in the course of our examination of the papers from which these memoirs have been compiled, than the deficiency of interest, as regards both quantity and quality, existing in those which bear his own signature. It is true that most of these, and they are tolerably numerous, bear evident marks of haste—the very characters being small, imperfectly formed, and not unlike the abbreviated symbols of short-hand—but, accustomed as his mental energies were to move at railroad pace, more of smoothness and precision might have been expected in their most hurried efforts.

The postscript in the letter last quoted relates to a transaction curiously illustrative of the faith, to which allusion has been made before, he was accustomed to put in dreams and omens.

* His handwriting, in point of legibility, was not undeserving the term.



MR. T. E. HOOK'S HOUSE, FULHAM.

Mr. Shackell had walked over one afternoon from Hammersmith to Fulham, and found his friend, in spite of some outstanding differences, all excitement and cordiality.

"Pray, my good fellow," he exclaimed, "sit down; I knew you would come. I have been expecting you all the morning, and have stayed in on purpose to see you."

On Mr. Shackell inquiring the grounds for this conviction, which appeared strange, as they were not exactly on visiting terms at the time, Hook replied that he had "dreamed a dream;" and proceeded to relate, with an abundance of detail, that in this portentous vision he had contrived to fix firm hold on the famed black eagle of Germany, but that the powerful bird was on the point of extricating himself from his grasp, when an ally appeared in the person of Mr. Shackell; and that, with the latter's assistance, he had succeeded, after a long struggle, in chaining down and securing the two-necked guardian of the House of Hapsburg.

"And what on earth," asked his friend, in astonishment, "do you suppose to be meant by all this?"

"Meant!" repeated Hook, "Why, my dear fellow,

the thing is as plain as possible—there *can* be no mistake in the application. I, at this moment, have in my desk a couple of tickets in the Hamburgh lottery, which I must either pay for, or return, by the 31st of the month—now all I ask is that you will be obliging enough—and I know you will—to hand me a check for the amount, and not suffer the prize to slip between our fingers.”

With this request it will not appear surprising that Mr. Shackell very resolutely refused compliance.

“Well, well,” said the seer; “never mind; if you won’t, there’s an end; but you must stay and take some luncheon; so sit down, and meanwhile let us have a hit or two at backgammon.”

Down they sat, the board was produced; a broiled fowl soon made its appearance—“something comfortable” followed, evening drew in, candles were lit, they chatted and played on; and, when Mr. Shackell rose to depart, which he did about eleven at night, he left his friend perfectly happy in the possession of the two prolific seeds which were to yield an entire harvest of themselves; and of which he himself had been coaxed into becoming a joint proprietor. They were accordingly enclosed in an envelope, at the desire of Hook, with the respective seals and signatures attached of the two partners “who were to share and share alike,” in the division of the proceeds.

The tickets, as lottery tickets, and especially German lottery tickets, occasionally will do, turned up blanks; and the only value left remaining to the precious packet was what still attaches to it as a curious autograph.

CHAPTER XV.

Mr. Hook's Illness.—The Rival Raconteurs.—His last Interview with Mr. Barham.—His Death.—Subscription for his Family.—Attempted Hoax upon Mr. Hook by Southey.—“The Devil's Walk.”—General Remarks.—Conclusion.

OF the five or six concluding years of Mr. Hook's life, there is little to be told, we believe, but what may be found recorded in the “fashionable” column of the

“Morning Post.” As a “lion,” and as a man of mark, far superior to the mere table wit, his reputation was rising and spreading to the end; the last entry in his diary will serve to show the character of the circles in which he was at that time moving:—

“Sunday, June 20th.—To-day, ill—but in to dinner to Lord Harrington’s, to meet the Duke of Wellington. There, Duke and Duchess of Bedford, Lord and Lady Southampton, Lord Londonderry, Lord Canterbury, Lord Lyndhurst, Lord Redesdale, Lord Charleville, Lord Strangford, Lord Stuart de Rothsay, Count D’Orsay, Lord Chesterfield, and Fitzroy Stanhope. I and Lord Canterbury away early—so for five minutes to Carlton!”
—*Quart. Rev. ut sup.*

But his literary fame may be said to have reached its meridian point in 1836, after the appearance of “Gilbert Gurney;” and from that *chef d’œuvre* to have dated its decline.

As regards the state of his finances, every Christmas found them more and more involved, till extrication from his debts, save by the hand of death, appeared even to him, sanguine as he was, utterly hopeless. Some indication there appears to have been, on the part of his political friends, on their accession to power, in 1834, to reward his devotion to their cause, with a place of considerable value, but the design was prosecuted with little energy, and necessarily fell to the ground, on the re-establishment of the Whig ministry. Meanwhile, the anxieties, chiefly on account of his unfortunate family, under which he laboured, combined with the irregular mode of life which, it cannot be doubted, they were active in promoting, began to tell with fatal effect upon a constitution naturally robust, but tried and tampered with from boyhood. His frame and countenance betrayed unequivocal symptoms of what was going on within; his appetite failed, and he became latterly almost entirely dependent for support on strong stimulants—but his mental faculties never failed, nor showed signs of decay, till about to be withdrawn for ever.

In May, 1841, he dined, for the last time, with Mr. Barham; the party had been made up, in a great measure, for the purpose of bringing together him and Lord —,

one of the few magnates in literature and wit with whom he was not previously acquainted. Hook came late, and appeared feeble and out of spirits, but he soon rallied, and throughout the evening, fortunately not prolonged till his powers were exhausted—bore himself bravely in the convivial tourney with his noble rival.

No two men, perhaps, qualified and accustomed to shine in the best society, each especially distinguished as a *raconteur*, were more dissimilar in style—the former, abounding in a refined and delicate humour, smooth and polished in his language, every sentence that fell from his lips expressed in the choicest terms; the latter, pointed, bold, and sparkling, rapid in utterance, dramatic in effect, more facile in attack than defence—they seemed the very Ajax and Ulysses of conversational eloquence; the resemblance being immediately suggested by the delivery of a couple of *historiettes*, the one directly following upon the other, and thus affording, by their juxtaposition, a lively contrast from the difference of tone and manner in the speakers:

Lord ——'s was given in the form of narrative, diffuse and elaborate, and might have been transferred, without the correction of a word, to the pages of a "Tatler," or "Spectator;" any attempt to present it, save in its own proper dress, would be ineffective and unfair. Hook, on the contrary, conjured up a single scene, bringing forward the actors in a distinct shape, and rendering all the details present and visible to the eye. In both cases there was, perhaps, a deficiency of point which, without the graceful handling on the one side, and the admirable by-play on the other, would have rendered their respective anecdotes dull and common-place. After what has been said, it may seem something like self-refutation, to offer a meagre outline of what owed its success mainly to the exquisite mixture of pathos and comedy with which it was filled up, aided by the untranslatable accessories of eye and gesture; yet, as affording subject for the last display of Mr. Hook's powers, of which the writer was a witness, he may, perhaps, be pardoned for giving the ground-work, slight as it is.

The story, which was elicited by some casual remarks

on the strange expressions of sympathy employed by the lower orders, ran as follows:—A midshipman, the fifth son of an earl, quite a child, about twelve or thirteen years old, having been sent to join his ship at Portsmouth, was taken on board one bleak rainy night, and introduced to the captain. The captain received him civilly, and after a few inquiries respecting the health of various members of his family, to whose influence the gallant commander owed his appointment, gave him a glass of sherry, accompanied with one of those nods, which, coming from a superior officer to a middy, is, being interpreted “Drink and be off!”

The boy obeyed, and contrived with some difficulty to find his way to the deck. Here, wet and miserable, chilled to the bone, sea-sick and home-sick, as the memory of the luxurious comforts of his mother’s boudoir he had so lately lost, rose up before him, the poor child crept under the shelter of a gun, lay crouched down, and cried with grief as though his heart were breaking.

In this condition he was found by one of those conventional boatswains very common in nautical novels, and, for all we know to the contrary, in Her Majesty’s navy also; his face laying claim to no particular features, but all knobs and indentations, and half covered with reddish coloured hair.

“Hollo! young gen’leman,” cried this individual, “what’s the matter? What, piping your eye! that’ll never do. Why how long have you been aboard?”

“About two hours, sir,” said the boy.

“Well, well, young gen’leman, cheer up, it can’t be helped. Who are you—what’s your father?”

“He is an earl, sir.”

“Oh, an earl, is he. Ah! well never mind, *that* can’t be helped! Got ever a mother, young gen’leman?”

“Ye-e-s, sir.”

“Well, never mind, young gen’leman, you can’t help *that*. What do they call *her*?”

“She is a countess, sir.”

“And did you cry at leaving her, young gen’leman, eh?” asked the old *sea-dog* (as we believe he would be called), not a little moved at the poor child’s distress.

“Ye-e-s, sir,” was the reply.

“And did she cry, too?” continued the tar, still more affected.

“Oh, ye-e-s, sir, very—much—indeed!” sobbed out the little fellow, his breast almost bursting with recollections of “home” and the parting scene.

“She cried very much, did she!” repeated the old sailor, and wiping his eye muttered in a sad and sympathising tone,—“*Poor old Buffer!*”

Hook quitted early and made no attempt at improvisation; it was, we believe, one of the last occasions on which he dined in town—the party at Lord Harrington’s, June 20th, has been mentioned, and he subsequently appeared at an intimate friend’s at Brompton; but the structure, long undermined, was rent and tottering to its fall; it is mentioned that on that evening, as he stood with his coffee in his hand in the drawing-room, he suddenly turned to the mirror and said, “Ay, I see I look as I am—done up in purse, in mind, and in body, too, at last.”

About a month before his decease he wrote to Mr. Barham, whom he requested to run down to Fulham and see him, as he was too ill to leave home himself; and of the interview which ensued we are enabled to give a somewhat full account, committed to paper shortly afterwards, and evidently with the view of fixing the impression, yet fresh, in the writer’s mind.*

“It was on the 29th of July, 1841, that I last saw poor Hook. I had received a note from him requesting me to come down and see him, as he wished much to talk over some matters of importance, and could not, from the state of his health, drive into town. I went accordingly, and after a long conversation, which related principally to * * * and to his novel, ‘Peregrine Bunce,’ then going through the press, but which he never lived to complete; a roast fowl was put on the table for luncheon. He helped me and took a piece himself, but laid down his knife and fork after the first mouthful, which, indeed, he made an unsuccessful attempt

* Some of these particulars have been already laid before the public, in a letter addressed to Mrs. Hughes, which is printed in the brief memoir of the Rev. R. H. Barham, before alluded to.

to swallow; on my observing his unusual want of appetite—for his luncheon was in general his dinner—he said:—‘It is of no use, old fellow, the fact is I have not tasted a morsel of solid food these five days!’ ‘Then what on earth have you lived upon?’ to which he replied, ‘Effervescing draughts;’ adding afterwards, that he was allowed to take occasionally a tumbler of rum and milk, or a pint of Guinness’s bottled porter.

“On hearing this, I strongly pressed on him the necessity of having further advice, which he at length promised he would do, if he were not better in a day or two. I told him that my wife and myself were going down to the Isle of Thanet, and pressed him very much to throw work overboard for a while, and accompany us and be nursed. He said, however, ‘he was completely tied to his desk till he had concluded what he was then writing for Colburn and Bentley; but that he should get quite clear of his trammels in about a month, and then, if we were still there, he would make an effort to pay us a visit.’ * * * *

“On rising to take leave of him I said, ‘Well, Hook, you had better think again of it—change your mind; put “Peregrine” in your pocket, if needs must, and give him a chapter at Margate.’ He shook his head without answering; and it was then, that looking earnestly into his countenance, which for the first time had lost its accustomed smile, I saw how ill he appeared, for he had previously, whether designedly or no I cannot say, been sitting with his back to the light. We had now reached the hall-door, when in reply to my observation, ‘Really, my dear Hook, your illness has pulled you a good deal,’ he answered, ‘Pulled me! Look here!’ opening, at the same time, a large shawl-patterned dressing-gown which he had worn confined round the waist by a sort of belt, and showing me a thin man in a stout man’s clothes.

“I was so shocked that I returned back with him to the library, and again earnestly pressed upon him the necessity of having the best advice. This he again promised he would do, and I quitted him, little thinking, however, that it was for the last time. He promised to write and let me know what the physicians, to be called

in, thought of his case, but day after day passed on and no letter reached me.”

In truth he was soon past writing; death was advancing upon him with rapid strides, while earthly prospects were growing, daily, darker and more threatening. It is painful to reflect that his last hours, ere the struggling mind had sunk into insensibility, were disturbed by the apprehension of inability to meet a couple of bills of comparatively trifling amount, on the point, as he believed, of becoming due.* On Friday, the 13th of August, he took finally to his bed, the stream hurried on with increasing velocity as it approached the fall—a brief agitated interval, happily not neglected, was left for the first, last work of erring man, and on the evening of the 24th he expired. During the preceding week his nephew, Mr. Robert Hook, had been constantly by his bedside, and had joined him in that devotional preparation but too commonly postponed till the enemy is at the gate.

The disorder under which he had been labouring for years, arose from a diseased state of the liver and stomach, brought on partly by mental anxiety, but principally, it is to be feared, by that habit of over-indulgence at table, the curse of colonial life, which he had early acquired, and to which he held with fatal perseverance to the end. It needed no ordinary powers to enable him to sustain the contest so long; but his frame was robust and his constitution vigorous; and he seems to have possessed in a remarkable degree, that power of maintaining the supremacy of mind over matter, which rendered him indifferent to, or unconscious of, the first slow approaches of decay. He was buried with extreme privacy at Fulham; a simple stone bearing his name and age marks the spot, which is immediately opposite the chancel window, and within a few paces of his former home.

He left five children, two boys and three girls, who, together with their mother, were relieved from instant embarrassment by the prompt liberality of four of his true friends, Messrs. Milne, Broderip, Powell, and Lyons, who each came forward with a hundred pounds.† This

* One had been actually paid.

† A year or two before his death, Mr. Hook had been induced to

sum proved the nucleus of a subscription afterwards set on foot by the executors, which realized something under 3,000*l.*: the King of Hanover generously gave 500*l.* With that splendid exception, the names appearing on the list are mostly those of men in moderate circumstances, and of his own rank in life,—more than one of his nobler acquaintances declining, on the score, we believe, of a nice morality, to contribute to the undertaking. Such scruples are, of course, entitled to deference, however we may deplore the severity with which they necessarily operated on individuals of themselves blameless and unoffending, or regret that a more timely display of them was not made effectual to the discountenancing, and, possibly, correcting of the original fault. Such a manifestation would have proved, perhaps, even more favourable to the cause of virtue; and would at all events have preserved those gentlemen from the painful position in which they were placed. It is always unfortunate for a man, when his first protest against a vice happens to be coincident with his interest.

The whole of Mr. Hook's effects were again, *for the third time*, submitted to the hammer, and the proceeds of the sale, 2,500*l.*, seized, as on previous occasions, by the Lords of the Treasury, in liquidation of the outstanding Mauritius debt. Here, again, was a late but opportune opening of the eyes of Justice. The delinquent himself had long been spared even by his old enemies, the Whigs; it was reserved for his personal and political *friends* to visit—an edifying instance of impartiality—the sin of the father upon the children. A question may, perhaps, arise, touching the equity, not of *this* proceeding, but of offering a place of public trust, as we have seen was done by a Conservative administration, to an individual in '34, against whom it was thought necessary to carry out so stern a sentence in '41! There appears upon the face of the two transactions an inconsistency which it certainly passes our casuistry to reconcile.

apply to Mr. Marjoribanks, who, on learning the number of his family, instantly offered to provide for one; and, accordingly, he soon afterwards presented a cadetship to the eldest boy, who has recently, we believe, received a handsome appointment at the hands of Lord Hardinge.

Among the late Mr. Barham's papers, we have found the following rather curious statement:—

“Mr. B— called on me in Feb. last with an envelope endorsed in Theodore Hook's handwriting, ‘*Letters to me as author of the ‘Doctor.’*’ On inquiry at Messrs. Longmans', who published the work, it appeared that their firm was altogether ignorant of the name of the author; all their transactions with him having passed through the hands of an intermediate agent. It also appeared that previously to the publication of the first volume, they had been directed to strike off several copies on superior paper, with a fly-leaf in each, bearing the name of the individual to whom it was to be presented, printed in red letter. These copies were then transmitted by them to several of the literary characters of the day, and letters, supposed to contain their acknowledgments, were subsequently received by the publishers, and forwarded in due course, through the usual channel, to the author.”

“These seem to have been the letters now found. They were all of them addressed in a large hand, to ‘Theodore Hook, Esq., Cleveland Row,’ and among them one from *Southey himself*, Lord Mahon, Disraeli, Wordsworth, &c., &c. The post-marks upon the envelopes in which they reached Hook, were Pall Mall and St. James's Street. This would seem to be conclusive that Hook at least had something to do with the work, and though, from internal evidence, it is perfectly clear that he could not have been the sole author, still by the aid of his brother's (the Dean's) papers, he might well have concocted the book; [a hint to this effect is thrown out in the work itself;] Dean Hook died in 1828, the first volume of the ‘*Doctor*’ was published in 1834.

“On the other hand, Mrs. Southey, in a letter dated Greta Hall, 27th Feb., 1843, positively claims the work as her husband's. She says:—

“‘Undoubtedly you have my full authority to affirm that my husband *is the author of the ‘Doctor.’* Not till within this last twelve months have I ever acknowledged this, directly or indirectly; but I found that others had been less scrupulous, and therefore it would be absurd and unwise in me to affect further mystery about it. If

you do not find my simple affirmative suffice to convince the doubters and *claimants*, I could give you more irrefragable proof in the shape of proof sheets, MS. copy, &c. It has always been marvellous to me that the authorship could ever have been doubtful to those who knew much of Mr. Southey—still more to those who were acquainted with his family and *vie intérieure* so graphically portrayed in the first volume.—‘My wife and my wife’s sister,’ *are to the life*. Tho *Bhow Begum* was a Miss ——, an intimate friend at *that time*. The beautiful idea of William Dove was from an uncle of Mr. Southey. I have many proof sheets of a sixth volume, which was half through the press before we left Buckland. My dear husband used to enjoy that innocent mystery, and had laid out plans to make me a contributor to the future *olio*. There are materials for several more volumes collected.’

“This certainly settles the business as to the authorship; it is, nevertheless, not a little unaccountable how these letters came into Theodore Hook’s possession; at his death they were found in a sealed box which he had directed to be delivered, immediately on his decease, into the hands of one of his executors. Mr. P—— told me that Hook was acquainted with Southey, whom he had met at Mr. Croker’s. “R. H. B.”

All this speculation is of course idle now, but it is not unamusing to track the windings of the eritic through the labyrinth, with the ground-plan mapped out before us. There cannot be the slightest doubt that Hook had nothing whatever to do with the “Doctor;” but that the letters were genuine, and were forwarded to him through the channel alluded to, is also certain. It was evidently an attempt at a hoax, and meant as a trap for the intended victim’s vanity. That Theodore Hook was perfectly fair game must be admitted, but his flight was, unfortunately for those who love to see the biter bitten, of somewhat too high a range for the stoop of the Laureate.

Mr. Southey was fond of this kind of mystification, and of throwing about unclaimed literary valuables as temptations in the way of the weak and dishonest, and then pouncing upon the unlucky possessor of the stolen

goods, as appears from his long silence respecting his claim to "The Devil's Walk," and his admission of the design in the following additional stanzas which have not, so far as we know, appeared in print:—

- "The Devil then he prophesied
It would one day be matter of talk,
That the erudite bibber had written
The story of his Walk.
- "A pretty mistake, quoth the Devil,
A pretty mistake I opine.
I have put my ill thoughts in his mouth,
He will never put good ones in mine ;
- "And whoever shall say that to Porson
Those best of all verses belong,
Will be an untruth-telling ——,
And so shall be called in the song.
- 'This excellent poem will prove
A nice trap for dishonest ambition,
Wherein he shall be caught by the leg,
And exposed, in the Second Edition."

Upon some points, the reader of the foregoing pages has, we trust, been enabled to form his own estimate of the character of Theodore Hook ; as regards others, the development of which has scarcely fallen within the scope of the present work, we shall venture a few observations, founded chiefly on the decisions of those whose habits of intimacy with him entitle their testimony to respect. His intellectual qualities have already been discussed at some length, and sufficient examples given of the variety and compass of his wit.

As a dramatic author, his fame was built on a foundation too slight to last ; the cleverest of his pieces were written to display the powers, or contrast the peculiarities of particular actors, and with them may be considered to have retired from the stage. But as a novelist, we have ventured to affirm, that his reputation stands high and is broadly based ; in the delineation of modern English life, in laying bare the hidden springs of human action, effected, the one without mannerism, the other without pretension ; in the faithfulness of—

“His glowing portraits fresh from life, that bring
Home to our hearts the truth from which they spring,”

he need fear comparison with none of his contemporaries. Here and there, too, throughout his pages are to be found pearls of richer value, sound sagacious reflections, scraps of a practical philosophy thrown in with a light and careless hand, and affording an instance, for once, of easy writing proving easy reading also. Something beyond the brief span of life commonly allotted to *pièces de circonstance*, may also be promised to his poetical triflings:—

“When time who steals their *wit* away,
Shall steal their *venom* too,”

enough of interest will, we think, remain to entitle them to a place beside the gems of the “Anti-Jacobin,” and other *excerpta* of by-gone politics.

Nothing, in general, presents such difficulties to posterity, as allusions the most easily appreciated when uttered—nothing comes so hard to the student as the light literature of preceding ages—nothing is so dull as humour out of date. It resembles those rarer metals called into a momentary, bright existence by the electric stroke, which speedily effloresce on contact with the air, and leave little but a dull residuum behind. Hook’s genius worked with a more endurable material; much that he has written will be satire “for all time.”

But what principally strikes us in the consideration of his intellectual powers is the slight assistance they could have derived from education. That a man who has constantly before him the fear of getting out of his depth, should be more observant, more keen, more careful than another possessed of a greater self-confidence, is intelligible enough; the marvel is, not so much that a man of his tact and shrewdness should have escaped committing himself, as that one of his habits should have actually succeeded in picking up so much valuable and available knowledge.

In his boyhood, as we have seen, which was imprudently abbreviated by some of its most important years, he was rather remarkable for idleness and inattention; nor did he, so far as we can learn, when subjected to the

stricter discipline of a public school, and pitted against the young *athletes* of the land, apply himself to study with much increase of diligence, or even exhibit any great compensating capacity for acquiring learning without the usual exertion. At sixteen he was thrown upon the world—and such a world!—The playhouse, its boxes, and its green-room! His early manhood was engaged in the business and pleasures of active life, and his prime occupied rather in drawing rapid harvests from the natural richness of his mind, than in cultivating and improving it by study.

The period of his confinement in Shire Lane was probably not passed in indolence; the Mauritius accounts were made up, so far as he was able to make them. The “Bull,” indeed, was conducted at that time almost entirely by himself, but the space devoted to original articles was but small, and the early energy of its style considerably reduced; many hours then would have been at his disposal during the dreary day—the night was commonly spent in convivial *reunions*—which might be profitably directed to the mastery of subjects, such as his writings and conversation show him to have possessed. This, at least, appears to have been the only interval of leisure in his restless career. Its close was marked with too much of exhausting excitement abroad, and over-labour at home, to allow of more than a hurried attention to those current topics, a general acquaintance with which, or something more, is indispensable to the journalist.

In his political views he was clear and consistent; maintaining always an unshaken loyalty, strengthened by deep feelings of personal attachment to the Sovereign, although that Sovereign appeared to him in the not very conciliating character of a “detaining creditor;”* ever active in defence of the constitution against the inroads of democratic, and what are pleasantly denominated “Reform” principles, even though the party that was benefiting by his exertions wanted the courage to extend to him an indulgence, not to say a justice, accorded unhesitatingly to divers individuals similarly unfortunate;

* One of the entries in his diary runs as follows:—“August 12th.—This is the birthday of George IV. GOD SAVE MY DETAINING CREDITOR!”

pleading the cause of true religion against folly, fanaticism, and infidelity, with a power that testified, at least, to the strength of his convictions, and permitting no considerations of private friendship to warp his sentiments or control their utterance.

That this steady independence never, it must be remembered, obtruded into private life, after the manner of patriots and newsmongers,* not only merits, but secures respect, is evidenced by the motley crowd of partizans of all denominations, from princes of the blood to the "Pride of Westminster," that courted his society.

His social qualities were only too attractive; he not only delighted by his talents, but charmed by that easy benevolence in trifles, in which true politeness is defined to consist; to men younger and less gifted, his demeanour was gentle and encouraging; to children, those who could sit and listen, all eye and ear to his music and his mirth, he was remarkably indulgent. Unsurpassed as a talker, he was, what perhaps is almost equally appreciated, patient as a listener.

His old friend, Mr. Dubois, thus writes:—

"I may remark, from my own long experience of him, that a most agreeable point in Hook's social character was, that he had no envy, he was as pleased at listening to others' jests as to jesting himself—and was no old story-teller. In this he was the reverse of —; all Hook's wit and gaiety was original, impromptu, the offspring of the moment; to chloroform — it was only necessary that Hook should be at the same table; — was then dumb, concealed his old stores, and yielded the *pas*."

It is not too much to say that, by those admitted within the pale of intimacy, he was not more admired than beloved. Less familiar acquaintances regarded him with no ordinary affection; a feeling deeply and generally participated in—and the fact reflects no mean praise—throughout the neighbourhood in which he resided.

With his titled friends he remained in constant request

* He used to say, that no man who knew anything about politics ever talked of them except by appointment; any gentleman constantly referring to the "division of last night," &c., he set down an *ignoramus*.

till the very last; since the days of Sheridan, no such brilliant luminary had flashed across the realm of fashion; and his was no lingering sunset to weary out the faith of his worshippers: he set suddenly, and for ever, in the midst of adoration.

In person, Theodore Hook was above the middle height, his frame was powerful and well-proportioned, possessing a breadth and depth of chest, which, joined to a constitution naturally of the strongest order, would have seemed, under ordinary care, to hold out promise of a long and healthy life. His countenance was fine and commanding, his features, when in repose, settling into a somewhat stern and heavy expression, but all alive and alight with genius the instant his lips were opened. His eye was dark, large, and full—to the epithet *βούπις* he, not less justly than the venerable goddess, was entitled. His voice was rich, deep, and melodious.

In his youth he has been accused of a tendency to foppery, and if an admission into which he was surprised during his illness, is to be taken literally, he must, in his decline, have paid an attention, more than is common or quite legitimate, to the claims of the toilette. In his tastes as regarded the table, (though a contrary impression might have been left from his writings,) he was simple enough; and what, perhaps, may be heard with more surprise, there was in his disposition a leaven of shyness, and a diffidence that led him to betray considerable embarrassment when called upon to speak in public, when the circumstances of the case precluded his accustomed retreat behind the mask of Thalia. On the score of notoriety, too, he was more sensitive than might have been expected—frequently signing himself merely “Edward Theodorc,” on the “free list” of the theatres, with a view of escaping recognition from the crowd that followed.*

* A character so marked as Hook's was not likely to escape the notice of brother authors. He is introduced by more than one; of his appearance in “Coningsby” we have elsewhere found occasion to speak. Everybody has heard of the artist's difficulty in depicting the features of a father agitated by the spectacle of his daughter's sacrifice, and of his happy extrication from the embarrassment, by the ingenious plan of altogether concealing the monarch's countenance in his robe. A bold experiment, which Mr. Disraeli has fol-

That he was generous, high-minded, and tender-hearted, all that knew him eagerly bear witness; his long and fondly-cherished memory of his mother is, in itself, incompatible with a disposition selfish or corrupt.

Into the privacy of his domestic life we are unable to follow him, but that his was a nature well endowed to find happiness, and to engender it in the bosom of his family, is unquestionable; painful, but not unproductive, is the reflection, that by means of one false step, hastily taken and which he wanted the resolution to retrace, the streams of the purest earthly bliss should have been poisoned at their source—solace and self-respect banished from his hearth! What extenuating circumstances there may be, must be sought for in that neglect of religious training, to which his youth was exposed, and in the proverbial laxity of morals of those classes among whom his lot, in early life, was cast. The same account is to be given of those sins of the tongue, those “idle words” in which he was sometimes too ready to indulge. In this respect, indeed, a very marked improvement was observed by his old associates, on his return from the Mauritius;—affliction, it may be inferred, had brought understanding on its wings. We hail, then, with no ordinary degree of satisfaction, those indications of a humble, hopeful Christian spirit which are disclosed in his writings, and in such portions of his diary as have been made public, and which were more fully developed during his last illness.

As regards his debts, we are unable to speak with anything like precision of the amount: it was very con-
 lowed, with but indifferent success, in dealing with his portrait of Theodore Hook; the common outline of a common man is given with great precision, but the wit and genius are most effectually concealed behind the impenetrable drapery of the artist. The best of these attempts is a slight sketch, only too slight, in the “Tuft-hunter,” by Lord William Lennox, who could well appreciate the brilliant qualities of his friend. *Reginald Sparkle* (so he is called) appears, if we remember right, but once (as with *Mercutio*, it was necessary to get rid of him soon), and then at a dinner-party, a scene certainly the best calculated for the display of his powers, and drawing proportionally on those of the author. It is however, admirably sustained, abounding in point, but natural withal and lifelike. We seem familiar even with the borrowed dining-room at *Mr. Slojose's*.

siderable, much beyond what had been anticipated, except by those admitted professionally to his confidence; here, however, again allowance must in fairness be made for the trials to which his prudence was subjected; as has been justly observed, "It is a great disadvantage, relatively speaking, to any man, and especially to a very careless and a very sanguine man, to have possessed an uncertain and fluctuating income. That disadvantage is greatly increased, if the person so circumstanced has conceived himself to be, in some degree, entitled to presume, that by the exertion of his own talents, he may at pleasure increase that income—thereby becoming induced to make promises to himself, which he may afterwards fail to fulfil. Occasional excess and frequent unpunctuality will be the natural consequences of such a situation."

Such was the exact position of Theodore Hook; and to the sources of embarrassment here pointed out may be added the difficulties into which he was plunged through the defalcation of others; the heavy expenses entailed by his own family, and the harassing pressure of other claims which his kind and generous nature prompted him to recognise, but which could only be satisfied by increase of personal involvement.

In the fascinating charms of his conversation, he not a little reminds us of him, whose words we have lately quoted, his friend and first patron, Sheridan. Nor is the resemblance existing between these extraordinary men perceptible only in their natural endowments; points of resemblance arise and catch the eye throughout their whole career of life, but are most striking at the commencement and towards the close.

They sprang from the same middle rank of society, and were educated, or rather half-educated, at the same school, Harrow, where they seem equally to have been distinguished as idle, careless, and engaging. Their mothers, also, both snatched away too soon, appear to have been alike in their amiable dispositions, estimable characters, and in those gifts of nature which they transmitted to their sons. Sheridan, as well as Hook, had an elder brother more blessed than himself in the watchful

care exercised over his youth, and more happy, more prosperous, though less brilliant in his subsequent course. The treatment the two young men experienced at the hands of their fathers, though opposite enough in all other respects, had a like issue; leaving them, from indifference on the one side, and from an over-indulgence, no less culpable, on the other, to enter immaturely on the world, and to seek their fortune where and how they listed. The early tastes of both gravitated towards the same centre—the stage; through the same portal they passed into the upper and alien world of fashion, and illuminated it by the same flashing “sparks of immortality!” not, however, that we venture to contend for any general parity of genius between Theodore Hook and—

“The worthy rival of the wondrous three!”

it is only in the humbler field of social eloquence and convivial wit that a comparison is suggested which Hook need fear with none.

In point of genuine extemporaneity and absence of artifice, he was far superior to Sheridan himself, whose *bon-mots* were premeditated and elaborated to a degree which must, indeed, have rendered their opportune introduction as great a marvel as the instantaneous conception would have appeared. The efforts, however, of both were equally successful, and met with a similar recompense—*fêtes*, flattery, and forgetfulness! Of the identity of causes that mainly led to those pecuniary distresses, which hastened and embittered their decline, we have already spoken, and here, perhaps, the parallel must stop.*

Hook anticipated, by an early and almost sudden departure, the desertion of his gay companions and the indignities that marked the death-bed scene of Sheridan; and while, on the other hand, the nobles of the land—

* It might, perhaps, be pushed even farther; it is at least curious that, as the smiles of a Prince of Wales graced them both at the outset of life, so the ministrations of a Bishop of London were tendered to solace them both at the close, although, in Mr. Hook's case, the offer unfortunately came too late.

dukes, marquises, earls, princes of the blood, and first officers of the state aroused, as by the breaking of a spell crowded, at last, round the relics of the latter, and bore them in all the pomp and pageantry of woe to their glorious tomb in Westminster Abbey, a few untitled friends followed Theodore Hook to his humble grave in Fulham churchyard.

REMAINS OF THEODORE F. HOOK.

POLITICAL SONGS, &c.

IN IMITATION OF BUNBURY'S LITTLE GREY MAN.

Preserved among the "Tales of Wonder," and, without permission, inscribed to a Major-General of the British Army, Knight Commander of the Order of the Bath, Agent for the Ionian Islands, and a Pensioner of the present Administration, &c.

Oh! deep was the sorrow, and sad was the day,
When death took our gracious old Monarch away,
And gave us a Queen, lost to honour and fame,
Whose manners are folly, whose conduct is shame;
Who with aliens and vagabonds long having stroll'd
Soon caught up their habits, loose, brazen and bold.

Oh! what will the rancour of party not do!
Ye Howards and Russells this sigh is for you!
To an union so base can ye bend your proud will?
Yes, great though the peril, unmeasur'd the ill,
Through the country delusion and clamour must ring,
And, your rivals to strike, you must menace your King.

In Suffolk, to aid in so loyal a plan,
From Mildenhall up starts a little dark man;
His hue it was bilious, his eyes they were ghast,
Long and pale were his fingers that held a quill fast,
And grimly he scowl'd, whilst his rancour and spleen
Distill'd in a spurious Address to the Queen.

How spotless and pure was this paragon shewn!
How safe, through its friends, an attack on the throne!
Their motives were wicked, their actions were base,—
Some wonder'd no doubt at so alter'd a case,
Who cannot forget, though 'tis plain that *he* can,
The favours they heap'd on this dark little man?

From childhood the imp in the Palace was rear'd,
 Its bounties his parents, his kindred all shar'd ;
 With rapid advancement, too rapid by half,
 He outstripp'd the foremost of line or of staff ;
 But soon from the chances of service withdrew,
 With the profits and safety of office in view.

To Liverpool, Bathurst, and colleagues he bow'd ;
 He courted their smiles, and attachment he vow'd ;
 Obtained a snug place, with the means to do ill,
 To some who despis'd, but remember it still:
 He was fearlessly trusted, and laugh'd in his sleeve—
 Those you mean to betray you must ever deceive.

Indulg'd by his patrons the confident elf,
 No talent imagined except in himself ;
 Of the merits of others a censor severe,
 Ev'n Wellington might not escape from his sneer ;
 But they trusted him still, not suspecting his plan,
 Ah, little they knew of the dark little man !

Next a gen'ral's apparel he put on, so new,
 The coat of fine scarlet, the facings of blue,
 With gold all embroider'd so costly ; and last,
 The loop with the plume that wav'd high in the blast,
 'Twould have vex'd you at heart, if such sights ever can,
 To have gazed on the dizen'd out little dark man.

That order of heroes, the dying bequest,
 Its ribbon that blush'd as it covered his breast ;
 The Star and the Badge that tried valour should wear,
 As if he had earn'd them, he took to his share :
 Like a pigmy he climb'd up on honour's high tree,
 And blazon'd his name with a large K. C. B.

Now the battle of battles was won ! !—O'er his foes
 Triumphant the lion of England arose,
 And gave peace to the world,—no longer, 'twas plain,
 The little dark man could his office retain ;
 Reluctant he went, but he pocketed clear,
 In pension and place fifteen hundred a-year.

He growled and intrigued but in vain—he is gone !
 Soon forgotten by most, and regretted by none :
 But to sink in oblivion he cannot endure,
 The moment seems tempting, the victims secure.
 Strike ! strike at your friends ! The foul blow it was sped,
 And with terrible justice recoil'd on his head.

The little dark man then he set up a yell,
 And the Hundred of Lackford was roused by the spell ;
 He rais'd up his head, and he rais'd up his chin,
 And he grinn'd, and he shouted, a horrible grin,
 And he laugh'd a faint laugh, and his cap up he cast ;
 But pension and sinecure still he holds fast.

When a score and three days make the age of the year,
 To St. Stephen's, the Lords and the Commons repair :
 Ere a score and three more, so the King might decree
 The country another election may see.
 But the brave men of Suffolk have seen through his plan.
 And will baffle the arts of the little dark man.

THE QUEEN'S SUBSCRIPTION.*

Tune—" *Sprig of Shillelagh.*"

WHOE'ER knows St James's, knows where the Whigs met
 In behalf of the Queen, a subscription to get,
 For her Black Wig and her Character white.

By Truth and by Wisdom supported she stood—
 Truth's part played by Brougham, that of Wisdom by Wood,
 They vow'd and they swore that she ne'er did amiss,
 Though the Baron, they own'd, was so rude as to kiss
 The Black Wig with the Character white.

At Brooks's they met—but demurr'd to the call
 Of producing the cash—as they had none at all
 For the Black Wig and the Character white.

Coke growl'd about rents, swore the funds ought to pay ;
 But Baring grimac'd, and Ricardo squeak'd " Nay !"
 And the young ones exclaim'd, in a querulous tone,
 They each had to pay for a *Saint* of their own,
 With a Black Wig and a Character white.

But though the subscription was tardy, and they
 Had nothing to give, they had plenty to say
 For the Black Wig and the Character white.

* On a motion being made, Jan. 31, 1821, in the House, respecting the Queen's annuity, Mr. Brougham rose and presented a message on the part of Her Majesty: "She feels it due to the House and to herself respectfully to declare, that she perseveres in the resolution of declining any arrangement while her name continues to be excluded from the Liturgy." A subscription equivalent to the proposed allowance was talked of; but her Majesty was eventually induced to reconsider her determination, and accept the 50,000*l.* per annum.

Lord Tavistock stammer'd three words in her praise,
 And Sefton his voice and his shoulders did raise ;
 And Calcraft his nose cock'd, and Grant cock'd his eye,
 And Henry Grey Bennet pretended to cry
 For the Black Wig and her Character white.

Fitzwilliam, that reverend proselyte rose—
 (We'll make him speak verse since he cannot speak prose)
 For the Black Wig and her Character white.
 "You seem," quoth the sage, "all averse to give cash,
 And in truth you are right—what is money but trash ?
 Let's give something better to end all those quarrels,
 And raise a subscription of virtue and morals,
 For the Black Wig and her Character white."

Old Tierney set down, with a sorrowful face,
 The hopes of his life, all the prospects of place,
 To the Black Wig and her Character white.
 The message which Brougham had advis'd and had penn'd,
 Poor Tierney had rashly advanced to defend.
 And not to subscribe would be rather uncivil,
 So he gives very frankly—he gives—to the Devil
 The Black Wig and her Character white.

Such cheap contributions delighted the pack,
 And, for once, they were ready their leaders to back,
 For the Black Wig and her Character white.
 Silly Billy, God bless him ; subscribed all his sense ;
 Of loyalty Grey made a gallant expense ;
 The Gospels Lord G—r flung down in a boast ;
 And Erskine gave nobly—himself, as a toast ;
 For the Black Wig and her Character white..

Bald Bedford his still balder eloquence gave ;
 And Blessington thought that his *coup d'œil* might save
 The Black Wig and her Character white.
 Big Nugent bestowed all his graces upon her,
 Ned E—e his credit, and G— his honour :
 The H—s their sense—both the old and the young—
 And Hume gave—a notice, and Lambton gave—tongue
 For the Black Wig and her Character white..

By Fergusson backed, Michael Angelo Taylor
 Supposed that his statesman-like views might avail her
 Black Wig and her Character white.
 Charles Calvert and Hurst their gentility join,
 And Grenfell was ready his visage to join ;

It is not just simply the sitting in Parliament,
 Ever can satisfy suitors like these,
 The same sort of favour Guiscard to great Harley meant,
 Papists would grant to the nation.
 Can we believe their mild avowals—
 Can we believe their qualified oaths—
 Don't we remember
 The fifth of November,
 With Percy, and Catesby, the Parliament gates by,
 And Desmond, Tom Winter, and Garnet, and Fawkes,
 And Digby, and Rookwood, who all lost their pates by
 Their genius for assassination ?

Trust not, my friends, to their cringing and lowliness
 (Much like the Queen's in her note to the King) :
 Set them once free, and for praise from his holiness,
 England's tranquillity's bartered.
 Then, with their signs, and shrines, and shrivings,
 Starving on fish, and stews, and eggs,
 With vespers and matins,
 And saints in rich satins,
 They'll touch up their Lordships of Durham and Winchester,
 London, and Ely, and Archy of York ;
 They'll light up the fires, and make their hot pincers, sir,
 England's poor Church will be martyr'd.

Every Wednesday, Friday, and Saturday,
 Well must we fast by the rules of the Church ;
 What's meat on the *former*, is death on the *latter* day.
 He who eats mutton is *undone* :
 Then, on our knees to Saints in velvet,
 Kissing the stumps they stand upon,
 Cutting strange capers,
 And sticking up tapers,
 And, just as the vespers chime in with their merry tricks,
 Domine Francis drops in for a call ;
 And takes us to Smithfield, to see a few heretics,
 Burnt for the glory of London !

Then, upon Sundays, and ev'ry church festival,
 Singing, and dancing, and op'ras, and plays,
 Will drive the folks mad, while the Priests, as the test of all,
 Give them a holy ablution :
 Protestant Parsons whipp'd and scoff'd at,
 Quakers and Methodists thump'd and ston'd.
 A night-joke to dish up,
 They'll broil you a bishop,

And then pay their Priest ; for, in their road to Heaven pence
 Serve them as well as at Knightsbridge or Kew ;
 His Rev'rence sends off to Rome two and seven pence,
 Home comes a full absolution.

All this has occur'd, and been found rather troublesome—
 Mary and James had a taste for the thing ;
 And though, in these times, clever speeches may bubble some,
 Turn to Old History's pages.
 Read about Ridley, Cranmer, Holdgate,
 Grey-headed Latimer, Ferrar, and Hawk,
 With persons of honour,
 Like Gardner and Bonner ;
 And then let us ask, why we seek alteration
 In laws, which have yielded us quiet and peace,
 Or fly in the face of a wise Reformation,
 The boast of our country for ages ?

Ask Mr. Maddox, or Henry Bate Dudley,
 Or any of those who have stopp'd out the sea,
 And created good land, where there nothing but mud lay
 Expos'd to the swell of the ocean—
 Ask them if, after all their trouble,
 All their expense, and all their care,
 They'd knock down their labours,
 To please a few neighbours,
 And let in the flood to destroy all their cabbages,
 Which they'd been toiling for years to keep out,
 And open the door to its roaring and ravages ?
 Lord ! how they'd laugh at the notion !

Then Britons, since well with your Creed has the law fitted,
 Why should you change what you'll hardly amend ?
 Or, why, of the rights men have legally forfeited,
 Make such a free restitution ?
 Think of the whips, the stakes, the tortures—
 Think of the thumb-screws, faggots, and flames :
 The point they are winning,
 Is but the beginning ;
 Then this is the time for Old England's defenders
 To make a firm stand for the good of the cause ;
 And, while we've a King, let no Popes or Pretenders
 Lay hands on our dear Constitution !

THE LAMENT.

On Lord Castlereagh's calling upon his Friends to attend regularly,
and not to give or accept Invitations to DINE.

HARK ! I hear the sounds of sorrow
Fill each office corridor ;
Castlereagh cries — " From to-morrow,
Statesmen, ye must dine no more !

" No more let's see each office man on
Foot, about the hour or seven,
Teazing Arbuthnot and Duncannon,
To find a pair until eleven.

" No more let's hear Sir George or Binning,
Or Huskisson, or Wellesley Pole,
Hinting, in sounds so soft and winning,
That soup and fish are apt to cool.

" Let Michael spread, in Privy-Gardens,
The board for Fergusson and Co. ;
Let Sefton's cook exhaust his lardings ;
They but allure away the *foe*.

" But some there are who never dine
(Who ne'er are *asked* to dine, at least),
Who swallow Ayles's *tea* like wine,
And reckon Bellamy's a feast.

" *They* can abjure *risolles* and *patés*,
And we must imitate their powers ;
Besides, *they* keep their vigils *gratis* ;
We are paid for keeping ours.

" But Placemen ! if ye heed my summons,
A *mental feast* I shall prepare ;
Our House shall truly be, of *Commons*,
And Rickman's roll a bill of fare.

" *Ley* spreads upon the spacious table
A cloth—(no matter what its hue),
The chaplain, fast as he is able,
Says grace, and bids us all tall to.

" Without *four soups*, I should be loth
Such splendid guests to entertain !
So Weston shall be *Barley*-broth,
And Wood a *Potage à la Reine*

“ *Mullicatawny*, or *Scotch* porridge,
 Either, *Mackintosh* may be ;
 And—(not his merits to disparage),
Spring Rice is *Printanier au ris*.

“ For fish—that bench the Speaker’s left on
Outrivals Groves’ to all beholders ;
 No one can see my good Lord Sefton
 But thinks of a *cod’s head and shoulders!*

“ B—m’s crooked shifts, and talents boasted,
 His slippery tricks no more conceal :
 Dragged into light, cut up, and roasted,
 What is he but spitch-cock’d *Eel!*

* * * * *
 * * * * *

“ For the rest, as housewives tell us,
 How they serve their broken trash—
Wilson, Bernal, Moore, and Ellice,
 Make an economic *Hash!*

“ Come, then, hungry friends, fall to ’t,
 And, if *patiently* ye dine,
 Kind *Liverpool* shall find ye *fruit,*
 And jovial *Bathurst* choose your *wine!*”

DISAPPOINTMENT.

YE Aldermen ! list to my lay—
 Oh, list, ere your bumpers ye fill—
 Her Majesty’s dead !—lack a-day !
 She remember’d me not in her will.
 Oh, folly ! oh baneful ill-luck !
 That I ever to court her begun ;
 She was Queen, and I could not but suck—
 But she died, and poor *Matty’s* undone !

Perhaps I was void of all thought,
 Perhaps it was plain to foresee,
 That a Queen so complete would be sought
 By a courtier more knowing than me.
 But self-love each hope can inspire,
 It banishes *wisdom* the while ;
 And I thought she would surely admire
 My countenance, whiskers, and smile.

She is dead though, and I am undone !
 Ye that witness the woes I endure,
 Oh let me instruct you to shun
 What I cannot instruct you to cure :
 Beware how you loiter in vain
 Amid nymphs of a higher degree ;
 It is not for me to explain
 How fair and how fickle they be.

Alas ! that her lawyers e're met,
 They alone were the cause of my woes ;
 Their tricks I can never forget—
 Those lawyers undid my repose.
 Yet the *Times* may diminish my pain,
 If the *Statesman* and *Traveller* agree—
 Which I rear'd for her pleasure in vain—
 Yes, the *Times* shall have comfort for me.

Mrs. W—d, ope your doors then apacc ;
 To your deepest recesses I fly ;
 I must hide my poor woe-begone face,
 I must vanish from every eye.
 But my sad, my deplorable lay,
 My reed shall resound with it still :—
 How her Majesty died t'other day,
 And remembered me not in her will.

IRISH MELODIES.

HAVING been frequently put to the blush by hearing very modest young ladies, *without a blush* (from their ignorance, no doubt), warbling forth the amatory effusions of Mr. Thomas Moore, I have been induced to purify some of the especial favourites of his muse from their grossness, and to convey, through the medium of his exquisite melodies, a moral which, I fear, was not intended by the poet. The following specimens, as will be seen, are wholly divested of licentiousness, and are converted into means of contributing to the harmless amusement of a party, whose morality is at all times as conspicuous as their patriotism.—JOHN BULL.

FLY NOT YET.

FLY not yet, 'tis just the hour
 When treason, like the midnight flower
 That dreads detection and the light,
 Begins to bloom for sons of night,
 And damsels of the moon.
 'Twas but to bless these hours of shade
 That W——n and the moon were made:
 'Tis then the torch of faction glowing,
 Sets the Draper's tongue a going!
 Oh, stay!—oh, stay!
 Wilson, flush with Whig arrears,
 No credit asks—but oh he swears
 He will not quit us soon.

Fly not yet—the hoax was play'd,
 In times of old through Cock-lane shade,
 Though snug in covert all the day,
 (Like friends of ours) it rose to play,
 And scratch when night was near.
 And thus should patriots' hearts and looks
 At noon be dark as Cockney Brooks!
 Nor venture out, 'till nightly sopping
 Brings the genial hour for plotting!
 Oh, stay!—oh, stay!
 When did H—ever speak,
 And find so many eyes awake
 As those that twinkle here!

BLESSINGTON HATH A BEAMING EYE.

TUNE—"Nora Creina."

MR GEORGE TIERNEY SINGS.

BLESSINGTON hath a beaming eye,
 But no one knows for whom it beameth,
 Right and left it seems to fly,
 But what it looks at, no one dreameth;
 Sweeter 'tis to look upon
 Creevy though he seldom rises;
 Few his truths—but even *one*,
 Like unexpected light surprises.

Oh, my croney, Creevy dear,
 My gentle, bashful, graceful Creevy,
 Others' lies
 May wake surprise,
 But *truth*, from you, my crony Creevy.

Erskine wore a robe of gold,
 But ah—*too loosely* he had lac'd it,
Not a rag retains its hold,
 On the back where Grizzle* plac'd it.
 But oh! Vansittart's gown for me!
 That closer sticks, for all *our* breezes;
 Were it mine—then whiggery
 Might sink or swim, as heaven pleases.
 Yes, my crony Creevy, dear,
 My simple, gentle, crony Creevy,
 Office dress,
 Is gilded lace,
 A dress you'll never wear, my Creevy.

Hobhouse hath a wit refin'd,
 But when its points are gleaming round us,
 Who can tell, if they're designed
 To dazzle merely, or confound us.
 On the Treasury Bench, at ease,
 Loudonderry still reposes;
 Bed of peace!—Whose *roughest place*,
 Is still, my Creevy, a bed of roses.
 Oh!—my crony Creevy, dear—
 My hungry, craving, crony Creevy!
 While on roses
 He reposes,
 What's the use of counting noses!
 (*Affettuoso*) Creevy—Creevy.

WHILE HISTORY'S MUSE.

WHILE Johnny Gate Jones the memorial was keeping
 Of penny subscriptions from traitors and thieves,
 Hard by at his elbow, sly Watson stood peeping,
 And counting the sums at the end of the leaves,
 But oh, what a grin on his visage shone bright,
 When, after perusing whole pages of shame—
 'Midst his *soi-distant* betters,
 In vilely-formed letters,
 The Doctor beheld little W——n's name!

* Earl Grey, we presume.—ED.

“Hail, imp of sedition !” he cried, while he nodded
 His head, and the spectacles drew from his eyes ;
 “Magnanimous pigmy ! since Carlile’s been *quodded*,
 We wanted some shopman, *about of your size* !
 For, though many we’ve had, yet unblessed was their lot,
 When Murray and Sharpe with the constable came,
 And for want of good bail
 They were sent off to jail,
 And their *Mittimus* sign’d with an alderman’s name.”

Then come, the last crown of thy toils is remaining,
 The greatest, the grandest that thou hast yet known ;
 Though proud was thy task my placard board sustaining,
 Still prouder to utter placards of thine own !
 High perch’d on that counter, where Carlile once stood,*
 Issue torrents of blasphemy, treason, and shame,
 While snug in your box,
 Well secured with two locks,
 We’ll defy them to get little W——n’s name.

THE YOUNG MAY MOON.

THE Old Whig Club is meeting, Duke,
 ’Tis now the time for eating, Duke,
 How sweet to joke,
 To sing and smoke,
 While these foolish men stand treating, Duke !
 Then harangue, and not in vain, my Duke.
 At them again, and again, my Duke !
 The best of all ways
 To speak in these days,
 Is to steal a few thoughts from Tom Paine, My Duke !

Now all the Whigs are sleeping, Duke,
 But the mob, thro’ the casement peeping Duke,
 At you, and your star,
 Which we really are

* In consequence of the imprisonment of himself and several assistants, Carlile, the infidel publisher, adopted a plan (borrowed, we believe, from the late ingenious Mr. Jonathan Wild), at his notorious shop in Fleet Street. No *employé* was to be seen ; the purchaser signified on a dial—the index at the same time pointing out the price—what he required, and, on handing the money through a sliding panel, received the volume, which was dropped down a sort of wooden chimney from a room above.

Surprised at your meanness in keeping, Duke!
 Go home, your task is done, my Duke,
 The watchmen's boxes shun, my Duke,
 Or, in watching the flight
 Of traitors by night,
 They may happen to take you for one, my Duke!

THE IDLE APPRENTICE TURNED INFORMER.

A NEW BALLAD, BY T. C., ESQ.*

TUNE—"When I was a maid, oh then, oh then."

I ONCE was a placeman, but then, but then,
 I once was a placeman, but then
 'Twas in the *pure* day
 Of Lansdowne and Grey,
 And the rest of the talented men—men!
 And the rest of the talented men!
 I had been a lawyer, but then, but then,
 I had been a lawyer, but then
 I hated the fag
 Of the wig and the bag,
 And envied the Parliament men—men,
 And envied the Parliament men.

* Mr. Creevy, on bringing forward a motion for the reform of the Board of Control, March 16, 1822, took occasion to observe; "It happened that he had himself been Secretary, once upon a time, to this Board; during the thirteen months he was there, there was no board at all that he ever saw. His right honourable friend (Mr. Tierney) sat in one room, himself in another, and the gentlemen commissioners in a third. * * * He must also state, that during all the time he was there, there was not business enough for the situation." An admission which elicited the following sarcasm from Mr. Canning. "It seemed," said the latter, "a little extraordinary, that the idle secretary should be the person who called for such an inquiry. This was reform with a vengeance. This was no unfaithful picture of those principles on which reform was usually clamoured for. If they traced the principles of those who raised that clamour to their source, it would be found that *habites reum confitentem*, and that, nine times out of ten, the evil existed only when the clamour was raised. It was beyond his hopes that any Hon. Gent. should be so blinded by his fancies as to come forward with such a notice under such circumstances, crying aloud, '*Me, me, adsum qui (non) feci!*' I am the man who did nothing; and I now call upon you to inquire why those men associated with me, and who were diligent, failed to follow my example."

So I married a widow, and then, and then,
 So I married a widow, and then
 Folks wonder'd to see
 That a woman could be
 So fond of a face like a wen—wen,
 So fond of a face like a wen.

But she had a borough, and then, and then,
 She had a borough, and then,
 By the help of the dame,
 I got into the same,
 But never could do it again—again,
 Never could do it again.

So I found out another, and then, and then,
 So I found out another, and then
 The worthy Lord Thanet
 He chose me to man it,
 As free—as a sheep in a pen—pen!
 As free as a sheep in a pen!

At last we got power, and then, and then,
 At last we got power, and then
 A salary clean
 Of hundreds fifteen,
 Made me the most happy of men—men
 Made me the most happy of men.

The first quarter-day came, and then, and then,
 The first quarter-day came, and then
 I reckon'd my score,
 But I never did more
 Till quarter-day came round again—'gain,
 Till quarter-day came round again.

Despatches came sometimes, but then, but then
 Despatches came sometimes, but then
 I handed them slyly
 To Morpeth or Hiley,
 And limp'd back to Brookes's again—'gain,
 And limp'd back to Brookes's again.

If I stay'd at the office, oh then, oh then,
 If I stay'd at the office, oh then,
 I d—'d all the Hindoos—
 Look'd out of the windows—
 And sometimes I mended a pen!—pen!
 And sometimes I mended a pen!

Such toil made me sulky, and then, and then,
 Such toil made me sulky, and then,
 If I asked for old Wright,
 He came in in a fright,
 As if to a bear in his den—den,
 As if to a bear in his den.

This lasted a twelvemonth, and then, oh then,
 This lasted a twelvemonth, and then
 To end all our cares,
 They *kick'd us down stairs*,
 As a *hint* not to come back again—'gain,
 As a *hint* not to come back again.

The tumble was heavy, and then, oh then,
 The tumble was heavy, and then,
 I grew very sour
 At placemen and power,
 And croak'd like a frog in a fen—fen,
 And croak'd like a frog in a fen.

I vowed to have vengeance, and then, oh then,
 I vowed to have vengeance, and then
 'Tis a vulgar belief
 At catching a thief,
 An accomplice is equal to ten—ten,
 An accomplice is equal to ten.

So I turn'd informer, and then, oh then,
 I turn'd informer and then
 I tried to expose
 My friends and my foes,
 As equally infamous men—men,
 As equally infamous men.

The Whigs they cashier'd me, and then, oh then,
 The Whigs they cashier'd me, and then
 Grey haughtily swore
 He'd trust me no more,
 Not even with cutting a pen—pen,
 Not even with cutting a pen.

Next Canning chastised me, and then, oh then,
 Next Canning chastised me, and then
 If what is called *shame*
 Were aught but a *name*,
 I could ne'er show my visage again—'gain,
 I could ne'er show my visage again.

VACATION REMINISCENCES :

OR,

WHIG OPERATIONS UP TO EASTER, 1822.

TUNE—"Bow, wow, wow."

A pack of hounds of Whiggish breed, who sought to get their
name up,
And all throw off in gallant style whene'er they put the game
up,
At Brookes's met to form their plans "*In vulgum voces spar-
gere*"—
Not Brookes's Club, as heretofore, but Brookes's great mena-
gerie.

Bow, wow, wow,
Tol de riddle, tol de riddle,
Bow, wow, wow.

When "loaves and fishes" formed the only object of the chase,
sir,
No dogs had better noses, or could go a better pace, sir ;
And all excell'd in "giving tongue" whene'er they took their
station,
To growl about the grievances of this unhappy nation.

Bow, wow, wow.

Small B—t, L—n, and W—d, engaged to raise the ghost of
A certain royal funeral, already made the most of ;
While W—n, in his grief at being laid upon the shelf, sir,
Thought the most important subject for discussion was—
himself, sir.

Bow, wow, wow.

Says Joseph Hume, "Though Croker's cuts have made an
altered mon o' me,
I'll still be foremost in the throng for preaching up economy ;
I'll hunt down all the charges in our armies and our navies."—
"And I will be your whipper-in," cries gallant Colonel Davies.

Bow, wow, wow.

Then Curwen would repeal the tax on tallow, cheese, or
leather,
Says Calcraft, "I've a better plan, and let us pull together ;
Vansittart means to ease the Malt, so let us work the Salt
Tax—

If Salt should be the word with *him*—why *then* we'll try the
Malt Tax."

Bow, wow, wow.

Then Calvert, who, *of course opposes all unfair monopolies,*
 Steps forth to regulate the sale of BREAD in the metropolis.
 "The poor," he says, "shall never have their quartern loaf
 too dear, sir,
If they will only hold their tongues about the PRICE of BEER
 sir." Bow, wow, wow.

Says Creevy, "I must needs confess, when I was at the India
 Board,
 I ne'er did much but read the news, or loll upon the window
 board ;
 But since my hopes of lolling there again are all demolished,
 I'll prove the whole concern so bad it ought to be abolished."
 Bow, wow, wow.

"I care not who," says Lawyer Brougham, "from place or
 pension budes ;
 What salaries ye lower, so ye leave alone the judges ;
 Who knows but I, by chance, may be hereafter for the Bench
 meant,
 Then *that* is surely not a proper object for retrenchment."
 Bow, wow, wow.

"'Tis wisely said," George Tierney cries, who to the last had
 tarried,
 "Too far by patriotic feelings some of ye are carried ;
 Economy 'tis very well at times to snarl and bite for,
 But have a care, lest by and by, there's *nothing left to fight*
for." Bow, wow, wow.

But, spite of Tierney, they have things and notices in plenty,
 too,
 To keep the Mountain pack at work till June or July, twenty-
 two,
 And there's no doubt they'll do as much to serve the grateful
 nation,
 As they had done before they parted for the SHORT VACATION.
 Bow, wow, wow.

THE GRAND REVOLUTION !

TUNE—" *The Tight Little Island.*"

YE Whigs now attend, and list to a friend,
 If you value a free Constitution,
 Ev'ry nerve let us strain for the Patriots of Spain,
 And cry up their brave Revolution.

Huzza ! for the brave Revolution !
 Success to the brave Revolution !
 We'll all to a man, bawl as loud as we can,
 Huzza ! for the brave Revolution !

“ When Boney invaded their country and waded
 Through oceans of blood to make Joe king,
 We ne'er made a push, and cared not a rush
 If Spain had a king, or had no king ;
 But then there was no Revolution !
 No enlightening, wise Revolution !
 They only fought then for their king back again—
 And not for a brave Revolution !

“ We once made a rout, most valiant and stout,
 For Naples to throw off her yoke, sirs,
 But Tories so wary, vowed base Carbonari
 Were thieves, and their valour all smoke, sirs !
 To naught came their grand Revolution !
 Upset was their grand Revolution !
 Poor thick-headed calves, they were rebels by halves,
 And made naught of their grand Revolution !

“ Then we spouted for weeks, in aid of the Greeks,
 But they proved rather lax in their works, sirs,
 For the brave Parguinotes, in cutting of throats,
 Excelled e'en the murderous Turks, sirs ;
 So we gave up the Greek Revolution,
 None thought of the Greek Revolution,
 Folks cared not a straw whether Turkish Bashaw
 Ruled the roast—or the Greek Revolution.

“ But Spain, with true bravery—spurning her slavery
 Vows she'll have freedom, or die now,
 And all that she'll need will be trifles indeed,
 Such as arms, ammunition, and rhino !
 Success to her brave resolutions !
 And just to collect contributions,
 At dinner we'll meet, in Bishopsgate-street,
 In aid of her brave resolutions !”

So to feasting they *went*, on a Friday in Lent,
 And mustered what forces they could, sirs,
 There was Duke San Lorenzo, with plenty of friends, O,
 Great Sussex and Alderman Wood, sirs !
 The Spaniards pushed hard their petition
 For *money* to buy ammunition,
 But they met with a balk, for Whigs are all *talk*,
 With *naught else* would they help their petition.

They didn't ask Hume, for fear, in a fume,
 At the cost of the war he'd be nibbling,
 So they left him to fight in the Commons all night,
 With Palmerston's estimates quibbling.
 He there with much circumlocution,
 Moved many a wise resolution,
 While the still wiser Whigs were feasting like pigs,
 In the cause of the grand Revolution !

Don Holland, of Kensington, while his Whig friends in town,
 Grand tavern speeches were planning,
 Wrote a note just to tell the brave Arguelles
 How much wiser the Whigs are than Canning.
 "All England one feeling displays, sir,
 Never mind what the Minister says, sir !
 At him you may hoot—and the Council to boot,
 For England is all in a blaze, sir !"

As the Whigs had for years rung peace in our ears,
 When for *war* the whole nation did burn, sirs,
 'Twould surely be hard, if they now were debarred
 From crying for *war* in their turn, sirs !
 So Mackintosh made an oration,
 As bold as a war proclamation,
 Then finished his boast, with this apposite toast,
 "May *peace* be preserved to the nation !"

Then leave'em to prate, and spout, and debate,
 We all know there's nought but a *show* meant,
 Let'em blow hot and cold—be shy, or be bold,
 As the humour prevails at the moment :
 Let'em cry up the grand Revolution !
 The gallant and brave Revolution ;
 And all to a man—bawl as loud as they can,
 Huzza ! for the brave Revolution !

THE COURT OF POYAIS.

A NEW SONG FOR THE NEW WORLD.

BY THE POYAISIAN POET LAUREATE.

TUNE—"Packington's Pound."

OLD Europe is quite worn out—while the *West*
 With the spring-tide of vigour and genius is blest ;
 Her soil so prolific—so genial her clime—
 Columbia's fertility distances time !

A *Prince* or *Cacique*
Springs up like a leek ;

Protectors and *Presidents* sprout every week.

Then a fig for King George and his old-fashioned sway !
And hey for Macgregor, Cacique of Poyais !*

His Highness is now just about to create
The orders and ranks of his embryo *state*—
His peers and his judges, his senate and guards,
His ministers, household, and even his bards,
Are all to be named,
And a government framed,

On views which great Thistlewood's self had not blamed !
So a fig for King George and his old-fashioned sway !
And hey for Macgregor, Cacique of Poyais !

Make haste, jolly boys, for the foremost will get
The foremost good things—in the Poyais Gazette ;
And those who delay will accomplish, I fear,
No more than a *Whig* or a *dunce* can get here ;
Of "*qui cito bis* ;"

The English is this—

The *early* will get what the *tardy* may miss.
Then a fig for King George and his old-fashioned sway !
And hey for Macgregor, Cacique of Poyais !

* In 1822, a year remarkable for its stock-jobbing bubbles, it will be remembered a person styling himself Sir Gregor M'Gregor, and, in virtue of a certain contract with his Majesty Frederic Augustus, King of the Mosquito nation, Cacique of Poyais, contrived to open a loan for the amount of 200,000*l.* a large proportion of which was actually subscribed. In pursuance of his scheme he appointed various ministers of state, officered several regiments, and bestowed a liberal allowance of titles and orders. Green was, appropriately enough, selected by his highness as the national colour ; there were green hussars, green knights, green commanders—and green horns in sufficient abundance to furnish forth handsomely his new principality. In addition to this, two or three ship-loads of miserable creatures were sent out as emigrants and landed on the Mosquito shore, in North America, where, on the western side of Black River, the pleasant realm of Poyais was supposed to lie. They found, indeed, an unwholesome tract of unreclaimed swamp on which, by the gracious permission of Frederic Augustus, who entirely repudiated all connexion with Sir Gregor, they were allowed to live as long as famine and fever would let them. Most of these poor wretches perished miserably ; some few, wasted with hunger and sickness, were fortunately brought off. The kingdom of Poyais is still, we believe, to let.

His Highness (God bless him) in candour, now deigns
 To tell to whose care he has destined the reins—
 And whom, in *his* scheme of colonial maunng,
 He means for *his* Liverpool, Eldon, and Cauning !

He fears that his baud
 May appear *second hand*,

But they'll rise when they touch that regenerate land !
 So a fig for King George and his old-fashioned sway !
 And hey for Macgregor, Cacique of Poyais !

To the care of the public finances he names
 My Lord Mack-a-boo, better known as Sir James—
 His Highness, perhaps, would not choose such a Necker,
 If he meant that his loas should e'er reach his Exchequer ;

The treasurer, too,
 Having nothing to do,

May work at *his hist'ry* of Maracayboo.

Then a fig for King George and his old-fashioned sway !
 And hey for Macgregor, Cacique of Poyais !

Lord Chancellor Ill-done (*late* Brougham) will dispense
 Sound law, rigid honour, and solid good sense ;
 And in the recess—having judged every case—
 Teach parrots to chatter and apes to grimace !

While Williams shall be,
 With a very small fee,

Accountant aud Master i' the black chancerie,
 So a fig for King George and his old-fashioned sway !
 And hey for Macgregor, Cacique of Poyais !

To thrive as Chief Justice Tom C—y can't fail,
 He knows how a *libeller*'s sentenced to jail,
 And needs but repeat to each criminal elf
 The lecture old Filleubro' read to *himself* ;

But sitting *in bank*
 Where the climate is dank,

'Tis thought the Chief Justice may smell rather rank ;
 But what cares King George and his old-fashioned sway !
 So hey for Macgregor, Cacique of Poyais !

B—t's place was doubtful—the mere name of Scott
 Sufficed to determine Sir F—s's lot ;
 As *Judge of the Arches*, he may decide on
 Those delicate cases, best known as *Crim. Con* ;

While little Cam Hob,
 The Tom Thumb of the mob,

Attends, as his proctor, the charges to fob
 Then a fig for King George and his old-fashioned sway
 And hey for Macgregor, Cacique of Poyais !

Lord Chamberlain Peter will marshal his state,
 And teach—he knows how—all the footmen to wait ;
Lord Steward, little Taylor presides at the *table* ;
 And *Maberley* (*Count of Bazaar*) in the stable ;
 His Lordship contracts,
 For hunters and hacks,

Hay, oats, beans, and horse-cloths, mops, bushels, and sacks !
 Then a fig for King George and his old-fashioned sway !
 And hey for Macgregor, Cacique of Poyais !

Lord A—e his title and rank will resign,
 Content by his own native merit to shine :—
 And all his friends tell us that 'tis not too late
 To teach him, as *porter*, to open the gate :
 To manage the claims
 Of the Irish, he names

In his absence, Jack Smith and the straight-sighted James.
 Then a fig for King George and his old-fashioned sway !
 And hey for Macgregor, Cacique of Poyais !

With a gown on his back and a wig on his head,
 As touchy as tinder—as heavy as lead,
 The *Speaker* elect, in his *privilege dress'd*,
 Lets loose his own tongue, but ties up all the rest !
 'Tis a very great place
 For a man in his case,

Who is now but a kind of *house-steward* to his Grace.
 But a fig for King George and his old-fashioned sway !
 And hey for Macgregor, Cacique of Poyais !

At the head of his Guards, to discomfit a mob,
 His Highness is pleased to commission Sir Bob ;
 No blood he e'er lost, and no blood he e'er drew !
 Expelled each old service, he's fit for the *new* !
 But as some folks demur
 To his title of Sir,

He means to invest him again with the spur.
 Then a fig for King George and his old-fashioned sway !
 And hey for Macgregor, Cacique of Poyais !

Joe Hume—with one *page* of a *delicate mien*—
 Embarks as Lord Rector of *New Aberdeen* :
 He offers, besides, with a zeal that ne'er slumbers,
 To lecture on English, ship-building, and numbers.
 Moreover, the "*Ractor*,"
 Wull act as "*Dissactor*,"

And paymaster, postmaster, clerk, and contractor !
 Then a fig for King George and his old-fashioned sway !
 And hey for Macgregor, Cacique of Poyais !

'Twas settled that little G—y B—t should rule,
 With sugar-cane sceptre the black Sunday school ;
 In pungent salt-pickle his *rods* he had dipped ;
 Yet then he'd have wept all the time that he whipped !

But it seems that of late

He has got an estate ;

And stays here in England to pipe and to prate.
 So a fig for King George and his old-fashioned sway !
 And hey for Macgregor, Cacique of Poyais !

To sing such great statesmen and morals so pure,
 His first bard is Bowring—the second Tom Moore ;
 Leigh Hunt was refused, as a cockneyized calf,
 And Rogers, for being too comic by half !

For me, I confess,

I am paid to express

My love for Poyais, and I can do no less.
 So a fig for King George and his old-fashioned sway !
 And hey for Macgregor, Cacique of Poyais !

WEIGHTY ASSISTANCE ;

OR,

THE RELIEF OF CADIZ.

BY AN EX-CAPTAIN OF THE AYLESBURY TROOP OF BUCKINGHAM-
 SHIRE YEOMANRY.

To the Tune of Lord Grizzle's Song in Tom Thumb.

THE French are encamped before Cadiz,
 Their navy is moored in the bay,
 And *liberal* Europe afraid is,
 The Cortes are melting away.
 But e'er the last blow can be struck—struck—
 I'll fly to their rescue, and soon
 Will shew them the soul of a Buck—Buck—
 Buckinghamshire dragoon.

I turned my old yeomanry jacket,
 And added new buttons and lace ;
 A helmet I bought, which, to pack it,
 Would take up a harpsichord case !
 My trowsers so ample I stuck—stuck—
 All over with yellow galloon,
 In short, my whole dress spoke the Buck—Buck—
 Buckinghamshire dragoon.

O! had I the wings of an eagle,
 To make a more rapid approach!
 But men of my size bear fatigue ill,
 And so I must go by the coach.
 As a twelve-pounder groans on its truck—truck—
 So labour'd the *Falmouth Balloon*,
 When I mounted its step, like a Buck—Buck—
 Buckinghamshire dragoon.

And there was squeezed in, an old lady,
 So like me, behind and before,
 That when we were called on to pay, they
 Obliged us to reckon as *four*.
 We were both very soon in a muck—muck
 (The weather was sultry as June),
 And I panted for breath like a Buck—Buck—
 Buckinghamshire dragoon.

You ask what I did with my helmet,
 And all the vast bulk of my gear?
 As the coach such a load would o'erwhelm, it
 Went by the *van* in the *rear*!
 But coach and van frequently stuck—stuck,
 My partner was ready to swoon;
 But the peril I bore like a Buck—Buck—
 Buckinghamshire dragoon.

The packet at Falmouth was quite full—
 Too deep in the water by tons!
 But the captain's resource was delightful,
 And to take me he *landed his guns*!
 So down in the hold I was stuck—stuck,
 And for weeks never saw sun or moon,
 'Twas a very poor state for a Buck—Buck—
 Buckinghamshire dragoon.

The Frenchmen who guarded the bay there,
 To keep food and succour aloof,
 Examined our ship, as I lay there,
 Insisting that I was a "*bœuf*!"
 I trembled lest I should be stuck—stuck—
 But the Captain persuaded them soon
 That I was no "*bœuf*," but a Buck—buck—
 Buckinghamshire dragoon.

On landing I hoped that the people
 Would loudly acknowledge my aid;—
 Bells peeling from every steeple!
 The troops drawn out on parade!

I thought that the bands would have struck—struck—
 Up their most national tune,
 'Midst shouts of "*Long life to the Buck—Buck—*
Buckinghamshire dragoon."

But, quite the reverse ; as I came in
 The mob was exceedingly rude ;
 They talked of my making a famine,
 And filling myself with their food !
 Ragged urchins, malicious as *Puck—Puck—*
 Kept hooting "*The fat Picaroon,*"
 And hunted me just like a *Buck—Buck—*
Buckinghamshire dragoon !

I got to an inn with great trouble,
 Half dead with the sea and the sun !
 I found my room furnished with double
 Beds, out of which I made *one !*
 My boat-cloak around me I tuck—tuck,
 And till the day after, at noon,
 I slept, and I snored like a *Buck—Buck—*
Buckinghamshire dragoon !

The first thing I did upon waking,
 Was calling for breakfast, of course ;
 Dear Sefton, imagine my taking
 At getting *a slice of a horse !*
 In my throat the first morsel it stuck—stuck,
 Though I fancied from being "*a jeune,*"
 I could almost have eaten a *Buck—Buck—*
Buckinghamshire dragoon !

I then sallied forth like a hero ;
 And up to my eyes in a trench,
 I saw, two miles off, Trocadero,
 And what people said were the French.
 A ball came—I hasten'd to duck—duck,
 And fearing another too soon,
 I gallantly ran like a *Buck—Buck—*
Buckinghamshire dragoon !

I next cast my eyes to the sailors,
 And seeing them look rather glum,
 Proposed they should turn the assailers,
 And promised to find them a *bomb !*
 The men I soon saw had no pluck—pluck,
 The ministers not a doubloon ;
 All swore at the *bomb* and the *Buck—Buck—*
Buckinghamshire dragoon !

Thus helmeted, trousered, bedizened,
 Stewed, jolted, shipped, sickened in vain ;
 Starved, terrified, hooted, and poisoned,
 I rather disliked the campaign !
 And weary of running a muck—muck,
 Resolved by the first opportunity
 to bolt off like a Buck—Buck—
 Buckinghamshire dragoon !

At the end of ten days (for no sooner
 A vessel occurred to my wish)
 I embarked in a Newfoundland schooner,
 Which came with a cargo of fish :
 We 'scaped the blockaders by luck—luck,
 Fresh breezes and want of a moon—
 And so end the feats of a Buck—Buck—
 Buckinghamshire dragoon !

THE WHIG BOX.*

WHEN Canning, Fortune's dearest pet,
 Received his King's command
 To form a bran-new Cabinet
 To serve this happy land ;

He undertook the task with glee :
 Nought comes amiss to him ;
 The subtlest of God's creatures he
 That walk, or fly, or swim.

Yet ponder'd he for many a day
 'Ere he his work began ;
 And oft his cunning schemes gave way,
 And oft he changed his plan.

Materials had he—tried and raw—
 His tools work'd well and true :
 And " Liberalism " was his *saw*,
 And Interest his glue.

He turn'd o'er many wooden logs,
 And *boards* of various dyes :
 And sticks and beams from Irish bogs
 Of every shape and size.

* On the change of ministry, and Mr. Canning's acceptance of the Premiership, April, 1827.

Good English Oak was all too tough
 To mould and bend at will—
 Too common—housewife-like and rough,
 To shew a master's skill.

He wanted something light and gay
 To dazzle and amuse,
 He cared not when it might decay—
 Or how unfit for use.

But time was running on apace :
 He search'd his workshop round,
 And in a dusty, dirty place
 An old *Whig box* he found—

He thought how easy 'twere to give
 Polish and firmness too,
 Its faded glories to revive,
 And pass it off for new.

“ It shall be so !—'tis done,” he cried—
 “ My work I'll straight begin :
 A glittering top will serve to hide
 The rottenness within.

“ I'll add some ornaments of brass
 Of new design and bold—
 And John is such a stupid ass,
 He'll take it all for gold.

“ With drawers that can be mov'd at will,
 A master key to all—
Places contrived with curious skill
 For great concerns and small.

“ I'll fix it well with golden pegs,
 And call it by my name ;
 Then put the crazy thing on legs,
 And puff it into fame.”

Good easy man !—the thing is rais'd,
 Deck'd with a royal crown :
 But 'tis so rotten, weak, and craz'd,
 A breath may blow it down.

EPIGRAM.

ON THE POPISH PART OF THE CABINET OBJECTING TO SIT
WITH A CLERK.

The Papists say they will not wait
The Cabinet to *clericize*—
Their cry is, "Let's exterminate
All Hereties and *Herrieses*."*

THE DEAN.

A Dean from the North to London he went,
Upon his "*No Popery*" steed ;
He bowed his head, and his back he bent :
'Twas his fashion in time of need.

From the sole of his foot to the crown of his hat,
None a Popish stitch could discover ;
And he rode, and he walked, and he stood, and he sat,
A Protestant Dean all over.

His steed was sprung of a Protestant race,
With a switch-tail strong and taper ;
And he bounded along at a Protestant pace,
With an anti-papistical caper.

At Durham's deanery he stopp'd to bait ;
At Auckland took luncheon and wine ;
He sipped Noyeau at Bishopsthorpe gate,
And ventured at Buckden to dine.

And he thought the winter had shaken the Dean ;
That the Bishop of Durham looked old ;
That his Grace of York had grown pale and thin,
And that Lincoln had caught a bad cold.

On, on he rode, till on Saturday-night
He came to his destination :
And he put up his steed, as was meet and right,
At the sign of "The Reformation."

* The appointment of Mr. Herries to the Chancellorship of the Exchequer was strongly opposed by certain members of the administration ; one of whom, Mr. T—y, is reported to have said, that, having sat forty years in Parliament, he would rather starve, and see all his family starve, than sit in the same cabinet with a Treasury clerk !"

At St. George's Church, near Hanover Square,
 He Protestantized on the Sunday ;
 Then he went to bed, full of orthodox fare,
 To dine with a Duke on the Monday.

On Monday he dined with a gallant Duke,
 Where he met—fie for shame !—with a harlot ;
 Who greatly the Doctor's fancy took,
 In her BABYLON robe of SCARLET.

She placed him at table in "affable pride,"
 And pledged him in hock and sherry ;
 She trod on his toe, and she tickled his side,
 And she made the Dean right merry.

Sweetly she murmured in accents mild,
 "Oh, Filly, turn to me !"
 The Duke he nodded, the Dean he smiled,
 And thought of a—*vacant See*.

Softly she spake of the loaves and fishes.
 (The Duke kept his hand to his ear),
 And she pampered Filly with delicate dishes,
 And whispered of *congées d'élite*.

When the Tuscan juice had filled each vein,
 And he glowed with anticipation,
 She led away Filly a slave in her train
 To the sign of Emancipation.

With tender care she put him to bed,
 And placed his lips in pawn,
 With a MITRE for nightcap she covered his head,
 And cased both his arms in lawn.

And thus in dalliance soft he lay,
 Till the sun through the curtains shone !
 But when he arose—alas, a day !—
 His Protestant spirit was gone.

Gone were his spirits, his books and his song,
 And all Protestant recreation ;
 And he took, in exchange, a treatise long
 Upon Transubstantiation.

Then back to the northward hied the Dean,
 And he rode on a Treasury hack,
 And hand-in-hand with Papist is seen,
 And on Protestants turns his back

And his friends lament and his foes rejoice,
 And bitterly tell of the day,
 When he ridiculed *yellow* Lambton's voice.
 And the dove-like demeanour of Grey.

When (like the cloud and the pillar of light,
 Which the sacred historians say
 Illumined the Israelites' camp by night,
 And covered their journey by day),

For the Protestant cause against Popish ire,
 He stood with a patriot's zeal;
 And the minister shrank from his pen of fire,
 Like a child from the murderer's steel.

But the fire is out, and the pen is still,
 And the patriot's zeal is flown;
 And the Church is left a tenant at will
 To the Lady of Babylon.

Hereafter (if truth be in Christian creed)
 The sentence will not be the lighter
 On him, who deserted his Church in her need,
 And bartered his faith for a mitre.

But of this sad apostate more deep is the shame,
 And the punishment bitterer yet;
 For the Dean is damned to eternal fame,
 And the MITRE—HE NEVER SHALL GET.

THE GLORIOUS REVOLUTION;
 OR,
 THE HOISTING OF THE TRI-COLOURED FLAG.

Lend me your ear, degenerate Peer,
 Who fell into a trance
 Of dull delight, at the holy sight
 Of the Three Great Days in France,
 And I will teach—if truth can reach
 A brain by faction sway'd—
 What an idle rout is made about
 This Gallic gasconade.
 From which arose that symbol of blood,
 Those old tri-coloured flags,
 Which British arms on field and flood
 Have torn so oft to rags.

By freedom fir'd—and *also* hir'd
 At *fifty sous* a-piece,
 For ev'ry *sous*, each patriot true,
 Made oath he kill'd a *Suisse*.
 The long Boulevard, beheld the guard,
 All scatter'd in a trice ;
 And Freedom's sons, took the despot's guns
 While the dandies took an ice.
 Grisettes so gay, did Lancers slay,
 With chimney-pot and tile,
 And urchins small, with a pistol-ball
 Kill'd twenty rank and file.

These heroes made a barricade
 Which none of them could defend ;
 And fir'd from the tops of houses and shops,
 Where the others could not ascend.
 Full nigh they drew, wherever they knew
 The soldiers would not fire ;
 But whenever the foe prepared a blow
 They hastened to retire.

What can repress *cette brave jeunesse*
 The Polytechnic boys ?
 They ask no pay—but a holiday,
 And leave to make a noise.
 But France can't spare, *des têtes si chères*,
 And over them keep a watch.
 They shut up the door, till the fight was o'er,
 So none of them got a scratch.
 But one can brag, that he captured a nag
 Which belonged to a cuirassier,
 And another can say he found on the *Quai*
 The cap of a grenadier.

The Victors find—(forgot behind)
 A dozen of wretched Swiss,
 So they cut their throats, and steal their coats,
 Fine "moderation" this!
 Oh, gallant *Line*, your fame shall shine,
 Who fought on—neither side,
 But gave up all—arms, powder, ball,
 As soon as the mob applied.
 The Crown to serve—and never swerve,
 You "had an oath in Heaven ;"
 But what's an oath—when nothing loth,
 A Prince can break eleven ?*

* "*Voilà le douzième*;" some say it was "*Voilà le treizième*."

To end the thing, they showed the King
 And Angoulême the door,
 As they'd have done for the other son,—
 But they murdered *him* before.
 'Twas "*Vive la Charte!*" But do not start!
 The *Charte* was soon suppress'd,
 Four score of the peers they pulled out by the ears,
 As they soon will serve the rest ;
 They took the crown and they pared it down,
 And gnawed it like a bone ;
 They made a thing, called a Citizen-King,
 And called his stool, a throne.

Immortal Days—but no one pays,
 And no one trusts his friend.
 "The people spoke!"—but the bankers broke,
 And credit's at an end ;
 They find too late, a change in State,
 Is at the best an ill,
 Which some bold thieves in splendour leaves,
 But poor men poorer still.
 The crowd who fought, have nothing got,
 Except their share of blows ;
 All trade is dead, and leaves in its stead
 A legacy of woes.

But what have we to do with thee,
 Old banner of the foe,
 Emblem-accurst of all that's worst
 In forty years of woe ?
 We want no new land-lubber crew
 To rig the good old bark ;
 She'll brave the storm of French Reform,
 As buoyant as the Ark !
 Bold hearts we bring to the Sailor King,
 That swell as the tempest raves ;
 And friend and foe shall learn to know,
 Britannia rules the waves!

In vain shall they hoist that symbol of blood,
 Their old tri-coloured flags,
 Which British arms, on field and flood,
 Have torn so oft to rags.

NON-INTERVENTION.

RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED TO THE NON-RATIFICATION
CONGRESS.

AIR—“*The Tight Little Island.*”

WHEN the Whigs first came in,
Good Lord ! what a din
They made all about their intention,
“That this glorious nation
Should keep her high station
In Europe, by non-intervention.

Oh ! this non-intervention ! Palmerston’s non-intervention,
The exile’s sad moan, and the captive’s deep groan,
Swell the chorus of non-intervention.

Then the Belgians a King
Chose from England to bring,
And *that* proved a bone of contention ;
But when Mynheer Van Brandy
Thought Brussels “lay handy,”
They were glad to claim French intervention.

But still it was non-intervention—*interfering* is not *interven-*
tion ;

Fifty thousand “*moustaches*,” though they laughed at “*ces*
lâches.”

Were soon ready for non-intervention.

Next the Downs soon beheld
A fleet bound for the Scheldt,
Just to call off poor Mynheer’s attention ;
He was told, if they came,
Their artillery’s flame

Might throw light upon non-intervention ;
So to obviate misapprehension, he’d better give up all pre-
tension,

And thus scurvily treated, submit to be cheated,
Than trifle with non-intervention.

But when brave Poland rose,
Hemmed in by her foes,
Her name we scarce dared to mention ;
But for fear the Cossacks
They should bring on their backs,
France and England cried “Non-intervention !”

How consistent this non-intervention!—such is Palmerston's
 non-intervention!
 Everlasting his shame shall all ages proclaim
 Who *then* spoke of non-intervention.

When Pedro's young maid
 Proclaimed a blockade
 At Madeira, to be her intention,
 It fitting was seen
 As Portugal's Queen,
 The name of the Urchin to mention,
 To remove any slight apprehension,—to admit and support her
 pretension,
 While all aid we deny—to our ancient Ally,
 To stick closely to non-intervention.

Then the Germans to hurry,
 The Pope in a flurry,
 To Bologna just called their attention,
 When one morning at four,
 The French *knock'd* at his *door*,
 And got in by a simple invention;
 The Colonel deserved reprehension; but this last case of non-
 intervention,
 Laughs at *distance* and *time*, is too much for my rhyme,
 And for Palmerston's bright comprehension.*

THE MARCH OF POWER.

TUNE—"The Vicar of Bray."

WHEN Brunswick mounted Stuart's throne,
 And ruled a factious nation,
 As humble *moderate* men we shone,
 And craved for *toleration*:
 To George's health the foaming pot
 We quaffed, and trolled the wine, sir;
 The *Rump* we modestly forgot,
 Nor mentioned *forty-nine*, sir.

CHORUS.

Yet still we nourish'd secret spite,
 Against both Throne and Steeple;
 Longed in our hearts for equal right,
 And served our Lord the People.

* It will be remembered, that about the time the French *landed*
 at Ancona, Lord P—— declared they had *not sailed* from Toulon.
 He may well be called a man "of remarkable intelligence."

While Charlie's hopes were kept alive,
 The Crown, of Tories jealous,
 Connived at all our hearts to thrive,
 And thought our friendship zealous ;
 So with smooth speech and double face
 We won a gradual rise, sir !
 Till Watts' and Doddridge' strains gave place
 To Priestley and to Price, sir !

CHORUS.

Barely we cloaked our secret spite
 Against both Throne and Steeple ;
 Long'd in our hearts for equal right,
 And served our Lord the People.

Still pressing onwards in the dance,
 Our hearts and hopes grew gladder ;
 As first America,—then France,
 We made our stepping-ladder—
 We watched a time the mine to spring
 Which grain by grain we laid had ;
 And blew up texts from Church and King,
 Which kept us barricadoed.

CHORUS.

With bolder face we shewed our spite
 Against both Throne and Steeple,
 And talk'd and preach'd for equal right,
 And drank Our Lord the People.

With *Papists* next we made a league,
 Still following our vocation ;
 Our stalking-horse was now "*poor Teague,*"
 Our word "*Emancipation !*"
 And England's Hero's lofty heart,
 Of that false theme enamoured,
 Stoop'd once to play the timid part,
 And gave—because we clamour'd.

CHORUS.

So, exercising still our spite
 Against both Throne and Steeple
 We kept the tune of equal right,
 To gull our Lord the People.

And now, to purge the *Commons* House
 Finding a fit occasion,
 We made the honest Sailor King
 Believe *our* voice *the Nation* :

Whitechapel with Whitehall accords
 To make the task the lighter ;
 We rode the Mob, brow-beat the Lords,
 And choused both Crown and Mitre.

CHORUS.

The game is won !—and now our spite
 Has conquer'd Throne and Steeple—
 The real drift of equal right
 We'll teach the long-eared people.

NEW SONG.

TUNE—" *The Old Maid.*"

"When I was a girl of eighteen years old."

MISS ELIZABETH BULL of good sense was as full
 As any young lady need be ;
 I'll tell you a tale of her Uncle, old Bull,
 And of her ; as she told it to me.

I'm an heiress, she said, to a wildish estate,
 Which very productive might be ;
 But 'twas going to rack at a terrible rate,
 And I thought there'd be nothing for me.

I just dropp'd a hint of impeachment for waste,
 Unless Uncle Bull would agree
 To get better Stewards ; when, lo ! in great haste,
 The old ones came courting to me.

With one tooth in his head, and ten jobs in his eye,
 And " his garter below his knee ;"
 The first thought my passions and feelings to try
 By a pledge that he'd stand by *me*.

'Twas he who once said " by his order he'd stand,"
 Yet for dinners with Alderman Key,
 And a small penny cup from a sad dirty hand,
 Broke that pledge as he'd break one to me.

Go ! I cried, and if ever you speak to a Peer,
 Let your key be a *minor Key* ;
 The man who his Order gave up for a cheer,
 Is no man for a lady like me.

The next who appeared was "a candid man,"
 Who admitted that he did not see
 That two five-pound notes would make sovereigns ten,
 If one, would give five pounds to me.

He stammer'd much stuff about stock and the stocks,
 Tithes, factories, and niggers, and tea ;
 But I found he was only a judge of an ox,
 So I told him he should never lead me.

With his hand to his head, and a tear in his eye,
 Came the niggers' late Massa Grandee,
 With razors and shoes, and with millinery,
 He had filch'd from those niggers for me.

Oh, how from a man by such presents endear'd,
 In my heart could I find it to flee ?
 He who tried to shave niggers who haven't a beard,
 Might next, perhaps, try to shave me.

The next one who came ow'd nature a spite
 For a poor younger son was he ;
 His body was parch'd by a with'ring blight,
 But his mind seem'd more blighted to me.

That body, thus parch'd, was all one little sting,
 He'd have made a most capital flea ;
 It seem'd a disgrace that so puny a thing
 Should have spoilt the estate for me.

But next a great lawyer was minded to woo ;
 Peradventure his bended knee,
 Though it moved not the Lords, would, without much ado,
 Gain the vote of a lady like me.

He tucked up his gown, and he perk'd up his wig,
 But his nose I most marvell'd to see
 It twitched, for he knew it deserv'd a good twig ;
 So he failed in his love suit to me.

The next, the Whig ladies all deem'd a great prize—
 I was blind if I did not soon see,
 That of Whigs he had much the most beautiful eyes,
 Which he lovingly fix'd upon me.

With a "what does it signify" sort of a look,
 And an air of so witching a glee,
 He skipp'd like a lamb, and invited my crook,
 But no crook was held out by me.

Then a gouty old Lord was wheeled in, in a chair,
 And right merry he seemed to be,
 Till they told him "my Lady" was waiting there,
 When he turned off, away from me.

I saw one in sanctity's odour recline,—
Strange quest!—on that lady's settee!
 But the odour I smelt, was the odour of wine,
 It seem'd to be Port wine to me.

I look'd on the next, less in anger than ruth,
 For once of high promise was he ;
 But they lured him away from the friends of his youth,
 And so—he was lost to me.

Then swaggering came, with his hat on one side,
 A landsman who talked of the sea,
 A sharpish young lad, I perhaps might have tried,
 But his friends were all too bad for me.

I had nearly forgotten to mention the while,
 One, who proved very wordy to be,
 Who spouted a question as long as a mile
 Which was all without point to me.

Then a middle-aged beau with a tittupping walk,
 And the best cut of coats you could see,
 With the largest of whiskers, the smallest of talk,
 Came philandering up to me.

Old Tally was jealously limping behind
 With tittering ladies three ;
 Over-reach'd, over-woman'd, it wouldn't be kind
 Or pleasant to take him to me.

What a set ! but I told them I found them all out ;
 I saw how it was and would be ;
 That they were the cause of the general rout,
 And had wrong'd my poor Uncle and me.

My Uncle I told of a straightforward man,
 From humbug and treachery free ;
 Who would save the Estate—if any one can—
 And improve it for him and for me.

"I'll take," then he said, "this old friend of the Bulls,
 An honest good Steward he will be ;
 The Tenants no more shall be treated like Gulls,
 As they have been—between you and me."

THE following is the song sung with the greatest effect by Ikey Pig, Esq., at the Durham Glasgow Dinner. To add one word of criticism, though even of the most laudatory kind, would be "to gild refined gold, to paint the lily;" we shall merely therefore observe, that it was sung to the air of the "White Cockade," more familiar to the select few as that of "The Dog's-meat Man."

We have to apologise to some of our fastidious readers for the slang style in which it is written, but rendering it into English would spoil the point of what Mr. Pig calls his "*Carmen Sack-ulare*."

THE SMALL-COAL MAN.

By J. P. Esq.

YE buffer-boys and varmint blades,
 Vot follows up no rig'lar trades,
 Who d'ye think ve've got to head our clan?
 Vy, the prime North-country Small-coal Man!
 He'll floor them nosing Beaks, I'm sure,
 As makes cramp laws to hang the poor;
 Fair-play for prigs, grab who grab can,
 Will be the go, with the Small-coal Man.

He ben't so big as you nor I,
 But narr'un holds his conk so high;
 He makes the most of his self he can,
 For a tip-top swell is the Small-coal Man!
 He stands no one to put on he,
 For he likes to be King of his company;
 He'll sport top-sawyer whenever he can,
 For he's cock-a-dandy, of a Small-coal Man.

His togs and prads are of the best,
 And a prime *sheep's head* is his varlike crest,
 And that shews *pluck*—if not, vot can?
 I twigs the dewice of the Small-coal Man.
 "All right," and "no mistake," says I,
 "In such like prog as all can buy,
 Each cat's-meat cove will join our van,
 And follow the crest of the Small-coal Man."

He says as how, ven he gets controul,
 He'll make all things dog-cheap—but coal—

And "gin shall flow in each man's can,"
 Says my prime little trump of a Small-coal Man.
 My eyes! vot precious times for ve,
 Ve'll swig all day, and ve'll live rent-free;
 Ve'll make them Lords eat husks and bran,
 And kiss the great toe of the Small-coal Man

Some don't admire his mug and snout—
 Give me the colour vot vont vear out;
 A mixture strong of the black and tan,
 Is the varmint mug of my Small-coal Man.
 Sing hip! hurrah! for my Small-coal Man,
 My nice little nasty-faced Small-coal Man;
 The golden flag that decks our van,
 Is the yellow mug of my Small-coal Man

Your Carbonaro takes delight,
 To pull down Kings, and to set all right,
 And in vot they call *Ne-a-po-li-tan*,
 I'm told it means a "Small-coal Man."
 Now, that e'er suits for a good flash name,
 To be in every tongue the same,
 That all who's up to Spence's plan,
 May pass the word for the Small-coal Man.

"'Tis right down gammon all," says he,
 "To pretend big vigs knows more than ve,"
 So each shall be free to start his plan,
 Ven ve gets up our Small-coal Man.
 Then hip! hurrah! for the Small-coal Man,
 My out-and-outer, Small-coal Man,—
 Oh! he's just the lad for Swing, or Dan,
 He'll "go the whole hog," vill the Small-coal Man.

J. P

THE RAMSBOTTOM LETTERS.

WE cannot introduce this interesting and valuable collection better than by the following extract from Bull's "*Fashionable Intelligence, furnished exclusively by our own reporter*" (April 7, 1822), to which, indeed, the correspondence appears altogether to have owed its origin.

On Thursday last, Mrs. Ramsbottom, of Pudding-lane, opened her house to a numerous party of her friends. The drawing-room over the counting-house, and the small closet upon the stairs, were illuminated in a most tasteful manner, and Mr. Ramsbottom's own room was appropriated to card-tables, where *all-fours* and *cribbage* were the order of the night. Several pounds were won and lost.

The shop was handsomely fitted up for *quadrilles*, which began as soon as it was dark; the rooms being lighted with an abundance of patent lamps, and decorated with artificial flowers. The first *quadrille* was danced by—

Mr. Simpson, Jun.	and	Miss Ramsbottom.
Mr. Botibol		Miss E. A. Ramsbottom.
Mr. Green		Miss Rosalie Ramsbottom.
Mr. Mugliston		Miss Charlotte Ramsbottom.
Mr. Higginbotham		Miss Lilla Ramsbottom.
Mr. Arthur Stubbs		Miss Lavinia Ramsbottom.
Mr. O'Reilly		Miss Frances Hogsflesh.
A French Count (<i>name unknown</i>)		Miss Rachel Solomons.

At half-past ten the supper-room was thrown open, and presented to the admiring eyes of the company a most elegant and substantial hot repast. The mackarel and

fennel-sauce were particularly noticed, as were the boiled legs of lamb and spinach; and we cannot sufficiently praise the celerity with which the ham and sausages were removed, as the respectable families of the Jewish persuasion entered the room. The port and sherry were of the first quality. Supper lasted till about a quarter past two, when dancing was resumed, and continued till Sol warned the festive party to disperse.

The dresses of the company were remarkably elegant. Mrs. Ramsbottom was simply attired in a pea-green satin dress, looped up with crimson cord and tassels, with a bright yellow silk turban and hair to match; a magnificent French watch, chain and seals were suspended from her left side, and her neck was adorned with a very elegant row of full sized sky-blue beads, pendant to which was a handsome miniature of Mr. Ramsbottom in the costume of a corporal in the Linehouse Volunteers, of which corps he was justly considered the brightest ornament.

The Misses Ramsbottom were dressed alike, in sky-blue dresses, trimmed with white bugles, blue bead necklaces, and earrings *en suite*. We never saw a more pleasing exhibition of female beauty: the sylph-like forms of the three youngest, contrasted with the high-conditioned elegance of the two eldest, formed a pleasing variety; while the uniform appearance of the family red hair, set off by the cerulean glow of the drapery, gave a sympathetic sameness to the group, which could not fail to be interesting to the admirers of domestic happiness.

The Misses Solomons attracted particular notice, as did the fascinating Miss Louisa Doddell; and the lovely Miss Hogsflesh delighted the company after supper with the plaintive air of "*Nobody coming to marry me;*" Mr. Stubbs and Mr. J. Stubbs sang "*Alls well,*" with great effect, and Mr. Doddell and his accomplished sister were rapturously encored in the duet of "*Oh Nanny wilt thou gang wi' me.*"

Among the company we noticed—

Mistresses Dawes, Bumstead, &c.; Misses Hall, Ball, Small, Wall, &c.

His Royal Highness the Duke of Sussex, Lady Morgan, Mr. Ex-Sheriff Parkins, Sir Robert Wilson, and General Pepe, were expected, but did not come.

LETTER I.

Paris, Dec. 10, 1823.

MY DEAR MR. B.

THE kindness with which you put in the account of our party last year, induces my mamma to desire me to write to you again, to know if you would like to insert a journal of her travels.

My papa has retired from business; he has left the shop in the Minories, and has taken a house in Montague Place—a beautiful street very far west, and near the British Museum,—and my two younger sisters have been sent over here to improve their education and their morals, and mamma and I came over last week to see them, and, if they had got polish enough, to take them home again. Papa would not come with us; when he was quite a youth he got a very great alarm in Chelsea Reach, because the waterman would put up a sail, and from *that* time to *this* he never can be prevailed upon to go to sea; so we came over under the care of Mr. Fulmer, the banker's son, who was coming to his family.

Mamma has not devoted much of her time to the study of English, and does not understand French at all, and therefore, perhaps, her journal will here and there appear incorrect; but she is a great etymologist, and so fond of *you*, that although I believe Mr. Murray, the great bookseller in Albemarle-street, would give her I do not know how many thousand pounds for her book, if she published it "all in the lump," as papa says, she prefers sending it to you piecemeal, and so you will have it every now and then, as a portion of it is done. I have seen Mr. Fulmer laugh sometimes when she has been reading it; but I see nothing to laugh at, except the hard words she uses, and the pains she takes to find out meanings for things. She says if you do not like to print it, you may let Murray have it; but that, of course, she would prefer your doing it.

I enclose a portion—more shall come soon. Papa, I believe, means to ask you to dinner when we get back to town: he says you are a terrible body, and as he has two or three weak points in his character, he thinks it better to be friends with you than foes. I know of but one fault

he has—yes, perhaps, two—but I will not tell you what they are till I see whether you publish mamma's journal.

Adieu. I was very angry with you for praising little Miss M. at the Lord Mayor's Dinner. I know her only by sight: we are not quite in those circles *yet*, but I think when we get into Montague Place we may see something of life. She is a very pretty girl, and very amiable, and that is the truth of it; but you had no business to say so, you fickle monster.

Yours truly,
LAVINIA RAMSBOTTOM.

ENGLAND AND FRANCE;

DOROTHEA JULIA RAMSBOTTOM.

“HAVING often heard travellers lament not having put down what they the *memorybillious* of their journeys, I was determined while I was on my tower, to keep a dairy (so called from containing the cream of one's information), and record everything which recurred to me—therefore I begin with my departure from London.

“Resolving to take time by the firelock, we left Montague-place at seven o'clock by Mr. Fulmer's pocket-thermometer, and proceeded over Westminster bridge, to explore the European continent.

“I never pass Whitehall without dropping a tear to the memory of Charles the Second, who was decimated after the rebellion of 1745, opposite the Horse-guards,—his memorable speech to Archbishop Caxon rings in my ears whenever I pass the spot,—I reverted my head, and affected to look to see what o'clock it was by the dial on the opposite side of the way.

“It is quite impossible not to notice the improvements in this part of the town; the beautiful view which one gets of Westminster Hall, and its curious roof, after which, as everybody knows, its builder was called William Roofus.

“Amongst the lighter specimens of modern architecture, is Ashley's Ampletheatre, on your right, as you cross the bridge (which was built, Mr. Fulmer told me,

by the Court of Arches and the House of Peers). In this ampletheatre there are equestrian performances,—so called because they are exhibited *nightly*,—during the season.

“It is quite impossible to quit this ‘mighty maze,’ as Lady Hopkins emphatically calls London, in her erudite ‘Essay upon Granite,’ without feeling a thousand powerful sensations; so much wealth, so much virtue, so much vice, such business as is carried on within its precincts, such influence as its inhabitants possess in every part of the civilized world; it really exalts the mind from meaner things, and casts all minor considerations far behind one.

“The toll at the Marsh-gate is ris since we last came through. It was here we were to have taken up Lavinia’s friend, Mr. Smith, who had promised to go with us to Dover, but we found his servant instead of himself, with a billy, to say he was sorry he could not come, because his friend, Sir John somebody, wished him to stay and go down to Poll at Lincoln. I have no doubt this Poll, whoever she may be, is a very respectable young woman, but mentioning her by her Christian name only in so abrupt a manner, had a very unpleasant appearance at any rate.

“Nothing remarkable occurred till we reached the Obstacle in St. George’s Field’s, where our attention was arrested by those great institutions, the ‘School for the Indignant Blind,’ and the ‘Misanthropic Society’ for making shoes, both of which claim the gratitude of the nation.

“At the corner of the lane leading to Peckham, I saw that they had removed the Dollygraph which used to stand up on a declivity to the right of the road: the Dollygraphs are all to be superseded by Serampores.

“When we came to the Green Man at Blackheath, we had an opportunity of noticing the errors of former travellers, for the heath is green and the man is black. Mr. Fulmer endeavoured to account for this by saying, that Mr. Colman has discovered that Moors being black, and Heaths being a kind of Moor, he looks upon the confusion of words as the cause of the mistake.

N.B.—Colman is the eminent Itinerary Surgeon who constantly resides at St. Pancras.

“At Dartford they make Gunpowder. Here we changed horses. At the inn we saw a most beautiful Roderick Random* in a pot, covered with flowers; it is the finest I ever saw, except those at Dropmore.

“When we got to Rochester, we went to the Crown Inn, and had a cold collection; the charge was absorbent. I had often heard my poor dear husband talk of the influence of the Crown, and a Bill of Wrights, but I had no idea what it really meant till we had to pay one.

“As we passed near Chatham, I saw several Pitts, and Mr. Fulmer shewed me a great many buildings,—I believe he said they were fortyfications, but I think there must have been near fifty of them,—he also shewed us the Lines at Chatham, which I saw quite distinctly, with the clothes drying on them. Rochester was remarkable in King Charles’s time, for being a very witty and dissolute place, as I have read in books.

“At Canterbury we stopped ten minutes to visit all the remarkable buildings and curiosities in it and about its neighbourhood. The church is beautiful. When Oliver Cromwell conquered William the Third, he perverted it into a stable; the stalls are still standing. The old virgin who shewed us the church, wore buckskin breeches and powder. He said it was an archepiscopal sea, but I saw no sea, nor do I think it possible he could see it either, for it is at least seventeen miles off. We saw Mr. Thomas à Beckett’s tomb: my poor husband was extremely intimate with the old gentleman; and one of his nephews, a very nice man, who lives near Golden-square, dined with us twice, I think, in London. In Trinity Chapel is the monument of Eau de Cologne, just as it is now exhibiting at the Diarrea in the Regent’s Park.

“It was late when we got to Dover; we walked about while our dinner was preparing, looking forward to our snug *tête-à-tête* of three: we went to look at the sea, so called, perhaps, from the uninterrupted view one has when upon it. It was very curious to see the locks to keep in the water here, and the keys which are on each side of them, all ready, I suppose, to open them if they were wanted.

* Rhododendron? *Print. Dev.*

“Mr. Fulmer looked at a high place and talked of Shakspeare, and said out of his own head these beautiful lines :—

‘ Half way down
Hangs one that gathers camphire, dreadful trade.’

“This, I think it but right to say, I did not myself see.

‘ Methinks he seems no bigger than his head,
The fishermen that walk upon the beach
Appear like mice.’

“This, again, I cannot quite agree to, for, where we stood, they looked exactly like men, only smaller, which I attribute to the effect of distance ; and then Mr. Fulmer said this,—

‘ And yon tall anchoring bark
Diminished to her cock—her cock a boy !’

“This latter part I do not in the least understand, nor what Mr. Fulmer meant by *cock a boy* ; however, Lavinia seem to comprehend it all, for she turned up her eyes and said something about the immortal bird of heaven,* so I suppose they were alluding to the eagles, which doubtless build their avaries in that white mountain.

“After dinner we read the Paris Guide, and looked over the list of all the people who had been incontinent during the season, whose names are all put down in a book at the inn for the purpose. We went to rest, much fatigued, knowing that we should be obliged to get up early, to be ready for embrocation in the packet in the morning.

“We were, however, awake with the owl, and a walking away before eight, we went to see the castle which was built, the man told us, by Seizer, so called I conclude, from seizing whatever he could lay his hands on ; the man said, moreover, that he had invaded Britain, and conquered it, upon which I told him, that if he repeated such a thing in my presence again, I should write to Mr. Peel about him.

* Immortal Bard of Avon? *Print. Dev*

“We saw the inn where Alexander, the Authograph of all the Russias, lived when he was here; and as we were going along, we met twenty or thirty dragons mounted on horses, and the ensign who commanded them was a friend of Mr. Fulmer’s. He looked at Lavinia, and seemed pleased with her *Tooting assembly*: he was quite a *sine quâ non* of a man, and wore tips on his lips, like Lady Hopkins’s poodle.

“I heard Mr. Fulmer say he was a son of Marr’s; he spoke it as if every body knew his father, so I suppose he must be the son of the poor gentleman who was so barbarously murdered some years ago near Ratcliffe-high-way: if he is, he is uncommon genteel.

At twelve o’clock we got into a boat, and rowed to the packet. It was very fine and clear for the season, and Mr. Fulmer said he should not dislike pulling Lavinia about all the morning. This I believe was a naughty phrase, which I did not rightly comprehend, because Mr. F. never offered to talk in that way on shore to either of us.

The packet is not a parcel, as I imagined, in which we were to be made up for exportation, but a boat of considerable size:—it is called a cutter—why I do not know, and I did not like to ask. It was very curious to see how it rolled about; however, I felt quite mal-apropos, and instead of exciting any of the soft sensibilities of the other sex, a great unruly man, who held the handle of the ship, bid me lay hold of a companion, and when I sought his arm for protection, he introduced me to a ladder, down which I ascended into the cabin, one of the most curious places I ever beheld, where ladies and gentlemen are put upon shelves, like books in a library, and where tall men are doubled up like boot-jacks, before they can be put away at all.

A gentleman in a hairy cap, without his coat, laid me perpendicularly on a mattress, with a basin by my side, and said that was my birth. I thought it would have been my death, for I was never so indisposed in all my life. I behaved extremely ill to a very amiable middle-aged gentleman with a bald head, who had the misfortune to be attending upon his wife in the little hole under me.

There was no symphony to be found among the tars (so called from their smell), for just before we went off I

heard them throw a painter overboard, and directly after they called out to one another to hoist up an ensign. I was too ill to inquire what the poor young gentleman had done, but after I came up stairs I did not see his body hanging anywhere, so I conclude they had cut him down; I hope it was not young Mr. Marr a venturing after my Lavy.

I was quite shocked to find what demerits the sailors are; they seem to hate the nobility, and especially the law-lords. The way I discovered this apathy of theirs to the nobility, was this: the very moment we lost sight of England, and were close to France, they began, one and all, to swear first at the Peer, and then at the Bar, in such gross terms as made my very blood run cold.

I was quite pleased to see Lavinia sitting with Mr. Fulmer in the travelling-carriage on the outside of the packet. But Lavinia afforded great proofs of her good bringing up, by commanding her feelings. It is curious what could have agitated the biliary ducts of my stomach, because I took every precaution which is recommended in different books to prevent ill-disposition. I had some mutton-chops at breakfast, some Scotch marmalade on bread and butter, two eggs, two cups of coffee and three of tea, besides toast, a little fried whiting, some potted charr, and a few shrimps; and after breakfast I took a glass of warm white wine negus, and a few oysters, which lasted me till we got into the boat, when I began eating gingerbread nuts all the way to the packet, and then was persuaded to take a glass of bottled porter, to keep every thing snug and comfortable.

When we came near the French shore, a batto (which is much the same as a boat in England) came off to us, and to my agreeable surprise, an Englishman came into our ship; and I believe he was a man of great consequence, for I overheard him explaining some dreadful quarrel which had taken place in our Royal Family.

He said to the master of our ship, that owing to the Prince Leopold's having run foul of the Duchess of Kent while she was in stays, the Duchess had missed Deal. By which I conclude it was a dispute at cards—however, I want to know nothing of state secrets, or I might have heard a great deal more, because it appeared

that the Duchess's head was considerably injured in the scuffle.

I was very much distressed to see that a fat gentleman who was in the ship, had fallen into a fit of perplexity by over-reaching himself, and if it had not been that we had a doctor in the ship, who immediately opened his temporary artery and his jocular vein, with a lancet which he had in his pocket, I think we should have seen his end.*

It was altogether a most moving spectacle—he thought himself dying, and all his anxiety in the midst of his distress was to be able to add a crocodile to his will, in favour of his niece, about whom he appeared very sanguinary.

It was quite curious to see the doctor fleabottomize the patient, which he did without any accident, although it blew a perfect harrico at the time. I noticed two little children, who came out of the boat with hardly any clothes on them, speaking French like anything—a proof of the superior education given to the poor in France, to that which they get in England from Dr. Bell from Lancaster.

When we landed at Callous, we were extremely well received, and I should have enjoyed the sight very much but Mr. Fulmer, and another gentleman in the batto, kept talking of nothing but how turkey and grease disagreed with each other, which, in the then state of my stomach, was far from agreeable.

We saw the print of the foot of Louis Desweet, the French King, where he first stepped when he returned to his country—he must have been a prodigious heavy man to have left such a deep mark in the stone—we were surrounded by commissioners, who were so hospitable as

* Talking of voyages, Mr. S. R—— went lately to visit some deceased acquaintance at Ostend; the weather was bad, the sea rough, and R—— sick (although illness made no difference in his appearance). After long tossing and tumbling, his travelling friend begged him to come on deck;—he did—his friend pointed out Ostend right a head; but there had been many false alarms of “land” before;—R——, dead, and sceptical, said, “That is not land, my friend;

“Quodcunque Ostendis, mihi. Sick incredulus odi.”

“Die,” said a sailor, who overheard him, “Die! why, d—n it, he's dead already.”

to press us to go to their houses without any ceremony. Mr. Fulmer showed our pass-ports to a poor old man, with a bit of red riband tied to his button-hole, and we went before the mayor, who is no more like a mayor than my foot-boy.

Here they took a subscription of our persons, and one of the men said that Lavina had a jolly manton.

We went then to a place they call the Do-Anne, where they took away the pole of my baruch—I was very angry at this, but they told me we were to travel in Lemonade, which I did not understand, but Mr. Fulmer was kind enough to explain it to me as we went to the hotel, which is in a narrow street, and contains a garden and courtyard.

I left it to Mr. Fulmer to order dinner, for I felt extremely piquant, as the French call it, and a very nice dinner it was—we had a pottage, which tasted very like soup—one of the men said it was made from leather, at least so I understood, but it had quite the flavour of hare. I think it right here to caution travellers against the fish at this place, which looks very good, but which I have reason to believe is very unwholesome, for one of the waiters called it poison while speaking to the other—the fish was called marine salmon, but it looked like veal-cutlets.

They are so fond of Buonaparte still that they call the table-cloths *Naps* in compliment to him—this I remarked to myself, but said nothing about it to anybody else, for fear of consequences.

One of the waiters, who spoke English, asked me if I would have a little of Bergami, which surprised me, till Mr. Fulmer said it was the wine he was handing about, when I refused it, preferring to take a glass of Bucephalus.

When we had dined we had some coffee, which is here called cabriolet; after which Mr. Fulmer asked if we would have a chasse, which I thought meant a hunting-party, and said I was afraid of going out into the fields at that time of night—but I found chasse was a liekure called *cure a sore* (from its healing qualities I suppose), and very nice it was. After we had taken this, Mr. Fulmer went out to look at the jolly feels in the shops of Callous, which I thought indiscreet in the cold air; how-

ever, I am one as always overlooks the little piccadillies of youth.

When we went to accoucher at night, I was quite surprised in having a man for a chambermaid; and if it had not been for the entire difference of the style of furniture, the appearance of the place, and the language and dress of the attendants, I never should have discovered that we had changed our country in the course of the day.

In the morning early we left Callous with the Lemonade, which is Shafts, with a very tall post-boy, in a violet-coloured jacket, trimmed with silver; he rode a little horse, and wore a nobbed tail, which thumped against his back like a patent self-acting knocker. We saw, near Bullion, Buonaparte's conservatory, out of which he used to look at England in former days.

Nothing remarkable occurred till we met a courier a-travelling, Mr. Fulmer said, with despatches; these men were called couriers immediately after the return of the Bonbons, in compliment to the London newspaper, which always wrote in their favour. At Montrule, Mr. Fulmer shewed me Sterne's Inn, and there I saw Mr. Sterne himself, a standing at the door with a French cocked-hat upon his head, over a white night-cap. Mr. Fulmer asked if he had any becauses in his house; but he said no; what they were I do not know to this moment.

It is no use describing the different places on our rout, because Paris is the great object of all travellers, and therefore I shall come to it at once—it is reproached by a revenue of trees; on the right of which you see a dome, like that of St. Paul's, but not so large. Mr. Fulmer told me it was an invalid, and it did certainly look very yellow in the distance: on the left you perceive Mont Martyr, so called from the number of windmills upon it.

I was very much surprised at the height of the houses, and the noise of the carriages in Paris: and was delighted when we got to our hotel, which is called Wag Ram: why, I did not like to inquire; it is just opposite the Royal Timber-yard, which is a fine building, the name of which is cut in stone—*Timbre Royal*.

The hotel which I have mentioned is in the Rue de la Pay, so called from its being the dearest part of the town. At one end of it is the place Fumdum, wheer

there is a pillow as high as the Trojan's Pillow at Rome, or the pompous pillow in Egypt; this is a beautiful object, and is made of all the guns, coats, waistcoats, hats, boots, and belts, which belonged to the French, who were killed by the cold in Prussia at the fire of Moscow.

At the top of the pillow is a small apartment, which they call a pavilion, and over that a white flag, which I concluded to be hoisted as a remembrance of Buonaparte, being very like the table-cloths I noticed at Callous.

We lost no time in going into the gardens of the Tooleries, where we saw the statutes at large in marble—here we saw Mr. Backhouse and Harry Edney, whoever they might be, and a beautiful grupe of Cupid and Physic, together with several of the busks which Lavy has copied, the original of which is in the Vacuum at Rome, which was formerly an office for government thunder, but is now reduced to a stable where the Pope keeps his bulls.

Travellers like us, who are mere birds of prey, have no time to waste, and therefore we determined to see all we could in each day, so we went to the great church, which is called Naughty Dam, where we saw a priest doing something at an altar. Mr. Fulmer begged me to observe the knave of the church, but I thought it too hard to call the man names in his own country, although Mr. Fulmer said he believed he was exercising the evil spirits in an old lady in a black cloak.

It was a great day at this church, and we staid for mass, so called from the crowd of people who attend it—the priest was very much incensed—we waited out the whole ceremony, and heard Tediun sung, which occupied three hours.

We returned over the Pont Neuf, so called from being the north bridge in Paris, and here we saw a beautiful image of Henry Carter; it is extremely handsome, and quite green—I fancied I saw a likeness to the Carters of Portsmouth.

Mr. Fulmer proposed that we should go and dine at a tavern called Very—because everything is very good there; and accordingly we went, and I never was so mal-apropos in my life—there were two or three ladies quite in nubibus; but when I came to look at the bill of fare,

I was quite anileated, for I perceived that Charlotte de Pommes might be sent for for one shilling and twopence, and Patty de Veau for half-a-crown. I desired Mr. Fulmer to let us go, but he convinced me there was no harm in the place, by showing me a dignified clergyman of the Church of England and his wife, a eating away like anything.

We had a *voulez vous* of fowl, and some sailor's eels, which were very nice, and some pieces of crape, so disguised by the sauce that nobody who had not been told what it was would have distinguished them from pancakes—after the sailor's eels we had some pantaloon cutlets, which were savoury—but I did not like the writing-paper—however, as it was a French custom, I eat every bit of it—they call sparrowgrass here *asperge*, I could not find out why.

If I had not seen what wonderful men the French cooks are, who actually stew up shoes with partridges and make very nice dishes too, I never could have believed the influence they have in the politics of the country—everything is now decided by the cooks, who make no secret of their feelings, and the party who are still for *Buonaparte* call themselves traitors, while those who are partizans of the *Bonbons* are termed *Restaurateurs*, or friends of the Restoration.

After dinner a French *monsieur*, who, I thought, was a waiter, for he had a bit of red ribbon at his button-hole, just the same as one of the waiters had, began to talk to Mr. Fulmer, and it was agreed we should go to the play—they talked of *Racing* and *Cornhill*, which made me think the *monsieur* had been in England—however, it was arranged that we were to go and see *Andrew Mackay* at the *Francay*, or *Jem Narse*, or the *Bullvards*; but at last it was decided unanimously, *crim. con.*, that we should go to see *Jem Narse*, and so we went—but I never saw the man himself after all.

A very droll person, with long legs and a queer face, sung a song which pleased me very much, because I understood the end of it perfectly—it was '*tal de lal de lal de lal*,' and sounded quite like English—after he had done, although everybody laughed, the whole house called out '*beast, beast*,' and the man, notwithstanding, was foolish enough to sing it all over again.

LETTER II.

Paris, January 28, 1824.

SIR—As my daughter Lavy, who acts as my aman- thus, is ill-disposed with a cold and guittar, contracted by visiting the Hecatombs last weck, I send this without her little billy which she usually sends:—my second daughter has sprained her tender hereules in crossing one of the roues—and my third daughter has got a military fever, which, however, I hope, by putting her through a regiment, and giving her a few subterfuges, will soon abate. I am, however, a good deal *embracée*, as the French say, with so many invalids.

Since I wrote last, I have visited the Hullaballo, or corn-market, so called from the noise made in it; Mr. Fulmer told me I should see the flower of the French nation there, but I only saw a crowd of old men and women; here is a pillow made for judicious astronomy, but which looks like a sun-dial.

We went, on Tuesday, to the symetry of the *Chaise-and-pair*, as they call it, where the French and English are miscellaneously interred, and I amused myself by copying the epigrams on the tomb-stones—one of them, which looked like a large bath, Mr. Fulmer told me was a sark of a goose, which I had previously heard my friend Mr. Rogers call Mr. Hume's shirt.

In the afternoon we went to dine at Beau Villiers's—not the Mr. Villiers who owes our Government so much money—but the smell of the postillions which were burning in the rooms, quite overpowered me. I got better in the evening, and as the girls were not with us, Mr. Fulmer took me round the Palais Royal, which is a curious place indeed. We saw several Russian war-houses, and went into the "Caffee de Milk alone," so called because when Bonypart confiscated the cargoes from the West Indies, and propagated the use of coffee, the lady who kept this place made a mixture with milk alone, which answered all the purpose of coffee—the room is surrounded by looking-glasses, so that the people are always multiplying who go there; the lady herself was very beautiful, but Mr. Fulmer told me she was constantly reflected upon. Mr. F. took some melted glass,

upon which I did not like to venture, but contented myself with a tumbler of caterpillar and water.

Wednesday we went to the Shampdemars (which is opposite to the Pere Elisée,) and saw a review of the Queerasses of the Royal Guard. The sister of the late Dolphin was present—the Dolphin of France is the same as the Prince of Whales in England. The Duke of Anglehoime came by from hunting just at the time; I am told he is quite a Ramrod in the chace. The troops performed their revolutions with decision, and having manured all over the ground, fired a fille de joy, and returned to their quarters.

We went yesterday to what is their Parliament House, and while we were waiting in the antic-room, I saw a picture of Lewes de Sweet himself, in a large purple robe, lined with vermin and covered with fleur de lice. Being a stranger, I was allowed to look into the chamber; it is not quite what I expected, there seemed to be a man in a bar with a bell before him, and the men who were speaking, spoke all in French, and looked very shabby and mean—to be sure they were only the deputies—it would have been more lucky if we had seen the members themselves.

Lavy, I think, has got a puncheon for Mr. Fulmer, and I am afraid is a fretting about it, but this is quite cet a dire between us, Mr. B. He says her figure is like the Venus de Medicine, which is no doubt owing to the pulling down she has had of late. We are going next week to Sanclew again, but we travel in such an old carriage that I cannot prevail upon myself to mention its name.

You must excuse a short letter to-day. I was determined to write, else I thought our friends in Westminster might be disappointed. You shall hear more at large by the next opportunity.

Always yours,

D. J. RAMSBOTTOM.

If you see Mr. R. tell him Mr. Fulmer has bought him two pictures; one of Ten Years, the other of Old Beans; I am no judge, but they are very black, and shine beautifully—they are considered shift doovers in these parts.

LETTER III.

Paris, March 15, 1824.

MY DEAR BULL,—I believe I shall soon have to announce that Mr. Fulmer has led my Lavy to the halter—but I am unwilling to be too sanguinary; should that happen, however, we shall extend our tower, and proceed to the Pay de Veau, and finally to Room—where Mr. Fulmer is to explain all the antics, what you so well know are collected there.

We have been to-day to see the Hotel de Veal, so called, I believe, from being situated in the Calf-market; it is now styled the Place de Grave, because all the malefactors who are decimated by the gulleting (an instrument so called from its cutting the sufferer's throat) are buried there. We crossed over the Pont Neuf, in order to go again to see the Mass. As we went along, I purchased two beautiful sieve jars, with covers, on purpose to keep Popery in.

I believe I forgot to say that we went one morning to an expedition of pictures at the Looksombre palace, so called from its dull situation—it was very fine—one particularly struck my fancy. It was Phœbe offering Hector to the Gods. There was another of Morpheus charming the Beasts, which was extremely moving. Mr. Fulmer shewed me a large picture, painted by David, which is wonderfully fresh, considering its vast age. I knew David was the greatest musician of his time, but I did not know that he was a painter into the bargain. These genuses are always gifted creturs.

We have been to the Jardin des Plantes, or place for wild beasts, where we saw some lepers and tygers, and two birds called carraways, from India; there is also an oliphant, which contradicts the absurd story that these animals carry their trunks about with them—this great creature had nothing but a long snout, which made him look to me as if his tail had been misplaced—it was intended by Bonypart to put the statute of one of these animals up, for a fountain on the Bullwards, indeed the impediment is already constructed.

I was very much delighted with the place Louis Quinzy—so called from his having died of a sore throat—the

Admiralty is situated here, with a dollygraph on the top—Mr. Fulmer introduced me to one of the officers in the naval department, who was a very favourable specimen of the French moreen.

We went to the Odium, a favourite playhouse of Bonypart's, on purpose to see the Civil Barber, a play written by one Beau Marchy—but we were disappointed, for the house was not open, so by way of appease-alley, as Mr. Fulmer calls it, we went to the Fait d'Eau, a kind of French uproar, where we paid very dear for tickets, and got no places after all. I was quite sick and tired of the affair altogether, and if Mr. Fuller had not got me a caffè au lait to carry me home, I think I should have perspired from fatigue.

I had almost forgot to tell you that we went to the palace at Marselles, distant from this about ten miles; it is indeed a beautiful place. There we saw the great Oves playing, which is water-works, and represents water coming out of the mouths of lions, and out of the ears and noses of frogs and goddesses, as natural as the life. Here is a wonderful fine chapel, all of marvel, and a strait canal which has no end—I forget how much it cost the nation to make all this water, but I am sure it is cheap at the money whatever it may be—though by the name it seems to be still owing. Mr. Fulmer called such an expence an easy mode of liquidating a national debt—but really I don't know why.

I have little time for more at present, because two of the doctors from the Sore-bone are coming to see my daughter's sprained ancle to-night; but it is curious to remark how foolish the people are, when one has not a gentleman with one, for Mr. Fulmer being out to-day, I sent to the Traitors for the bill of fare, and the man talked of sending the dinner in a cart, which I thought was useless, it being only just over the way. So they sent the bill, and I not being particualar, and not understanding the names of the things, ordered the first four dishes in the list, and they sent me four different sorts of soup, and when I complained of the cook, the garkon or waiter talked of quizzing and quizzing her (doubtless meaning me), as if I had been a person of no consequence)—indeed he once or twice went so far as to

swear at me, and say dam when he spoke to me, but I had nobody at home to take my part, and therefore I eat the four soups and said nothing about it.

The daughter of Mr. Ratschild is going to be married—they call him Creases, but he is a Jew. He gives her a dot the day of her wedding, of five millions of franks.

Mr. Cambray Serres is more—which here means no more. I suppose, by his name, he is related to our royal family at home.*

Do you know, Mr. Bull, that I have found out one very surprising thing, the French ridicule the English in everything; they have got a farce which they call "Anglase poor rear," which is quite scandalous, and everything they have they nick-name after us; they call a note Billy, and a book Tom; a pie they have christened Patty; they call the mob a fool; anything that is very shameful they call Hunt, but whether they mean John, Henry, Joseph, or Leigh, I cannot discover—they call the winter a heaver—the autumn Old Tom, and the summer they call Letty.

I think the French must have been originally Irish, for they say erame for cream, and suprame for supreme, and so on: but I will endeavour to find out more about this.

I went to see a vealyard (that is, an old man), who had been a sort of anchor-wright or hermit many years ago; he had been put into the dungeons of the Inquisition in furs, and suffered what they call the piano-forte and door of that terrible place—if we go to Room we shall see the buildings in which he was confined, and I dare say we shall go there, and from that to Naples, and into the Gulp of Venus, and so to Cecily, which I shall very much like whoever she may be, because I knew a namesake of hers down in Dorsetshire.

I must, however, conclude my letter, for I am hurried for Tim—Lavy begs her best love, and says in case she is married you must write her epitaph. Why do you not call upon Mr. R.? he will be very glad to see you,

* If so, it must have been through the celebrated Princess Olive of Cumberland, &c.; but it is possible Mrs. R. may be alluding to the death of the Duke de Cambacérès, which occurred about this time.

and now that he is alone he lives, in compliment to me, entirely upon turtle.

DOROTHEA J. RAMSBOTTOM.

LETTER IV.

Montague Place, Friday, April 23, 1824.

MY DEAR MR. BULL—I think you will be surprised at the prescription of this letter with the P. P. mark of the twopenny post; but poor Mr. Ramsbottom being seriously illdisposed, we were off from Paris at a moment's notice, for, as good fortune would have it, my embargo which I wrote about was quite removed by the use of Steer's hopalittledog and bang shows every night.

Mr. R. is a little better, and has lost a good deal of what the French call song; indeed our medical man relies very much on the use of his lancaulet. The fact is, that the turtles is come over from the West Hinges, and Mr. R. committed a fox paw at the King's Head, in the Poultry, which caused our doctor (who lives in this neighbourhood, and is lively as he is kind) to say that as Mr. Ramsbottom nearly died by Bleaden, so bleeding must restore him. Bleaden is the name of the gentleman who keeps the King's Head, and bleeding, as you know, is the vulgar term for fleabottomizing.

I fear you have not received my journal regular, nor do I think I have told you of our seeing the Louvre, which we did the very day before we left Paris. I own amongst the statutes, the Fighting Alligator pleased me most. As for Rubens's pictures, I could not look at them; for though Mr. Fulmer kept talking of the drapery, I saw no drapery at all: and in one, which is Adonass preventing Venice from being chaste, the lady is sitting on a gold striped jacket. Mr. Fulmer said she had got an enormous anacreonism, at which Lavy laughed; so I suppose it had some allusion to her favourite writer, Mr. Moore, who is called Anacreon—why, I never could understand, unless it refers to the fashionable Maladies which he has introduced into the best society.

A beautiful statute of Apollo with the Hypocrite pleased me very much, and a Fawn, which looks like

a woman, done by Mons. Praxytail, a French stonemason, is really curious.

A picture of the Bicknells is, I suppose, a family group, but the young women appeared tipsy, which is an odd state to be drawn in; the statute of Manylaws is very fine, and so is Cupid and Physic, different from the one which I noticed before.

Mr. Fulmer showed us some small old black pictures, which I did not look at much because he told us they were Remnants, and of course very inferior. A fine painting by Carlo my Hearty, pleased me; and we saw also something by Sall Vatarosa, a lady who was somehow concerned with the little woman I have seen at Peckham Fair in former days, called Lady Morgan.

We had one dinner at Riches, a coffee house on the Bullwards, and, curious enough, it was the very day that poor Mr. Ram overeat himself in the city—we had some stewed Angels, and a couple of Pulls done up in a dish of Shoe; which is much of a muchness with English fowl and cabbage—we had afterwards an amulet sulphur and some things done in crumbs of bread, which they wanted to pass off upon me as wheat-ears—but I had not lived at Brighton two seasons for nothing, and do happen to know the difference between wheat-ears and oysters—and so I told them.

Mr. Fulmer ordered a bottle of Oil of Purdry, which tasted a good deal like Champagne, but he said it was mouse; the girls liked it, and Lavy laughed so loud that she quite astonished an officer of the Chindammery who was drinking cafe at the next table.

I have left my third and fourth daughters in Paris, to finish their education—they will be taught everything that girls can be taught, and are to be regularly boarded every day (without regard to its being Lent) for less than seventy pounds per ann.; and they learn so many more things in France than girls do in England, that when they return they might set up for mistresses themselves—what an advantage there must be to a young woman, who is likely to have occasion for it in her latter end, in a continent education—they call these schools puncheons.

The onion of Lavy with Mr. Fulmer is postponed; his

ant is dead, and it would not be respectful to be married while the dool (as the French call it) continues; I am driven to the last moment, as Lavy and her sister are analyzing themselves to go to see the great picture of Pompey in the Strand—Lavy means to write to you next week herself.—Yours truly,

DOROTHEA J. RAMSBOTTOM.

LETTER V.

Montague Place, Jan. 6, 1825.

DEAR MR. BULL,—Why don't you write to us—or call? We are all of us well, and none of us no more, as perhaps you may suppose, except poor Mr. Ram.,—of course you know of his disease, it was quite unexpected, with a spoonful of turtle in his mouth—the real gallipot as they call it. However, I have no doubt he is gone to heaven, and my daughters are gone to Bath, except Lavy, who is my pet, and never quits me.

The physicians paid great attention to poor Mr. Ram., and he suffered nothing—at least that I know of. It was a very comfortable thing that I was at home shay new, as the French say, when he went, because it is a great pleasure to see the last of one's relations and friends.

You know we have been to Room since you heard from us—the infernal city as it is called—the seat of Popery, and where the Pop himself lives. He was one of the Carnals, and was elected just before we was there: he has changed his name, not choosing to disgrace his family. He was formerly Doctor Dallyganger, but he now calls himself Leo, which the Papists reverse, and call him Ole or Oleness. He is a fine cretur, and was never married, but he has published a Bull in Room, which is to let people commit all kind of sin without impunity, which is different from your Bull, which shoes up them as does any crime. He is not Pop this year, for he has proclaimed Jew Billy in his place, which is very good, considering the latter gentleman is a general, and not of his way of thinking.

Oh, Mr. Bull, Room is raley a beautiful place.—We

entered it by the Point of Molly, which is just like the Point and Sally at Porchmouth, only they call Sally there Port, which is not known in Room. The Tiber is not a nice river, it looks yellow; but it does the same there as the Tames does here. We hired a carry-letty and a cocky-olly, to take us to the Church of Salt Peter, which is prodigious big;—in the center of the pizarro there is a basilisk very high—on the right and left two handsome foundlings; and the farcy, as Mr. Fulmer called it, is ornamented with collateral statutes of some of the Apostates.

There is a great statute of Salt Peter himself, but Mr. Fulmer thinks it to be Jew Peter, which I think likely to—there were three brothers of the same name, as of course you know—Jew Peter the fortuitous, the capillary, and toe-nails; and it is curos that it must be him, for his toes are kissed away by the piety of the religious debauchees who visit his shin or shrine. Besides, I think it is Jew Peter, because why should not he be worshipped as well as Jew Billy? Mr. Fulmer made a pun, Lavy told me, and said the difference between the two Jew Billies was that one drew all the people to the *sinagog*, and the other set all the people *agog to sin*—I don't conceive his meaning, which I am afraid is a Dublin tender.

There was a large quire of singers, but they squeaked too much to please me—and played on fiddles, so I suppose they have no organs; the priests pass all their time in dissolving sinners by oracular confusion, which, like transmogrification, is part of their doctoring—the mittens in the morning, and whispers at night, is just equally the same as at Paris.

Next to Salt Peter's Church is the Church of Saint John the Latter end, where the Pop always goes when he is first made—there is another basilisk here covered with highrogriffins.

I assure you the Colocynth is a beautiful ruin—it was built for fights, and Mr. Fulmer said that Hel of a gabbler, an Emperor, filled his theatre with wine—what a sight of marvels Mr. B. oh, so superb!—the carraway, and paring, and the jelly and tea-cup, which are all very fine indeed.

The Veteran (which I used foolishly to call the Vacuum till I had been there) is also filled with statutes—one is the body of the angel Michael, which has been ripped to pieces, and is therefore said to be Tore-so—but I believe this to be a poetical fixture:—the statute of the Racoon is very moving, its tail is prodigious long, and goes round three on 'em—the Antipodes is also a fine piece of execution.

As for paintings there is no end to them in Room—Mr. Raffles's Transmigration is, I think, the finest—much better than his Harpoons:—there are several done by Hannah Bell Scratchy, which are beautiful; I dare say she must be related to Lady Bell, who is a very clever painter, you know, in London. The Delapidation of St. John by George Honey is very fine, besides several categorical paintings, which pleased me very much.

The shops abound with Cammyhoes and Tallyhoes—which last always reminded me of the sports of the field at home, and the cunning of sly Reynolds a getting away from the dogs. They also make Scally holies at Rome, and what they call obscure chairs—but oh, Mr. B. what a cemetery there is in the figure of the Venus of Medicine, which belongs to the Duke of Tusk and eye—her contortions are perfect.

We walked about in the Viccissitude, and hired a maccaroni, or as the French, alluding to the difficulty of satisfying the English, call them a “lucky to please,” and of course, exploded the Arch of Tights and the Baths of Diapason. Poor Lavy, whom I told you was fond of silly quizzing, fell down on the Tarpaulin Rock in one of her revelrics—Mr. Fulmer said it would make a capital story when she got home, but I never heard another syllabub about it.

One thing surprised me, the Pop wears three crowns together, which are so heavy that they call his cap a tirer. His Oleness was ill the last day we went to the Chapel at the Choir and all, having taken something delirious the day before at dinner; he was afterwards confined with romantic gout; but we saw enough of him after, and it was curious to observe the Carnals prostrating themselves successfully before him—he is like the

German corn-plaster which Mr. Ram used to use—quite unavailable.

However, Mr. B. the best part of all, I think, was our coming home—I was so afraid of the pandittis, who were all in trimbush with arquebasades and Bagnets that I had no peace all the time we were on root—but I must say I liked Friskheartly; and Tiffaly pleased me, and so did Miss Senis's Villa and the Casket Alley; however, home is home, be it never so homely, and here we are, thank our stars.

We have a great deal to tell you, if you will but call upon us—Lavy has not been at the halter yet, nor do I know when she will, because of the mourning for poor Mr. Ram—indeed I have suffered a great deal of shag-green on account of his disease, and above all have not been able to have a party on Twelfth Night.

Yours truly,

DOROTHEA RAMSBOTTOM.

Pray write, dear Mr. B.

LETTER VI.

Dippe, January 1, 1826.

DEAR MR. B.—You have not heard from any on us for a long time—indeed I have no spirits to write to anybody, for Lavy has been very mal indeed—we are stopping at Dippe, so called, as you know, from being a bathing-place, for I am worried to death.

Our house in Montagu Place, which since dear Mr. Ram's disease I cannot think of stopping in, is still to let, which is so much waste of money—it is a nice house, open behind to the Mewseum Gardens, and in front all the way to Highgate; but I cannot get it off my hands. As for Mr. Ram's little property in Gloucestershire, I never can go there, for my lawyer tells me, although we might live there if we like, that one of Mr. Ram's creditors has got a lion on the estate, and I cannot think of going to expose myself to the mercy of a wild cretur like that a running about. However, as the French says, "*jamais esprit*,"—never mind—I cannot help it.

My son Tom, who is a groin up, is to be in the law

himself; indeed, I have put him out to Grazing, under a specious pleader. I should like him to be apprenticed to the Lord Chancellor at once, and brought up to the business regular, but I don't know how to get it managed—do you think Mr. Harmer could put me in the way of it?

I only write to wish you the full complement of the season—we are a good deal troubled with wind here, but otherwise we are very snug, and there are several high-burning gentlemen of very large property living in Dippe, who are kind enough to dine with us almost every day. I like them—they have no pride at all about them, and, to look at them, you would not think they was worth a Lewy.

I take the advantage of a currier, who is in the Bureau here, and is going over with despatches, just to tell you we are alive—if you know anybody as wants an agreeable Rusinhurby,* do recommend our house in M.P. I have no noose, but am yours unhalterably,

L. D. RAMSBOTTOM.

If you would like to see my dairy continued, I will send you some sheets, which you may print or not as you choose. Write and say *wee oo nong—wooley woo?*

LETTER VII.

Eastey's Hotel, Common Garden.

DEAR B.—IT will no doubt be a surprise to you to hear that we are back in London—we landed from a French batow at Hastings the day before yesterday, after a long stay upon the continent. We were very much impeded on landing by some sailors belonging to what I think is very properly called the Blockhead service, who would not let my daughters pass without looking all over them. Two men said they were the customs there, which I thought very odd—one of them told us he was Count Roller, but I did not believe him.

* Mrs. R. reminds us of the description of Leamington, which, in one entertaining guide-book, is stated to be, if not a *rus in urbe*, at least an *urbe in rus*.

My second daughter, Amelrosa, has at last got a swan of her own, to whom she is about to be united in the silken banns of Highman—but I have but one objection—he is a French Mounsheer, and do what I can they talk so fast I cannot understand them; however, she *will* have him, *nolus bolus*, as the man says; and when once her mind is once made up, she is as resolute as the laws of the Maids and Parsons.

Mr. Rogers, the banker, (I know you know him), came over with us in the batow, and made many very odd remarks—one thing he said, at which every body laughed, I could not tell why. My French footer son-in-law asked him what the shore was called, which was close to Hastings? “Close to Hastings,” said Mr. Rogers, “why, Jane Shore, I suppose.” He is a very old-looking genus for a whig wag—Mr. Fulmer said he put him in mind of Confusion, the old Chiney philosopher, who was a Mandolin in them parts a year or two ago.

Where we are living now is in Southampton Street, and was the house of Mr. Garrick, the author of *The School for Scandal* and all Shakspeare’s plays—the waiter tells us that Mr. Johnston of Covent Garden, and an old Goldsmith of the name of Oliver, used very often to dine with him in the very room in which I write this, and that that excellent and amiable man, Sir George Beaumont, who, as you know, wrote half Mr. Fletcher’s works, and who is alive and merry at this moment, used to dine here too—but that, I think, is a little trow four, for Garrick, I believe, has been dead more than two hundred and fifty years.

I cannot let my house in Montagu Place, because of the New Universality in Gore Street—however, if I go and live there, they say there will be a great many Bachelors in the College, and perhaps I may get off one or two of my girls. I write this while my French footer son-in-law is playing Macarty with his Duleimer Amelrosa—Macarty is, to my mind, little better than a bad translation of all-fours into French; but above all, I cannot bear to hear Mounsheer while he is a playing, for whenever he has got the ace of spades in his hand, he talks of a part of Derbyshire which is never mentioned in decent society not by no means whatsoever.

In Paris we saw Mr. Cannon, the Secretary of State, but without any state at all—he was just like any other man—and as for his foreign affairs I saw none that he had—he was quite without pride—not at all like Count Potto o' de Boggo, who is a great Plenipo there, and struts about just as grand as the Roman Consols did, when they used to have their Faces tied up in bundles and carried before them by their Lickturs. I have no notion of paying such reverence to officers of humane institution for my part, and I quite love Mr. Cannon for his want of ostensibility.

We met with an uncommon unpleasant accident coming to town—one of the horses, which was seized with the staggers, a disorder very like St. Witulus's dance in men, broke his breeches in going down an ill, which very nearly overturned the carriage, which we had hired at Hastings; for, of course, we had no coach in the batow, and were glad enough to catch a couple of flies even in this cold season, to convey us to Tunbridge Wells, a place I had never seen before, and which is like Cranburn Alley put out to grass—there are various ills about the neighbourhood, which are named after Scripture, why I cannot tell—we did not drink any of the waters, none of us being any ways deceased.

I think I have now taken leave of old Ossian for this season, at all events; and as far as that goes, if I never see the briny dip again I shall not fret, for though it is a very good thing to breed fish in, I never want to be upon its pillows any more. I hope to leave this after Amelrosa is married, which will be soon I suppose, and the moment I do I will write again; meanwhile, if you like to drop in to a tête-à-tête of six, we shall always be glad to see you; and so believe me, dear B.,

Yours, very truly,

DOROTHEA L. RAMSBOTTOM.

P.S.—I have some notion of taking a country house near London, but am divided at present between Acton and Corydon.

LETTER VIII.

Montague Place, Russell Square, Thursday.

DEAR B — You will be surprised at finding me back at the old house—but we have not been able to get rid of it, so we have resolved upon living in it till we can.

My second daughter, which married Monsheer Delcroy, is *on saint*, which pleases him very much—he is quite a gentleman, and has travailed all over Europe, and has seen all our allies (which means the friendly courts) upon the Continent—he knows Lord Burgos, which is one of the Henvoys of England, and was chosen to make overtures to some foreign king—I think it was a very good choice, if *I* may judge; for I heard one of his overtures the other night at a consort in town, which was beautiful. My son-in-law also knows the Admirable Sir Sidney Smith, what made such a disturbance in Long Acre many years since, of which I cannot say I know the rights.

I met your friend Mr. Rogers last week at a party, and he made what the French call a tambourine (I think)—there was a supper, and the lady of the house, whose husband is a See captain, had some of the veal on table which had been preserved in a pot, and carried out on a pole by Captain Parry in his last voyage to Ireland, and when Mr. Rogers heard what it was, he congratulated the lady that her husband was appointed to a ship, for, says he, “I see, ma’am, he has got the *Veal de Parry!*” —at which everybody laughed—but I don’t know why, because the *Veal de Parry* is a French word, and means the Mephistopheles of France.

My son-in-law (number one as I call him), Fulmer, which married Lavy, is a member of Parliament—he is put in by a great man whose name I cannot mention; he tells us a good deal of what they do in the house—he says there are two sets on ’em in there, one is called the Eyes, and the other the Nose—the eyes is the government side because they watch over the people, and the nose is them as tries to smell out something wrong—Mr. Calcraft, Mr. Broom, Mr. Denman, and them belongs to the Nose party.

But what I never knew before is, that there is a coffee-house and a bar there—the gentleman which keeps the

coffee-house is called *Belly-me*, and he gives them their dinner. Fulmer says you may see many a man who has a stake in the country, taking his chop there; and, because sobriety is considered a pint of decency, they never drink more than a pint of wine with their vitals, which is very proper indeed. This place has been famous for its beef-steaks ever since the *rump* Parliament. I believe the House of Lords pay for the dinners of the House of Commons for I see they very often carry up their bills to them.

There is another strange thing, which is, that the Speaker has no voice, which I think very droll indeed—but what is more curious still, is, that ladies are never admitted to see the representation, as it is called; but sometimes they come and peep through the venterlater, which is a hole in the top to let out the hair, and so hears the speeches that way.

Talking of Mr. Broom, only think! our famous Hay-Tea Company being resolved after all—I got some shares, because I saw Mr. Broom's name to it, and because it was to do away with slavery in China, where the present tea comes from. I have lost a lump of money by *that*, and have been very unfortunate all through with these Joint Company speculations. Lavy has got three Real Del Monte shares worth 110 premiums—those I had, I believe, were not *real* ones at all, for I never got anything whatsoever by them.

Only think, sir, of poor Mr. Prince Tollyrang being knocked down while he was attending a chambermaid to the King at Sandennie. They have got a joke now in France, my son-in-law (Number too, as I calls him) told me yesterday—They say “il a replit ses Culottes”—Culottes are things which the Popish Priests wear upon their heads; and the joke turns upon the difference between the culottes and soufflets, which are amulets of eggs, of which I once before wrote to you, from the other side of old Ossian.

I should tell you that my Bowfceeze (as he calls himself) Delcroy, is learning English very fast, but he will not do it the wriggler way, but gets his Dicks and Harries, and so puzzells out every word. We had a great laugh against him the other day—

He was coming home through St. Giles's (which is the only way to this), and there was too women a fighting in the street, and Deleroy he stood listening to hear what it was all about; but doose a word could he make out, till at last one of the women gave the other what the fighters call a Flora, and she tumbled down, and then the friends of her agonist cried, "Well done, Peg!" which Deleroy got into his head, and come home all the way a saying to himself, "Well—done—Peg;" quite dissolved to find out what it meant, in he comes—up stairs he goes—down comes his Dieks and Harries, and out he finds the words—

First, he finds "Well,"—an evacuation made in the earth to find water.

Next he finds "Dun,"—a colour betwixt black and brown.

And last he finds "Peg,"—a wooden nail.

Oh! then to hear him rave and swear about our Lang Anglay—it was quite horrible—for he knew well enough, with all his poking and groping, that that could not be the meaning; so now, whenever he begins to try his fine scheme, my girls (little toads) run after him and ery out "Well done, Peg!"

I wish you would drop in and see us—we are all in the family way here; but my two youngest daughters play very pretty—one they say has as much exeecution as Muscles on the piano-forte, or Key-sweater on the fiddle; they play the late Mr. Weaver's overture to O'Brien uncommon well as a do-it; the Roundo is very difficult they tell me—indeed I know it must be a beautiful piece of music, because they have printed FINE in large letters at the end of it.

But I waist too much of your time—do come and take your tea with us—we live a good deal out of the way, but when you get down to the bottom of Oxford Street, ask any body, and they will tell you which road to take—it is all lighted at night here, and watched just like London—do come.

Adoo, yours truly,
LAVINIA D. RAMSBOTTOM.

LETTER IX.

Montague Place, Bedford Square, Friday.

DEAR B.—I am quite in a consternation—you are no longer a supporter of Government, and I am—indeed several ladies of my standing down in these parts have determined to stick to the Canine Administration, which you oppose. Mr. Fulmer takes in the *Currier* and the *Currier* supports them—besides, he knows the Duke of Deafonshire, and so we cannot help being on their side.

You did not perhaps, expect so soon to see Lord Doodley in place, nor fancy Mr Turney would be Master of the Mint, or else you would not have been again Mr. Canine—for I know you like Lord Doodley, and you always praise Mr. Turney.

Between you and me, I do not quite understand why they should have so much mint in the Cabinet as to want a man to look after it, when they have no Sage there, nor do I see how our Statesmen can get into a Cabinet to sit—to be sure, the French Minister sits in a bureau, and one is quite as easy to get into as the other. I see by Mr. Canine's speeches, that the King (God bless him!) sits in a closet, which is much more comfortable, I think.

Fulmer tells me that Mr. Broom's brother is the Devil, and gets six or seven hundred a year by it—I always understood he was related to the family, but never knew how, till Mr. Canine's people got him a place at Court, which I think very wrong, only I must not say so.

I was very near in a scrape on Monday, I went down to Common Garden to buy some buckets for my popery jars, out of which I empty the popery in summer, and put in fresh nosegays, being a great votery of Floorar—when who should be there but Mr. Hunt, and Mr. Cobbett, and Mr. Pitt, the last of which gentlemen I thought had been dead many years; indeed I should not have believed it was him, still alive, only I heard Mr. Hunt call for his Old Van, which I knew meant the President of our Anti-Comfortable Society in Tattenham-court-road, who is a Lord now, and was a friend of Mr. Pitt's before he retired from public life into the Haddley.

Mr. Hunt told us a thing which I never knew before, which is, that the pavement of Common Garden is made

of blood and perspiration, which is so curious that my two little girls and I are going down Toosday to look at it—after hearing him say that, I got away, but had my pocket pick'd of some nice young inions, which I had just before bought.

Mr. Fulmer does not know I am riting to you, but I do rite because I think it rite to do so, to warn you not to say that Mr. Canine has gone away from what he was formerly—for I know as a fact that it was *he* which christened his present friends “all the talons,” and rote a pome in praise of them, which he would not have done had he not thought cyely of them.

It is not true that he is going to make any new Pears, although his anymes say so. Mr. Russell, of Branspan, I have known all my life—he smokes more than his coles, and don't want to be a Lord at all; and as for Mr. Bearing, he is a *transit land take* man, and cannot be a Lord here—at least so F. tells me. However, I think Sir George Warenner will be a Barren something, let what will happen elsewhere. I see, however, Mr. Canine has made both Plunkett and Carlile Lords, and given all the woods and forests to the latter.

You see I begin to pick up the noose—*awnter noo*, as the French say, have you seen our village clock in St. Giles's—it is lited up by itself every heaving, at hate o'clock; and on aecount of its bright colour may be red at any hour of the nite; it is, indeed a striking object; if you should be able to get out of town to drive down this way and look at it.

Only think of these Mr. Wakefields being put into goal for three years for marrying a young woman—I suppose there is no chance of her being confined in consequence of her going with them. Have you heard Madame Toesoe? is she any relation to Miss Foote? My papa is full, and will hold no more, so adeu.

Yours truly,

DOROTHEA L. RAMSBOTTOM.

LETTER X. ♦

Cheltenham, April 11, 1828.

MY DEAR B.—I have been prevented writing you of late; two of my youngest daughters have had the mizzles, which has been succeeded by a cough and considerable expectation; but I have changed my doctor, and shall do uncommon well know. The last person, who fancies himself a second Hippocrite, had the impotence to say my girls had a low fever—girls brought up as they have been, like duchesses—so I said nothing; but when he called again, I was denied to him, and sent for his arrival; and we are all going on well, and keep up our spirits accordingly.

A regiment is, I believe, the best thing after all; for I have just discovered that Shakspeare, the mortal bird, as my son calls him, died of indigestion, which I did not know till my new doctor told me so; he said, that poor Shakspeare was quite destroyed by common tato's, which must have been some coarse sort of the root in use in his time; and the doctor also told me, that he was attended by a Doctor Johnson and a Mr. Stevens; but I thought to myself, too many cooks spoil the broth; and even my medical said he thought he would have done better if they had left him *alone*. What made us talk about the great swain of Avon was, my saying I thought *She Stoops to Conquer* a very droll play.

My son-in-law has bought a beautiful picture, a Remnant undoubted; and is considered, as indeed it is, what the French call a *shade over* of that great master. He has also bought a jem of considerable vallew; he says it is an antic of a dancing fawn, but it looks to me like a man with a tail, a-jumping. He has got several very curious things at shops here; but he goes poking his nose into all the oles and corners for curiosities, and sometimes gets into sad scrapes; he is a French Mounsheer, you recollect; and at one of the sails he scraped acquaintance with a young dandy-looking man with dark musquitos on his lips, which he had seen every morning a drinking the waters regularly, and so we let him walk and talk with us; and at last we were told he was no better than he should be, and had been convicted of

purgery, which I did not think so great a crime, considering where we was; however he is gone away, which I am glad of.

I told you my son-in-law was a French Mounsheer, but I did not know till the other day that he was in the army, for he has been so sly as never to mention it; but I saw one of his letters from his elder brother, and in the direction he called him Cadet, which, after all, is no very high rank you know. I should, however, have very much liked to have seen the boys from the Military Asslum march to the Surrey Theatre; it must have been a beautiful site; I suppose they got leave through the Egerton General's office.

Have you read Lord Normandy's *Yes or No*, or Mr. Liston's *Herbert Lacy*? I should think it must be very droll, he is such a droll creature himself; and pray tell me if you have heard any news from Portingal of the Don. Major Macpherson calls him *Don McGill*, and Captain O'Dogherty calls him *Don My jewel*—how do you pronounce it? I am told Lord Doodley used to call him, while he was in London, *My gull*.

There is not much stirring here; we are all mending, and exorcise ourselves for four hours at a time, on what is called the well walk, which is a different place from the sick walk, which is entirely for the innphealeds. Lavinia has got old of a book called *Bookarchy*, containing the lives of a hundred Knights, she says; but she won't shew it to her sisters as is not yet marred; it is translated out of a foren tongue by a Mr. D. Cameron; all the Scotch is very clever.

Mr. Fulmer is going to Hauksvut next term, to be made a Doctor of Laws. He says he shall be away only two days, but I doubt its being over so soon, because he told me himself it must be done by degrees. After he is made a Doctor, he says he means to practice; but I told him I thought he had better practice first, in order to understand what he has to do afterwards. A friend of his came here to see him from Hauksvut College, who I thought was a clergyman by his dress; but I found out, by what Mr. Fulmer told me, that it was an old lady in disguise, for he said she was Margaret Professor, and he even went so far as to call her

a Divinity, which to me did seem uncommon strange. However, there is no understanding these scholars; for it is not more than a fortnight since, that Fulmer told me he expected a brazen-nosed man to dinner; and when the gentleman came, his nose was just like other people's: so I suppose it was to surprise Lavinia, who was reading a work on Nosology at the very time.

You will be pleased to hear that I have let my house in Montagu Place, unfurnished with conveniences, for three hundred and twenty pounds a-year, besides taxis; and I have skewered a very nice residence in the Regent's Park, within ten doors of the Call-and-see-um, where the portrait of Saint Paul is to be exhibited, and where I hope you will visit us; my two youngest, which is a-shooten up, is uncommonly anxious to know you, now they have made their debutt into sancyity. The young one is a feline cretur as ever trod shoe leather. The other is more of an orty crackter, with very high sprits. They are, indeed, quite Thelia and Molpomona of the Ramsbottoms.

If you should run down here before we leave for town, pray come and take pot-luck, which is all we can offer you at Cheltenham. You must take us as you find us: we are all in the family way, and, as you know, delighted to see our friends, without any ceremony.

Do right, dear B., and send us the noose; for really the old Engines, who are here for their health, look so billyus, that without something to enliven us, we should get worse instead of better.—Ajew, ever yours,

D. L. RAMSBOTTOM.

LETTER XI.

Hastings, July 8, 1828.

DEAR B.—Here we are, after a short tower to Dip in France, in the esteem packet the *Tarbut*—my fourth has been mylad, as the French say, and was recommended a little voyage, and she picked up an old bow, which talked to her in French, which I thought was impotence,—but why they call this place green and young Hastings, which is old and brown, I don't know—they are

going, however, to move it about a mile nearer Bexhill, to the stone where William the Third landed when he had conquered the Normans. Our old bow said it was a capital sight for a town; but as yet I couldn't see much, although everybody is taking the houses before they are built.

We was a-staying with a couzen of mine near Lewis, before we crossed the sea—he is marred, and has a firm hornee—the sheep he has is called marinos, because it is near the sea; and their wool is so fine, that they fold them up every night, which I had no notion of. They have two sorts of them, one, which they call the fine weather mutton, stays out all night, I believe, and the other doesn't. But the march of intellect is agoing on; for the dirty boys about the farm-yard, they told me, are sent to Harrow, and the sheep themselves have their pens found them every night; what to do, I don't know, and I never like to ask—at Battle, where there is an old abbé living—we did not see him—they have built a large chapel for the Unicorns; I scarcely know what sex they are—I know the Whistling Methodists, because when Mr. Ram and I was young, we used to go to the meetin, and hear them preach like anything. There's a great deal of religion in Sussex of one sort and another.

My eldest, Mrs. Fulmer, has come here for her a-coachman. Fulmer wishes it may be a mail, because what they have already is all gurls; if it hadn't been for that, I should have gone to Mrs. Grimsditch's soreye at Hackney last week, when I was to have been done out as Alderman Wenables, but I was obliged to be stationary here. I was so sorry to see in the noosepapers that, when the Lord High Admiral exhibited his feet on the 18th of June, Maria Wood was dressed up so strange; they said, that after she had been painted, and some part of her scraped clean from duckweed, they tied flags to her stays, and put a Jack into her head, which I think quite wrong, because them Jacks is uncommon insinuating.

I see that in Portingal Don Myjewel has got three estates, but they cannot be very grand ones, if they produces only a crown; however, I don't know what they mean in that country, only as they call him real, I suppose he is the rightful king—I don't henvy him,

Mr. B.—there's many happier than them as sets upon thorns, though they be gilded ones.

We met one of the Engines here from Cheltenham. He talks of returning to some friend of his in Hingy, I think he calls him Ben Gall. I know he spoke very familiar of him. He has been at Stinkomalee, in Sealong, and at the Island of Malicious, where a gentleman of the name of Paul killed himself with Virginia. Our Engine said he was at Malicious and at Bonbon at the time of the Conquest, which my Trusler's Chrononhotonthologos tells me was in the year 1072, which makes his old appearance not surprizing—he is very antic indeed. He says he shall go out in a China ship, which sounds to me very venturesome, but I suppose he knows what he is about—he is going to Bombay, he tells us, to buy cotton; but that, between you and me, is nonsense, because if that was all, why could he not go to Flint's in Newport-Market, where they sells every sort of cotton, all done up in nice boxes ready for use.

One thing I heard about hunting while I was at the Firm Hornee, which I thought shocking. There is a Squire Somebody which keeps a pack of beadles, and there is ever so many of them—and they sleep in the kennell every night, and a man is paid to whip them into it—but that is not the worst—they feed them upon humane flesh. You would not scarce credit this, but I heard my cousin say that he wondered this hot weather did not hurt the dogs, for that they had nothing to feed on but the Graves.—Do just touch them up for this—I'm sure they deserve it.

That selection for Member of Parliament in Clare is very strange, isn't it? Our old bow tells us that O'Connell can't take his place because he won't swear against transportation, for he says it is one thing for a Papist to stand, and another for him to sit, which *enter noo* I could have told *him*—however, he says he thinks O'Connell will go to the Pigeon House strait from the selection. Of course I did not like to ask what he wanted to do in such a place as a Pigeon House, and so the conversation dropped—indeed, the bow (as we call him), told us such a strange story about Mr. O'Connell's getting to the top of a pole the first day, and keeping up

there for four days afterwards, that I begin to think he tells tarrydiddles sometimes. He is very agreeable though, and I believe he is rich, which is the mane point when one has gurls to settle. He is always a-making French puns, which he calls cannon-balls; but I never shall be much of a parley vous; I did not take to it early enough.

We expect the Duke of Clarence to review the Block-head Service on this coast, which will make us uncommon gay. He will visit the Ramlees, which Capt. Piggut commands, at Deal, and the Epergne, Captain Maingay's ship, at New Haven. I should like to go to Brighton, but Fulmer is afraid of movin his better half while she is so illdisposed, and expecting every minute; however, when that is over, we shall, I dare say, go to London, and hope to see you in our new house. If you come here we shall delight in seeing you; but I believe you like London, and never leaves the bills of morality, if you can help it. Adoo, dear B. They all sends their loves.

Yours,

LAVINIA D. RAMSBOTTOM.

P.S.—You write sometimes about the Niggers, and abuse them—depend upon it they are uncommon mischievous even here; for my couzen told me that the Blacks had got all his beans—I only gives this as an int.

LETTER XII.

Gravesend, April 2, 1828.

MY DEAR B.—I have taken a trumpery residence hear for the season, for the health of my therd gull, which is frequently effected with a goose. I send you up a copy of the Gravesend Guide, which will explain all the booty of the place, and all its convenences; the passage in the steemboat is cheep and agreble, and we run up and down every two or three tims in the weak.

Oh, B., B., I have got a krow to pluck with you. I cannot make out what makes you such a stench Protestant; poor dear Mr. Ram never could bear Poppery, but I am afraid he was a biggoat at bottom; for the mounsheer which marred my second tells me that it is a sweet

religion, and that you can always get ablution for paying for it, which is very pleasant.

I remember the riots of Hayti, when they burnt old Newgate, and got into all the goals: they raised several houses to the ground, and burned Lord Mansfield's house in Bloomsbury Square, which was of brick and stone; what would they have done with his Willy up at Highgate, which is all made of Cane-wood; yet after all these I see he goes on in the Hose of Pears a speeking agin the Roming Catlicks just as if nothin had happened to him; he must be very antickated now I should think.

You have heard, in course, that the new Pop is erected. Mounsheer tells me that Ginger was a very good Pop as ever was—he died notwithstanding his infallowbility—all Pops go off—and that's as it should be, for as they lives infallowbill, so they infallowbelly dies. Mounsheer told me that it was thought that either Carnal Fetch or Carnal Comealongo would have been erected Pop, but that Charles Deece would have put his Feeto upon Fetch, so they have erected Castellioneye—they put poor Ginger after his deth into a cistern, with his holy toes a protruding out of a grating for the people to kiss.

I should have liked to be in Room when the concave was held. Oh, Mr. B., you very much mistake the Catlick Priesthood. All the stories you hear of the Carnals keeping columbines is entirely calomel—they nose better than to do such things as those—for my part, I hop to see the day when all extinction of religion is forgot, and we shall see all our halters occupied by Popish Priests. What does Mr. More, the allmyknack maker, say on this toepick—

“ Shall I ask the brave soger what fites by my side,
 In the kaws of mankind if our creeds agree?
 Shall I give up the friend I have valled and tried,
 If he kneel not afore the same halter with me?
 From the hairytick gull of my sole shall I fly,
 To seek somewhere's else a more orthodox kiss?
 No—perish the harts and the laws as try
 Truth, walour, and love, by a standard like this.”

I say ditto, ditto, to Mister More; why should we hairyticks stick up for our authordoxies, or any other

sich, or despise the Roming Catlieks—why, we are de-
canters from the holy church ourselves, just as much as
the Sauceinions and the Hairyuns, and the Whistlings,
or any others, are from hours—can't we wusship, every
one after his own fashion?—look at the Quackers—there's
a sex—so pychouse, and demure, and desunt, in every-
thing good and propper.

Why do *you* know, Mr. B., the Quacker ladies goes
down to Grinnage, and Woodlidge, and Popular, and the
Isle of Docks, and all them parts, to phissit the poor
feemale convix, which is about to be transpirted to Von
Demon's Land and Bottomy Bay, where the illustus
Cook first found out the Cangarews—poor gulls, I think
it a pity to send out the pretty Lassenies, they are some
on 'em so juvenal. Oh, Muster B., what must their Rum
and essences be when they reclects Tim past—some on
'em if they are hard working merrytorious gulls, get
marred as soon as they gets to the Coloony; and when
they does, Mr. Fulmer tells me they play the very dooce
with the Malt-house system; which I spose means that
they drink too much hail, and bear in proportion.

A sergeant goes to take care on 'em, and see as they
wants for no thing—he locks them up every night, and
never suffers no *Foxes paws*, but keep them quite creckt,
and they are in sich order, that he has only just to talk
of the lock and the key to subdoo 'em in a minuet—poor
creturs, them as I seed were chairful, and not one of
them was wiping, they had plenty of vitals, and spoke of
the Coloony as a nice place, and called the Governor a
Darling—but it seems wretched work—to hope for hap-
piness there, is to follow an English Fattyus, which you
know is a Will of the Whips, which is seed in the
mashes.

But anuff of this—rite me word what you think of the
Hopra—I think Pissarowneye is a bootiful singer—I don't
much like Specky, and as for Moutnijelly she harn't got
no vice—not what I call a sweet vice—Miss Blazes is
harmonias; but I see by the bills that they have de-
nounced an Angel and a Devil to act, which I do not
think *come il pho*. I have not seen Suck Kelly, no
Bellygreeny, but I recleck Mollybrown Garshia quite
well. The new ballad of Mass and Kneelo is quite

splendead—there is a him to the Vergin, sung just like Tedium in a church, and Wesuewius in the rear is quite tremendos. Colonel O'Conner said he never saw a more beautiful crater in all his born days, and he is quite a jug of those matters.

Haprowpow dee Botts.—Why do you satyreyes my friends, Lethbridge and Fillpot—you give a whole chapter to the Dean every Sunday, which is too much, and as for calling Sir Tomass a rat, I deny the fack—at least if he *is* a rat, the day I saw him at dinner with Lord Wene-rables he must have twisted his tail into the bag behind him, for I saw none of it.

I have no noose, except that we all wish you would come and explode these parts—perhaps you will, after you have red the guide. The passage is short and iconu-mical, only two shillings by the steam bot, or as the French call it the *pack bot avec peur*. Do come—we all unite in best regards.

Yours truly,
LAVINIA DOROTHEA RAMSBOTTOM.

LETTER XIII.

MY DEAR B.—We was all at the wet feet at Chissick on Saturday; Lavy and Fulmer, and Mounsheer, my second, and the two “june dimiselles” as Mounsheer calls them; and sich a site as that for a breakfast, never did I clap my too eyes on—furst of all, we went off in Fulmer's broach and Mounsheer's brisket—all in the poring rein—two cargoes of us, and we was literally soaked through and through afore we got there, and there was a great poodle under the place where I sot: however, we had paid our jennies, and we was determined to have a reseat in fool.

But now I must tell you before I begin, that when we got home, Fulmer sot down just like Swalter Scott, or Milton, or Pop, or any one of the potes, and wrote a whole account of it in virse, every bit of it as true as if it warn't pottery at all, and then he sung it to us, Lavy playing the Pein forte accompaniment: and when I asked him to give it me for you, he tore it all to hattams. But

I matched him there, as I had done afore. As soon as he was gone out of the room I picked up the pieces (which, if I had not a watched him, I think he would have gone and done himself); and so I stuck the paper together as well as I cood, but some of the vurses is still missing; however, wherever there is a ole in the ballad I will supply the place with my pros, so as to make it a jint produxion just like Bowman and Flesher, or Merton and Reinholds, or Mathews and Yates.

Fulmer begins thus, to your favorite toon of "*Hunting the Hair*":—

"Go tell Jenkins to order the horses,
The clouds are all breaking, the sky's looking blue;
At half after one let us muster our forces,
And order the carriage at half after two.

"Tell Emma and Susan,
To put their thick shoes on,
And get Maraboos on,
And send up for Kate;
Put the Halls in the rumble
(I'm sure they can't grumble),
With Bob and your humble,
They'll just make us eight.

"Where are ye going to?" cries Mrs. Dickenson,
"What can you do such a very damp day?"
"Comfort ourselves with champagne and cold chickens soon
See the big cherries, and hear Littolf play.

Iceing or prawning
(It's all under awning),
Or lounging the lawn in,
The crowd will be great;
So come, Mrs. Dickenson,
Folks will drop thick in soon,
Mud you shau't stick in soon,
Come to the *fête*.

"The people are clever who get up this festival,
Men who sit toiling in science for weeks,
Hold councils on cabbages, and (which is best of all)
Speak upon salads and lecture on lecks;

Who sit (without raillery),
 Vote upon celery,
 Clear out their gallery
 After debate—
 Men who can grapple
 With onion or apple,
 And tell if the sap'll
 Rise early or late."

Off we started, the rain was just mizzling,
 Crack went the whips, and we rattled through town :
 At Kensington coach-stand it faster was drizzling,
 At Kensington church it began to come down :

The post-boys were whipping,
 The post-horses slipping,
 The Halls were quite dripping
 At Hammersmith-gate ;
 On we went dashing,
 And squashing, and splashing,
 Till after this fashion
 We got to the *fête*.

Then there's a virse wanton, which of course I can't remember ; but the Bow-street officers were all round the dore, and they looked to me as little like Bows as they did like officers ; however there was a large poodle to get over, and I heard them bid me wait till they sent for a Plank, which turned out to be a humane cretur, the head of the Pelisse. We had no umberellars, only our pari-soles ; but we got into a long tent, and there Fulmer told me I had better make my election to stay, because I was favoured both by the canvas and the pole ; which I do not understand, but he put it all in rhyme about a "hujus encampment," something you know, I don't quite remember, to "keep off the damp meant:" and then he praised the bootiful creturs what was a setting in the mud under the yawning, which cood not get out, and called them the most elegant flowers and fruits of the day.

It was no good a stopping there, however, for we was a mile a'most from the feeding place which Mr. Grunter had prepared for his fellow-creturs ; so I determined wet or dry, nolus bolus, over I would go—it was uncommon squasby, and poor Lavy had a touch of the Room attics

in her head before we come out, however, it warn't no use complaining, so the two Hauls, which was phissitors of ours, and I undertook to cross over the plot—of that, Fulmer says:—

'Cross the *green* ocean amongst the carousers there,
 Oh! what a squabble, what pushing, what thumps;
 Dandies appropriately drest in *duck* trousers, were
 Making their way through the water in pumps.

To see them a-tripping,
 And sliding and slipping,
 With cold meat and dripping—

Here there is another ole, and I think it must be a horror of the arthurs, because "cold meat and dripping" is nonsense; however, no matter, we got over, and *there*, if you'll believe me, was a matter of a kipple of thousand humane creturs, just like pigs with their noses in the troffs, agin the wall, a heating and a heating, and a grunting and a grumblin', over their uncles in gravelly mud.

I heard one man ask for a kennel of chicken, and another wanted a blanket of veel; but the master cook put his head out of a French marqui, and said there warn't nothing shew (which, as you know, means hot, in the language of the Galls); so I squeedged out three young youths and two gulls which was a making themselves sick with eating isis, and made rheum for myself, and sot too make up my jenny's worth; but if you'll believe me, dear B. (I didn't care for the muck I was standing in, for I had a cork soul), but presently I felt drip, drip, drip, something a dripping into my neck behind, which I was so hot a crossing the grace plot I didn't feel at first, but which was the rein a coming through the callyko top of the yawning; and what was uncommon surprising to me, although the clouds above were so black, yet the rein which fell, eum down quite blue. I had a glass of Bucephalus, three big glasses of celery Shimpain (which shows the advantage of the garden, for it was just as good as any made from grapes), and a small glass of O. D. V., which the master cock in his white nite-cap sent out to me. Fulmer called the people who got under cover the *con-tents*, and them as could not, the *non-con-tents*.

But if you had seen the way in which the gentlemen run about to fetch vitals for the ladies—it was quite charming. “I want a wing for a lady,” says one; “I want a couple of legs for my ant, who can’t walk,” says another—“A thick slice of beef for Miss Angelina,” and so on. Oh! it was quite delightful, only I don’t think so double refined as I expected for a jenny. Fulmer says, in a *virse* about the company—

There were the Thompsons, the Greens, and the Nevensons,
Two Miss Barkers, and twelve Mr. Smiths;
Three Miss Wilsons, Miss White, and the Stephensons,
Pretty Miss Hawkins, and four of the Friths.

The Walkers and Bartons,
The Simpsons and Martins,
The Stubbses and Partons,
And old Mrs. Tate.
With Hopkins and Higgins,
And thin Mrs. Figgins,
And fat Mr. Wiggins,
The *élite* of the *fête*.

However, one accident happened—somethink always does happen wherever we go. My second was bootifully dressed—all after one of the Magaseens, and quite unlike any body else—and somehow or other—I don’t know whether it was the whet or what—but part of her close tumbled off; however the Bows which was about thought it was one of her sleeves, and nobody cared except her husband Mounsheer, who was quite in a *bustle* at loosing anything, and *would* make her tell him all about it, because he was terrified at seeing her so much reduced in figger in so short a space of time—Mounsheer got it back from one of the Artillery Bombardeers, which was in the garden to watch the river for fear it should get dry—howsoever there was plenty of water this time.

Well, B., after we had heat in four places, and tried for the fifth, but could get nothing, we went out just for a minuet, thinking the rein had sopsided; but we had scaree got out of the heating place when down it come agin, and we was obliged to run for it—(I don’t run very expedishus at any time, much less after what I had heat)—and got into what is called the committee-room, &

place as dark as pitch, and smelling like a seed shop ; indeed I never seed such a place in my life ; and there was the Tyrrease Pheasants, and sich a silly gull a asking them all manner of foolish questions about their singeing their Tyrrease kitches or whatever they are. This warn't lost upon Fulmer—and I have presarved that virse—

GOD SAVE THE KING was the best of the show for us,
 And it was greeted with loyalty's roar ;
 But, when they sang the words, " Long to *rain* over us,"
 Nature herself seemed to call an *encore*.

'Twas in the committee-room,
 Dark as a city room,
 By no means a pretty room,
 Close to the gate ;
 Amongst the complainers,
 Thus warbled the Rainers,
 Most apt entertainers,
 For Saturday's *fête*.

Well, B., and after that, I am sorry to say when it got to hold up for a minuet again, the Bows, which I thought had been a carrion the Shimpain and the vitals to the ladies, showed by their conduct that they had only got the things in the names of the fair sects, and as Fulmer said had added to the frauds of the neutral flags, by taking to themselves, under false pretences, what was shipped for other people—they was quite inhebriated, and played very improper pranks—Fulmer said, that he himself saw one lady play merry tricks, but if so, I dare say she'll learn to play new tricks before she comes there again—however, the conduct of the men was quite obstropolous, and one of them spoke to my seckond as if he had been introduced, and when he asked her name, and she said Ramsbottom, he behaved more imperently than he had done before, and said that he had noed us all long ago. I'm sure he never noed me, nor none of my daughters, and so I told him, and I begged Mr. Fulmer to find out the Secrethairy, Mr. Sabine, to come and speak to the imperent poppy ; but Fulmer told me that we had better go away as fast as we could, for that when men were in *that* state none of the Sabines would be

safe ; so of course I would not go to hinger a respectable family, and we got over our uncles to the gate, where we found our servant Jenkins in the custody of the officers, for nocking down a beetle belonging to the gardner, which would not let him poke his knows in to look for us. So Fulmer did (what, considering the weather, was quite necessary,) gave his curd to the pelisseman, and baled out the footman.

But I must say a Jew, and I cannot help thinkin how surprized Fulmer will be when he sees your pepper in the mornun. Lavy has been in bed ever since the Feet ; our cousin Kate has got a swelled face ; the Hauls have both got bad coughs, and Mounsheer and his wife have been takin teasannes every nite and mornun ; however, I hope we shall soon get about, and if what I have saved out of the phier is of any use, you are welkum.

Yours, dear B., always,

DOROTHEA L. RAMSBOTTOM.

REVIEWS.

ALLEGORICAL PICTURE OF WATERLOO AND
PAMPHLET BY — WARD, ESQ.

[JOHN BULL, 1821.]

WE have the highest respect for the arts and for artists: we are perfectly aware of the numerous qualifications requisite for a painter—we know and feel the difficulty, and duly consider the quantity of talent necessary to the painting even of a *bad picture*: the years of probationary labour expended before even the palette comes into use, the days and nights of watching and toil after it is assumed, and the variety of chemical, mechanical, and scientific knowledge, which must be brought to bear upon a subject before the idea of the painter can be transferred to canvas.

These feelings, and this respect for the art and professors of painting, makes us slow to censure; and although we have long had our eyes upon some of the public exhibitions of the season, we have refrained from commenting upon them till the common curiosity of the town had repaid, in some measure, the care and anxiety of those in whose studies they had their origin.

With such feelings we were disposed to regard Mr. Ward's allegorical picture of Waterloo,—the picture had good principle about it, and the weeks, months, and years, which have been bestowed upon it demanded some recompense; the idlers of Piccadilly did not feel the occasional disbursement of a shilling. In pleasant society Ward's exhibition-room was as good a place wherein to “laugh a sultry hour away” as any other; and anxious that Mr. Ward, after having expended so much time, canvas, and colour, should get something by it, we have patiently let him draw his reward from the pockets of those good easy

folks, who read newspaper puffs and believe them; and who go and vow all over London that a picture is wonderful and sublime, merely because the painter, at the trifling charge of seven shillings and sixpence, has thought proper to tell them that it is so, in the public journals.

But when we find that this picture was painted for the Directors of the British Institution, founded "for the express purpose of *encouraging the Fine Arts*," and is about to be engraved and disseminated throughout the country, as a specimen of the works taken under the especial care of that Institution, it really becomes a duty to save the nation from a charge of bad taste so heavy as must arise out of the patronage of such a ludicrous daub.

This may be a picture painted *for* the Institution at their desire, and the execution of it is no proof of their want of judgment, because they desired to have such a picture, and they have got it, and we have thereby no proof of their approbation; but since they have got themselves into a scrape, they certainly should not allow a print to be made from it, even if they suffer the painting to remain in existence.

If it be possible to imagine one thing upon earth more irresistibly ridiculous than another, it is the composition of this enormous thing—the size of it is thirty-five feet by twenty-one—in the centre appears the Duke of Wellington in a pearl car—under his feet are legs, and arms, and heads in glorious confusion—before him rides a pretty little naked boy upon a lion—over him in the clouds are a group of young gentlemen with wings representing the Duke's victories, who look like Mrs. Wilkinsons Preparatory Academy turned out for a bathe; and amongst these pretty little dears are Peace and Plenty, and a great angel overshadowing the whole party.

But this very absurd jumble (at which, through a little hole, Blucher and Platoff are looking with some surprise) is by no means the most ludicrous part of the affair; in the clouds are two persons, called by Mr. Ward, Ignorance and Error (one of whom has a dirty handkerchief tied over his eyes), beneath whom are dogs' heads with wings—a tipsy-looking, cock-eyed owl trampling a heavy Osiris into the earth—a little calf without a head—a red night-

cap—a watchman's rattle—an old crow—Paine's "Rights of Man"—Voltaire's works—a sick harpy—a devil sucking his fingers—a hobby horse's head, and a heap of chains—here is the allegory—all of which we shall attempt to explain in Mr. Ward's own words—for he is an author as well as a painter, and absurd as are the productions of his pencil, the nonsense of his pen is, of the two, the more exquisite.

In the foreground of the picture is a skeleton evidently afflicted with the headache, before whom runs a little wide-mouthed waddling frog with a long tail, and beyond these a group which defies description.

The horses (particularly the near wheeler) have a very droll and cunning expression about the eye; but the four persons leading them, whether considered as to their *drawing* or *colouring*, are beneath all criticism; a pupil of six months' standing ought to have been flogged for doing anything so bad.

In short, the whole thing in its kind closely resembles the overgrown transparencies painted to be stuck up at Vauxhall, or the Cumberland Gardens, or for public rejoicings, and ought, as soon as it has answered its purpose, like those, to be obliterated, and the stuff worked up for something else.

In a book published upon this performance, Mr. Ward modestly says, that he is not ambitious to be considered an author, and adds, that there exists some insuperable objection to his ever being one; but still, he professes to attempt in his own *simple style* an explanation of his ideas. He feels quite confident of public favour and indulgence, and then gives us his view of the thing: as a specimen of this said style, we shall quote his notions about *envy*—its beauty we confess, is evident—its simplicity we are afraid is somewhat questionable.

"Where shall we find a safe retreat for envied greatness from the iniry breath of slander's feverish tongue; dark in the bosom of the ocean's fathomless abyss, on the cloud-cleaving Atlas, or at the extremity of east or west? High on the gilded dome or palace pinnacle, should merit's fairest hard-earned honours shine; onco seated there the sickly eye of speckled Jealousy, or Envy's snaky tribe, with iron nerve, and cold in blood, will scan

the mark, and the envenomed javelin cast, with secret but unerring aim,—and what is to screen him from the foul attack? The shield of Worth intrinsic, bound about with truth and conscious innocence, and where that lives, all other covering only tends to hide its blushing beauties from the rising sun, and dim the face of day.

“So the firm oak’s deep roots, eccentric, winding through the heaving earth, fast bound and chasmed deep, with many a widening gap, by blazing Sol’s mid-ray, at summer’s sultry noon, opposes strength to strength; or round the impervious rocks, in weighty balance to its broad branch, and highly lifted head, up to the mountain’s summit, shrinks not from the prospect of the blackening storm, and while it sends its sweeping arms around over the circling numerous acres, shadowing under its expanded greatness, fears not the threatening blast, nor for protection looks to man. Too great to need a screen; it were children’s play to throw a mantle over its full broad majesty, to try to save its foliage luxuriant from the rude element. The attempt would be as weedy muslins cobweb insipidity; its flimsy partial covering would only hide its full matured richness; and the first breeze of whirlwind’s opening rising tempest, tear from the disdainful surface to streaming raggedness the feeble effort, and open to the eye the golden fruit, freshening by the tempest, and glittering in the storm.”

We know very little of human nature if Mr. Ward, in spite of his disclaiming any wish to be considered as an author, does not think all this very fine. By way of *simply explaining his allegory*, it is particularly useful;—of Mr. Ward’s view of the necessity of such explanation we may assure ourselves by his very apposite allusion to Milton, Walter Scott, Homer, and Burn (as he calls him). This paragraph we must quote:—

“It is contended by some, that a picture should be made up only of such materials as are capable of telling its own story; such confinement would shut out the human mind from a depth of pursuit in every branch of art. Poetry requires prose fully to explain its meaning, and to create an interest; for who would be without the notes in Walter Scott’s *Lay of the Last Minstrel*, or a glossary to the *Poems of Burn*, the *Argument to Milton*

or Homer? If, then, it be necessary to make use of language to explain poetry, should not the same medium be used to explain personification? It has been thought necessary on the stage to send a person between the acts as a comment on the past, and a preface to the future; and can we, I ask, understand what is going on, even in nature, by dumb show? If we see a crowd of people assembled in the streets, do we expect that the action and expression should inform us the cause of their congregating in an unusual manner? Experience proves more than volumes of argument. We ask, 'what does all this mean?'

To which we most candidly reply, *we really do not know.*

Mr. Ward then proceeds in the following manner:—

"Wellington has his hand upon the tri-coloured cross, on the shield of Britannia, expressive of the Christian's emblem, and the three colours of which it is composed, are the colours answerable to the three principles in Trinity!!!

* * * *

This ingenious explanation of the mysteries of the Union Jack, must be highly satisfactory to every thinking Englishman; there is, indeed, but one drawback to the holy pleasure we feel at Mr. Ward's sublime discovery, which is, that the *Revolutionary* flag of France was composed of the *same* three colours.

The enlightened artist then informs us—speaking of Britannia, "that the twisted lock of hair *laying* in front upon her bosom, and over the right arm, is emblematic of"—what do you suppose, reader?—"of the *spirit of justice.*"

"Justice, stern and unrelenting, whose sword is forward, and whose plaited hair is answerable to that sword, and makes in the person of Justice the number three, as expressive of the Trinity, or the whole of Godhead manifested in the awful administration of justice. That sword is serpentine, as expressive of flame, Deity in its principle of fire."

This is "finely confused, and very alarming;" but observe:—

"With the other hand she points through the medium

of the Trident, to the Trinity in Unity, commanding him to look up to Providence as alone able to give success to his efforts."

This puzzles us, pointing through the medium of "the Trident" appears to us to be something like looking at the sun through the *medium* of a toasting-fork; but we may be wrong.

Mr. Ward then continues:—

"The cat and broken spear are emblems of rebellion and anarchy."—p. 11.

"The British Lion is majestically observing the effects of his own operations; his countenance shows no symptom of the reign of passion—anger is alone signified by the movement of his tail."

For this illustration of natural history, Mr. Ward appears to be indebted to Mathews, who, in his "*At Home*," told a capital story of a showman and one of the noble beasts in question, in which, while his head is in the lion's mouth, he anxiously inquires of a bystander, "*Doth he wag his tail?*" That bit of waggery being indicative (as Mr. Ward has comically *painted it*), of the ire of lions generally.

Mr. Ward, as matter of information, tells us, page 19, that "the palm-tree grows to the height of *five hundred feet*, and bears the date and cocoa-nut." What date the trees Mr. Ward alludes to might have borne, we cannot say; but certain it is, that modern palms have left off growing to the height of five hundred feet; which, considering it to be about three times the height of the Monument, and one hundred feet more than the height of St. Paul's, is not so very surprising.

The following information, conveyed in page 20, is likely to be very interesting from its importance.

"Juvenile antagonists in the streets dare not strike an unfair blow, take the other by the hair, or maltreat him when fallen upon the ground. In such ease, he not only loses his battle, but also—his character!!!"

At page 22, we have, perhaps, the most finished description of *docking a horse*, that ever was put to paper; it is somewhat lengthy, but it will repay the lover of the sublime for his trouble in reading it.

"Can anything be so far from true taste, as to round

the ears of a dog, or to cut them off, whatever may be the beauty, breed, or character, or to cut off the thumb, or fifth toe, and call it a Dew claw, and consider it of no use! To chop off the tail of a waggon-horse, so necessary and useful to that class of creature; above all, to separate every joint of the tail, with all the misery attending upon it, in order to reverse the order of Nature, and make that turn up, which ought to turn down!—all equally show the want of taste, as the want of humanity. Who has ever witnessed the operation last alluded to? If not, pause; and in your imagination, behold a nobly-formed, and finely-tempered creature, led from the stable in all the pride of health, and all the playful confidence of being led out and held by his master and his friend: view the hobbles fastened to his legs, his feet drawn to a point, and himself cast to the earth, so contrary to his expectations and his hopes; observe the commencement, and the lingering process; behold the writhing of the lovely and as useful animal; how does his heaving breast manifest his astonishment, while his greatly oppressed and labouring heart beats high with resentment, at being thus tampered. His quivering flesh sends through every pore streams of sweat; his open nostrils are bursting with agony of body and spirit, while his strained eyeballs flash as with the fixed glare of expiring nature. Heard you that groan? poor animal! They have begun the deed of barbarism! he faintly shrieks,—'tis as the piteous cry of the timid hare, when sinking under the deadly gripe of the fierce, agile, and ravenous greyhound. How he grinds his teeth, and bores his tightly-twisted and twisted lip and smoking nostril, into the thick litter, or grovelling, rubs his aching forehead in the loose sand: now the sudden and convulsive effort! what a struggle! every nerve, sinew, tendon, stretched to its full bearing with fearful energy! Oh! that he could now disencumber his fettered limbs, and spring from his tormentors! Those limbs that would joyfully bound over the broad plain, or patient bear the cumbrous load, nor utter one complaint in the deep toil; or drag with unwearied submission, harnessed, galled, and parched with thirst, the lumbering machine to the very borders of his opening tomb. He groans again,—the struggle's over, and he

again lays down; while the hoarse breathing and his panting sides, prove that all his energies—his mighty energies, have failed: and the work goes on, still continues, and now another and another gash, and now the iron hook, to tear out from among the separated complicated bones, the tenacious ligament that binds the strong vertebræ; and, lastly, the burning steel to staunch the streaming blood. Tedious process!—but at length it ceases, and the noble, towering, majestic steed is led back, tottering, trembling, reeling, and dejected, to repose apparently in peace, but, ah! another torment; the cord, the weight, the pulley, day after day, and week after week, to keep the lips of the gaping, throbbing, aching wounds asunder, to elose no more for ever. Enough! enough! our country's shame, for cruelty is not our natural character, our country's vice."

We by no means intend to ridicule Mr. Ward's humanity; but, we confess, as throwing lights upon an allegorical picture of the Duke of Wellington's triumphs, we do not consider the passage quite as much to the purpose as it might be.

At page 29, Mr. Ward states (and with every appearance of believing it), that "Cicero was once a hisping infant, and Samson, at one period, could not go alone;" to which assertions we must beg to add, for Mr. Ward's satisfaction, that "Rome was not built in a day."

In his simple style, at page 30, Mr. Ward, speaking of ignorance, says—

"Loose veins of thought, imaginative intellects, evaporation. As the schoolboy's frothy bubble, rising from the turbid elements, soap-and-water, its inflated globule exhibits in proud mimicry the rainbow's gaily-painted hues, and calls rude mirth to dance upon its glittering surface, when suddenly it bursts, and all is gone!"

We shall conclude our extracts from this *explanatory* pamphlet with the following:—

"Shapeless forms of death.—Perhaps no part of picturesque representation is so difficult as this. The poet here has much the advantage. Ossian may, by a language all understand, throw the imagination into a delirium, and there leave it bewildered and wandering, in all the confusion of material immateriality; but in paint-

ing it is necessary to give a substantial shape to a shapeless form, and substance to a vision. It is not for him to give the ghost of my father as a misty cloud covering a whole mountain, or enlarging itself to the broad expanse of the capacious plain, like the flaky layers of a thick fog on the opening dawn of a mist-dispersing sunbeam. But the painter must embody disembodied beings, and 'give to airy nothingness a local habitation and a name.' Here the various shapes of blood and carnage are to be contemplated in the imagery depicted, as cannon-balls, bomb-shells, fiery rockets, swords, spears, and bayonets, with all the horrible effects of their operations, as moving in the conflicted elements; from the head of death's gloomy tribes, the large death-bat, under the arm of the fell monster Death, who is grinning with savage pleasure at the havoc he is making. The monsters are breathing fire, and from their pestiferous dugs dropping streams of blood, as the milk of their nourishment."

Having given some of Mr. Ward's ideas as they are *written*, we leave those who have not seen his picture to judge what such ideas must be upon canvas, with a clumsy hand, and the worst possible taste.

All we have to do in this affair is to call upon the Directors of the British Institution, if they mean to patronise *real* merit, or to make their rewards *honourable* and *of value*, to disclaim all approbation of the most illustrious and full sized specimen of pictorial *humbug* that ever drew shillings out of the pockets of John Bull.

We have indeed been told that the Institution have (some-what too late) discovered that they employed an animal painter to paint them an allegorical picture—they were not aware of their mistake in the outset; but in order to rectify it and induce Mr. Ward to rub out his allegory, they have resolved, it is said, to give him an opportunity of showing his talents in his own line, by sitting to him for their likenesses. It is added that the portrait of Mr. Richard Payne Knight is already in a high state of forwardness.

THEATRICAL ENTERTAINMENTS.

[JOHN BULL, 1823.]

WE have once or twice alluded to a scheme (forwarded to us by the Author) for rendering theatrical entertainments *strictly moral*; and, it appears to us, that no season can be better suited to its development than the present.

The gentleman to whose exertions in the behalf of virtue and decency the public are even now greatly indebted, and whose plan, if carried into effect, will entitle him to the gratitude of the nation at large, is the Rev. Mr. Plumtree, who has published a volume of dramatic pieces illustrative of his purpose, which blend with deep interest a purity of thought and propriety of language rarely to be met with in the theatrical works of the day.

The first of the dramas is called "Royal Beneficence, or the Emperor Alexander," and is founded on an event which occurred to his Russian Majesty on the banks of the Volga, where he restored a drowned young man by the means prescribed by the Humane Society, which means of restoration are published with the play—evidently with the best intentions. Mr. Plumtree offered this piece to Covent Garden and to Drury Lane, but it was by both rejected; then Mr. Hindes, the manager of the Norwich playhouse, had the refusal of it; but he, like the London proprietors, objected to its appearance, because a living character was introduced.

Mr. Plumtree reasons very fairly upon the futility of this excuse, and prints the details of the Emperor's indefatigable exertions, upon which his play is founded, together with many other interesting documents concerning the valuable charity to which the piece is dedicated.

The drama is full of interest and good feeling; and although, in the present state of the stage, there is, perhaps, a want of bustle, still the affecting incident at the end of the first act, where the dead body of the hero is

dragged out of the water, and stripped upon the stage, under the immediate inspection of the Emperor who says:—"Lose no time in fruitless ceremony: this is our duty now; strip off his clothes; wipe him dry, and rub about his heart, his temples, wrists, and everywhere," appears to us likely to have produced a great sensation in a British audience.

We must say that the rejection of such a piece by the London Managers reflects equally upon their taste and delicacy.

The next drama is called "Winter," and is founded upon the story of "Elizabeth Woodcock," who was buried in the snow for upwards of a week, and is extremely pretty. "The Force of Conscience," a tragedy, follows, which ends with the execution of *Mr. Morris*, a blacksmith, on the new drop, during which awful ceremony he is assisted in prayer by the *Rev. Mr. Jones*; the spectators make comments, and the culprit his last dying speech, when the drop, or rather the curtain falls, which ends "the strange, eventful history."

The next play is called "Mrs. Jordan and the Methodist," and is founded upon a benevolent action (one of many) performed by that incomparable actress. We have too much affection for her memory to make a single comment upon Mr. Plumptree's delicate attempt to commemorate her good qualities.

The next is a comedy called "The Salutary Reproof; or the Butcher!" from which we intend to make a few extracts, in order to give a fair specimen of Mr. Plumptree's dramatic talent and virtuous intentions: and we certainly do hope that one of the London theatres will afford the town an opportunity of judging for themselves the benefits likely to arise to their morals by such representations, without any curtailment of their amusement.

The play opens with a view of a country village; a public-house, sign the "Salutation," on one side; on the other side, a baker's house and shop, and next door a butcher's house and shop; trees and a seat before it.

Enter the *Rev. Mr. Shepherd*—goes to the inn, and is shut out—he tries the baker, who will not give him a lodging—whereupon he proceeds to the butchers'. As he advances, he hears a hymn sung by the butcher's

family, accompanied on the oboe. He is shortly afterwards received by the butcher, and the scene changes to the inside of the butcher's house, where, as it is described, there is "everything remarkably neat, and even elegant in a plain way."

Enter *Mrs. Goodman*, *George*, and *Ruth*—then *Goodman* and the *Rev. Mr. Shepherd*.

The following conversation occurs :—

"*Goodman*. Mary, here is a gentleman will lodge here to-night. Muggins is in one of his surly fits, and has denied him. Put clean sheets on the bed, and you shall sleep with Ruth, and I with—George!

"*Mrs. G.* What will the gentleman be pleased to have? Pray be seated, sir—take this great chair. Shall I do you a mutton-chop, sir?

"*Goodman*. Bring the ease and comfort, George."

In a long note Mr. Plumtree elaborately describes this machine, and benevolently observes, that no house should be without at least one of them.

"*Mr. Shepherd*. I thank you—if it will not be giving you too much trouble, I should prefer tea before everything—nothing refreshes me after fatigue like tea.

"*Mrs. G.* By all means, sir; the fire is not out in the back-house. Ruth, put on the kettle, it is hot, and get the tea-things.

"*George*. (*Bringing the ease and comfort.*) Here, father.

"*Goodman*. Will you rest your legs on this, sir; we call it ease and comfort.

"*Mr. Shepherd*. 'Tis ease and comfort, indeed. I know it by the name of rest-and-be-thankful. I will beg, if you please, when I go to bed, the patriarchal hospitality of water for my feet, and that warm."

This conversation, which is quite refreshing from its naturalness, continues till it takes a turn in this manner :—

It will be observed that *Goodman* is a butcher.

"*Goodman*. It is said that our laws do not allow a butcher to serve upon a jury in a case of life and death—supposing, from his business, that he must have less humanity than others.

"*Mr. Shepherd*. But that, I believe, is not the case; and within my own confined experience I have known

several truly respectable and humane butchers. Our laws themselves are sanguinary; and they do not make the same exception to the military or naval characters, both which professions have too much to do with the effusion of blood.

* * * * *

“*Goodman.* What do you think, sir, of the post-boy who cuts and over-drives his horses?”

“*Mr. Shepherd.* What do I think of the gentleman who sits behind him, and permits it—nay, encourages him, and pays him extra for distressing them, merely to bring him a few minutes sooner to the end of his stage?”

“*Goodman.* Sir, I had rather be what I am.

“*Mr. Shepherd.* And so had I—it is a consolation to me often in my journeys on foot, that no beast suffers for my accommodation.”

The vein of morality which runs through the dialogue is exquisitely touching, and in the hands of Terry or Macready we think *Goodman* might be made highly effective—Young would be excellent in the *Rev. Mr. Shepherd*; and in the latter part of the act, where *Goodman* discovers in the clergyman a friend who who “put up at the Wheat Sheaf, at Blessbury, twenty-five years before,” would make a decided hit—when, pushing away his ease and comfort, the Reverend gentleman returns thanks for having made the butcher what he finds him.

The conclusion of the first act is happily imagined and highly theatrical.

“*Mr. Shepherd.* If you please, I will retire to rest—I heard your evening hymn, and interrupted your prayer in the hope of joining in it—of whose devotions do you make use?”

“*Goodman.* Bishop Wilson’s, sir—but you will be so good as to lead for us.

“*Mr. Shepherd.* If you please—but in general, I know not that you can do better than make use of the pious bishop.

“*Goodman.* George, bring the book.

“*Mr. Shepherd.* I will have it in my hand, if you please; but our own peculiar circumstances require our own peculiar thanks and petitions.

“*[George brings the book, and gives it to Mr. S.; and*

whilst they are looking at him, as if waiting for his kneeling first, the curtain drops.]”

It is impossible not to feel such a scene deeply—its dramatic quality, and the powerful effect that such a style of representation could not fail to have upon a thinking audience.

In the second act *Goodman* despatches a leg of mutton to *Lord Orwell's*, and puts up a prayer; *Mrs. Goodman* inquires if the gentleman's shoes are cleaned, and mentions that she must go and look at the rolls in the oven; subsequently to which we are presented with a scene at his lordship's, who desires the butcher to sit down, and enters into conversation about *Fiorin grass*, which *Goodman* says will produce six ton per acre. His lordship then recommends a work called “The Experienced Butcher,” published by Darton and Harvey, Graecchurch-street, price 6s.; in return for which *Goodman* mentions the arrival of *Mr. Shepherd*, and recommends him for the curacy of Gladford, the new rector having refused to countenance him. Whereupon *Lord Orwell* says to the butcher (taking his hand), “Mr. Goodman, this, like every part of your conduct, raises you in my esteem! depend upon my services wherever they can be useful.”

“*Goodman*. Your Lordship is too condescending—too good—to me too.

“*[Exit, putting his hand to his eyes to wipe away the tears.]*

“*Lord Orwell*. No profession, I see, however rude, can prevent the growth of humanity, where religion affords its kindly influence. Even conversation with this butcher I perceive to improve my humanity!

Enter Sir William Rightly.

“Good morning to you, Sir William; you rested well, I hope?

“*Sir W.* Quite so, I thank you; your Lordship is well this morning, I hope? You have been sending your butcher away in tears, I see. I passed him in the hall; he gave me a look that spoke I know not what; I felt it at my heart.

* * * * *

“*Lord Orwell*. I think you must have heard me men-

tion this butcher before; he is not only the best butcher for many miles round, but one of the best men!"

His lordship then characterizes *Goodman* thus:—

"I have a great regard for him. In addition to all I have said, there is a civility and gentleness in his manner—an ease and frankness—civil without servility—ease without familiarity, and gentle, with much animation!

"*Sir W.* It seems then, that the butcher, if not a gentleman, has much of the gentleman about him.

"*Lord Orwell.* Exactly so. But let us join the breakfast party. [*Exeunt.*"]

There is so much genuine nature in all this, that we certainly should have no hesitation in foretelling the reception it would meet with on the stage, if acted. The *dénouement* may easily be anticipated; *Mr. Shepherd*, instead of being continued as curate, gets the rectory of Gladford; and *Lord Orwell* and *Sir William Rightly*, having walked down to the butcher's, there conclude the play thus:—

"[*Lord Orwell* and *Sir William* alternately shake hands with *Mrs. Shepherd* and *Mrs. Goodman*; *Mr. Shepherd* and *Goodman* then take each other cordially by the hand, in the centre, while *Lord Orwell* takes *Goodman's* hand and *Mrs. Goodman's*! *Sir William* takes *Mrs. Shepherd's* and *Ruth's*; *Mrs. Goodman* takes *Muggins's*, and *Muggins George's*; *Ruth* takes *Crusty's*, and *Crusty* his wife's. *The curtain drops.*]"

As we have already said, the great charm of these pieces is the perfect representation which they give of real life; the intimate knowledge of human nature, and of society, which shines throughout all of them: and above all, that consummate skill which, while it affords the richest dramatic treat, conveys the purest moral lesson.

It certainly is not for us to prescribe to *Mr. Elliston*; but we do think, that if the play, whence we have made the above extracts, were acted at *Drury Lane*, the effect produced would be extraordinary. To *Mr. Plumptree* we return our thanks for his volume, which having read with admiration, we lay down with infinite satisfaction; and if every author were to pursue *his* plan and publish the piece which managers have refused, it would very

soon put an end to all doubts as to the cabals and intrigues which agitate, divide, and govern theatrical cabinets.

THE LORD MAYOR'S VISIT TO OXFORD.

WRITTEN AT THE DESIRE OF THE PARTY BY THE CHAPLAIN
OF THE MAYORALTY.—1846.*

[JOHN BULL, 1827.]

To those who are in the habit of recurring with a feeling of devotion to the golden gone-by times of our forefathers, and who "track back" upon antiquity to hunt out subjects for admiration, it must be in some degree consolatory to discover, that even in these degenerate days there still exist amongst us men capable of recording the noble deeds of the "mighty living; and that one of the most important occurrences of modern date has found an historian worthy of the subject, which it has been made his duty to transmit to posterity.

To such of our readers as are conversant with the history of the City of London, it may perhaps be needless to observe, that it affords, by virtue of its charter and constitution, power and authority, might and majesty, for one year at a time, to one illustrious individual (made, indeed, illustrious by his office), and that this illustrious individual is pre-eminently distinguished above all others of God's creatures by the title of Lord Mayor. Having been a liveryman, he proceeds to sheriff and alderman, and in time, being an alderman, he becomes mayor, and, being mayor of London, becomes a lord!—that he is not a peer, arises only from the difficulty of finding any to compare with him.

Thus, then, it being conceded that there is, and always will be, a Lord Mayor of London so long as London stands—for the constitution of Cornhill and the majesty of the Mansion House remain unshaken by the storms of treason, and shine with equal brightness, whether under the gentle sway of an amiable Mary, the gloomy

* This work, written by the late Dr. Dillon, a once popular preacher, is now extremely scarce, most of the copies having been bought up.

troubles of a martyred Charles, the plain dominion of a protecting Oliver, or the glorious sway of a liberating William—it being then, we say, conceded that the Lord Mayor, officially, never dies, we seek to show the imperative necessity which presses upon every Lord Mayor while in office, personally so to distinguish himself from the long line of his predecessors, and those who are to follow him, by some striking deed, either bodily or mental, political or financial, literary or scientific, so that when he shall have returned from the pinnacle of all earthly splendour at the corner of Walbrook into the softer retirement of his patrimonial shop in Pudding Lane or Fish Street Hill, children yet unborn may learn to lisp the name of their great ancestor mingled with their prayers, never forgetting to singularize him especially from all the other Figginses, Wigginses, Bumpuses, and Snodgrasses of their respective houses, by prefixing in their minds to the patronymic the deed, or work, or act, or book, as it may be, by which that particular branch of their family has so flourished into vivid immortality.

By observing this system, an association is formed in the mind of men and deeds highly refreshing, at once useful and agreeable. Who ever hears of Walworth without thinking of Wat Tyler?—who ever reads of Whittington without having a cat in his eye?—who speaks of Wood without thinking of Whittington?—who of Waithman without recollecting Knightsbridge footpath? Thus it is that these illustrious men are distinguished, not only from all other Lord Mayors, but from all other Whittingtons, Walworths, Woods, and Waithmans, in the world.

With such examples before him, was it unnatural, or not to be expected, that the late Lord Mayor, Venables, should be contented to sink back into the shades of Queenhithe from the civic throne, without leaving something behind him which might entitle him to fill a niche in the temple of Fame? We think not; and we have no hesitation in saying that his lordship's well-directed ambition, blending as it has done the eminently-useful with the strikingly-agreeable, has produced results which will hand him down to future ages with as much grace,

certainly, and propriety, as his lordship ever exhibited in his late great life-time in handing down an alderman's lady to dinner.

"When we say "late life-time," we mean official life—Venables, the *man*, is alive and merry—but alas! Venables, the Mayor, is dead.

It now becomes our duty to explain what it is that has so decidedly stamped the greatness of Lord Wenables—so he was called by the majority of his subjects,—and, in doing so, we have to divide (although not in equal parts) the fame and glory of the enterprise between his lordship and his lordship's chaplain, who, upon this special occasion, and at his lordship's special desire, was the historian of his lordship's exploits.

It seems that in the course of last summer the Lord Wenables having over-eaten himself, brought upon himself a fever and rash, and during his confinement to the house the disorder took an ambitious turn, and his lordship's organ of locomotiveness having been considerably enlarged and inflamed by his lordship having accidentally bumped his noble head against the corner of the bedstead, his lordship was seized with a desire to glorify and immortalize himself by foreign travel the moment he got better of his green-fat fever,—and, having sent for his chaplain, to consult upon some sort of expedition which might answer his purpose, his lordship and the divine deliberated accordingly.

At one time he suggested going down the shaft of Brunel's tunnel at Rotherhithe, but the work was not far enough advanced to render it even commonly hazardous—that was abandoned. Going up in a balloon was suggested, but there was no utility blended with the risk. The dreadful dangers of Chelsea Reach had already been encountered, and a colony established by his lordship on the east end of Stephenson's Island, beyond Teddington,—something even more daring must be tried; and, as it happened that a first cousin of my Lady Wenables had been reading to his lordship, who was not able to read himself (from illness, not from want of learning), "Travels undertaken in order to discover the Source of the Nile," his lordship at once resolved to signalize himself by undertaking a journey to discover, if

possible, the "Source of the Thames." His lordship was greatly excited to the undertaking upon being told that Mungo Park had been carried into Africa by a similar desire—and he observed, with wonderful readiness, that if it were possible to remove a whole Park into Africa, there could be no insurmountable obstacle to transporting Lady Wenables to the source of the Thames.

When Lord Wenables was first put upon the project, he was rather of opinion that the source of the Thames was at its mouth—"a part which," as his lordship observed, "is in man the source of all pleasure;" and he suggested going by land to Gravesend, to look out for the desired object. But the chaplain informed his lordship that rivers began at the other end,—upon which his lordship, not having gone so far into the study of geography as to ascertain the exact course of the river beyond Stephenson's Island, hinted his intention of going with Lady Wenables by land as far as Dunstable, and then proceeding in the search.

The chaplain, it seems, although not quite sure enough of his experience to give Lord Wenables a downright negative to his suggestion, deemed it necessary forthwith to consult a map of Europe, in which the relative courses of the River Thames and the Dunstable turnpike road are laid down in different degrees of latitude, and having ascertained that Dunstable was an inland town, proceeded to examine his charts until he discovered Oxford to be a more likely point to start from, with any reasonable hopes of success. This he mentioned to Lord Wenables; and when his lordship arose convalescent from his calipash fever, he mentioned his design to the Court of Aldermen on Midsummer Day, and the last week of July was ultimately and unanimously fixed upon for the expedition.

"Instructions," says the author of the history of the expedition, "were accordingly agreed to be given to the town-clerk, to secure such accommodation at an inn in Oxford, Reading, and Windsor, as might be adequate for the civic party; and to make every other necessary arrangement."

And here, before we go any further, it may be neces-

sary to state, that the work of which we are about to speak has actually been written by command of Lord Wenables, by his *ci-devant* lordship's *ci-devant* chaplain, and published by Messieurs Longman, Rees, Orme, Brown, and Green, embellished with two beautiful engravings; all we should add is, that the author is perfectly serious in his details, and that our extracts are made from his work, correctly, *verbatim et literatim*.

Scarcely had the Lord Wenables and his council decided upon going to Oxford, when the Corporation of that city sent them a letter, inviting them to dinner on the 26th. This unexpected and *welcome* letter puzzled the lord and his council, inasmuch as they had fixed only to stay one day at Oxford—that day, the 26th, and on that day to entertain (as no doubt they would) the Heads of Houses at dinner.

That the Lord Wenables and his aldermen could have arranged the matter satisfactorily to all parties by eating two dinners in one day is evident, but not at the same time, and upon this dilemma the reverend author makes this communication:—

“From this difficulty,” says he, “they were happily released by the question, ‘Could not your lordship go a day sooner to Oxford?’ It was immediately seen that this slight alteration of the plan first intended would obviate every difficulty; it would allow them the opportunity of showing their respect to the mayor and magistrates of Oxford by dining with them on the Tuesday; and would also give them the honour of having the University and City to dinner on the Wednesday.”

The quickness of perception in the Lord Wenables and his aldermen, which give them the advantage of “immediately seeing” that by going to Oxford on the 25th they could dine there on the 26th, and by staying till the 28th they might also dine there on the 27th, if they liked, is well worthy of praise; and the liberality of inviting the University and City to dine at the Star Inn cannot fail to impress upon the reader the magnificence of Lord Wenables' mind—suffice it to say, the Mayor of Oxford accepted the Mayor of London's invitation, and that the Mayor of London adopted the Mayor of Oxford's proposition.

The reverend author then says:—

“Every preliminary arrangement being completed, and ample accommodation having been secured at the Star Inn, Oxford, for his lordship and suite, to the number of about thirty persons, the civic party began to lay their plans for the journey!

“It had been previously understood that while his lordship and friends should return together in the city state-barge, they should yet go to Oxford in such a way, and at such a time, as best comported with their own convenience. Mr. Alderman Atkins, accompanied by two of his daughters, Miss Atkins and Miss Sarah Jane, left his seat, Halstead Place, in Kent, on Monday, the 24th of July, and set out from London for Oxford in the cool of the following morning. On the same day, Mr. Alderman and Mrs. Lucas, with their daughters, Miss Charlotte and Miss Catherine, left their house at Lea, in Kent, and went by land as far as Boulter’s Lock, near Maidenhead, where they embarked on board the Navigation shallop, and proceeded by water to Reading; thus selecting some of the finest views on the river.”

Lord Wenables himself was, however, not so rash; for having satisfied himself of the actual existence of Oxford by receiving a letter from one of the natives, he resolved to proceed thither by land. See we, then, from his reverend chaplain’s history the mode of his lordship’s setting forth:—

“On the morning of the 25th, the Lord Mayor, accompanied by the Lady Mayoress, and attended by the Chaplain, left the Mansion House soon after eight o’clock.

“The private state-carriage, drawn by four beautiful bays, had driven to the door at half-past seven. The coachman’s countenance was reserved and thoughtful, indicating full consciousness of the test by which his equestrian skill would this day be tried, in having the undivided charge of four high-spirited and stately horses—a circumstance somewhat unusual; for, in the Lord Mayor’s carriage, a postilion usually guides the first pair of horses. These fine animals were in admirable condition for the journey. Having been allowed a previous day of unbroken rest, they were quite impatient of delay,

and chafed and clamped exceedingly on the bits by which their impetuosity was restrained.

“The murmur of expectation, which had lasted for more than half an hour, amongst a crowd who had gathered around the carriage, was at length hushed by the opening of the hall-door. The Lord Mayor had been filling up this interval with instructions to the *femme de ménage*, and other household officers, who were to be left in residence, to attend with their wonted fidelity and diligence, to their respective departments of service during his absence, and now appeared at the door. His lordship was accompanied by the Lady Mayoress and followed by the Chaplain.

“As soon as the female attendant of the Lady Mayoress had taken her seat, dressed with becoming neatness, at the side of the well-looking coachman, the carriage drove away; not, however, with that violent and extreme rapidity which rather astounds than gratifies the beholders; but at that steady and majestic pæc which is always an indication of real greatness!

“Passing along Cheapside and Fleet Street—those arteries, as Dr. Johnson somewhere styles them, through which pours the full tide of London population,—and then along the Strand and Piccadilly, the carriage took the Henley road to Oxford.

“The weather was delightful; the sun, as though it had been refreshed by the copious and seasonable showers that had fallen very recently, seemed to rise more bright and clear than usual, and streamed in full glory all around. The dust of almost a whole summer had been laid by the rain; the roads were, of consequence, in excellent order, and the whole face of creation gleamed with joy!”

In fact, creation was so delighted with the appearance of Lord Wenables that “Nature wore an universal grin.”

The reverend gentleman then describes the blowing-up of a powder-mill as they reached Hounslow, which at first startled Lord Wenables, who imagined fondly that he had accidentally set fire to the great river whose source he was seeking; but Lady Wenables concurred with the reverend writer in assuring his lordship that he might

make himself perfectly easy upon that particular point.

“At Cranford Bridge,” says the reverend author, “which is about thirteen miles from Hyde Park Corner, the Lord Mayor stayed only long enough to change horses. For, his lordship intending to travel post from Cranford Bridge to Oxford, his own fine horses were, after a proper interval of rest, to return to town under the coachman’s care.

“These noble animals, however, seemed scarcely to need the rest which their master’s kindness now allotted them. For, though they had drawn a somewhat heavy carriage a distance of nearly seventeen miles, they yet appeared as full of life as ever: arching their stately necks, and dashing in all directions the white foam from their mouths, as if they were displeased that they were to go no farther!

“Just as the carriage was about to drive away, Mr. Alderman Magnay, accompanied by his lady and daughter, arrived in a post-chaise! After an interchange of salutations, the Lady Mayoress,—observing that they must be somewhat crowded in the chaise,—invited Miss Magnay to take the fourth seat, which had as yet been vacant in the carriage. As the day was beginning to be warm, this courteous offer of her ladyship was readily accepted.”

Here we have, in one short page, a striking instance of the “true instinct” of Lord Wenables’ fine horses, ‘*who were quite displeased that they were not allowed to drag him any further*’—a delightful picture of a worthy alderman and his family—three in a chaise,—a splendid specimen of Lady Wenables’ sagacity and urbanity, and a fair estimate of the value of the latter upon the mind of the young *invitée*, who accepted her ladyship’s offer of a seat in the state-coach because the day was beginning to get warm!

In safety, however, did Lord Wenables get to Oxford, of which the reverend author says,—“There is something peculiarly imposing in the entrance, particularly in the eastern entrance, to this city.” Now this, which is ably twisted into the beginning of a flourishing description of towers and colleges, evidently refers to the toll at

Bridge Gate, and which, Lord Wenables, who paid the turnpikes himself, and kept the halfpence in the coach-pockets, declared to be one of the greatest *impositions* at the entrance of a city that he had ever met with.

We are unable to give our readers the account of the highly honourable reception which Lord Wenables met with at Oxford, or the description of the dinner of which he partook,—but we must, let what may happen, extract the whole account of the dinner given by his lordship to the Oxfordians,—a dinner which took place after a somewhat protracted lecture on comparative anatomy, which, if it failed in the delivery of establishing a likeness between a “bat” and a “whale,” most certainly bears evidence, in its transmission to paper, of the great similitude between a Lord Mayor’s chaplain and a donkey.

It will be needless for us to make an observation upon what follows:—

“The hour of six had scarcely arrived, when the company invited by the Lord Mayor to dine with him at the Star began to assemble. The city-watermen, in their new scarlet state liveries, were stationed in the entrance-hall; and a band of music was in attendance, to play on the arrival of the visitors.”

The reverend author, by blending the band and the watermen (who are also firemen), leaves it somewhat doubtful to which corps the duty of playing on the arrival of the visitors was confided. He proceeds—

“In a large drawing-room, on the first floor, fronting the street, on a sofa at the upper end, sat the Lady Mayoress, accompanied by Mr. Charles Venables; and surrounded by the other ladies of the party. The City Marshal of London, Mr. Cope, dressed in full uniform, and carrying his staff of office in his hand, took his station at the door, and announced the names of the guests as they severally arrived. Near the entrance of the room also stood Mr. Beddome, in a richly-wrought black silk gown, carrying the sword downwards. The Lord Mayor, who was in full dress, and attended by his chaplain in clerical robes, wore on this occasion the brilliant collar of SS. (Quere, ASS.) The Worshipful the Mayor, and the other magistrates of Oxford: Richard Cox, Esq., Thomas Fox Bricknell, Esq., aldermen; William Folker,

Esq., Thomas Robinson, Esq., Richard Ferdinand Cox, Esq., assistants; Mr. Deodatus Eaton, and Mr. Crews Dudley, bailiffs; together with Mr. Percival Walsh, the city solicitor, attended by the town-clerk, in his robe of office, which resembled in some degree the undress black silk gown worn by gentlemen commoners of the University—were all severally introduced, and received by the Lord Mayor with a warmth and cordiality adequate to that which they had so kindly manifested on the preceding day.

“The Vice-Chancellor of Oxford, the Rev. Dr. Richard Jenkyns, Master of Baliol, preceded, as usual, by one of the Yeomen Bedels, carrying a large mace, and the Rev. Dr. Thomas Edward Bridges, President of Corpus Christi College, the Rev. Dr. George William Hall, Master of Pembroke; the Rev. Dr. Philip Nicholas Shuttleworth, Warden of New College; the Rev. Dr. John Dean, Principal of St. Mary’s Hall, and Lord Almoner’s Praelector in Arabia; together with the two Proctors, the Rev. George Cumming Rashleigh, M.A., and the Rev. Wadham Harbin, M.A.; the Rev. Mr. Woodgate, to whom allusion has before been made, and other members of the University, all of whom were dressed in full academics, were severally introduced to the Lady Mayoress. To this distinguished list of visitors must be added the names of John Fane, Esq., one of the Members of Parliament for the county of Oxford; and Jas. Haughton Langston, Esq., and John Ingram Loekhart, Esq., Members for the city of Oxford.

“When dinner was announced, the party, amounting to nearly sixty persons, each gentleman taking charge of a fair partner, descended to a long room on the ground floor.

“Every attention had been given by the proprietor of the Star, to render the dinner as excellent as the occasion required, and to fit up the dining-room with as much taste as its extent would admit of; and no means had been left untried to keep the apartment as cool as possible. Wreaths of flowers were hung thickly round it, and the windows, which opened on a garden, were overspread with branches of trees, to exclude, as much as possible, the warm beams of a western summer sun. The band of

musicians now removed their station from the entrance-hall to the garden under the windows, where they played at proper intervals, with excellent effect, the whole evening. The Lord Mayor and Lady Mayoress took their seats at the head of the table: the Vice-Chancellor of the University sitting on the right hand of his lordship, and the Chief Magistrate of Oxford on the left of her ladyship. The heads of the houses then took their seats, according to the priority of their admission to the degree of doctor, alternating with the ladies and daughters of Aldermen Atkins, Magnay, Heygate, and Lucas. The aldermen of London and of Oxford then filled the remainder of the table.

“Amidst much elegance and beauty, the Lady Mayoress attracted particular observation. Her ladyship was arrayed in the most splendid manner, wore a towering plume of ostrich feathers, and blazed with jewels!

“When the chaplain, by craving a blessing on the feast, had set the guests at liberty to address themselves to the dainties before them—and the room was illuminated throughout by a profusion of delicate wax-candles, which cast a light as of broad day over the apartment—it would not have been easy for any eye, however accustomed to look on splendour, not to have been delighted in no common manner with the elegance of the classic and civic scene now exhibited in the dining-parlour of the first inn in Oxford.

“The accompaniments, indeed, fell short of that splendour which they would have had in the Egyptian Hall of the Mansion House in London, but still the general effect was peculiarly striking; and when the rank of the company is considered, may with truth be called brilliant.

“The conversation naturally assumed that tone best qualified for the discovery of those talents and learning, of which the evening had drawn together so select and bright a constellation.

“After dinner, as soon as the health of the King, the welfare of the Church, the prosperity of the University and City, and other toasts of loyalty, literature, and religion, had been honoured, the Lord Mayor proposed the health of the Vice-Chancellor of Oxford. This was followed

by toasts to the health of the other heads of Houses, the professors, and proctors; the Worshipful the Mayor and other magistrates of Oxford; and the Right Hon. the Lord Mayor of London; each toast giving rise to such acknowledgments as the individuals to whom they referred considered appropriate and adequate. The health of the Lady Mayoress, and the other ladies of the company, was proposed by one of the heads of the Houses; the toast was hailed with warm demonstrations of respect, and the honour was acknowledged with considerable point and taste by Mr. Lockhart, the Member, at her ladyship's request.

"The ladies, who, to the great gratification of the company, had sat longer than is usual at most tables, at length obeyed the signal of the Lady Mayoress, and retired to the drawing-room—

'With grace,
Which won who saw to wish their stay.'

The conversation was, however, in no degree changed in their absence. The Lady Mayoress and her fair friends had taken their share in it with much good sense and delicacy; and their departure, so far from being succeeded by that obstreperous and vulgar merriment, or anything like that gross profligacy of conversation which indicates rejoicing at being emancipated from the restraint of female presence, only gave occasion to the magistrates of Oxford to express their wish, that in the invitations to their corporation dinners arrangements could be made that would include the ladies."

After such a dinner, and such an evening, it may easily be imagined that Lord Wenables and his court slept like tops—not but that his lordship had "requested his friends not to devote too many hours to repose." In obedience to a wish which, when breathed by a Lord Mayor, becomes a command, everybody was up and busy "while the morning was early:" the yeoman of his lordship's household, half covered with an awning, was occupied with the cook, who was busied on this lovely day in making a fire to boil the tea-kettle, in a grate in the bow of the boat.

"About seven o'clock," says the reverend historian,

“signals of the approach of his lordship’s party were descried and heard. The populace, thickly stationed on the road through which the carriages were to pass, caught up the acclamation, and announced to all who thronged the margin of the river, that—the Lord Mayor was coming! His lordship and the Lady Mayoress alighted from the carriage at the bridge, and walked through the respectful crowd, which divided to give them passage; and were at once conveyed to the state-barge, in the water-bailiff’s boat.”

The shouts of delight which rent the air were music to the ears of greatness,—it was quite a genial morning, and one of those days “when we seem to draw in delight with the very air we breathe, and to feel happy we can scarcely tell why.” So writes the reverend author, with more taste than judgment; for a man, placed as he was, in the society of Lord Wenables and his court, not to know why he felt happy, shows, we fear, a want of perception equally lamentable with the want of tact displayed in confessing it.

The reverend author laments that the eagerness of the party to do honour to the delicacies of the Lord Mayor’s breakfast-table prevented their seeing the beauties of Nuneham.

At ten o’clock they made Abingdon,—and, at Clifden, the water shoaled suddenly from eighteen inches to fourteen and a half, so that his lordship’s yacht, which drew nearly two feet, could be drawn no further, and they remained hard and fast till a fresh supply of the element could be procured. The following passage is in the author’s happiest style:—

“The crowds of people—men, women, and children—who had accompanied the barge from Oxford, were continually succeeded by fresh reinforcements from every town and village that is skirted by the river. Distant shouts of acclamation perpetually re-echoed from field to field, as the various rustic parties, with their fresh and blooming faces, were seen hurrying forth from their cottages and gardens, climbing trees, struggling through copses, and traversing thickets, to make their shortest way to the water side. Handfuls of halfpence were scattered to the children as they kept pace in running

along the banks with the city-barge; and Mr. Alderman Atkins, who assisted the Lord Mayor in the distribution, seemed to enter with more than common pleasure into the enjoyment of the little children. It was gratifying to see the absence of selfish feeling manifested by some of the elder boys, who, forgetful of themselves, collected for the younger girls."

It will be remembered that the voyage now under detail was undertaken in the dreadful year of Panic; but, we confess, we had no idea of the desperate state of affairs in the country which could induce so severe a run on the banks for a few halfpence, such as is here described. It may not be uninteresting to trace the source of the Lord Wenables' munificence:—the halfpence in question were those which we mentioned his lordship to have taken in change at the turnpike-gates during his lordship's overland journey to Oxford, and were now distributed with that liberality and grace for which his lordship and Mr. Alderman Atkins will never cease to be remembered. The reverend writer, indeed, says:—

"There is, unquestionably, something genuine and affectionate in the cheerfulness of the common people when it springs from the bounty and familiarity of those above them: the warm glow of gratitude spreads over their mirth; and a kind word or look, or a little pleasantry frankly said or done—and which calls in no degree for any sacrifice of personal dignity—always gladdens the heart of a dependent a thousand times more than oil and wine. It is wonderful, too, how much life and joy even one intelligent and good-humoured member of a pleasure party will diffuse around him. The fountain of indwelling light, which animates his own bosom, overflows to others; and everything around quickly freshens into smiles."

It is, we fear, too evident that this passage comes direct from the reverend writer's heart—it seems clear to the meanest capacity, that he speaks from experience—perhaps of himself—when he expresses the delight which even one intelligent person can convey to a party. It is quite clear, that in the party now assembled, there either was no intelligent person, or only one—at least, the

observation of the author leaves little room to doubt the disagreeable fact.

At page 80, the following account of the natives of Caversham and the neighbouring districts is given, which is at once romantic and picturesque :

“ Among the equestrians, two are deserving that their looks and equipments should be alluded to in more than general terms. The animals they bestrode were a couple of broken-down ponies, gaunt and rusty, who had possibly once seen better days. The men themselves were not unsuitable figures for such a pair of steeds. They rode with short stirrups, that brought their knees almost under cover of the shaggy mane that overspread the ewe-necks of the poor creatures ; and carried their short, thick sticks perpendicular in their hands. Such was the appearance of these country wights as they shambled along the road that gave them so good a view of the city state-barge. And so mightily pleased was the Lord Mayor with their uncouth and ludicrous appearance, that he hailed one of them, and asked him to be the bearer of a message to Reading, touching his lordship’s carriage. The fellow seemed to feel as he never felt before ! An honour was about to be conferred upon him alone—to be the *avant-courier* of the Lord Mayor of London !—above and beyond all other riders, drivers, and walkers, of whatever quality and degree, who had thronged to the view of the civic party. And no sooner had his lordship flung him a piece of money, and told him to ‘ make haste to the Bear Inn, Reading, and order the Lord Mayor’s carriage to meet the barge at Caversham Bridge,’ than the fellow instantly belaboured the starvling ribs of the poor animal that carried him with kicks and eudgel ; who in a moment dashed briskly forward, snuffling and snorting, across the fields. In the eagerness of his flight, the doughty messenger had much ado to maintain his seat ; he sometimes slipped on one side of the saddle, and sometimes on the other ; while the skirts of his unbuttoned coat fluttered far out behind him. He executed his commission, however, with fidelity equalled only by the dispatch which he had used ; for when the barge arrived at Caversham Bridge, the carriage was waiting the Lord Mayor’s arrival. Other carriages were also in

attendance. It was now nearly nine o'clock; and as the evening shadows were beginning to shroud the surrounding scenery, the Lady Mayoress, and the other ladies of the party, except the Misses Atkins, fearful of too long exposure to the night air, landed at the bridge, amidst the firing of guns and other demonstrations of respectful salutation; and proceeded in their carriages to Reading."

That a Lord Mayor should devote much time to reading, Mr. Rogers would declare highly improbable;—but his lordship and party partook of a sumptuous supper, and went to bed. That we cannot devote much more space to Lord Wenables is equally mortifying—suffice it to say, that on the following day, after a hearty breakfast, an eleven o'clock snack, and a one o'clock luncheon, Lord Wenables and his court partook of a cold collation at Clifden, at which were present Mrs. Fromow and her son, Broom Witts, Esq., the Mayors of Maidenhead, Windsor, and Reading, the brothers and sisters of Lord Wenables, and sixty or seventy other persons.

"The gardens and grounds were thronged with spectators, either strolling about or seated on the grass; and on the opposite banks several tents were erected for general convenience; around which the children shouted and threw up their hats!"

What particular occurrences excited the mirth and activity of the children, round this particular spot, the reverend gentleman omits to mention; the following, however, must not be overlooked:—

"The increasing pressure of the surrounding people now rendered the adoption of some plan necessary by which their curiosity could be better gratified. Arrangements were accordingly made to admit the female part of the spectators in small successive parties, to walk round the tables as the company were seated at dinner; and it was curious to see how many eager eyes were strained, and fingers pointed, to distinguish the individuals of the party. But it was something more than a mere idle feeling of curiosity that prompted this anxiety in the honest peasantry to see the Lord Mayor of London!"

It seems in fact, that Lord Wenables was born in those parts, so that his anxiety about the source of the Thames

was in fact instinctive and intuitive, and as natural as it was laudable.

The next thirty or forty pages of the work consist of a character of his late Majesty, an account of Mr. Wenables' paper-mill, and a description of the Royal Castle at Windsor, copied, we presume, from the Guide to that building, which has been long since published for the benefit of Lions, at the small charge of sixpence.

The details of breaking a bottle over the stone at Staines, we cannot give, although the anxiety of Lord Wenables to discover the London water-mark appears to have been professionally natural. At Richmond the barge remained, like the great lord's stock in trade, stationery—and his lordship's fine foaming horses having been delighted once more with the sight of his lordship, dashed from Richmond to the Mansion House with a celerity which, although somewhat inconsistent with "true dignity," brought the illustrious personage, his wife, his chaplain, and sword-bearer, to the end of the Poultry in "no time;" having safely achieved an adventure which will hand down to posterity the great names of Wenables and Fromow, and the unrivalled powers of an historian who (though modesty may induce him to keep himself snug) will live in his works till time shall be no more.

THE LOVES OF THE ANGELS; BY THOMAS
MOORE, ESQ.*

[JOHN BULL, 1823.]

THERE is a convivial good nature and perpetual pleasantry about Mr. Moore which never fail to win those with whom he associates; the pretty manner in which he accompanies his own trifles on the piano-forte, and the adroitness with which he manages the little voice he has for the amusement of the ladies, entitle him indisputably to the pre-eminence he holds amongst the entertaining people of the day. These claims and attractions however, (admitted and acknowledged as they are,)

* There can be little doubt but that this article, although included in Mr. Theodore Hook's selection, was furnished in part, if not entirely, by his brother the Dean.

must not blind us to faults and follies, the exposure and censure of which are but acts of friendship towards an author, and of justice towards the public.

Moore has, in the character of a deceased friend, made such of our women as have read him blush, at least—perhaps do worse. As *Thomas Brown* the younger, he alarmed every well-regulated person for the gratification of the Whigs, and in true spirit of Sir Charles Hanbury Williams (that splendid example of delicacy and pure taste, furnished to the present generation by the exertions of the junta at Holland House), attacked all that was great or good, male and female, and especially the latter, making inroads into private life never before attempted, and setting an example of grossness, which it required an antidote, partaking even, in some degree, of its own nature, to repel.

In his own proper person he has put forth sundry ideas and principles, in rhyme, and little anecdotes of sun-dials and cupids, and Rosa and Fanny, together with certain lists of lovers, and modes of kissing, and histories of what lovers did in groves, and what they “did not,” with which fathers and husbands have quietly suffered their wives and daughters to amuse themselves; admitting into their circles details of circumstances and avowals of feelings at which they would have been actually horrified had they been spoken, but which ceased to be indelicacies when sung to pretty tunes.

Yet, with all these sins, and with “*Lalla Rookh*,” and the Lyceum Opera of “*M.P. or the Blue Stocking*,” at their backs, we must admit that in every thing he has hitherto produced, we have caught a flash of genius here and there, a bright though laboured thought, or a pretty redeeming passage. But it is a painful truth to tell, that in the “*Loves of the Angels*,” of which we are about to speak, we have in vain searched “with microscope eye,” for those miniature gems which heretofore were wont to sparkle in the midst of his wilderness of words.

Moore’s “*Loves of the Angels*” was announced, some weeks since, in the “*Chronicle*,” as “exceeding in thickness *Lalla Rookh*.” At the time, we noticed this recommendation as somewhat equivocal, but as we perceive, in

point of fact, the last poem does not contain an equal quantity of matter to one-fourth part of "Lalla Rookh," we discover either that the "Chronicle" was as well informed upon this subject as it appears to be upon those of greater importance, or that it meant by thickness a sneer upon the quality of the present production.

The first great leading feature in the character of Whig and Radical writers is a love of misrepresentation. It is only a fortnight since that we had the resolution to read forty-seven pages of a play, by Lord Johnny Russell, founded upon a whole string of historical misrepresentation. Here we have a poem avowedly originating in an exploded misinterpretation of the Holy Scripture, on a subject of the most sacred nature. The misinterpretation we allude to is that which has formed the subject of many controversial works, and occurs in the 2nd verse of the vi. chap. of Genesis:—

"And the sons of God saw the daughters of men, that they were fair, and they took them wives of all which they chose."

Dr. Mant and the Bishop of Kildare coincide upon this verse in thinking, that by the sons of God (interpreted in the Book of Enoch as angels) is meant the posterity of Seth, while, by the daughters of men, are designated the race of Cain.

Bishop Horne appears to throw over all doubt as to the real interpretation, and says:—

"These daughters of Cain proved to the sons of Seth what the Moabitish women were afterwards to the children of Israel, and what women of bad character always will be to men of good ones, who are no wiser than to contract alliances with them in a state of error and delusion."

Stackhouse also laments the credulity of those interpreters who, led away by the authority of the Septuagint, suppose that wicked and apostate angels assumed human bodies, and became the fathers of a race of giants upon earth, and amongst others thus deluded, St. Austin himself appears one of the most positive.

Upon the subject of the creation of angels, although they are not expressly mentioned by Moses in the 1st of Genesis, Berrington attributes the silence of the sacred

historian to a proneness of the Gentile world, and of the Jews themselves, to idolatry, as does indeed Severianus, treating of the same matter; but in the "Annotations" upon Genesis, a better reason still is given:—

"That the first history was purposely and principally for information concerning the visible world, the invisible, of which which we know but in part, being reserved for a better life."

The period at which the angels were created is, in some measure, important to the conduct of Moore's poem; and as every body knows, is a point upon which many great men have differed. Bishop Hopkins tells us that the Socinians held it to have been within the six days' creation; while, on the other hand, some divines consider that the words of Job—"When the morning stars sang together, and all the sons of God shouted for joy," militate against that supposition. Here, as the reader will perceive, the difficulty about the specific words again arises; yet, not only Caryl, but Dr. Lightfoot, admitting this to refer literally to angels, see no difficulty in the passage; indeed, Dr. Lightfoot is of opinion that the angels were created on the first day.

The erudite Gill, in discussing this point, says, that although angels have no bodies, yet, as they are creatures, they must have an *ubi*; and it is therefore reasonable to suppose that God made the heavens first, and then the angels to dwell therein. We are sorry that we have not room to follow up this subject, so vitally connected as it is with the propriety of Mr. Moore's poem, nor indeed, to trace the proximity of the Mahometan doctrine to that adopted by the lively bard upon the authority of a notorious blunder; but we must find a place for the following conclusion, to which Mr. Moore has been pleased to come: having previously admitted that the whole of his work is founded upon error, he says—

"The foundation of my story, therefore, has as little to do with Holy Writ, as have the dreams of the latter Platonists, or the reveries of the Jewish divines; and in appropriating the notion thus to the uses of the poetry, I have done no more than establish it in that region of fiction to which the opinions of the most rational fathers,

and of all other Christian theologians have long ago consigned it.”

Here we pause for a moment. Mr. Moore takes the present means of mixing up the fiction, which has been overturned by all Christian theologians, with Holy Truths, which neither the flippant versification, nor the glowing figurativeness of Mr. Moore, can undermine or shake. He brings before our eyes the fanciful fallen angels of fiction in contact with the Almighty; nay, the *chère amie* of one of God's angels becomes herself an angel, by the personal interference of the Supreme Being, upon the repetition of some countersign, given in heaven to her lover, and she is accordingly carried up from his arms and our eyes, in that state of beatification.

If, then, Mr. Moore admits, as he cannot fail to admit, the history of these fallen angels, and of their conduct, to have no foundation, except in his little finite mind, and that they are themselves the creatures of his humble imagination, how durst Mr. Moore presume to associate these visions of poetry with an acknowledged—an adored Divinity?—how durst he, we ask, venture to mix up exploded errors with received truths; and presuming upon the authority of that which he knows to be false, impugn, or at least deteriorate from the pure excellence of that which, in charity, we hope he believes to be true?

Having given an opinion as to the design of this work, we shall proceed to consider its execution; and we confess, that we had much pleasure in finding, as we read through the stories of the three angels, that the whole affair is perfectly harmless; its innate and intrinsic absurdity disarms it of the power of doing mischief, further than that which arises from a familiar mention of the Supreme Being and his attributes; and which, considering the general state of decent society, will rather excite a disgust towards all that is profane, than a contempt for what is sacred.

The poem opens with an account of three angels sitting upon a hill; and, as the whole action rests on a misrepresentation, so it opens with a blunder. We are told, that—

“When the world was in its prime,
 When the fresh stars had just begun
 Their race of glory; and young Time
 Told his first birth-days by the Sun;
 When in the light of Nature’s dawn
 Rejoicing men and Angels met
 On the high hill,” &c.

This, too, was before sorrow came; in short, it was in the beginning of the world. And this being admitted, who the men were who rejoiced with the angels we are at a loss to discover, as we are, indeed, who the “mortals” might have been, who—

“Saw without surprise,
 In the mid-air, angelic eyes
 Gazing upon the world below.”

The author seems equally puzzled with ourselves, and therefore we pass over what appears to us a glorious incongruity, merely because we have no disposition to cavil at trifles.

At this period, however (whenever it is intended to be), three angels were sitting in the sunshine, on a hill, talking of heaven till, as is not unusual with persons of minor importance, they agreed to tell each his own story, for the amusement of his companions.

The first of these angels—Mr. Thomas Moore’s angels, the creatures of his imagination, with whom he has an undoubted right to take what liberties he pleases—is described as one—

“Who, even in heaven, was not of those
 Nearest the throne, but held a place
 Far off, among those shining rows
 That circle out through endless space,
 And o’er whose wings the light from Him
 In the great centre falls most dim.”

The second, the “unheavenliest one,” is a much wickeder, and, as we find, naturally, a much more agreeable angel than the first—

“O’er whose brow not love alone
 A blight had in his transit sent,
 But other earthlier joys had gone,
 And left their foot-prints as they went.”

What disorder the angel had incurred by his imprudence or what the marks it had left, we are not informed: we are inclined to imagine that it must have been drinking, to which, in addition to love, Mr. Moore's angel must have been addicted; which, as many Whigs of eminence both dead and alive well know, very ordinarily leaves its marks.

Memory has the honour, in the next line, to be compared to a resurrection man, "lifting each shroud;" and having invoked her aid, the first angel tells his history, and a most admirable history it is. It begins thus:—

"'Twas in a land that far away,
Into the golden orient lies."

Which may be exceedingly good Angel tongue or Irish grammar, but which sounds oddly to our "unaccustomed ears." In this land, however, the angel, while "taking a fly" in the air, perceives the beautiful but "fatal sight" of a young woman washing herself in a pond, who "moved in a light of her own making;" he descends slowly to catch a nearer look of her, and he says:—

"The tremble of my wings all o'er,
(For through each plume I felt the thrill)
Startled her!"

And we are not much surprised that it did, considering all things. She immediately gets out of the water and takes root on the bank, and looks like what?—a sunflower! And the angel, ashamed at finding her quite undressed, informs us that:—

"In pity to the wondering maid,
Though loth from such a vision turning!
Downward I bent, beneath the shade
Of my spread wings, to hide the burning
Of glances," &c. &c.

When he pokes his head out from his wings, shortly after, with a "side-long look," the girl is gone. It is unnecessary to observe, that when the young lady jumped out of the pond, the angel fell into love, and from that time he is perpetually worrying himself about her, and hunting all over the neighbourhood till he finds out

where she lives; he then calls upon her, and hearing her sing, he is very much pleased, and discovers, moreover, that her name is Lea. She was, however, mighty chilling; she appeared whiter than lilies, and was colder than ice. For one look, the angel says, for—

“One stray desire
I would have torn the wings that hung
Furled at my back, and o'er that fire
Unnamed in heaven their fragments flung.”

It is, however, all in vain: and her passions, about this period, take a most extraordinary turn, for instead of any of those earthly common jog-trot feelings which the angel expected to find in her, she spends her whole days and nights in—

“Wishing for wings, that she might go
Out of this shadowy world below,
To that free glorious element.”

This unconquerable propensity for flying increases, and, moreover, she wishes to be the spirit of a “beauteous star,”

“Dwelling up there in purity.”

“Up there,” meaning colloquially “Heaven.” The four following lines are, we consider, too blasphemous for repetition.

At page 14 we have the same mode of designating heaven resorted to; the hero calls himself—

“A creature born up there.”

At this point of the history the angel finds out that, by his wicked ways on earth, he has considerably weakened the power of a spell which he received (as this abominable story goes) from the Divinity! to be used whenever he wished to rise to heaven, and, says the angel:—

“Once too was so nearly spoken,
That my spread plumage, in the ray
And breeze of heaven, began to play,
When my heart failed—the spell was broken—
The word unfinished died away,
And my checked plumes, ready to soar,
Fell slack and lifeless as before.”

His reason for refusing to return to heaven has in it much of that morality which distinguishes all the writers of the same school:—

“No matter where my wanderings were,
So there she looked, moved, breathed about;
Woe, ruin, death, more sweet with her,
Than all heaven’s proudest joys without!”

These words are not put into the mouth of a sighing, mortal lover, who, in the ecstasy of passion might utter words quite as nonsensical and almost as profane, but into the mouth of one of God’s angels, who has had the blissful happiness to dwell in heaven, and who is made here to compare, after knowing its nature and comparing, to give a preference to the indulgence of a libertine passion on earth to the proudest joys of eternal life in the world to come.

He proceeds in an edifying description of his passion, its rise and progress; and then, following the fashion of more modern lovers, takes to drinking, turns his head till fancies get into his brain, which are described to be

‘Like wild fires,
That walk this earth when day retires.’

He pursues his object most indefatigably, and, recurring to the former estimate of the blessings of heaven, he says—

“Then be it so—if back to heaven
I must unloved, unpitied fly,
Without one blest memorial given;
To soothe me in that lonely sky!
One look like those the young and fond
Give when they’re parting—which would be,
E’en in remembrance, far beyond
All heaven hath left of bliss for me!”

We are then favoured with the “thrilling touches of lips,” and a desire on the angel’s part to put “cheek to cheek” with Miss Lea, to which he urges her, observing that his

“Plumes have stirred,
And tremble for their home on high.”

Upon which she inquires what the word is, he is to use to get up by; and he, not being so wise as the Freemason who gave his wife "salt beef and carrots" as the magic words upon which the whole mystery of the craft depends, tells her; upon which she, with a sharpness quite consonant with her prudence, uses it herself, and the moment she cries it out, what will our readers fancy happens?—

"At her back I saw unclosed
Two wings, magnificent as those
That sparkle round the Eternal Throne."

And *sans cérémonie* up she goes, surrounded by light, while he tries in vain, much after the manner of one of old Coke's over-fattened turkeys, to fly after her, flapping his wings, which stood him in no stead, but lay dead

"As they have lain
Since that sad hour, and will remain—
So will the offended God—for ever!"

The moral of this extraordinary jumble of the mystical and allegorical with sacred and profane, appears to be, that the heroine was saved at a very critical moment by her curiosity, and perhaps her faith. For our parts, we most strenuously advise the young ladies of the present day, for whose edification the poem is evidently written, to trust neither to the strength of their disposition for research, nor to that "wit" which served Mr. Moore's Miss Lea "at a pinch." If modern girls (who doubtless, will be allowed to read this moral book) should happen to put a reliance in the hope that at a certain defineable and defined minute, when they have gone quite as far as they possibly can go without imminent danger, a great pair of wings will bud out of their shoulders, and carry them away from their presuming lovers, we are inclined to fear that they will be somewhat disappointed; and, in the sequel, may discover that gentlemen of the present day can fly without wings as "fatally fast" from them subsequently, as, in the pure undated times of Mr.

Thomas Moore's Angels, the lady ascended from her well-fledged *enamorate*—

“With golden crowns, and wreaths of heavenly flowers.”

POPE.

With this extraordinary flight of poetry and Miss Lea, this most absurd story of the first Angel concludes: and we will ask whether, as far as we have gone, we have not justified our unqualified expression of detestation for the abominable mixture of the most sacred subjects with mundane matters and earthly passions, and for that daring and sacrilegious introduction of God and His heavenly kingdom into a story which, to take Mr. Moore's own published view of it, and upon which he grounds his only excuse for having written it, has “as little to do with Holy Writ, as have the dreams of the later Platonists, or the reveries of the Jewish divines?”

The story of the second Angel opens with a serious paraphrase of Burns' version of “Green grow the rushes, O!” with this single difference between them, that Burns's prettily turned compliment to beauty is innocent of blasphemy and presumption.

In the early part of the story, several instances of false grammar and bad English occur, which, to those who delight in honeyed rhymes and melting lines, will be in no degree offensive.

Our mother Eve is hercabouts, somewhat ingeniously, likened unto a lanthorn; and we are told that she grew transparent as her mind beamed within, and in consequence of this appearance of candour (being easily seen through) Mr. Moore's second Angel falls in love with her, having been present when she was made.

Mr. Moore here uses an expression which appears to us somewhat inapplicable; his Angel says that he was

“Summoned with his Cherub Peers
To witness the young vernal burst
Of Nature through those blooming spheres—
Those flowers of light that sprung beneath
The first touch of the Eternal's breath!”

In the first place “sprung” should be “sprang;” but

that is a trifle—"the touch of breath" is the figure which strikes us as purely Irish. An illiterate Englishman once translating "*coup d'œil*," rendered it "a knock of the eye;" and this is not more absurd than the "touch of a breath," which neither is tangible nor can touch. One might as well talk of the sighs of one's fingers' ends. Moore, we believe, somewhere in his songs mentions "sighing eyes."

Immediately following this unhappy conceit, we have the following :

" Like the light of evening stealing
O'er some fair temple, which all day
Hath slept in shadow slow revealing
Its several beauties, ray by ray,
Till it shines out, a thing to bless,
All full of light and loveliness."

Now, in what part of the world the "light of evening" is so much brighter than the light of day as to reveal the beauties of a temple which had been quite invisible through a certain number of hours of sunshine we do not exactly know—perhaps it may be in that village in Ireland where the echo replies "Pretty well, I thank you," to a man who says, "How d'ye do, Paddy?" If it be not, and Mr. Moore fondly imagines the moon likely to reveal that which is concealed in the day, we would just hint to him a fact, with which he appears at present unacquainted, which is, that in the present order of things, wherever the moon shines at night, the sun *generally* has previously shone in the day.

Putting, however, the clumsiness of execution out of the question, the whole principle and design of the first part of the story is abominable. The second part is a plagiarism from the heathen history of Jupiter and Semele; and one cannot, in turning over the pages of palling absurdity which it contains, but lament that talents, which, if properly applied, would always be respectable, and, in some cases, transcend mediocrity, should be so terribly perverted as they are in this feeble and flimsy attempt to meddle with subjects far, far above their possessor's "ken."

The chief occupation of Mr. Moore's Angel, in the

early part of his career, is "star-hunting"—a sport he pursues with all the ardour of a Melton dandy; and the following description of the "view hollow" of a new world is in our poet's happiest style—"I," says Mr. Moore's Angel,—

" Well remember how I sung
Exulting out, when on my sight
New worlds of stars, all fresh and young,
As if just born of darkness sprung."

The notion of an Angel hunting, and "singing out," is ingeniously conveyed; and though "sprung" is here equally incorrect with the former instance, as it jingles with "young" and sung," it is quite excusable in a rhymester hard run.

We consider the history of the progress of the Angel's love for his mistress, and the description of the means by which he eventually carries his point, and obtains possession of her, to be precisely of the nature of those examinations on trials, at the commencement of which all women and children are ordered out of court; our readers will therefore excuse our entering into details. We may, perhaps, be permitted to mention, that, after having inflamed her mind by dreams, &c., he assails her personally in her bower, and fearing that he might completely upset her if he appeared in all the dazzling brightness of his angelic character, he ties up his wings behind his back, and hangs his crown upon a star, as coolly as Doctor Lenitive, in the farce, stuck his hat upon a peg. Lest our readers should be incredulous we quote the passage:

" My crown
Of flowers, too radiant for this world,
Left hanging on you starry steep,
My wings shut up, like banners furled !"

Suffice it to say, that as the mistress of the first angel spent her time in wishing for wings, so the *chère amie* of the second passed her days in endeavouring to obtain universal knowledge; and after the angel had secured her to himself, "without any ceremony," she incessantly pestered him, day after day, to let her into every sort of secret, with which (as Mr. Moore's book

runs) he had been intrusted by the Supreme Being himself.

Like many other impassioned persons, however, whose names we must decline mentioning at present, Mr. Moore's angel, after he has lived in retirement with his *chère amie* for some months, begins to repent, and thinks he has sacrificed too large a proportion of his rank and dignity in the connexion. The description of his remorseful feelings almost amounts to nonsense, and, at all events, admits of the existence of a state which the Protestant rejects, together with the rest of the blasphemous absurdities of Roman Catholic doctrines.

He says, speaking of his grief, that its throbs—

“ Came like gleams of hell,
In agonizing cross-light given,
Athwart the glimpses, they who dwell
In purgatory, catch of heaven.”

No man, we suppose, would waste his time in seriously arguing points of faith with Mr. Moore, who, in one of his songs, has recorded the following orthodox opinion:—

“ I devoutly believe there's a heaven on earth,
And believe that that heaven's in thee !”

Nor should we think it necessary to endeavour to discover from his literary productions, what his creed actually is; but we must be permitted to wonder when we find lines like those which follow, given to the world by publishers so eminently respectable as the Longmans.

The Angel's mistress, after having lived with him some time, becomes doubly assiduous in her inquiries into “ things in general,” and is so liberally gratified by her hen-pecked love, that at length—

“ Earth itself seemed left behind,
And, her proud fancy unconfin'd,
Already saw heaven's gate ajar !”

Her enthusiasm goes on in spite of a “ double-fronted sorrow,” which haunts the angel, and at last she prevails upon her submissive protector to appear in all his glorious brightness. He, after some scruples, consents, and she immediately breaks out in a blaze,

“ And vanishes all in a flame of fire.”

She is, in fact, reduced to ashes, and moreover burns the angel in the middle of his forehead, which scar, in addition to the marks left on his face by the foot prints of his other indiscretions before-mentioned by the poet, must, in some degree, have taken off from the beauty which dazzled his Lilis, or which ladies in these days would consider to be angelic.

We are truly sick of his trash, the only very decided object of which is to aid in the general attack making upon every thing which men and Christians have been taught to respect and venerate.

Lord Byron has published the first part of a mystery on the same subject, in the second number of his magazine, which, as far as it goes, has much more of interest and contrivance in it than the collection of platitudes we have just waded through; but we put no more faith in his Lordship's beginning, than we did in Mr. Moore's prefatory professions in the "Loves of the Angels." We see Lord Byron's poem printed in that mass of blasphemy and sedition which, under the sanction of his name, has obtained a partial circulation. We know what Lord Byron has done—we know what he is capable of doing; and we are quite prepared to find the second part of "Heaven and Earth" as much at variance with the affected piety of the first, as Mr. Moore's sickening blasphemy is with the professions of propriety contained in his preface.

MISCELLANIES.



MODERN IMPROVEMENTS.

TO JOHN BULL.

SIR,—I am not one of those who snarl at modern improvements, but I admit my incapacity to find out the improvements at which other people snarl. I consider gas and steam to be two of the most odious and abominable nuisances ever tolerated in a Christian country. I only ask the best-natured critic, the most impartial judge in Christendom, whether anything can smell more abominably than the vapour which thousands of pounds are hourly spent to produce? If ruining oilmen and beggaring wax-chandlers is sport—well and good: in Heaven's name! stew down the wholesome coals and make smoke, and set fire to it; but don't call that an improvement.

I love the sight of a lamplighter—a “jolly Dick,” in a greasy jacket, flaring his link along the pavement, rubbing against one's sleeves, or besprinkling one's shirt with oil. I seldom see one of them now; the race is superseded by a parcel of dandies, with dark lanterns in their hands, prowling about like so many Guy Fawkes's: up they go, and without taking off the green lamp-tops and putting them on their heads, as the jolly Dicks did, they open a door, turn a cock, introduce their lantern,—piff, puff, poff—out comes the light, and down goes the ladder: this is innovation, not improvement.

Then steam—what's the improvement in steam? There was an interest in a short sea-voyage when I was young—contrary winds—tides against one. Nature had fair

play; but now, Mr. this thing, or Mr. t'other thing, makes a great copper pot, and fills it with water—more coals; poking and stoking, and shovelling and raking. Nature is thrown overboard, and the packetboat, uninfluenced either by her smiles or frowns, ploughs up the waves, and marches along like a couple of wandering water-mills. There is no interest in this, sir: any fool can make a copper pot—any fool can fill a copper pot with water—any fool can make a fire, and poke it, and make the water boil. There's no pleasure in this life when events are thus provided for, and that, which had all the interest of doubt and difficulty, is reduced to a certainty.

The same in land-carriage. Formerly a stage-coach journey was an affair—a thing to be thought about. A man took leave of his relations, left his home, in the expectation of never seeing his wife again: then there was an interest, a pleasure in the speculation, and a hope, and a fear, and a doubt, and something to keep the faculties awake. Now, sir, if you want to go sixty or seventy miles, you have hardly settled yourself comfortably in your corner before you are at your journey's end. Why, sir, before these jigamaree things were invented, I have lived two-and-twenty days on board a Leith smack, for three pounds three shillings, and enjoyed a pleasant five days' excursion on the road to Plymouth, whereas at present I am whirled from Edinburgh to London in forty hours, and taken from Piccadilly to Dock—Devonport I mean—in about half that time. Now this, to my mind, is no improvement.

Then, sir, look at London—look what the improvers have done—pulled up the pavements, the pride of the land, and turned the streets into roads. This mackadamizing is no improvement. Puddles for purbecks is bad exchange—the granite-grinding is no wonder—the rattle and clatter of London is at an end. One might as well be at Slough or Southall, or any of the environs, as be in the heart of the town. They have taken away Swallow-street, scene of my youthful pleasures! and, to crown all, they are pulling St. James's Park to pieces, planting trees and, twisting the water. Why did not they leave the Canal straight, as the Serpentine is?

Are we to come back to the days of Duck Island, with a Whig governor for it? Why are the horses and cows disturbed to make way for the people? I love to see horses and cows happy. I like to see the barracks and hospitals. I don't want to look at great big rows of high houses, filled with people who can afford to live in them, while I cannot. This is no improvement.

Then for manners and customs: in my time we dined early and sat late, and the jolliest part of our lives was that which we passed with our legs under the mahogany. Now we see no mahogany: we dine at supper time, and the cloth stops, and the wine never moves. Away go our women—no healths—no toasts—no gentleman to cover a lady—no good wishes—nothing convivial—one anonymous half-glass, sipped silently, and the coffee is ready. Out we go, turned adrift at eleven, with nothing on earth to do for the rest of the evening, unless one goes to a club, where, if a man asks for anything stronger than soda-water, he is looked at as a monster. Hook and Seltzer-water, perhaps, if it's hot weather—wimply-wambly stuff, enough to make a cat sick, and after that, home. Why, in my time, sir, I should have laughed at a fellow who flinched before his fourth bottle, or who submitted to the degrading circumstance of finding his way to bed of his own proper discretion. But those days are past. One thing I do thank the stars for—we are getting back to the tobacco; not, indeed, the beautiful lily pipe, tipped rosily with sealing-wax, and as pure as the driven snow, but a happy succedaneum—a cigar. I do love a cigar, sir; it reminds me of the olden time, and I like the smell on my clothes in the morning, which I congratulate myself none of our modern improvements, as they are called, can ever eradicate.

Perhaps you have been lately in the Regent's Park; I will tell you what is doing there. A Mr. Somebody—I forget his name, but it is somehow connected in my mind, upon Von Feinagle's principle, with a Christmas pie—Horner, by Jove! that's it—he has sunk twenty thousand pounds, and raised a splendid building—a temple—a Pantheon—a feature in the town. And what do you think for?—to exhibit a panorama of London from the top of St. Paul's, just within a couple of miles of St.

Paul's itself. But then we are to be saved all the trouble—to be serewed up to the eminence without labour. To my mind, the whole point of a fine prospect is the trouble of getting to it: far-fetched and dear-bought are the great attractions, and all the interest is destroyed if things are made too easy of attainment. I don't like this plan.

The same struggle against nature seems to be going on everywhere. See the theatres—even at that band-box, the Adelphi—there was a difficulty in getting in, and a difficulty in getting a seat, when one did get in. Now it is all made easy and comfortable; and for what? To see a schooner so like what one can see any day in the river, that it is no sight at all; like Lawrence's pictures—I hate that President—his things are so like life, the likenesses are identity, and so like nature that there is no merit in the painting. I like a little doubt; I love to show my quickness by guessing a portrait. The interest is destroyed if there is no question about the thing. The same with shooting—I used to hit my bird and miss my bird, and walk and walk over the furrows, and climb over the hedges and ditches, and bang away with a gun of my poor father's, which, when it did go off, was not over-certain in its performance. I liked the pursuit: now, with your Mantons and pereussions, your Nocks without flints, and all that sort of thing, wet or dry, off they go, slap bang—down tumbles the bird for each barrel, and the thing is over. I never shoot now; a thing reduced to a certainty loses all interest.

Before Palmer's time I used to keep up a constant correspondence with a numerous circle of friends and acquaintance. There was no certainty about the delivery of one's letters; mail-carts were robbed; post-boys were murdered; bags found in a pond, all soaked to rags. *Then*, there was an interest in it; *now*, a letter never miscarries—all like clock-work. I hate that Freeling; his activity and vigilance have destroyed the interest. I haven't written to a friend for the last fifteen years; nor I should not write to you now, only that I send my letter by a servant lad, who is a member of an intellectual institution, and so stupid, that I think it is at least ten to one that you ever receive it. Perhaps you will just

acknowledge it, if it comes to hand; the expectation will, at least, serve to keep up the interest.—Yours truly,

STEPHEN BROWN.

Baker-street, Oct. 17, 1827.

TO JOHN BULL.

SIR,—I perceived the other day in your columns a letter from a gentleman of the name of Brown, who, in the most cynical, sneering manner, thought fit, unjustly, as I think, to run down all our modern improvements. I know you are impartial, and like to give upright adversaries fair play in your paper; I differ with Mr. Brown, and perhaps you will give me the opportunity of showing how and why.

In the first place, the ridicule which not only he, but, I am sorry to say, yourself and many others, think fit to cast upon the advancement of learning, and which you have nicknamed the march of intellect, is entirely misplaced. You look at things politically, because politicians of a particular class have adopted the institution of societies, seminaries, and universities. This is wrong. Considering the matter thus, and associating men and manners, you teach us to believe the march of intellect the “rogue’s march,” to which all the well-disposed middling classes are to go to destruction. But you should consider the matter differently; you should recollect that almost all the political supporters of these mechanics’ institutes and London universities have imbibed their political principles merely because they have had little or no education themselves; and that as for instilling pride or arrogance into the minds of the lower and middling classes of the people by sending them to the London University, the very converse must be the fact, because there is nothing that I see to be derived from the institution at all likely to induce pride or self-satisfaction in any of its members.

In the “Times” of Tuesday, I perceive an advertisement from Mr. Dufief, stating that nearly three hundred members of a class in the London Mechanics’ Institute are learning French rapidly and critically. This, I con-

ceive, so far from being an absurdity, to be one of the most beneficial events ever announced. Consider what an improvement it will be for the common run of people who frequent public places of amusement to find the lower orders well grounded in French. In that language they will, for elegance sake, carry on their future conversations, and the ears of our wives and daughters be no longer disgusted with the coarseness to which they are now subject; for you are of course aware that as the progress of learning exhibits itself among the *canaille*, the aristocracy will abandon the ground they assume, and our belles and beaux, in less than a dozen years, will whisper their soft nonsense in Hebrew, Sanscrit, Cingalese, or Malabar.

But Mr. Brown seems not only to find fault with mental improvement and, but also with mechanical and scientific discoveries: he sneers at steam and growls at gas. I contend that the utility of constructing a coach which shall go by hot water nearly as fast as two horses can draw it, at a trifling additional expense, promises to be wonderfully useful. We go too fast, sir, with horses; besides, horses eat oats, and farmers live by selling oats. If, therefore, by inconveniencing ourselves, and occasionally risking our lives, we can, however imperfectly, accomplish by steam what is now done by horses, we get rid of the whole race of oat-growers, oat-sellers, oat-eaters and oat-stealers, vulgarly called ostlers.

Gas, too—what a splendid invention! We gain a magnificent light, and ruin the oil-merchants, the whale-fisheries, and the wax-chandlers; it is as economical as it is brilliant. To be sure we use more coals; but the coal-merchants are all worthy men, and never take advantage of a frost to advance the price of their commodity. Coals are evidently, however, not so essentially necessary to the poor as wax-candles; therefore, even supposing the price of coals to be raised, and their value enhanced, we light our streets more splendidly, and our houses more economically.

Mr. Brown seems to dislike the over-brilliance of the gas in the public ways, as tending to destroy the legitimate distinction between day and night. I admit this innovation; but let me beg to say, that until gas was

brought to the perfection it now is, for external illumination, we never could see the unhappy women who are driven to walk the streets at night so plainly following their avocations, or ever were indulged with the pleasing prospect of our watchmen slumbering in their wooden sanctums at the corners of the streets.

Mr. Brown appears to dislike Mr. MacAdam's improvements: these I defend upon several principles, one, which I consider to be extremely important, is the constant employment which they afford to the sweepers of crossings, without whose active exertions no man could ever pass from one side of the street to the other: and another, which I firmly believe to be conducive to the improvement of the mind—I mean the activity with which the eye and the ear, and the understanding, must be constantly kept, in order that the individual walking may escape being run over: superadded to which, there is the admirable manure which the sweepings provide for the land.

In short, most of the objects of Mr. Brown's vituperation are objects of my respect; and I take the liberty of writing this, in order that he may, if he chooses, enter into a public disputation upon the several points at issue; for which purpose, if he will direct a letter to me under cover to you, I will appoint a time and place where the merits and demerits of the present age may be temperately, calmly, and dispassionately discussed between us.

I am, sir, your obedient servant,

RICHARD WHITE.

DOMESTIC LITERATURE.

WE have an invincible propensity to fun, and we know that a great many of our readers have a similar turn. The following are *genuine* and *literal* copies of two letters, which passed some years since between two ladies in a village within fifty miles of London. The correspondent to whom we are indebted for them has been good enough to authenticate them; and since the most unimportant epistles of great men are carefully collected and preserved, to display the characters of the writers, we see no reason

against giving a place to these relics, as *real* illustrations of the modern style of domestic correspondence.

“Mrs. Pitts’ compliments to Miss Cozens; she was in hopes to have found her at home by this time, as she wishes to speak to her about a little bad workmanship in her house since she went away, by a board or something put upon it, in what her maid calls her *larder*, which, by being ill done, the nails come almost through Mrs. Pitts’ passage, and there being no partition wall, only thin paper, between the houses, which is very dangerous, and she is very sorry to find it being so unsafe, and she hopes her maids are very careful, for we are both in danger, especially from her frequent *large washes*, which never were so before, though there has been four different families in that house since Mrs. Pitts has been at W——, and none of them had such washes with all their great things, only their smalls, which Mrs. Pitts has; it not only is dangerous, but extremely disfiguring to the place, and might be taken for a washerwoman’s place, rather than anybody’s else, and almost wonders Miss C. can like it herself, only she is seldom if ever at home, she does not find it so disagreeable, especially when the things hang out on both sides; and she must excuse my mentioning her donkey frightened her very much one day as the gate was opened, and she went there to throw some rubbish, and dropt her seissors, which she was some time in looking for: in the mean time she felt something touch her face, which proved to be this creature; on looking up saw the monster, she screamed, and her maids heard her.—I am, Madam, your humble servant,

“L. PITTS.”

A true copy—G. II.

TO THIS WE HAVE THE FOLLOWING REPLY FROM
MISS COZENS:—

“Miss Cozens’s compliments to Mrs. P.; is sorry the partition wall should be only thin paper, will put up some thicker as soon as she gets home. Miss C. is surprised to find washing great things should be so very offensive and so uncommon at W——: I have always

been used to clean sheets and table-cloths. Miss C. is shocked to find Mrs. Pitts so alarmed at the sight of my donkey, though you had seen it often before; can't guess how it came to touch her face, 'tis very quiet in general, and was never called a monster till now; but as Mrs. Pitts had lost her seissors, cannot wonder she was so terrified. Miss C. will take care in future her maid shall hang out all on one side.—I am, Madam, your humble servant,
 “M. COZENS.”

A true copy—G. II.

NATIONAL DISTRESS.

IN a late number we somewhat unfeelingly (it is hinted by a correspondent) doubted, and even sneered at, the universal topic, the national distress, with which we are, it seems, overwhelmed; and when any suggestions of our friends (backed by truth and reason) can be attended to, we are always delighted to avail ourselves of them, and recant our errors.

We have reconsidered the subject, and, during the last fortnight, have visited the most diversified scenes of life, and we feel bound to retract the “flippant doubts” (those are our communicant’s words), which we expressed as to the existence of general calamity, and are ready to confess that we had no idea of its extent, particularly in and about the metropolis.

The first object which tended to convert us from our original prejudiced opinion on the subject, was the sight of that most melancholy assemblage of people called “Epsom Races.” Upwards of fifty thousand of the most unhappy of our fellow-countrymen, victims of tyranny and taxation, no longer ago than the week before last, dragged their wretched limbs to this sad and deplorable spectacle; and the vast sums of money taken from some of them, and the immense quantity of provisions and liquor which the poorer part of the slaves were compelled to devour, were unparalleled, we believe, on any former similar occasion.

It made our hearts bleed to behold our excellent and free-born tailor driving, with great labour and danger, a

tandem, with two blood-horses; and we nearly wept when we found that our bootmaker and his unhappy family could only afford a barouche and four, hired for the day.

But we had, also, an eye to the agricultural part of the question; and we were struck with horror and amazement at the pale, emaciated, and threadbare appearance of the broken-down farmers of Surrey, Berks, and Bucks, who crawled out to the mournful scene upon their starving ponies, for which some, in their despair for money, were wild enough to ask seventy, eighty, and a hundred guineas each.

At the inns on the road, the expenses the tax-ridden slaves incurred were abominable. A hatter in Bond Street was charged seventeen shillings a bottle for champagne; and a wretched party of landholders in the neighbourhood of Leatherhead, who have threatened to abandon their farms, were driven by their grief to drink two dozen and four bottles of that shameful imposition upon British credulity, called Château Margaut.

On our return from Epsom (having to cross the country), we passed through Kingston. Woe, grief, and mendicity there had established their tribunal. Petitions and remonstrances were all in array; and in order to give the mourning victims of that devoted parish an opportunity of assembling occasionally to grieve in unison, some sympathetic philanthropists in the vicinity have built a theatre or circus, wherein a Miss Hengler endeavours nightly to solace their incurable woes, by dancing on wires, balancing tobacco-pipes, and swallowing live cockchafers. Such an expedient was never hit upon at this distance from town, till the melancholy aspect of things in general pointed out the absolute necessity of it in this wretched year.

During the week we thought we would go to some of the London playhouses. We essayed Covent Garden. It was Miss Stephens' benefit: "boxes full" stared us in the face; the pit, too, was crowded with the more unfortunate classes of society; and upon inquiring if we could make our way into the gallery, we were told that both galleries had been crowded with squalid wretches, in a state of actual starvation, who had spent their last five shillings each that night in paying for admission, for

oranges, apples, and nuts, which, as everybody knows, is not the sort of food the noble and free-born Briton is accustomed to. We sighed, and crossed the river, having been refused admission at Mathews's, because the crowd of deplorable beggars who had sought refuge in the Lyceum would admit of no increase.

At Astley's, a house we thought remote from woe, we again applied. "There's standing-room at the back of the boxes, sir," said a little round-shouldered man in black, "but not a place in the pit or gallery." "Good heavens!" we exclaimed, "and is there so general a calamity pervading even the suburbs." We turned into the road, where we were stopped by a string of horsemen, and of gigs, carts, and coaches, filled, inside and out, with the lowest and most unhappy persons among the people, who had not chosen to assuage their sorrows in the theatres, but had preferred to indulge their tender sympathies at a fight, some twenty or thirty miles from town, to which the circumstances of the times had induced them to transport themselves at the nefarious expense, perhaps, of two or three pounds each. But what made us shudder still more, was seeing that they were, for the greatest part, in a state of intoxication, to which they had no doubt been urged by the disastrous acts of that empty pretender to politics, Pitt,—that weak man, Lord Londonderry,—or that misguided bigot, Peel,—or some others of those who are, or have been, at the helm of the State.

Having got clear of these, we crossed the bridge, and turned down to the House of Commons: the doors were fast—no house. Tried at the Lords: their lordships had adjourned at seven. "Ah!" said we, "this is a new proof of the truth of our friend's suggestions: these are noble and wealthy men; there is no distress here—no crowds—no misery—no assemblage."

We were baffled in our attempt to get up the Haymarket, several thousand unhappy persons having dressed themselves in diamonds, and lace, and gold, and pearls, and feathers, and flounces, to weep away the night, in the body of the Opera House. And at the Duke of Devonshire's wall, we were obliged to abandon our hackney-coach, into which he had stepped at the corner of St.

James's Street, to avoid the crowd of carriages, which had brought an innumerable host of distressed families to his Grace's hospitable roof, in order that their immediate necessities might be alleviated by some Italian singing and *Ponche à la Romaine*.

Some of the females of these wretched groups we happened to encounter, and a more truly pitiable sight we never saw; in the middle of the night were they straggling out of the court-yard, to look for their carriages, with clothes hardly sufficient to cover them from cold, or answer the purposes of common decency. To such straits our women are driven by necessity.

Here our doctrine that even the highest were exempt from sorrow fell to the ground, and we went to bed to dream of woe.

Pursuing, the next day, our course through the town, we dropped into the Somerset House Exhibition, where there could not have been less than two thousand of our unhappy fellow-creatures, who had paid, all of them, one shilling, most of them two shillings, mewed up in close hot rooms, with hardly space to move or breathe, and without the smallest refreshment; nay, not even a crust of bread—not even a drop of water to relieve them in their lamentable condition.

At Belzoni's Tomb the mourners were in myriads; at the Cosmorama several wretched-looking people were endeavouring to pass their lingering hours by peeping through little holes at coloured prints stuck against a wall. At the Panorma—at the British Gallery, the same horrid scenes were acting—the same deception was carrying on: and at the Soho Bazaar it was quite moving to see the hundreds of well-dressed suffering innocents who have been driven from the best mercantile parts of the town to this secondary quarter, merely because they are enabled, by this painful humiliation, to purchase gauze, and coloured paper, and bugles, and knitting-needles, and card-racks, and shuttlecocks, and fiz-gigs, and the other necessaries of life, nearly one hundred per cent. cheaper there than anywhere else in the metropolis.

We passed from the neutral ground of Soho Square into St. Giles's, where we saw an Irishwoman, somewhat elevated with the private consolation of the afternoon,

thumping her husband about the head with a shoulder of mutton, because he had bought it in preference to a leg, which she wished for, while her four little starveling children (who had neither beaver-hats on their heads, nor red morocco shoes to their feet), were playing with the motley tails of three full-sized mackarel, upon which the famishing labourer had expended a portion of his hard-earned wages, by way of supper, which the poor creature had told his spouse he intended to take, that it might give him an appetite for his next day's dinner.

Just above these, in a room, the windows of which were open, were a set of unfortunate creatures, who had, in happier days, named themselves the "Sons of Frolic;" these wretched persons were suffering under the dreadful effects of civil dissension, which always creeps in with domestic distress. That type of kings, the parish beadle, had been sent for by the overbearing landlord, to secure the most active of three of the members, who had just kicked the waiter down stairs for having brought them up a corked bottle of port wine. These distressed tradesmen, however, were so far imposed upon as to be induced to make up the affair by a present of three guineas to the waiter, and a pound to the beadle. Still, exclaimed we, accumulation upon accumulation.

We found in all the dingy streets about those rural and unfrequented parts of London, Bedford, Russell, Red Lion, Bloomsbury, Tavistock, and Brunswick-squares, the same congregation of carriages standing (and lights were on the tables in the eating-rooms of the houses) at different doors, which proved to us that the most respectable families, at this period of distress, are driven to elub together to get food upon a principle of economy.

This remote passage led us towards Islington. At a melancholy place, quite on the outskirts of the town, called White Conduit House, many thousands of our fellow-mourners were congregated in the open fields; night, too, was coming on, and the poor children were drinking milk just as it came from the cow, while their parents, equally wretched, but more experienced in sorrow, were swallowing the same *succedaneum*, made into a mixture called syllabub.

At Sadler's Wells the grief was raving—we heard the lamentations at the distance of half a mile—crowds filled even the lobbies; and such is the pressure of national misfortune at the moment, that a corn-factor was obliged, the night we were there, to give fourteen shillings and sixpence hackney-coach-hire, to get his poor shivering wife and daughters to their miserable *cottage ornée*, with a four-stall stable, conservatory, and coach-house, in the Kent-road.

We rested in our researches from that evening pretty well till Whitsuntide, and then, indeed, conviction took full possession of us.

To us who remember Greenwich-park in the year 1792, what a reverse!—then there were gaiety and sunshine, and fun and amusement. In the first place, Whitsunday this year, was a wet Sunday,—a circumstance which, we are bold to say, never occurred before the late Mr. Pitt's accession to office, and very rarely even during his ruinous administration. The conduct of the "talents" in this particular cannot be cited, as only one Whitsuntide occurred during their splendid career.

Our readers may conceive the gloom this oppressive mismanagement, and evident disregard for the comforts of the poor, threw over the *quondam* scene of gaiety; the people surely might have been allowed to meet, and weep in comfort in one of the Royal parks!

But if Sunday filled us with this feeling, what must Monday have done, when nature interfering, to triumph over the tyrants, gave the people a fine day. Then did we see them loading every sort of vehicle, on the inner and outer sides, driving horses, and donkies, and ponies, and riding them with all their speed and energy, to reach the once-loved spot they had known in former days, and grieve all together at our deplorable state.

When arrived there how did they conduct themselves?—They threw themselves into the most extravagant postures, rolling down hills, and running up again, throwing sticks even at oranges and cakes, in hopes of getting something to allay their hunger and thirst—some indeed we saw, decent-looking persons, devouring with avidity, fish, called eels, who themselves (poor victims!) are driven to wallow in mud for their food, and, first skinned

alive, are next cut to pieces, and finally exterminated by the hands of cooks as men are by Ministers.—What a striking resemblance there is between an Eel and an Englishman!

At Richmond sorrow put on her deepest sables—hundreds of devoted persons were crammed into vessels, encouraged by Government as packets at our out-ports, in which the danger of being scalded to death, burnt alive, or blown to atoms, are added to all the other little *désagrémens* of the deep.

Steam-boats are what they call improvements. They may be in this age of redundant population: but what government is there on earth, except ours, who, for the chance of thinning an overstocked nation, could have had the barbarity to allow these craft to ply on the seas and the rivers, which must wound the feelings and invade the rights of those established captains of colliers and owners of coal-barges, who, for centuries before, used to make their voyages satisfactorily to themselves, but whose pride is now destroyed, and whose vessels are treated like petitioners when applying for relief to the great and mighty. Away puffs the nobleman and the steamer, and all the suffering coal-bargeman or the needy applicant gets for his manual labour, is a sight of the stern of either, and a tremulous sensation, caused by the swell of their passing power.

But to return to the more immediate effects of misrule. The commons and heaths round the metropolis were sought out, to change the wretched scene; and Blackheath, Hampstead-heath, Hornsey-wood, and Norwood, were covered with flocks of the populace, who had quitted their houses in despair, and in one-horse chaises.

They, and indeed all those particularly around London, seemed to join in a determined manifestation of the crisis of affairs, which might, if anything could, we should think, shew Ministers the destruction, to the brink of which they have brought desponding England. The same threat, it is true, has been held out to all preceding ministers by sensible Reformers for the last century and a half; and they, heartlessly and senselessly, have, without feeling, disbelieved the cry; but when, to all the

calamities of *peace*, are added that curse of nations, plenty, the blow naturally received by an increasing revenue, and a decreasing expenditure; and, above all, the heart-rending proofs of popular misery, which we have here selected; we think the present administration, which has reduced us to this debased, degraded, and unhappy state, will take warning in time. We give them fair notice—we have done our duty in bringing the matter before them—we shall say no more—if they are not wise enough to take a hint, why “there’s an end on’t,” and we give them up.

HINTS FOR THE LEVEE.

DILWORTH’S instructions to little boys and girls direct them “never to be greedy, or swallow large pieces of meat, or eat hot pudding.” He, moreover, cautions them against many little improprieties which shall be nameless; and concludes with this impressive admonition—“never pick your nose in company.”

We have not room for all the instructions in the Scots paper, which occupy more than three columns; but we shall quote one or two, which appear the most important.

“*Directions for going to a Levee.*—Full suit, bag, sword—hair powder is not held to be indispensable.

“Each individual will have two cards, one of which will be taken care of by the pages in the ante-chamber, who will have the care of the ‘Court Record.’—The stranger will then walk through the suite of apartments till he finds himself in that immediately joining the presence chamber.”

This, it will be perceived, is quite in the Dilworth style, excepting that, instead of “not picking his nose,” the pupil is here directed to follow it; which, if he did, he would arrive at the room he wanted, without such an elaborate description.

The account of the reception the stranger is to expect is not prepossessing, although correct enough in point of fact:—

“The person on coming up to his Majesty drops on one knee to the King—the crowd being great he is immediately pushed forward.”

This, our readers will perceive (as it is expressed), must immediately upset him at his Majesty's feet; and the great difficulty, instead of not picking his nose, will be “not to break his nose in company.” A consolation is offered to the patient hercabouts, which is soothing enough:—

“He may pay his respects *en passant* to any of the Cabinet Ministers with whom he is acquainted.”

A privilege not confined, we conclude, to the place or occasion. The truth is, that when the patient is up and off his knees, he may expect to be pushed forward. At least, we suppose, it is not intended, as the “Star” expresses it, that he is to be pushed forward while on them, because a more inconvenient opportunity of changing the form of presentation could not have been selected, than when so many gentlemen are likely to appear in the Highland costume.

The mode of preventing a crowd at a Levee, which the “Star” mentions, is new and ingenious:—

“Every gentleman may appear in the dress of his regiment, but it must be the full dress, viz., a coat with skirts, &c.: any person may easily see that unless some regulation of this sort were enforced, the King's Levees would, on all occasions, be crowded to an extent altogether destructive of comfort.”

We do not see the force of this regulation, we confess.

Further on we perceive this:—

“It is understood that Glengarry, Breadalbane, Huntley, and several others, mean to attend the Levee ‘with their tails on.’”

This, to a Southron, sounds very odd; and the omission of the Duke of Hamilton's name, on such an occasion, would appear still more strange, if we did not explain that it is a mere phrase, and indicates the proposed attendance of dependants upon their chieftains.

We are fearful, however, that if these nobles bring their tails with them, the regulation about wearing skirts will be rendered unavailing, and that the skirts

without tails, and the tails without skirts, will have a good tough squeeze of it after all.

The directions for the conduct of the ladies, upon the present occasion, are clearer and more defined:—

“Ladies are introduced to the King either by Ladies who have already been at Court, or by the Lord in Waiting. The Lady drops her train (about four yards in length) when she enters the circle of the King. It is held up by the Lord in Waiting till she is close to his Majesty. She curtsies. The King raises her up, and salutes her on the cheek. She then retires, always facing the Sovereign till she is beyond the circle. A considerable difficulty is presented to the inexperienced by the necessity of retiring (without assistance) backwards. The ladies must exert their skill to move their trains quietly and neatly from behind them as they retire; and those who have never worn such dresses should lose no time in beginning to practise this. Most painful must the situation be of a young female who is so unfortunate as to make a *faux-pas* on such an occasion. It was by no means so difficult when hoops were in fashion; but now that these have been discarded there is nothing to assist in keeping the train off the ground. The ladies cannot require to be informed that they must all appear in Court plumes and fans. At least nine feathers must be in each head-dress.”

It will be first observed, that the ladies are literally to come with their tails on, as the gentlemen are metaphorically; and the instructions how to “enter the circle of the King” are all plain enough; but subsequently we are involved in a dilemma, from the fact that part of the instructions appear to have been borrowed from a section of Dilworth, which we should not have ventured to quote.

“A considerable difficulty is presented to the inexperienced by the necessity (without assistance) of retiring backwards.”

Now, retiring forwards, at any time, is a difficulty, and better suited to the Irish than the Scottish Court; and therefore, as all retiring must be going back, we are so dull as not to see why “retiring backwards” (the very

phrase is used in Dilworth) has anything to do with the "necessities" of the moment.

The ladies are warned, it will be perceived, when the necessity of retiring backwards comes upon them, to "move their trains quietly from behind them," and they are desired to practise this manœuvre. This is careful and decent, and highly worthy of commendation, but the caution which follows seems outrageous:—

"Most painful must be the situation of a young female who is so unfortunate as to make a *faux-pas* on such an occasion."

Dear heart! what could the "Star" have been dreaming of?

We have heard, in private letters from Edinburgh, that the King's visit has turned the heads of everybody in that city; and, therefore, we think the "Star" worthy of much praise for endeavouring to teach them which way to turn their tails: a lesson which, we trust, will be as profitable to them as it has been amusing to us.

LETTER FROM A GOOSE.

TO JOHN BULL.

Farm-Yard, Claremont, Friday, Sept. 27th, 1822.

SIR,—These are the last words I shall ever have an opportunity of addressing to you; my doom, alas! is fixed. I am sentenced to die this evening; neither Alderman Waithman, nor Mr. Ex-sheriff Parkins, can save me; I am waiting, in the condemned coop, the *coup de grace* of my illustrious master's chicken-butcher.

Probably you anticipate the cause of my death: Sunday is the feast of St. Michael; my blood is required in the mysterious celebration of the ceremonies observed in all well-regulated families on that anniversary. This very day twelvemonths my excellent and amiable mother, and my respectable father, perished on the same account.

At this critical juncture, I pick a quill from one of my wings to assure you of that resignation to my fate which I truly feel:—that it is not unalloyed, Mr. Bull, I must, however, confess. Those who know our family know that we are patriots, that we have souls; and I cannot

quit the world without regretting my future destiny. Brought up, sir, as I have been; educated upon the English system in the farmyard of a foreign prince; fattened as I have been at the public expense; I did expect (as all patriots say they do) that the sacrifice of my life might have been of some utility to the country:—but, alas! No: Pampered, fed, stuffed as it were by anticipation,—what is my doom? Am I to be yielded as a tribute to the nation, whence I have derived my weight and flavour? Am I to gratify the palate of the illustrious Prince, my nominal patron? No: I am to be sold and eaten by some base venal hind in this neighbourhood, who, in these times of wretchedness, cannot dine on Michaelmas-day without me.

What my sensations are at the treatment I have met with you may, perhaps, comprehend. Will you believe it, sir, I have never seen the illustrious personage in whose service I have wasted my days? I have never beheld the amiable Prince, to whom, for many reasons, I am warmly attached; first, because I am a goose; secondly, because, thanks to the generosity of the nation, I am his Royal Highness's goose; and, thirdly, because I am a goose of high feeling, honour, and, above all, of gratitude.

What a consolation it would have been to have seen his royal countenance!—what a disgrace to my family to quit the world without having attained to such a favour. It is true I have received a great deal of pleasure in the occasional society of Sir Robert Gardiner, whose attentions have been very much devoted to our comfort and accommodation in our royal master's absence. I certainly found him in pens; which, as you know Sir Robert is fond of writing, was no small return for his civilities—civilities, which I begin shrewdly to suspect were, after all, interested, and more insidious than I apprehended at the moment.

I ought to apologise for trespassing at such length upon your patience; but, having been for a considerable time a constant correspondent of the "Morning Chronicle," I am habituated to what are vulgarly called long-winded letters; and when a goose prints his own grievances he is generally some what diffuse. My wrongs

are now strongest in my recollection, and I am anxious that my family reputation should not suffer in my person, and therefore devote my last moments—my last words to you.

If you were a goose, Mr. Editor, how would you bear with indignities like those I have suffered? Sir, the Herald's College could prove, and would prove, if they were sufficiently well paid for it, that I am lineally descended from the noble bird who saved the Roman Capitol; and it is, in consequence, a common observation amongst the poulterers at Kingston, that "there are Capitol geese at Claremont:" which classical saying of that erudite body has been garbled into the more vulgar observation, "that there are capital geese at Prince Leopold's," inferring thereby that part of his royal highness's capital consists of geese!

It is needless to tell you, that the branch of my family which has settled itself in Norfolk is in the most flourishing state, and that at Holkham, at this present moment, there is an old goose held in high estimation amongst the Whigs. At Woburn Abbey another set of my connexions are in high force, and admirably calculated for cutting-up and roasting; while in the North the Grey geese are reckoned invaluable as a cross-breed, the head of that coop being the identical bird celebrated in the fable of the "Fox and Goose," to which the Tories have subjoined a very salutary, if not pleasant moral. To the notice of these most honourable birds I may add one of the younger scions of our stock, the Goslings—who, as everybody knows, are a most excellent and respectable firm in the City of London.

These things disturb me. I have contributed to the funds of my master,—I am about to lay down my life for his advantage,—and, I repeat, he has never seen me. There are thousands of geese, I am ready to grant, labouring under the same disadvantage, and thousands of human beings too, but to them the disappointment is not of the same nature as to us: none but geese would contribute to support an absentee as we do; and yet, supporting him, none but a goose would care about ever seeing him again.

I must cease—the poulterer's cart and my end ap-

proach. I have heard, that the only modification of my sentence which I ventured to request—the change of strangling into decapitation—is refused me; his royal highness's ministers here declaring, that I cannot be sent off the premises without a bill. It matter little, Mr. Bull, but I must say it is not what I expected. Publish my letter, that my prince may see how he is beloved and respected, and by whom. He has been at Rome, but never thought of me or mine; perhaps he never heard of the story which connects us with that once mighty city. Adieu. One of my sisters has already suffered:—would I were a swan, I would sing my own elegy—they come nearer—they have seized my pens—I can only give—what we occasionally have here—a great quack, and subscribe myself,—Your affectionate gander,

BILLY.

P.S.—No *anser* will reach me; but in making any further inquiries about me, be cautious, as there is a much greater goose than myself, of my name, living at Bagshot, which, being in this neighbourhood, might cause some confusion.

ON MR. SHELLEY'S POEM, "PROMETHEUS UNBOUND."

SHELLEY styles his new poem "*Prometheus Unbound*,"
 And 'tis like to remain so while time circles round;
 For surely an age would be spent in the finding
 A reader so weak as to *pay for the binding*.

SPECIMEN OF A WELL-CONDUCTED MODERN NEWSPAPER.

By letters from Paris, received exclusively by us, we find that there was a considerable tumult in Madrid on the 21st and 22nd ult. Our correspondent judiciously remarks, that it is impossible, when popular insurrection once commences, to ascertain precisely where it will stop. Things had assumed a serious aspect. Rumours, indeed, are afloat respecting the peculiar situation of the King, which, as we are exclusively in possession of them, we do not feel authorized to publish at present.

From Rome, we are sorry to hear that his Holiness the Pope has been afflicted with a flying gout. The disorder having at last settled in his Holiness's toe, he has been unable to give audiences for the last week or ten days. Our letters inform us, that there are a great many English wintering in the immortal city. Provisions are exceedingly cheap, which has induced Lord George Cavendish, and several other English persons of the same class, to avail themselves of an opportunity of residing there during the present depreciation of property in England.

We lay the following important communication before our readers, without vouching for its authenticity, although we have seldom been led astray by the information of the well-informed gentleman from whom we have received it:—

AIX-LA-CHAPELLE.—A letter, it is said, has, by some negligence on the part of a certain person, been seen by several persons here, written, it is supposed, by a member of the British Ministry to a person high in their confidence, stating facts which, when they come to be known, will startle those thick and thin gentlemen who think ministers can do no wrong. With the precise nature of the letter, we are as yet unacquainted, but we have heard more than we dare venture to communicate at this moment. Our readers may rely upon it we shall sift the business to the bottom, and suffer no feelings of false delicacy to interfere with our first duties to the British nation.

GIBRALTAR.—The greatest secrecy is observed here with respect to the communications between the G—— and the —— of the interior; and it is rumoured that H—— is likely to be sent upon a confidential embassy to Sir ——, at ——, in consequence of the last accounts received from ——. You will use your own discretion in giving to the public such parts of this important communication as may be politic in the present stage of the business; but of this you may be assured, the ministers at home are not aware that —— is despatched in a bye-boat to ——, to make certain propositions respecting the ——, which may eventually lead to consequences which none of us can foresee.

A private letter from Tours, dated Jan. 21, mentions, as a positive fact, that Col. —, after a very successful night's play at *écarté* with Mr. —, in which he had won upwards of fifteen thousand pounds, was detected in unfair practices, which being plainly charged upon him by the latter, it produced a meeting on the 19th, when, after exchanging two shots each, the Colonel received his antagonist's ball in his shoulder, and the seconds interfered. Mr. — was second to Col. —, and Major —, of the —, attended Mr. —; Dr. — and Surgeon — were in readiness, and the ball was very safely extracted upon the ground.

It is impossible not to perceive, in the present state of affairs, that some decisive measures must be taken in Spain. It is true that the situation of France is a very peculiar one, nor is Spain much less delicately placed. It is, of course, impossible for us to hazard a direct opinion upon the subject; but from all we can collect from those who (and we have no sort of hesitation in saying it) are fully competent to judge, we are very much inclined to agree with Hume, who observes, that "an abrupt and violent dissolution naturally excites discontents among the people, who usually put entire confidence in their representatives, and expect from them the redress of all their grievances."

FASHIONABLE ARRIVALS.

Lord Liverpool, from Coombe Wood, at Fife House.—Col. Thompson, Mrs. Thompson, and Miss E. Thompson, at Kirkham's Hotel, from Cheltenham.—Dr. Dixon, at ditto, from Bath.—Major Smith, from his sister's in Yorkshire, at Stevens's, Bond Street.—Sir W. Elliot, Bart., from Stobs.—Lady Montgomery, from Scotland.—Sir T. D. Aeland, Bart.—Capt. Cobb,—Mr. Evans,—General Smith,—Mrs. Money Penny and daughters, at Mivart's, Brook Street.—Mr. Hammond Knife, from Gloucestershire.—Col. O'Callaghan, from Cork, at the Tavistock Hotel.

DEPARTURES.

Lady Mumford, for Paris.—Mr. Curry, to Cheltenham.—Miss Law and Miss E. Law, to their Aunt's Mrs.

Tweedel's, in Buckinghamshire.—Dr. Short, from Long's Hotel, to Tadeaster.—Mr. and Mrs. Whitmarsh, to Brighton.

On Thursday last Mr. Canning gave an elegant entertainment at Gloucester Lodge.

Lord Lauderdale has arrived in town.

No less than six different persons are employed in dramatizing "Peveril of the Peak."

A new tragedy is forthcoming at Covent Garden by Miss Mitford. Green-room report speaks highly of it.

The *faux pas* of Lady —— with Mr. —— is quite the subject of conversation; it will probably afford matter of employment for the gentlemen of the Long Robe.

Mrs. Thompson, of Grosvenor-square, will, early in the spring, open her house to a large party of fashionables.

The Bishop of Norwich gave a dinner last week at his palace to several of the Clergy of his Diocese; among the company we noticed his son, the Venerable Archdeacon Bathurst.

A great number of Members of both Houses have arrived in town during the week.

The weather was intensely cold on Thursday, and there was a considerable fall of snow in many parts of the country.

A very singular accident happened last week in the neighbourhood of Newbury, in Berkshire. A poor woman having, in consequence of the distress of the times, been compelled to seek her livelihood by going out to wash for families, shut up her house early on Tuesday morning, and proceeded to her laborious but honourable employment; upon returning home at nine at night, she discovered that her cottage had been broken into, and stripped of every article of furniture. She at first concluded by thieves, but she soon discovered that it was not by human depredators she had been thus piteously despoiled. A large hog, which the poor woman had kept for several weeks to fatten upon the remnants and broken victuals she received from her neighbours, had broken loose, and, strange to say, in the ferocity of its appetite, had eaten up not only a large arm-chair which stood by the fire, but a feather-bed which was in the room, and had actually devoured two of the bed-

posts, when, overcome by fatigue, it is supposed the animal dropped down in a state of stupor. Some of the property has since been recovered.

THE COCKNEY'S LETTER.

The following letter has been transmitted to us, as written by a cockney gentleman late in the train of Lord Byron, but now discarded—we are not sufficiently acquainted with the style of the writer to vouch for its genuineness, but we give it as we have received it.

MY DEAR —, I am astonished at what you write me. So, then, notwithstanding all the strong articles in our last Liberal Magazine, neither Government nor people has made a stir; England is still a monarchy, and not even a single change in the ministry has been effected! Jeffery (Byron's new friend), who is always sanguine, thinks the next number must do it, but I begin to despair; and the worry-one's-soul-out, as it were, effect of the disappointment on my health is very visible. I pine and grow thinner and paler every day. My appearance, by the way, is very interesting and Tasso-like; and I think an engraving of me would sell well in England, where a "how-does-he-look" sort of inquiry must be in everybody's mouth just now. But let that pass for the present, I have matter of still greater moment for you.

The only subject of conversation now in England, and indeed in all those parts of Europe where tyrants are not as yet allowed to send in fellows with bayonets to stop people's mouths whenever they mention my name, must be the coolness between me and Byron, and it is proper the rights of it should be known, which is better than folks going about with a he-said-this—and then he-said-t'other sort of report of it. The fact is, that Byron is the aggressor, for he began first, as the children say, and all about a piece of patrician pride, very unbecoming among us radicals. Some time ago, seeing him in conversation with the Earl of —, at the end of the Strada di —, I hopped down the street, and just to shew the

intimacy which subsisted between us, slapped Lim on the back with a "Ha! Byron, my boy!" He darted at me one of his look-you-through sort of glances, and turned from me without speaking; and it was not till after a decided cut of eight or ten days that, wanting something done, he sent for me. I went: he began by a tread-you-to-dirtish, as it were, taking of me to task, said something about the coarse familiarity of your radicals; and then told me that I might stop and dine with him that day, which I did. You will gather from this that these lords are not to be depended upon; they are but half-and-half sort of Radicals—the cloven foot of nobility is perpetually peeping out, they wont give altogether in to that hail-fellow-well-metishness, which we expect from them. Again: at dinner that day, happening to say to him, "I and you, Byron, who are called the Satanic School;" he cut me short unceremoniously, and said, "Who the d—l ever called *you* Satanic?—Cockney, if you please;" and reminded me of the fable of the apples swimming. Now, putting radicalism out of the question, this was very ungentle from one great poet to another—then he is jealous of me. We have had a disagreement about which of us should have the most room to write in the Liberal Magazine. He wanted *all*; which (though I never contradict him, or he'd have cut me long ago), I almost remonstrated against, so he allowed me a corner here and there as it were. Then he flatly attributes our slow sale to my poetry—next to my prose—and in short, he was lately so insulting that I had "ever such a mind" (as we used to say at school) to tell him the fault was all his own; for, between ourselves, he has grown as stupid and as vulgar as the best of us. But, worst of all, I find he has been making a mere tool of me, and he quizzes me to my very face. Some weeks ago I told him I had thoughts of writing his life, to which he replied, with a smile "Do;" but when I added that he ought in return to write mine, he exclaimed with a sneer, "Pooh," and went away in a turn-on-the-heel sort of fashion. But this is of a piece with his refusing to call me Tasso and Ariosto in exchange for my calling him Dante in our next poems.

Doubtless you have heard of the verses I addressed to

him ; I suppose there is an I-wish-I-could-get-'em sort of anxiety about them in England, so I send you a copy.

LINES TO MY FRIEND BYRON.

Dear Byron, while you're out walking I'll just say
 Something about ourselves in my off-hand way,
 Easy and Chaucer-like ; in that free rhyme
 They used to warble in the olden time,
 And which you se chucklingly listen to when I
 Pour out a strain of it, as 'twere chirpingly ;
 Full of all sorts of lovely, graceful things,
 Smacking of fancy, pretty imaginings,
 Which I trick out with a Titian-like sort of air,
 And a touch of Michael Angelo here and there ;
 For though the graceful's wherein I excel,
 I dash off the sublime, too, pretty well.

Now, let me see—I have it—I'll suppose
 (Though you're there in the garden plucking a rose),
 That, after travelling many and many a day,
 You are wandering in some country far away,
 When being tired, you stretch beneath a tree,
 And take from your pocket my Rimini,
 And read it through and through, and think of me ;
 And then you take some other work of mine,
 And con it daintily, tasting it line by line,
 Pausing 'tween whiles, as one does drinking port,
 And smack your lips, saying, "This is your right sort."
 And when it has grown too dark for you to see,
 You close the book and wish for your dear Leigh :
 Then comes a little bird, fluttering near,
 And perches, fairy-like, on the tip of your ear ;
 Then up you jump and would hunch it away,
 But, spite of all, the little bird will stay,
 And then—(But what I'm writing all this while
 Is a fancy in my wild Ariosto style)—
 And thus this little bird turns into me,
 And you rush forward to me in ecstasy,
 And grasp my hand, as it were, clutchingly,
 And call me your "dear Leigh ;" while I e'en bolder,
 Cry, "Ah, my dear Byron !" clapping you on the shoulder,
 E'en just as I might be supposed to do,
 If this were not a Poet's dream, but true.

Now, I expected this would have procured me a sonnet at least in return, but he did not even deign ever once

to notice it, spite of all my attempts to draw him out about it. You, who know what an excessively sensitive creature I am, will easily conceive the heart-in-one's-mouthishness of my sensations, when I found out his real opinion of me. It happened one day that he left me alone in his study. He had no sooner turned his back than I began to fumble among his books and papers. What I most earnestly sought was the copy I gave him of my "Story of Rimini," thinking to find it full of notes in his own hand-writing. It was not even half cut open! a proof he had not half read it. Against "my dear Byron," in the dedication (for you know I dedicated it to him) I found written "Familiar Cockney," and in the last leaf cut—that is, as far as I presume he had read, was written the following critique:—

O! Crimini, Crimini!
 What a nimini pimini
 Story of Rimini!

This, you will say, was sufficiently cut-one-to-the-heartish, but this was little compared with what follows. Among other things, I found the MS. of the Twelfth Canto of Don Juan, which will shortly appear. By the way, it is rather unfair in him, to say no less of it, to throw cockney in my teeth at every turn, considering that I have now quite given up talking of Highgate and Primrose-hill, ever since I have seen the Apennines—and to a friend, too! But it is my friend Byron's way; he calls and uncalls all his friends round, once in every four or five years, or so. But to my extract from his next canto:—

Filthy scum!

These Hunts, Hones, Despard's, Thistlewoods, and Ings!
 These worms with which we politicians angle,
 We leave at last on Ketch's line to dangle.

Poor drivelling dupes! and can they think that we
 By birth ennobled, and no little proud
 Of our nobility, would stoop to be
 Companion'd with the base, plebeian crowd?
 Or that the crack-brained Bysshe, or cockney Leigh,
 Or gentle Johnny e'er had been allow'd
 To sicken us with their familiarity,
 Forgetful of their distance and disparity—

But that we turn'd them to our dirty uses ?

My tool I've lately placed upon the shelf,
So patronize my cockney now who chooses ;

I've ta'en to do my dirty work myself.

I find, too, that in fashion my abuse is,

And brings—not that I value it—the pelf ;

But, let me hint, there's need of cash to victual ye
E'en in this cheapest of all countries—Italy.

I've turned him off ! He's gone ! I've made the ninny stir

His stumps ! For on my stomach his pathetic,

His cockney rurals, drivellings, phrases sinister,

And affectations act as an emetic.

Besides, he think he's fit to be prime minister !

The whimpering, simpering, Horsemonger ascetic !

And there he's grown so horribly familiar,

And paws and “dears” one so—I vow 'twould kill you.

There, my dear friend—and this is from one radical to another—the root of all this is, that I did once hint to him that I thought myself a better poet than he ; more antique and to-the-heartish, giving my verses an Italian twang, and so forth. No. V. of our Liberal Magazine shortly. Let tyrants tremble !—Yours ever.

INTERESTING TO GAS MEN !

“Why did I marry ?”—*Lord Townley.*

WHEN the *coal* is consumed, how great are the gains
To be made, as we know, from the *coke* that remains !

The reverse may, however, sweet Anna console,

When her *Coke* shall be gone, she will still have the *cole!**

LINES.

TO —————

THE hour is come—the cherish'd hour,

When from the busy world set free,

I seek at length my lonely bower,

And muse in silent thought on thee.

* On Mr. Coke's (Earl of Leicester) second marriage.

And, oh ! how sweet to know that still,
 Though sever'd from thee widely far,
 Our minds the self-same thought can fill—
 Our eyes yet seek the self-same star.

Compulsion from its destin'd course
 The magnet may awhile detain,
 But when no more withheld by force,
 It trembles to its north again.

Thus, though the idle world may hold
 My fetter'd thoughts awhile from thee,
 To thee they spring, when uncontroll'd,
 In all the warmth of liberty.

The faithful dove, where'er by day,
 Through fields of air her pinions rove,
 Still seeks, when daylight dies away,
 The shelter of her native grove.

So at this calm, this silent hour,
 Whate'er the daily scenes I see,
 My heart (its joyless wand'rings o'er)
 Returns unalter'd still to thee.

THE POSTPONEMENT OF GRAHAM'S BALLOON.

"Mr. Graham respectfully informs the public that his intended ascent on Friday is postponed till some future day."

Public Papers.

TUNE—"Derry Down."

IN these days of bubbles, when ev'rything floats,
 Decks, bridges, insurances, gas-lights, and boats,
 Allow me to sing to a popular tune,
 The honestest bubble—old Graham's balloon.

Derry down.

Compared with the others, 'tis justice to say
 'Tis equally solid, and ten times as gay ;
 And I, had I money to spend, would as soon
 Lay it out in a venture on Graham's balloon.

Derry down.

There is Mr. Brunel, who at Portsmouth made blocks,
 Has projected in London a tunnel and docks,
 To scoop out the bed of the Thames with a spoon—
 I had rather cross over in—Graham's balloon.

Derry down.

Sir William, with tender regard for our pockets,
Supersedes the old balls with his new-fangled rockets ;
He professes to give the poor people a boon,
As sure and as solid as Graham's balloon.

Derry down.

The good folks at Lloyd's are hugely afraid
That Buxton will carry away all their trade ;
And lest he their credit and means should impugn,
They offer to underwrite Graham's balloon.

Derry down.

There's Orpheus MacAdam, whose hard Highland tone
Can level a mountain and soften a stone,
Proposes to send Ludgate Hill "out o' toon,"
And slide our stage-coaches like Graham's balloon.

Derry down.

In short, fifty different causes prepare
The town, to be pleased with this trip through the air,
And to White Conduit House, on the second of June,
They crowded in honour of Graham's balloon.

Derry down.

I leave to the journals possessed of the skill
Sixteen mortal columns with nothing—to fill,
To tell by what arts, and whose hands, and how soon,
The light fetid vapour puffed out the balloon.

Derry down.

At last up it went, like a flimsy Whig job,
Empty, stinking, and painted, the joy of the mob—
Carolina the saint, and Sir Bob the dragoon,
Had their day up and down, just like Graham's balloon.

Derry down.

The wind being easterly—not blowing hard,
It hung for some time over old Palace Yard,
And an influence madd'ning as that of the moon,
Was shed o'er that quarter by Graham's balloon.

Derry down.

The Lords! Heaven bless them! so stately and proud,
When they heard that *silk tissue* had brought such a crowd,
Were on their red wooolsacks, just ready to swoon,
Lest the weavers had risen, and not a balloon!

Derry down.

One could not but smile to behold the grave peers,
Pricking up at each rumour their asinine ears ;

Their terrors of silk—and their raptures as soon
As Cowper assured them 'twas but a balloon.

Derry down.

'Twas a different scene in the other great House,
Which, for once in its day, was as mute as a mouse—
An absent court-martial, arrayed to impugn,
When Butterworth shouted—"By G—! the balloon!"

Derry down.

Out ran all the members—Rad., Tory, and Whig—
From Crompton the little to Nugent the big ;
As cotton seeds drive in an Indian monsoon,
So flew all the members to see the balloon.

Derry down.

It touched every heart and attracted all eyes,
To see a great body by levity rise ;
And the lightest and emptiest fancied that soon
They should soar into notice, like Graham's balloon.

Derry down.

The evening was bright, and the Doctor prolix,
The House, being counted, contained twenty-six ;
So the Speaker rose up, and cried " Good afternoon !
Here, Ley, take my wig, I'll go see the balloon !"

Derry down.

In both Palace Yards all the senators met,
And gazing on Heaven, its cause they forget,
Demerara, Smith, mission, creole, and quadroom,
Were eclipsed in a second by Graham's balloon.

Derry down.

But what are the hopes of the great and the proud ?
The balloon at that instant was hid in a cloud ;
One coughed, and one hemmed, and one whistled a tune,
And cried, " Now for Smith, since we've lost the balloon !"

Derry down.

And so they tried back, but they found that the chair,
Or at least its great tenant, was melted in air ;
And as to re-catching the Speaker ! as soon
They might hoped to have caught Mr. Graham's balloon.

Derry down.

Hume gabbled, Brougham twitched, and old Butterworth swore
Such a circumstance never had happened before ;
And Wilberforce grinned, like a common buffoon,
To find the House up—like their friend the balloon.

Derry down.

On the Monday succeeding wise Lushington rose,
 A further debate on Saint Smith to propose ;
 And he named—sad disaster—the same afternoon
 As Graham had fixed for—another balloon !

Derry down. .

But the Saints, when they knew it, feared lest this mischance
 Should again lead the House such a whimsical dance—
 So they wrote off to Graham, and begged as a boon,
 That till Parliament's up he'll postpone his balloon.

Derry down.

LORD BYRON.

By favour of a friend just arrived from the Mediterranean, we have received exclusively some most interesting papers relative to Lord Byron: they consist of anecdotes, which have never been known, and some original letters, which have never been out of the hands of the individual by whom we are favoured. Some of his lordship's more recent conversations are detailed, which will be found highly amusing and characteristic. We submit a few extracts, which, we trust, will prove acceptable to our readers.

“Lord Byron,” says our correspondent, “had several peculiarities: he reduced himself from corpulency to the contrary extreme, by eating raisins, and occasionally sipping brandy. He used frequently to observe that brandy was a very ardent spirit, and remarked that to persons anxious to conceal the strength of their potations, hollands was better adapted, inasmuch as being of a similar colour with the water, the quantity mixed with that liquid was less easily detectable by the eye.

“Lord Byron was, perhaps, more sensible of approaching changes in the weather than any other man living. One day, on a voyage to Athens, to eat beefsteaks, a dark cloud appeared to windward of the vessel: his lordship regarded it steadily for some time, until, at length, feeling a few drops of rain fall, he called to Fletcher to bring his cloak, so certain he was of an approaching shower. Byron always slept with his eyes closed, and, if by any accident, he lay on his back, snored remarkably loud.

He was very particular in his tooth-picks, and generally used those made of a peculiar kind of wood, in preference to quills.

“In writing letters of an ordinary cast, his style was plain, clear, and perspicuous. A specimen follows; it is addressed to a friend:—

“‘Tuesday.

“‘DEAR —,

“‘WILL you dine with me to-morrow?

“‘Yours truly,

“‘NOEL BYRON.’”

The next is to a person who had been recommended to his notice, and whom he felt it necessary to invite. We suppress the name of the party, lest Mr. Hobhouse should get an injunction:—

“‘LORD BYRON’S compliments to Mr. —, requests the pleasure of his company at dinner on Wednesday next.’”

“These sort of notes he would secure indiscriminately with wafers or wax, as the case might be.

“One day, conversing with him upon the state of Greece, and the great struggle in which we were all engaged, he observed to me, ‘That a very small proportion of the population of London had been in the Archipelago.’ When I assented, he said, with a sigh which went to my heart, and in a tone which I shall never forget,—‘It would be very strange if they had.’

“He had a strong antipathy to pork when underdone or stale, and nothing could induce him to partake of fish which had been caught more than ten days; indeed, he had a singular dislike even to the smell of it. Some of his observations upon this subject will be given in a new quarto work about to be published by a very eminent bookseller.

“He spoke of Harrow with strong feelings of affection, and of the lovely neighbours of Dr. Bowen—who they were he carefully concealed from us. They were tenants of the same house with the late Duke of Dorset, who was Byron’s fag. To a lady of the name of Enoch, who lived in a cottage at Roxeth, he had addressed some of his early productions, but had destroyed them. He

used to ask me why Mr. Proctor called himself Cornwall? 'He might as well call himself Cumberland,' said Byron, with his accustomed *acumen*.

"It has been remarked, that Byron spoke of his own child with affection. Strange and unnatural as this may appear, it is literally the fact. It seems, however, to have excited so much surprise, that it is absolutely necessary to be particular in impressing the truth upon the British nation, who are so deeply interested in everything which relates to the immortal poet departed.

"The poem which he wrote upon the close of his thirty-sixth year, has been published and re-published so often, that we do not think it worth printing here. But the observation made by its great author to our correspondent is curious and striking:—

"I have written these verses on closing my thirty-sixth year,' said Byron. 'I was always superstitious—thirty-six is an ominous number—four times nine are thirty-six; three times twelve are thirty-six; the figures thirty-six are three and six; six and three make nine; so do five and four—' He paused and said, 'Mrs. Williams, the old lady who told my fortune, is right. The chances are, I shall not live six-and-thirty years more.' The fact has proved that he was not ungifted with the power of divination.

"Byron died, as I have just said, in his thirty-sixth year. What makes this coincidence the more curious is, that if he had lived till January, 1844, he would have completed his fifty-sixth,—a circumstance which, curious as it is, we believe has not been noticed by any of his biographers.

"I once proposed to him to take a companion on a tour he was about to make. He answered me snappishly, 'No; Hobhouse once went with me on a tour—I had enough of him. No more travelling companions for me.'

"He used frequently to compare himself to Buonaparte—so did we, to please him. Buonaparte had a head; so had Byron; so has Mr. Hayne, of Burderop Park, Wilts; so has a pin. He was tickled with the comparison, and we lived with him, and swallowed toads at discretion.

"Moore, the author of the 'Fudge Family,' was a great

favourite of Byron's. He had not discovered that it was Moore who persuaded Hunt—the man who made Rimini—that he was a mighty clever fellow, and that if he set up a periodical work, he (Moore) would contribute to it. Moore constantly abused Hunt to Byron at the same time,—called him a stupid cockney, and swore that Byron was ruining himself by associating with him. This was kind and liberal, and justifies what Douglas Kinnaird, and everybody else indeed, say of Moore just now. Byron would not have liked Moore the better for this. Poor Hunt had a wife and children, and was in needy circumstances, and Byron did them great service: and what harm could Hunt do Byron, or anybody else?

“The Greeks think Byron will come to life again after awhile; and one poet in the ‘Chronicle,’ probably Moore, talks of having seen his *manes* in George Street, Westminster, and of the possibility of his yet wandering about Greece in a white dressing-gown, singing ‘Liberty Hall;’ but I, who know Byron well, and all his expectations, doubt the fact. I was surprised to find, considering how right and fashionable it is to praise my departed friend, that his wife declined seeing his body, and all his family declined attending his funeral.

“He told me one night that — told — that if — would only — him, — she would — without any compunction; for her —, who though an excellent man, was no —, and that she never —; and this she told —, and —, as well as Lady — herself. Byron told me this in confidence, and I may be blamed for repeating it; but — can corroborate it if he happens not to be gone to —.”

PRIVATE CORRESPONDENCE OF PUBLIC MEN.

WITH considerable exertion, and at great expense of capital and research, we have been fortunately enabled to gratify the prevalent taste for diaries and correspondence; a gentleman of the highest literary character, moving in the first circles as well of the political as fashionable world, has been kind enough to furnish us with no less than twenty-four volumes of MS. letters and memoranda,

the production of all the leading personages of the last and present century. It is from the unreserved communication of their thoughts and feelings that the characters of great men are to be justly appreciated; and with the addition of the notes, explanatory and critical, of our highly-gifted friend, we think we shall do the world a service, and our readers a pleasure, by submitting portions of the great collection entrusted to our care.

It must be observed that the whole of the correspondence of which we are possessed is strictly of a private nature, and certainly has never appeared in print before. We give a few specimens:—

No. I.

FROM THE RIGHT HON. WILLIAM PITT TO MR. SMITH.

MR. PITT will be glad to see Mr. Smith to-morrow at 12.

Downing Street, April 4, 1800.

I have not been able to ascertain precisely who this Mr. Smith was, and the envelope, which possibly might have shewn the address, has been unfortunately lost; the name of Smith is by no means an uncommon one; it is possible that this note might have been written to a relation of Lord Carrington, who was created a Baron on the 16th of July, 1796. His lordship married a Miss Bernard, by whom he has had one son and eleven daughters.

No. II.

FROM DAVID GARRICK, ESQ. TO DR. GOLDSMITH.

Southampton Street, April 9, 1775.

DEAR GOLDSMITH,

MRS. GARRICK will be glad to see you here at dinner to-day, at three o'clock.

Yours,

D. G.

The authenticity of this short letter is unquestionable; for although the initials of the British Roscius only are affixed to it, the date and the known intimacy which existed between Garrick and Goldsmith, put all doubt at rest as to the real writer. It is a curious transcript of the times, as it marks the hour of dining in the year 1775, in what may be considered the best authority.

Garrick retired from the stage in 1777, and died in 1779; his widow survived him nearly half a century. The house at Hampton was purchased by a Mr. Carr, Solicitor, as I believe, to the Excise, one of whose daughters was married to Dr. Lushington.

No. III.

FROM MRS. LETITIA BARBAULD TO MISS HIGGINBOTHAM.

MRS. BARBAULD will thank Miss Higginbotham to let her have the silk gown home by Saturday night at latest.

Thursday evening.

This interesting remain is without date, but it bears the evidence of truth on its face. Mrs. Barbauld, who was the daughter of Dr. Aikin, was a highly talented lady; her "Beggar's Petition" itself is enough to immortalize her. The desire to have home a new gown on Saturday night in order that she might wear it at church the next day, has a naturalness in it which is quite refreshing—a feminine anxiety operating upon a masculine mind.

I have endeavoured by every possible means to ascertain who the Miss Higginbotham was, to whom the letter is addressed, but hitherto in vain. By reference to the files of newspapers kept at the Chapter Coffee House, in St. Paul's Church-yard, I see that in the year 1780, a Mrs. Hiekenbotham kept a milliner's shop in Hanway-yard, as it was then called; but I can hardly fancy it the same person, because, in the first place, Mrs. Barbauld distinctly calls her Miss, whereas the person in question was married; and secondly, because, the name of the milliner to whom the newspaper refers, is spelt Hiekenbotham, whereas Mrs. Barbauld makes the Hie, Hig, and spells the *bottom, botham*, after the manner of the landlord of the Windmill Inn, at Salt Hill, near Eton, in Buckinghamshire.

No. IV.

FROM THE RIGHT HON. EDMUND BURKE TO MR. BURNS.

BURNS—Get something for dinner by four o'clock to-morrow, and tell Simmons to have a fire lighted in my bed-room early in the day.

E. B.

The Right Hon. Edmund Burke, one of the most distinguished of our British worthies, was born at Limerick, on New Year's Day, 1730; he was educated by a Quaker, got into Parliament in 1765, and died at Beaconsfield, July 8, 1797. Burns I imagine to have been a servant of his, but I have no particualar reason for believing it, beyond the evidenee of the letter before us. The direction to get dinner ready, comes evidently in the way of a command; and the unadorned style of address quite justifies my suspicions. Simmons is unquestionably a domestic servant, and a female. In the registry of marriages in Beaconsfield church, I find an entry of a marriage between Thomas Hopkins and Mary Anne Simmons, spinster; which Mary Anne I take to be the individual referred to by Burke. The date of that marriage is June 15, 1792. Now, although this letter is without date, it is fair to infer from the reference to "making a fire in his bed-room," that it was written much earlier in the year than the month of June; so that even if we were able to fix the date of the letter in the same year, it is quite within the range of possibility that the marriage did not take place till several months after the servant was spoken of by her miaden name of Simmons. I took occasion to visit Beaconsfield twice, concerning this little doubt, and I think it but justice to make my aeknowledgments to Mr. Thomas Fagg, the deputy sexton of the parish, for his urbane attention to me, and the readiness with which he afforded me all the information of which he was possessed.

No. V.

FROM SIR PHILIP FRANCIS TO MR. PERKINS.

MY DEAR SIR,

THE weather is so hot, and town so dull, that I intend flying from all its ills and inconveniences to-morrow; I shall be happy, therefore, to join your pleasant party.

Yours,

P. F.

This very curiours letter is not more valuable on account of the matter it contains, than as conducing to throw additional light upon the mystery of Junius. It would occupy too much space in a note to enter into a disquisition concerning the various conflicting opinions

upon this subject, but as far as a comparison of handwriting with some portions of the MS. of Junius's Letters, which I had an opportunity of seeing, and a strong similarity of style in the writing, go, I have no hesitation in settling the authorship upon Sir Philip—there is such vigorous imagination displayed in the description, in nine words, of the state of the weather and the metropolis, and such a masculine resolution evinced in the declared determination to “fly from all its ills and inconveniences” the very next day, that one cannot but pause to admire the firmness which could plan such a measure, and the taste which could give such a determination in such language. The cautious concealment of the place to which the supposed party of pleasure was to go, is another evidence of the force of habit; I have reason to believe it to have been Twickenham, or, as Pope spells it, Twitnam, but I have no particular *datum* whereon to found this suspicion, except indeed, that I think it quite as probable to have been Twickenham, or Twitnam, as any other of the agreeable villages round London.

No. VI.

FROM SIR JOSHUA REYNOLDS TO CALEB WHITEFOORD, ESQ.

Leicester Fields, Saturday.

MY DEAR SIR,

I HAVE received your witty note, and am extremely obliged to you for your present of venison. I trust you will favour me with your company on Tuesday, to meet some of your friends, and join them in discussing it.

Yours, very truly,

J. REYNOLDS.

There can be little doubt that the note referred to by Sir Joshua, was full of those quibbles and quaintnesses for which Whitefoord was so well known. Whitefoord was a man of considerable attainments, and was distinguished by the peculiarity of his dress; a French grey coat with black frogs, a small cocked hat and an umbrella; he was the constant frequenter of auctions, and has the credit of being the inventor of the now *hacknied* conceit called “Cross-readings.” It is certain, that in his note sent

with the venison, he called Sir Joshua his *deer** friend, hoped it would suit his *palette*, recommended him to take some *cuts* from it and transfer them to *plates*, spoke of the *current* sauce being jelly, and perhaps signed himself his *Buck* friend (for at that period the words Buck and Maccaroni were the distinctive appellations of two classes of persons in London). I surmise this, because he was a confirmed punster, a character somewhat prized in those days.—Goldsmith said it was impossible to keep company with him without being infected with the itch of punning.—He is celebrated in the postscript to “Retaliation.”

“Merry Whitefoord, farewell! for thy sake I admit
That a Scot may have humour, I had almost said wit;
This debt to thy memory I cannot refuse,
Thou best tempered man, with the worst-tempered muse.”

We could not have believed it possible—but so it is—that there should be people in this land, and in London too, who had so much “matter of fact” in their composition as to read and believe the “Private Correspondence of Public Men,” of which the above is a specimen, to be a serious production; that the notes upon it were actually annotations, and that the whole affair was a grave disquisition into the lives and histories of the persons mentioned; but so it is. The two following letters, which are, as examples of the dear, amiable innocence of the writers, worth their weight in gold, were actually elicited by the article in question; a comment on either of them is needless.

* The pun suggests an inadvertent *equivoque*, attributed to Baron R—.

Somebody asked the Baron to take venison.—“No,” said the Baron, “I never eatsh wenshon; I don’t think it ish so coot ash mutton.” “Oh!” said the Baron’s friend, “I wonder at your saying so; if mutton were not better then venison, why does venison cost so much more?”—“Vy?” replied the Baron, “I will tell you vy—in dish world de peoples always prefers vat ish *deer* to vat ish *sheep*.”

This is called by some a *jeu de mots*, and by others a *jeu d’esprit*.

TO THE EDITOR OF JOHN BULL.

SIR,—On reading your observations on the Correspondence of Public Men in this day's paper, I beg to make the following notices.

No. II.

GARRICK'S villa was not purchased by Mr. Carr, Solicitor to the Excise, but by Mr. Carr, a Solicitor in John Street, Bedford Row, many years Secretary of Lunatics.

No. V.

THE party, I imagine, was not to Twickenham, but to Camberwell, then a pleasant and retired village. Mr. Perkins (the brewer) resided there many years in affluence and respectability, and died some years since at a very advanced age, upwards of 90. He was a partner in Barelay's house.

Yours,

W. F.

Craven Street, Sunday.

SIR,—In your extracts from the Correspondence of Public Men in yesterday's "John Bull," you express your doubts who the Mr. Smith was to whom Mr. Pitt's letter was addressed. From the style and date of it, I beg leave to suggest that it was the late Joseph Smith, Esq., Mr. Pitt's Private Secretary, and Receiver-General of the Stamp Duties.

Yours, &c.

THE INCONSISTENCIES OF CANT.

AN ILLUSTRATIVE HISTORY OF ONE DAY.

IN order to carry herself gracefully, and turn out her toes in after times, the young pupil of the dancing-master is placed diurnally upon a board, so contrived as to keep her delicate feet extended at right angles with its sides; and, with her chest expanded, and her head erect, the dear little creature is made to stand for a certain period of every morning, Sundays excepted. This is all very well in early youth, and the pains endured in those days are amply repaid by the admiration she afterwards excites at Almack's by the gracefulness of her air and manner, the carriage of her body, and the symmetry of her figure. Wretched, indeed, would be the fair sufferer's case were she doomed from her teens to her death to stand in the same little stocks, and never enjoy the more liberal pleasures of her dancing days. Such is

the melancholy state of a considerate "saint,"—and consider he must; for, if he considereth not, he sins. But, to my history.

A gentleman, plain, pious, and excessively virtuous (such has ever been our aversion from mentioning proper names, that we decline saying who), resident, however, in a suburban villa, with a well-mown lawn in front, and charmingly-clipped evergreens standing thereupon, a bright-yellow gravel sweep to the door, a shining weathercock on the coach-house, a large dog in the yard, an old peacock' on a rail, and a couple of enormous shells on either side of the entrance steps,—a gentleman, we say, resident in such a house, having descanted upon the horrors of slavery, lighted, last Tuesday evening, his bedroom candle, and betook himself to rest, his exemplary partner having preceded him thither after family prayers. To doubt the quiescence of such a couple, to imagine that anything could ruffle their serenity, or disturb their slumbers, would be to libel the fraternity to which our excellent friend belongs.

In the morning the exemplary man arose; and the first thing he did when he went down stairs, was to look into his hot-house, where he carefully examined a specimen of sugar-cane which he had planted some months previously, with a view to the cultivation of free sugar upon Dartmoor. He then sat down to breakfast with his lady.

"Dear Rachel," said the exemplary man, "how excellent this free sugar is. You get this, I presume, of Wm. Heywood?"

"To be sure, my dear," replied the partner of his joys.

"It is gratifying to think," said the husband, "that no slave has been flogged to produce this."

Saying which, the mild and humane gentleman dropped a lump of it into a cup of chocolate, upon which excellent beverage, or the slave-labour required to cultivate it, he made no observation.

"I have but one fault to find with the free sugar," said the lady, sighing.

"Name it," said the saint.

"It is fourteen pence a pound, my love," said his spouse, and we can get better anywhere else for tenpence."

“That signifies little, my dear,” said the saint, “provided we use nothing that has cost the slave torture.” And then he blew his nose with a cotton pocket-handkerchief. “Confinement and slavery,” continued the pious man, “are incompatible with humanity and feeling.” Saying which, he walked up to the cage which held his lady’s Jamaica parrot, and indulged the moping captive with a lump of Heywood’s “free and easy.”

At this moment his dennett was announced, and, rising from his bamboo-chair, he proceeded to leave ten guineas with his lady for a charitable donation;—he put on his hat and gloves, and his amiable partner having attended him to the door, as he stepped into the vehicle, expressed her tender fears lest the slightness of the shafts should endanger her exemplary husband’s neck.

“They look very slight, dearest,” said the “saint;” “but they are perfectly secure,—they are made of lance-wood!”

Consoled by this intelligence, she waved her lily hand, and our pious friend went to attend a meeting of shareholders of the Anglo-Mexican Mining Company, where he paid up his instalments, without taking the precaution of considering what class of labourers must necessarily be employed in working the mines. He proceeded thence to the sale of East India produce, where he made several purchases, not troubling himself to inquire how indigo flourished, or rice grew; and, meeting on his way a director of the opulent Leadenhall monopoly, accepted an invitation to dine with him at the City of London Tavern.

Here he of course found an excellent dinner spread upon a table of mahogany; his chair was of the same material. He was helped to turtle, and ate it with a silver spoon. To gratify his palate he drank ever and anon iced punch, sweetened he asked not how, and strengthened with rum. Over his turbot he sprinkled Cayenne pepper, and flavoured his cucumber with Chili vinegar. With a curry he called for hot pickles, and having in the dessert refreshed himself with some excellent preserved ginger, took a cup of coffee, and concluding with a small glass of noyau, stepped again into his dennett, and reached his villa in safety, blessing the

names of Buxton, Wilberforce, and Macaulay, and receiving the tender compliments of his affectionate wife upon the virtue of drinking nothing but free sugar.

And this is what five hundred persons do, under the guidance of the Liverpool speculators, and the leaders of apes and asses in this metropolis. Let us merely point out to such of our readers who like the followers of cant, and will not take the trouble of thinking for themselves, those inconsistencies which one day's adventures of our pious "saint" develop.

Had he acted upon principle instead of policy, this exemplary old body would have remembered that rum and coffee, as well as sugar, are the produce of slave-labour,—that his morning's chocolate and his afternoon's liqueur have the same origin; he would neither have ventured to trust to his lance-wood springs, nor have dared to blow his nose with his cotton handkerchief; neither would he in the morning after his hearty dinner, have been prevailed upon to take a little tamarind drink to cool his constitution, nor have allowed his apothecary to suggest an exhibition of castor-oil if his indigestion continued; but even if he had overcome these scruples, how would he have summoned sufficient fortitude to put into circulation his sovereigns and shillings, which, although our only circulating medium, are furnished by the labour of slaves, chained to their horrid work, lest they should risk the punishment of death by endeavouring to escape the toil and climate to which they are consigned.

It is with the slavery question as it is with the over-refinement of all other feelings,—it only requires to be looked into and analyzed to be detected in all its flagrant folly and absurdity. Had our pious "free and easy" sugar friend followed up his own doctrine, he would long before this have quitted his villa, disposed of his dennett, and retired to some cave, where neither eating nor drinking, nor furniture dyed with fustic and logwood, were required, and have shown himself a sincere saint, an abjurer of all the good things of this world, and a man of ten thousand; but until we see the whole life of a man in the same keeping, and find him equally scrupulous upon all points, and not exhibiting his piety only where his

mercantile prospects are implicated, we must beg to avow our opinion that the "free and easy" sugar system at fourteen pence per pound, however profitable to the grocer, and gratifying to the East India proprietor, is neither more nor less than a contemptible absurdity, and a most unqualified humbug.

BUBBLES OF 1825.

TUNE—"Run, neighbours, run."

Run, neighbours, run, you're just in time to get a share,
 In all the famous projects that amuse John Bull;
 Run, take a peep on 'change, for anxious crowds beset us
 there,

Each trying which can make himself the greatest gull.
 No sooner are they puff'd, than an universal wish there is
 For shares in mines, insurances, in foreign loans, and fisheries:
 No matter where the project lies, so violent the mania,
 In Africa, New Providence, Peru, or Pennsylvania!

Run, neighbours, run, you're just in time to get a
 share,

In all the famous bubbles that amuse John Bull.

Few folks for news very anxious at this crisis are,
 For marriages, and deaths, and births, no thirst exists;
 All take the papers in, to find out what the prices are
 Of shares in this or that, upon the brokers' lists.
 The doctor leaves his patient—the pedagogue his lexicon,
 For mines of Real Monte, or for those of Anglo-Mexican:
 E'en Chili bonds don't cool the rage, nor those still more
 romantic, sir,

For new canals to join the seas Pacific and Atlantic, sir.

Run, neighbours, run, you're just in time to get a
 share

In all the famous bubbles that amuse John Bull.

At home we have projects, too, for draining surplus capital,
 And honest Master Johuny of his cash to chouse;
 Though t'other day Judge Abbott gave a rather sharpish slap
 at all,

And Eldon launched his thunder from the Upper House.
 Investment banks to lend a lift to people who are undone,—
 Proposals for assurance,—there's no end of that in London;
 And one amongst the number, who in Parliament now press
 their bills,

For lending cash at eight per cent. on coats and inexpressibles.

Run, neighbours, run, you're just in time to get a
share
In all the famous bubbles that amuse John Bull.

No more with her bright pails the milkman's rosy daughter
works,

A company must serve you now with milk and cream ;
Perhaps they've some connexion with the advertising water-
works,

That promise to supply you from the limpid stream.

Another body corporate would fain some pence and shillings
get,
By selling fish at Hungerford, and knocking up old Billings-
gate ;

Another takes your linen, when it's dirty, to the suds, sir,
And brings it home in carriages with four nice bits of blood,
sir.

Run, neighbours, run, you're just in time to get a
share
In all the famous bubbles that amuse John Bull.

When Greenwich coaches go by steam on roads of iron railing,
sir,

How pleasant it will be to see a dozen in a line ;
And ships of heavy burthen over hills and valleys sailing, sir,
Shall cross from Bristol's Channel to the Tweed or Tyne.

And Dame Speculation, if she ever fully hath her ends,
Will give us docks at Bermondsey, St. Saviour's and St.
Catherine's ;

While side-long bridges over mud shall fill the folks with
wonder, sir,

And lamp-light tunnels all day long convey the cockneys
under, sir.

Run, neighbours, run, you're just in time to get a
share
In all the famous bubbles that amuse John Bull.

A tunnel underneath the sea, from Calais straight to Dover,
sir,

That qualmish folks may cross by land from shore to shore,
With sluices made to drown the French, if e'er they would
come over, sir,

Has long been talk'd of, till at length 'tis thought a *mon-*
strous bore.

Amongst the many scheming folks, I take it he's no ninny, sir,
Who bargains with the Ashantees to fish the coast of Guinea,
sir ;

For, secretly, 'tis known that another brilliant view he has,
 Of lighting up the famous town of Timbuctoo with oil gas.
 Run, neighbours, run, you're just in time to get a
 share

In all the famous bubbles that amuse John Bull.

Then a company is form'd, though not yet advertising,
 To build upon a splendid scale, a large balloon,
 And send up tools and broken stones for fresh Mac-Adamizing
 The new-discover'd turnpike-roads which cross the moon.
 But the most inviting scheme of all, is one proposed for carry-
 ing

Large furnaces to melt the ice which hems poor Captain Parry
 in ;

They'll then have steam-boats twice a-week to all the newly-
 seen land,

And call for goods and passengers at Labrador and Greenland!
 Run, neighbours, run, you're just in time to get a
 share

In all the famous bubbles that amuse John Bull.

PROSPECTUS FOR A GENERAL BURYING COMPANY.

Capital 500,000*l.* Shares 50*l.*

THE immediate object of this institution is to rob death of its terrors, and, by following the example of our Parisian friends, blend the graceful with the grave, and mingle the picturesque with the pathetic:—in short, the directors feel confident, that when their scheme is fully developed, the whole system of inhumation will be changed, and the feelings and associations connected with interments in general, assume so novel a character, that it will be rather pleasant than otherwise to follow our friends and relations to the tomb.

It is proposed to purchase an extensive domain in the neighbourhood of Primrose Hill and Caen Wood, where the diversified undulations of ground, and the soothing commixture of trees and water, afford the most flattering promise of success in the undertaking. No difficulty is anticipated in the purchase of the property, since the will of the late noble owner distinctly points out that it shall remain "grass land" to all eternity; and, "since all flesh is grass," no reasonable objection can be raised to its appropriation as a public cemetery.

The public cemetery, like the "Daily Advertiser," will be open to all parties—dead or alive, of all religions, or, indeed, of none; and it does not need the practical knowledge attainable by a visit to the French metropolis to convince the world that by laying out the ground in a park-like manner, with umbrageous walks, alcoves, bowers, and fish-ponds, a link will be created between the past and present generation, and the horrid idea of having deposited a parent, a husband, or a sister, in a cold, damp grave, or a gloomy vault, refined into the agreeable recollection that they repose in a picturesque garden or a shady grove, at an easy distance from the most fashionable part of the town.

The directors intend opening a convenient hotel and tavern on the spot, at which persons visiting the cemetery, either as mourners or in search of quiet retreats for themselves, may procure every sort of refreshment. A *table d'hôte* will be constantly prepared at five shillings a-head, for which cold meat and *vin de grave* will be furnished; and on Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays, during the summer, after burying hours, Collinet's band will be regularly engaged for quadrilles, and the grounds illuminated with variegated lamps.

A committee of taste will be appointed to regulate the designs of tombs; and the directors think it may save trouble to state in the outset that no allusions to death, nor any representations of skulls, cross-bones, skeletons, or other disagreeable objects, will be permitted. The Royal Society of Literature will be solicited to revise the inscriptions, epitaphs, and elegies, and twelve ladies belonging to the different *corps de ballet* of the King's Theatre, and the Theatres Royal Covent Garden and Drury Lane, are engaged to enliven the ground as mourners at newly-erected tombs.

These young ladies may be engaged by the day or hour, at a moderate price, and find their own garlands.

Mr. Samuel Rogers is appointed master of the ceremonies, and will appear dressed in the uniform of the establishment.

The directors have appointed Mr. Botibol, of Soho-square, their artificial florist, who will provide all sorts of flowers for strewing graves; but ladies and gentlemen

requested not to leave the decorations on the tombs at night, but to return them to the directress at the bar of the tavern: and, it may be necessary to add, that no ladies will be allowed to appear at the dances with the same ornaments which have been previously used in the grounds funereally.

Lord Graves has been solicited to accept the office of president, and Sir Isaac Coffin that of vice-president. The College of Surgeons will be constant visitors of the Institution, and under such patronage ultimate success appears to be a dead certainty. Ladies and gentlemen wishing to be buried in romantic situations are requested to make early application to Mr. Ebers, of Bond-street, where the grave-book, with a plan of the cemetery, may be seen.

Persons subscribing for family mausoleums are entitled to free admission to all the balls of the season.

Gloves, hatbands, white pocket-handkerchiefs, cephalic snuff, and fragrant essence of onions, for producing tears, to be had of the waiters.

N.B. No objection to burying persons in fancy-dresses.

POSTSCRIPT.

The prospectus says that "an eligible site having offered itself"—this must have been a very curious site indeed—the temptation is too great to be resisted, and the public are invited to unite in a joint stock, "Capital £200,000, in shares of £25 each," to contrive something more agreeable for our resting places than mere vaults and churehyards, and prepare a retreat, after the fashion of the cemetery of *Père la Chaise*, in the neighbourhood of that ever gay and lively city—Paris.

"Within this area," continues the prospectus, "public bodies and individuals may obtain ground for interment, and liberty to erect mausoleums and monuments after their own designs; and vaults and catacombs will also be constructed for general use."

This is giving great latitude—mausoleums and monuments erected promiscuously, after the designs of their future inhabitants, will no doubt present a beautiful variety of tastes and elevations. It should seem, however, that the vaults and catacombs are not to be used

exclusively for burying, for, in contradistinction to the interments to which the mausoleums and monuments are to be appropriated, the prospectus states that the vaults and catacombs are for general use. *Déjeûners à la fourchette*, or *petits soupers* by moonlight, perhaps. We say by moonlight, because illuminating the gardens in the evening, does not yet appear to form part of the design.

The following condition we have no doubt will be highly advantageous in a pecuniary point of view to the proprietary, but it sounds disagreeable:—

“Subscribers on or before the 30th day of June, 1830, will be entitled to tickets of precedence, after the rate of one ticket for every five shares; which ticket will entitle the holder to a preference, according to the numerical order of the shares, in the choice of a situation for a grave or a monument. These tickets to be transferable without the shares upon which they shall have been granted, and capable of being held by persons who may not be Subscribers or Proprietors.”

Now, however seriously captious sticklers for rank and pre-eminence may regard the article of precedence, we must say that the case of going out of the world differs a good deal from that of going out of a drawing-room; and we suspect, if the committee of this deadly lively society could contrive to invert the order of departure, they would dispose of a much greater number of shares than are likely to go off under “existing circumstances.” To the pleasure of walking about a burying-ground, with a plan in one’s hand, like the Opera House box-book, to select a good place, we confess ourselves somewhat insensible; but we have no doubt that if this job takes, in less than five years we shall see “Graves in a good situation to let,” posted at Sams’ and Ebers’, and “a transferable admission to a catacomb,” to be sold for the season, just as a ticket for the pit is at present.

ON MR. MILTON, THE LIVERY STABLE-KEEPER.

Two Miltons, in separate ages were born,
 The cleverer Milton ’tis clear we have got;
 Though the other had talents the world to adorn,
 This lives by his *mews*, which the other could not!

CLUBS.

TUNE—"Bow, wow, wow."

If any man loves comfort, and has little cash to buy it, he
Should get into a crowded club,—a most select society ;
While solitude and mutton cutlets serve *infelix uxor*, he
May have his club (like Hercules) and revel there in luxury.
Bow, wow, wow, &c.

Yes, clubs knock taverns on the head! e'en Hatchett's can't
demolish them ;
Joy grieves to see their magnitude, and Long longs to abolish
them.
The inns are out! hotels for single men scarce keep alive on
it,
While none but houses that are in the family way thrive on
it!

Bow, wow, wow, &c.

There's first the Athenæum club, so wise, there's not a man of
it
That has not sense enough for six (in fact, that is the plan of
it):
The very waiters answer you with eloquence Socratical,
And always place the knives and forks in order mathematical.
Bow, wow, wow, &c.

Then opposite the *mental* club you'll find the regimental one,
A meeting made of men of war, and yet a very gentle one ;
If uniform good living please your palate, here's excess of it,
Especially at private dinners, when they make a mess of it!
Bow, wow, wow, &c.

E'en Isis has a house in town! and Cam abandons her city!
The master now hangs out at the United University ;
In Common Room she gave a rout (a novel freak to hit upon),
Where Masters gave the Mistresses of Arts no chairs to sit
upon!

Bow, wow, wow, &c.

The Union Club is quite superb ; its best apartment daily is
The lounge of lawyers, doctors, merchants, beaux, *cum multis
aliis*:
At half-past six, the joint concern, for eighteen pence, is given
you—
Half-pints of port are sent in ketchup-bottles to enliven you!
Bow, wow, wow, &c.

The Travellers are in Pall Mall, and smoke cigars so cozily,
 And dream they climb the highest Alps or rove the plains of
 Moselai ;
 The world for them has nothing new, they have explored all
 parts of it,
 And now they are club-footed ! and they sit and look at charts
 of it.

Bow, wow, wow, &c.

The Orientals, homeward bound, now seek their clubs, much
 sallower,
 And while they eat green fat, they find their own fat growing
 yellower ;
 Their soup is made more savoury, till bile to shadows dwindles
 'em,
 And Messrs. Savory and Moore with seidlitz draughts re-
 kindles 'em.

Bow, wow, wow, &c.

Then there are clubs where persons Parliamentary prepon-
 derate,
 And clubs for men *upon* the turf (I wonder they ar'nt *under*
 it) ;
 Clubs where the winning ways of sharper folks pervert the use
 of clubs,
 Where *knaves* will make subscribers cry, "Egad ! this is the
deuce of clubs !"

Bow, wow, wow, &c.

For country squires the only club in London now is Boodle's,
 sirs,
 The Crockford Club for playful men, the Alfred Club for
 noodles, sirs ;
 These are the stages which all men propose to play their parts
 upon,
 For *clubs* are what the Londoners have clearly set their *hearts*
 upon.

Bow, wow, wow, &c.

THE COCKNEY COLLEGE.

TUNE—"Run, neighbours, run."

RUN, sweepers, run, 'tis now the time for lecturing :
 Ev'ry man must learned be in these wise days ;
 Freedom's own island, chop-boys, recollect you're in,
 Whose native oaks we mean to graft with classic bays.

First of all discover (if you're able) where is Gower Street,
The *terra incognita* of Alfred Place and Store Street ;
Get safely through Carmarthen Street, escape will be a mercy
t' ye,

And on your right, at number ten, you'll see the university.

Run, sweepers, run, 'tis now the time for lecturing,
Every man must learned be in these wise days.

'Tis there British genius, so admirably seconded,
Soon shall blaze all o'er the world in glory bright,
Since Reason to Freedom so elegantly beckon did,
To come and share the pleasures of dispensing light.
Conjointly there these goddesses apprentice boys now call ye,
Esqu岸ed by Messrs. Campbell, Grote, and Zachary Macaulay,
To study arts and sciences most fitted to your stations, sirs,
And raise this isle of Britain to the wisest of all nations, sirs.

Run, sweepers, run, 'tis now the time for lecturing,
Ev'ry man must learned be in these wise days.

The tinkers soon shall worship Pan—while all the London
shavers, sirs,

Disdain the unread Barbari, their quondam friends ;
The cobblers, at Minerva's lap, turn *sutors* for her favours, sirs,
And leave un'tended in their stalls their soles and ends.

The milkmen publish scores of works on Blanco White and
Paley,

The tailors make false quantities, and scribble fustian daily ;
The pastry-cooks to Tartarus consign their ice and jellies, sirs,
And oyster-girls read Milton's works, or blasphemies by Shel-
ley, sirs,

Run, sweepers, run, 'tis now the time for lecturing,
Ev'ry man must learned be in these wise days.

The postmen to *belles lettres* their attention then will turn all,

And pot-boys study for the bar by which to live ;
The ladder-mounting bricklayers by process *hodiernal*
Enjoy the limi labor which improvements give.

Butchers turned Aruspices shall bow to link-boy sages,
And accident be studied by the drivers of short stages ;
Mantua-makers Virgil scan, in numbers most harmonious,
And butcher-boys set down their trays to work at Suetonius.

Run, sweepers, run, 'tis now the time for lecturing,
Ev'ry man must learned be in these wise days.

To know his Plato soon will be the butler's chief ambition, sirs,

In equity our coachmen versed, to drive shall cease ;
Fishmongers shall read from the Delphin large edition, sirs,
And poulterers on Turkey write, with plates of Greece.

Tallow-chandlers essays give on diphthongs, sure as fate, sirs,
 And dustmen learn to venerate the ashes of the great, sirs ;
 Pickle-men discuss Saint Paul as easy as Salt Petre, sirs,
 While coalheavers shall count their sacks to every kind of
 metre, sirs,

Run, sweepers, run, 'tis now the time for lecturing,
 Ev'ry man must learned be in these wise days.

When those times arrive, quite different from now, my friends,
 Reason, worth, and learning, will assert their claims ;
 Duchesses will knead and wash, and dukes will hold the
 plough, my friends,

Fruitless will be titles then, and all high names ;
 Marquisses must clean their shoes, and earls attend the stables,
 sirs,

Barons stir the kitchen fire, and viscounts wait at tables, sirs ;
 Come then, boys, my shirtless boys, who love such gay diversity,
 No church, no king, no "nothing else," but Gow'r-street
 University.

Run, sweepers, run, 'tis now the time for lecturing,
 Ev'ry man must learned be in these wise days.*

Signed on behalf of the Privy Council of Stinkomalee,
 J. A., H. B., and T. C.

*On the Departure of a certain Count for Italy ; whence he has
 sent some Italian Music in Score for the Opera.*

BY SAM. R—S, ESQ.

He has quitted the countess—what can she wish more ?
 She loses one husband, and gets back a *score*.

SAM R—S'S LAST.

"On Saturday se'nnight," says an evening paper,
 "three of the King's pages returning from Windsor with
 his Majesty's bag and letters in the dog-cart, just as the
 horse entered the outer gate of the lodge he was seized
 with the staggers, and falling, overturned the vehiele,

* "One problem was given me to work, which I did in a twinkling. Given, C. A. B. to find Q.

"Answer. Take your CAB through Hammersmith, turn to the left, just before you come to Brentford, and Kew is right before you."—*Gower Street Undergraduate*.

into a ditch; luckily the passengers escaped without any serious injury." It is curious to see how localities alter circumstances, even in the same county. In Windsor this accident is styled *staggering*; in Reading, turning over three pages at once would have been called *skipping*.

LETTER FROM JOHN TROT TO JOHN BULL.

SIR,—I feel great diffidence in addressing you, and should hesitate a long time before I ventured to throw myself upon your consideration, and through you upon that of the public; but the state of my case is desperate, and since it has recently been decided that beggary is a crime, and that those who dare to relieve distress with their own money are punishable by law, I prefer at once appealing to you.

The fact is, sir, that I am a superannuated lady's footman, my present situation is unbearable,—I began the world in the service of the Margravine of Anspach, and was then accounted—I say it with all possible modesty—a remarkably fine young man. Her highness never admitted *low* persons (I mean in stature) to the honour of her livery; and many a time, until the present Sir Lumley Skeffington chose a cream-coloured coach for her highness instead of a yellow, have I, under favour of the foreign scarlet, been taken for one of the *élite* of Carlton House.

The Margravine went away, and I became the hanger-on of a duchess's carriage, who shall be nameless, since she is no more. The black breeches and gold bands did not quite suit my taste, and I rejoice to find that they are now *out* to all intents and purposes. However, speaking figuratively, as well as literally, I hung on until her grace dropped off, then *me voilà!* I had an offer from the Lord Mayor's household. The livery was handsome, and one changes one's master there, like an almanack, every year; but the Lord Mayors have an unpleasant smell about them, and they go to the Old Bailey and the Blue-coat School, and all those horrible places, where one might catch unpleasant disorders, so I declined, and made a push for Pall Mall—but it would not do.

I then, sir, thought of Mr. Coutts,—the late very respectable banker,—but just as I expected a character from the late Mr. Raymond, of Drury-lane Theatre, he was taken ill and died, and when I was about to renew my negotiations, a melancholy circumstance occurred which determined me not to engage in a place where I might, perhaps, be kicked out at a moment's warning.

There *was* a house, which shall be nameless, in Surrey, where an opening presented itself, but tallow-candles were whispered to me, and I fell back. I had at that time a fancy for Sir H— W— W—'s service, for I thought the sugar-loaf buttons were becoming; but the story about the sister and the annuity disgusted me, and I cut that. So I went on, sipping and smelling and never coming to the point, like Macheath, in the operative mendicant's opera; for I was made for a lady's footman, and I will even now, back myself against any other two yards and an eighth of humanity behind a carriage, or at candle-light in that capacity.—However, to my distress.

I embarked in the service of a *nouveau riche*, (not Hayne, upon my honour,) one of the mushrooms who blazed for a season, and then not only went out, but went off, *me voilà!* again, I looked round me. I was then nearly fifty, called myself young, bought Tyrian dye, which turned my hair blue, and rubbed the bald place on the crown of my head with Russia oil, which smelt unpleasantly. Still no place; the ladies all voted me too old, too fat, too this thing and too that thing, until at last, dear Mr. Bull, I got a situation in a place where I dare say you have never been, but which I know you have heard of, called Montagu-place, Bedford-square, next door but one to your excellent friend, Mrs. Ramsbottom.

And now hear me. In this dreadful solitude, all one sees is the new painted house of Old Cavendish (what a place for a Cavendish!) at the corner a mews, where a man lets glass-coaches (I heard Mr. Raikes make a joke at my master's about a singer in a glass-coach, he called him *Veluti in Speculum*; Mr. Raikes dines with us on off days, and always makes this joke everywhere), and a gothic window out of a modern house in Russell-square. Well, sir, in this infernal place I am obliged to be up

every morning before nine (the butler has been in the family twenty years, wears cotton stockings, and never washes his feet); they allow no eggs, only cold meat for breakfast; there is no regular housekeeper, my mistress's own maid is a dowdy, with fingers like radishes unwashed, with squat nails, not nice; the two housemaids absolute gorgons, and the coachman, who is admitted to the privilege of *our* servants' hall, a dreadful person, smelling of the stable worse even than Mrs. Hopkins' batch. *Oh, Giovi Omnipotente!* as the Dutch say, what am I to do!

A particular ill-done dinner is put down about one; sometimes coarse shoulders of mutton, (a joint for which my cousin John left the service of a noble lord in the cabinet some years since,) or cold meat, or hashes, or perhaps that workhouse turbot, a brill, or some skate, with very secondary butter for sauce. However, this I could bear, but the carriage, built by some man nobody ever heard of, is called to the door, the steps are so hard and stiff there is hardly any pulling them down; my mistress having thick legs and no daughters, makes things worse, and after having rammed and jammed an infernal brass fist with a stiek in it, which my master considers elegant, by way of handle to his coach, till I get it fast, up I mount and away we go, and any body may see my calves in cotton (no silk in the morning) shaking like elongated moulds of blanemange all the way we rattle along,—all the fault of the builder, no Leader, no Goddal, Baxter and Macklew, no Houlditch, but some goth in White-chapel. This I could bear, but will you believe it, sir? my master drinks port wine at and after dinner, and enforces my attendance in the room—what can I do?—no claret, no flirtations, no look out, sniffing the drift air of St. Giles's, and seeing nothing but hackney-coaches. I cannot give up the place, although I don't get more than a half-pay lieutenant in the navy after all; but I am an oppressed man, I feel myself injured, and am, I confess, discontented: if you would take me in hand, and recommend me to some person of taste and judgment, I would go for half the money; but till I am sure of another berth, I should be foolish to risk the bird, in hand. Will you say one word in your correspondence,

or put in my letter altogether? It may excite inquiry and compassion, and if anybody wishes to communicate with me, any of the Highgate or Kentish Town stages will bring the letter; for, upon my word, I hardly know whether this district is within the range of the regular twopenny post.

I am, Sir, yours in affliction,
 To John Bull, Esq. JOHN TROT.

THE MARCH OF INTELLECT.

IT happened on the 31st of March, 1926, that the then Duke and Duchess of Bedford were sitting in their good but old house, No. 17, Liberality-place (the corner of Riego-street), near to where old Hammersmith stood before the great improvements, and although it was past two o'clock, the breakfast equipage still remained upon the table.

It may be necessary to state that the illustrious family in question, having embraced the Roman Catholic faith (which at that period was the established religion of the country), had been allowed to retain their titles and honourable distinctions, although Woburn Abbey had been long before restored to the church, and was, at the time of which we treat, occupied by a worshipful community of holy friars. The duke's family estates in Old London had been, of course, divided by the Equitable Convention amongst the numerous persons whose distressed situation gave them the strongest claims, and his grace and his family had been for a long time receiving the compensation annuity allotted to his ancestors.

"Where is Lady Elizabeth?" said his grace to the duchess

"She is making the beds, duke," replied her grace.

"What, again to-day?" said his grace. "Where are Stubbs, Hogsflesh, and Figgins, the females whom, were it not contrary to law, I should call the housemaids?"

"They are gone," said her grace, "on a sketching tour with the manciple, Mr. Nicholson, and his nephew."

"Why are not these things removed?" said his grace, eyeing the breakfast-table, upon which (the piece of furniture being of oak without covering) stood a huge jar

of honey, several saucers of beet-root, a large pot of half cold decoction of sassafrage, and an urn full of bean-juice, the use of cotton, sugar, tea, and coffee, having been utterly abolished by law in the year 1838.

"I have rung several times," said the duchess, "and sent Lady Maria up-stairs into the assistants' drawing-room to get some of them to remove the things, but they have kept her, I believe to sing to them; I know they are very fond of hearing her, and often do so."

His grace, whose appetite seemed renewed by the sight of the still lingering viands which graced the board, seemed determined to make the best of a bad bargain, and sat down to commence an attack upon some potted seal and pickled fish from Baffin's Bay and Behring's Straits, which some of their friends who had gone over there to pass the summer (as was the fashion of those times) in the East India steamships (which always touched there) had given them; and having consumed a pretty fair portion of the remnants, his favourite daughter, Lady Maria, made her appearance.

"Well, Maria," said his grace, "where have you been all this time?"

"Mr. Curry," said her ladyship, "the young person who is good enough to look after our horses, had a dispute with the lady who assists Mr. Biggs in dressing the dinner for us, whether it was necessary at chess to say cheek to the queen when the queen was in danger or not. I was unable to decide the question, and I assure you I got so terribly laughed at, that I ran away as fast as I could."

"Was Duggins in the assistants' drawing-room, my love?" said the duke.

"No," said Lady Maria.

"I wanted him to take a message for me," said his grace, in a sort of demi-soliloquy.

"I'm sure he cannot go, then," said Lady Maria, "because I know he is gone to the House of Parliament (there was but one at that time), for he told the other gentleman who cleans the plate, that he could not be back to attend at dinner, however consonant with his wishes, because he had promised to wait for the division."

“ Ah,” sighed the duke, “ this comes of his having been elected for Westminster.”

At this moment Lord William Cobbett Russell made his appearance, extremely hot and evidently tired, having under his arm a largish parcel.

“ What have you there, Willy ? ” said her grace.

“ My new breeches,” said his lordship ;—“ I have called upon the worthy citizen who made them, over and over again, and never could get them, for of course I could not expect him to send them, and he is always either at the academy or the gymnasium : however, to-day I caught him just as he was in a hot debate with a gentleman who was cleaning his windows, as to whether the solidity of a prism is equal to the product of its base by its altitude. I confess I was pleased to catch him at home—but unluckily the question was referred to me, and not comprehending it, I was deucedly glad to get off, which I did as fast as I could, both parties calling after me—‘ There is a lord for you—look at my lord ! ’—and hooting me in a manner which, however constitutional, I cannot help thinking deucedly disagreeable.”

At this period, what in former times was called a footman, named Dowbiggin, made his appearance, who entered the room, as the duke hoped, to remove the breakfast things—but it was, in fact to ask Lady Maria to sketch in a tree in a landscape, which he was in the course of painting.

“ Dowbiggin,” said his grace in despair, “ I wish you would take away these breakfast things.”

“ Indeed ! ” said Dowbiggin, looking at the Duke with the most ineffable contempt—“ you do—that’s capital—what right have you to ask me to do any such thing ? ”

“ Why, Mr. Dowbiggin,” said the Duchess, who was a bit of a tartar in her way—“ his grace pays you, and feeds you, and clothes you, to—”

“ Well, duchess,” said Dowbiggin, “ and what then ? Let his grace shew me his superiority. I am ready to do anything for him—but please to recollect I asked him yesterday, when I *did* remove the coffee, to tell me what the Altaic chain is called, when, after having united all the rivers which supply the Jenisei, it stretches as far as

the Baikal lake—and what did he answer? he made a French pun and said '*Je ne sais pas, Dobiggin*'—now if it can be shown by any statute that I, who am perfectly competent to answer any question I propose, am first to be put off with a quibble by way of reply, and secondly to be required to work for a man who does not know as much as I do myself, merely because he is a duke, why I'll do it; but if not, I will resist in a constitutional manner such illiberal oppression, and such ridiculous control, even though I am transported to Scotland for it. Now, Lady Maria, go on with the tree."

"Willy," said the duke to his son, "when you have put away your small-clothes, go and ask Mr. Martingale if he will be kind enough to let the horses be put to our carriage, since the duchess and I wish to go to mass."

"You need not send to Martingale," said Dowbiggin; "he is gone to the Society of Arts to hear a lecture on astronomy."

"Then, Willy, go and endeavour to harness the horses yourself," said the duke to his son, who instantly obeyed.

"You had better mind about those horses, sir," said Dowbiggin, still watching the progress of his tree; "the two German philosophers and Father O'Flynn have been with them to-day, and there appears little doubt that the great system will spread, and that even these animals which we have been taught to despise, will express their sentiments before long."

"The sentiments of a coach-horse!" sighed the duchess.

"Thanks, Lady Maria," said Dowbiggin; "now I'll go to work merrily; and, duke, whenever you can fudge up an answer to my question about the Altaic chain, send one of the girls, and I'll take away the things."

"Dowbiggin disappeared, and the duke, who was anxious to get the parlour cleared (for the house, except two rooms, was all appropriated to the assistants), resolved to inquire of his priest, when he was out, what the proper answer would be to Dowbiggin's question, which he had tried to evade by the offensive quibble, when Lord William Cobbett Russell re-appeared, as white as a sheet.

"My dear father," cried his lordship, "it's all over

now. The philosophers have carried the thing too far; the chestnut mare swears she'll be d—d if she goes out to-day."

"What," said the duke, "has their liberality gone to this—do horses talk? My dear William, you and I know that asses have written before this; but for horses to speak!"

"Perhaps, Willy," said the duchess, "it is merely yea and nay, or probably only the female horses who talk at all."

"Yes, mother, yes," said her son, "both of them spoke; and not only that, but Nap, the dog you were once so fond of, called after me to say, that we had no right to keep him tied up in that dismal yard, and that he would appeal to Parliament if we did not let him out."

"My dear duchess," said the duke, who was even more alarmed at the spread of intelligence than her grace, "there is but one thing for us to do—let us pack up all we can, and if we can get a few well-disposed post-horses, before they get too much enlightened, to take us towards the coast, let us be off."

What happened further, this historical fragment does not explain; but it is believed that the family escaped with their clothes and a few valuables, leaving their property in the possession of their assistants, who, by extending, with a liberal anxiety (natural in men who have become learned and great by similar means themselves), the benefits of enlightenment, in turn gave way to the superior claims of inferior animals, and were themselves compelled eventually to relinquish happiness, power, and tranquillity in favour of monkeys, horses, jackasses, dogs, and all manner of beasts.

THE HUM-FUM GAMBOOGEE SOCIETY.

THE first general meeting of this excellent Society took place on Thursday, at the residence of one of its most powerful supporters; and, considering the skeleton state of the metropolis, was satisfactorily attended. We have received an account of the proceedings, under a

promise not to mention the names of the Committee; and the word "confidential" written diagonally in one corner of our correspondent's letter, prevents our giving the report as fully and satisfactorily as we could wish.

The great Gamboogee himself, however, was present, and explained the nature and intention of the Society very succinctly. It may, perhaps, be necessary to quote for our readers this account of their general views, as detailed by his lordship.

In the first place, it appears to the excessively correct persons who compose this grave body, that a Christian should never be merry—that it is the bounden duty of all well-disposed persons to groan and sigh, and make themselves as uncomfortable as possible during their stay upon earth; and in order to render themselves apparently subservient to the regulations which they propose to lay down for others, the members have their seats provided on the hardest possible benches, the president being compelled to sit in very thin silk breeches, upon a horse-hair bottomed stool, without either arms or back, *i. e.*, while they are in public.

Every member is bound, on similar occasions, to wear large worsted stockings, with the tightest possible shoes, stiff stocks, and hats considerably too small for their heads. Thus accoutred, it is their intention to effect, under the authority they very frequently have on their tongues, a total reformation in society.

They intend to begin with Brookes's and Boodle's, which are to be consigned forthwith to the superintendence of four respectable dowagers; and the direction of Almack's is to be vested in the hands of six able ministers, to be selected by the great Gamboogee himself for that purpose, next May, previously to the commencement of the ensuing winter season.

In order to prevent the shameful impositions practiced upon the credulity of minors of fashion and fortune, by unprincipled women of no property, the Hum-Fur Gamboogees have opened establishments for the reception of young gentlemen of worldly propensities, which are to be placed under the *surveillance* of most active and pious men.

Similar receptacles for young ladies, whose flagrant

desires lead them into the abominable vices of dancing or singing, will be prepared, where, in rooms hung with black, and from which the much too comfortable glare of day will be excluded, they will be taught to see, in their proper colours, the enormity of those crimes of which they have been guilty, and which their sinful mothers, grandmothers, and great-grandmothers, have been rash and vile enough to commit in a similar way.

It appearing to the Hum-Fum Gambooges, that the sun is by far too great a blessing for such wretched creatures as we are, they recommend a careful seclusion during the day; and suggest that wet or windy nights are the most suitable occasions for taking exercise.

A total abstinence from wine is earnestly desired to be observed by the young gentlemen of London, whose interests the Hum-Fums have very near their hearts: and they mention weak black tea as a substitute, or a proportion of that excellent *succedaneum* for hyson, chopped hay, which was seriously recommended to the attention of the world, a short time since, through the columns of the "Morning Post."

Several well-dressed and respectable elderly gentlemen, with umbrellas, will attend in Hyde Park every day, until the abomination of frequenting such places be utterly abolished, to escort young men to pious ordinaries, where it is recommended they should dine, in order to prevent those unnatural sins, flirting, dandling, and making the amiable.

A vast many devout minor agents of the Society will be employed to divest the pockets of persons of snuff-boxes, it never having been required by nature to feed one's nose.

It is strongly recommended that every one should abstain from frequenting playhouses; and, in order to effect this great object, or at all events to render the performances sufficiently disagreeable to be quite correct, it is suggested that the company of performers, who acted at the Haymarket Theatre last season, be the only persons licensed to exhibit in the metropolis.

The Hum-Fums will visit the houses of their neighbours, and will make it their business to inquire into the state of every man's domestic affairs; in order, if possible,

to rescue from degradation the servants of London, whose subordination (although by the active endeavours of similar unions, they are getting gradually independent of their masters and mistresses,) is derogatory to the dignity of the human character.

The Hum-Fums will distribute amongst the domestics such works as may tend to elevate their minds, open their intellects, make them dissatisfied with debasement, and enable them, by the blessing of Providence, to rise superior to that oppression by which the sinful luxuries of society have humiliated them. Several Hum-Fums of the highest character for dulness and gravity will attend in the kitchens and servants'-halls of each parish, to edify their tenants every evening from eight to twelve.

It will be the study of the Hum-Fums to impress upon the soldiers of this kingdom the sin and shame of carrying muskets and bayonets for pay, and of slaughtering their fellow-creatures for no cause whatever; and by the way in which they expect to be enabled to make their light shine, they hope to convince their brethren in arms, that officers are but men, and that obedience from one man to another is by no means necessary to salvation.

The sailors they intend to leave entirely to the pious Society called the Bethel Union, convinced that nothing the Hum-Fums can do will more effectually emasculate and sanctify at the same time the sea-service, and purge it of its worldly power to do mischief, than the blessed exertions of that inestimable institution.

Riding in carriages, especially on Sundays, they most energetically denounce; and it is proposed to solicit the several lessees of the turnpike-trusts round London, to allow ministers, selected by a council of Hum-Fums, to be placed at the different toll-gates to dissuade the infatuated people from enjoying the sun and air of heaven on the only day which they have to themselves, and on which, in obedience to the Decalogue, they do no manner of work.

Night agents of the Society will be regularly posted at the doors of all public-houses within the bills of mortality, to check the ingress of sinners to such places; and, in order more effectually to promote the devout inten-

tions of the Society, Messrs. Whitbread (whose very name inspires respect), Mr. Calvert and Mr. Buxton have intimated a zealous desire to leave off brewing the liquor which the wretched sinners are so depraved as to swallow in those receptacles for vice.

No rank of society will be free from the surveillance of this pious body. At the Opera, a superior class of agents will be always in attendance to superintend the friendly intercourse of the best families, and by an assiduous watchfulness over the manners and conversations of the various parties, many of those heart-rending divisions in society which shock morality will be doubtless prevented.

The Hum-Fums earnestly recommend frequent physicking and bleeding, with a view to the moderation of worldly appetites; and suggest, in the hope of keeping up an incessant feeling of the wretched state to which we are reduced, that all persons between the ages of fifteen and sixty should wear perpetual blisters.

The Hum-Fums earnestly request subscriptions to carry their spiritual benefits into effect, and they would impress upon the minds of those who are hastening to perdition in the same abominable and destructive road, which every one of their ancestors and relations have taken, that all things are subservient to the principles which the Hum-Fums teach, and that without money the Hum-Fums cannot exist.

After the proceedings in which this development of their views was made, the Hum-Fums nominated thirty-five treasurers and sixty-eight secretaries at respectable salaries. Most of the Hum-Fums being decidedly hostile to the establishment in State as well as Church, this was considered the only virtuous mode whereby to provide for those persons who, though in humbler life, had always relied upon the Hum-Fums for support, and whose laudable exertions in exciting a proper melancholy, and a substantial discontent, deserve the highest praise.

The Hum-Fums after this part of the ceremony proceeded to sing psalms and hymns, the productions of the Rev. Mr. Smith, of Penzance, whose meritorious conduct under his call, from the station of boatswain in His Majesty's service, to the ministry, demanded their warmest admiration.

Miss Rebecca Engleheart presented the Society with a small pasteboard windmill, in the hopper of which were three shillings and ninepence-halfpenny, which she had collected by the exhibition of her little toy.

The great Hum-Fum Gamboogee was extremely gratified by this specimen of pious ingenuity, and put the sails of the model into rapid motion, which excited great gratitude and applause.

Two Otaheitan watermen and a New Zealand copper-smith were elected Hum-Fums: they spoke at length of the benefits which their respective nations had received from the exertions of the Society, and the latter presented to the Society the heads of his elder brother and his sister-in law, which he had cut off since his notions of property had been matured under its benign influence.

At this period of the proceedings an interruption took place which threatened the unanimity of the Society; this, considering the society, as we do, to be one of which all the members ought to hang together, created a very unpleasant feeling.

One of the members, more lukewarm than the rest, inquired by what authority the Hum-Fums were to take upon themselves the charge of correcting their neighbours, and setting the world in general to rights; adding a doubt as to the obedience of a nation like England, famed for its independence, and envied for the blessings of religious toleration, to the *dicta* of a committee of Hum-Fums. "For," said the pious member, "although I speak under correction, and with all due deference to the great Hum-Fum Gamboogee and my sanctified brethren, I do not see the right by which we, being only men like themselves, are, in a country of liberty, to control our fellow-creatures in their recreations and amusements; seeing, that if they are to go to perdition for doing that, which has been ordinarily done in Great Britain for the last four or five centuries, we are to conclude that all our forefathers have forfeited their hopes of happiness hereafter, because the system of Hum-Fumism did not exist; which reflection is not only melancholy, but, as I am bound to trust, not founded in fact. Moreover, sir," added the brother, addressing himself to the most venge-

rable Gamboogie, "your lordship must know, that in Roman Catholic countries the Sunday is universally a day of gaiety; that dances, and even plays, are performed on that day; and since, I believe, many of the great Hum-Fums who now hear me, voted in another place in favour of the Roman Catholics, they should be cautious, while they cry for the admission of such levities with one breath, not to condemn, with another, to eternal punishment the Protestants, who, although it must be confessed they contrive, even in these times of distress, to enjoy themselves on Sundays, confine themselves to a walk or drive into the country, with their wives and children, and a harmless regale of their pipes and their pots, their buggies and their bottles, or their carriages and their claret, as the case may be—"

"Harmless!" said the great Hum-Fum, the buckles of his wig standing on end.

"And I doubt much," continued the former member, "whether the very proceedings we are about to adopt will not sicken those of moderately pious lives, and—"

"Sicken, sir!" interrupted the great Hum-Fum: "look at the navy, sir? Do you not perceive that the blessed institution, the Bethel Union, of which Master Philips and myself are the main props, has taken the navy under its care,—that we are to control the pleasures of the sailors, to correct their propensities, dock them of their girls and their grog, and allowance them even in pig-tail. If this experiment succeed,—if the navy submit to this most proper control and purification, why should not the army, and the laity generally, submit to it too? What did Oliver Cromwell do, sir? Had not he a preaching army?"

Here a considerable noise of coughing took place; for, though the ultra Hum-Fums were too much involved in zeal to think of analogies, the designing and radical Hums, who had merely joined the Society for political purposes, felt that the mention of old Noll might throw the more moderate into a train of thoughts for which they had not as yet been sufficiently prepared.

The confusion caused the great Gamboogie to cease; when a servant entered and whispered his lordship. What

the communication was we were unable to learn, as an adjournment was immediately moved and carried. The fact is—dinner was ready.

LOTTERIES NOT ABOLISHED.

ARE lotteries over, abolished, suppressed ?
 Is the wheel of Dame Fortune for ever at rest ?
 Shall we never more feel a pecuniary wish,
 Puff'd up by the florid inflations of Bish ?
 The Government wills it ! the dark deed is done,
 And Goodluck and Co.'s occupation is gone !

Yet hold !—does Government really suppose
 That lotteries end when their lotteries close ?
 The lords of creation too surely will find
 That life's greatest lottery lingers behind.

The first is the " Great Matrimonial Plan ;"
 Mammams are contractors, inveigling man,
 With smiles, sensibility, ringlets, and ruffs,
 Which serve them instead of advertisement puffs ;
 Yet still in the papers we frequently find,
 A puff of the proper old lottery kind.

For instance—the *Post* very properly tells,
 The newest arrivals, the last T. T. L.'s,
 The scheme of delight in the very best set,
 The dinners, the *déjeûners à la fourchette* ;
 The issue of cards for particular days,
 The mansions thrown open in elegant ways ;
 The liveried lacqueys, the or-molu lustres,
 The suites of apartments, exotics in clusters ;
 And when the fair hostess is lauded enough,
 Oh ! then come the daughters, the cream of the puff !

In all of the streets, and in all of the squares,
 Contractors exhibit their tickets and shares ;
 They hang out their numbers by night and by day,
 At Kensington-gardens, park, opera, play ;
 Enumerate boldly to riches, and rank,
 Their prizes—but breathe not the name of a blank !

Bish used to print paragraphs artfully penn'd—
 We saw not his aim till we read to the end—
 " Great news from abroad !"—" A suspicion of treason !"
 " A mermaid exhibiting just in the season !"

Through foreign news, mermaid, or radical plotter, he
Always contrived to get round to the lottery.

And thus in the scheme hymeneal, 'tis right
To keep the ulterior aim out of sight
A party of pleasure, a season at Bath,
A snug *tête-à-tête* in a shadowy path,
A seat in the carriage, a place in the box—
Attention to taste in caps, bonnets, and frocks—
The praises of Anna—"there can't be a better, a
Girl unaffected—accomplished"—*et cetera*.

The crisis approaches—the die must be cast—
We come to the day of the drawing at last ;
The choice which adds roses or nettles to life—
The close of the lottery—who is Lot's wife ?
Oh ! suffer her not to look blank, if you're wise—
And you're lucky indeed, if she turn out a prize.

ON A RECENT CONTEST.

"Solatia Victis."

Poor Gaynor's a loser !—
That such a good bruiser
In time will astonish us—nothing is plainer—
Tho' Sharp is no flat,
Yet, no matter for that,
Had Gaynor been Sharp, Sharp had not been Gainer.

St. James Place, Dec. 8, 1826.

VISITINGS.

N.B. A Lady having presented the Author, on a visit, with her
thumb to shake *hands* with, the Muse opened her mouth, and
spoke as follows :—

SOME women at parting scarce give you
So much as a simple good-bye,
And from others as long as you live, you
Will never be bless'd with a sigh ;
Some will press you so warmly, you'd linger
Beside them for ever, and some
Will give you an icy forefinger,
But Fanny presents you a thumb.
Some will give you a look of indifference,
Others will give you a smile ;
While some of the colder and stiffer ones,
Bow in their own chilly style.

There are some who look merry at parting,
 And some who look woefully glum ;
 Some give you a blessing at starting,
 But Fanny just gives you a thumb.

There are some who will go to the door with you,
 Some ring for the man or the maid ;
 Some who do less, and some more, with you,
 And a few would be glad if you stay'd.
 A good many wish you'd be slack again,
Their way on a visit to come ;
 Two or three give you leave to go back again.
 But Fanny gives only her thumb.

With a number, ten minutes are longer
 Than you find yourself welcome to stay ;
 While some, whose affections are stronger,
 Would like to detain you all day.
 { Some offer you sherry and biscuit,
 Others give not a drop or a crumb ;
 Some a sandwich, from sirloin or brisket,
 But Fanny gives simply a thumb.

Some look with a sort of a squint to you,
 Some whisper they've visits to make ;
 Some glance at their watches—a hint to you,
 Which, if you are wise, you will take.
 Some faintly invite you to dinner,
 (So faint you may see it's all hum,
 Unless you're a silly beginner)
 But Fanny presents you a thumb.

Some chatter—thirteen to the dozen—
 Some don't speak a word all the time ;
 Some open the albums they've chosen,
 And beg you to scribble in rhyme :
 Some bellow so loud, they admonish
 Your ear to take care of its drum ;
 Some give you an ogle quite tonish,
 But Fanny gives nought, save her thumb.

Some wonder how long you've been absent,
 Despair of your coming again ;
 While some have a coach or a cab sent,
 To take you away if it rain.
 Some shut up their windows in summer,
 Some won't stir the fire though you're numb
 Some give you hot punch in a rummer.
 But Fanny gives only her thumb.

Some talk about scandal, or lovers,
 Some talk about Byron or Scott ;
 Some offer you eggs laid by plovers,
 Some offer the luck of the pot ;
 A great many offer you nothing,
 They sit like automata, dumb,
 The silly ones give you a loathing,
 But Fanny gives merely her thumb.

Some bore you with six-year-old gabies,
 In the shape of a master or miss ;
 Others hold up their slobbering babies,
 Which you must be a brute not to kiss ;
 Some tell you their household disasters,
 While others their instruments strun ;
 Some give you receipts for corn-plaisters,
 But Fanny presents you her thumb.

Some talk of the play they've been last at,
 And some of the steam-driven coach ;
 While those who are prudes look aghast at
 Each piece of new scandal you broach :
 Some talk of converting the Hindoos,
 To relish, like Christians, their ruin ;
 Some give you a view from their windows,
 But Fanny gives only her thumb.

Some ask what you think of the tussel, man,
 Between the all-lies and the Porte ;
 And Cod-rington's thrashing the muscle-man
 (Puns being such people's forte).
 The men speak of change in the cabinet ;
 The women—how can they sit mum ?
 Give their thoughts upon laces and tabinet,
 But Fanny gives merely her thumb.

Some spoke of the Marquis of Lansdowne,
 Who, to prove the old proverb, has set
 About thief-catching—laying wise plans down.
 In the "Hue and Cry" weekly gazette.
 Some think the Whigs are but noodles
 (But such are, of course, the mere scum) ;
 Some give you long tales of their poodles,
 But Fanny presents you her thumb.

Good luck to them all !—where *I* visit,
 I meet with warm hearts and warm hands ;
 But that's not a common thing is it ?
 For I neither have houses nor lands :

Not a look but the soul has a part in it,
 (How different the looks are of some!)
 Oh! give me a hand with a heart in it,
 And the devil take finger and thumb.

FASHIONABLE PARTIES.

THE season of festivities is arrived—the balmy breath of spring has called the dormant vegetation into life—the flowers are bursting from their buds, the blossoms hang on every tree—the birds sing melodiously, and the sun shines brightly over the fresh foliage; in consequence of the completion of which arrangements, everybody is coming to London, in order to take the dust in the Parks, or pace the burning pavement in the streets. Such is the order of things, and shady groves and cooling grots are abandoned for drawing-rooms at ninety-six, and half-a-score sickly orange-trees tubbed on the top of a staircase.

Thursday last was a fruitful day in the annals of our town. Lord Dudley had a grand dinner—so had the Bishop of London—so had Lady Sykes—so had Mrs. Bethel, and so had half a score of the leaders of *ton*. The Society for the Relief of Foreigners in Distress (to which his Royal Highness Don Miguel borrowed fifty pounds of Lord Dudley to subscribe) had their anniversary feast at the City of London Tavern; and the Chimney Sweepers of the metropolis held theirs—contrast is everything—at the White Conduit House.

This last was amongst the most elegant affairs of the season—everything which could possibly have reference to the profession was interdicted: black puddings and black strap were banished; and when the amiable and excellent Mr. Duck, after doing what few Ducks can do (we mean stuffing himself with sage and onions), called attention to *Non nobis Domine*—sung, the newspapers say, “by some professional vocalists”—the grace was received by the fraternity with *sootable* attention: that they did not exactly understand it, Mr. Duck said was a misfortune not a fault: but as he could almost see from the windows the chimneys—(loud cries of “Order” interrupted the speaker)—the roof, he meant, of that noble pile, the London University, he did hope that before

many years had gone over their heads, he should find the younger branches of the profession to which he had the honour to belong, bringing the dead languages to life, and conversing *fluc-ently*—"Order, order!"—he meant easily, in Latin and Greek.

"The immortal memory of Marshal Saxe and Sir Cloudesley Shovel" were then given by Mr. Figgins, and were shortly followed by the health of Mr. Brougham, who was expected to have favoured the party with his presence, but he was unable to get away from the House of Commons.

Mr. Duck felt it necessary to rise, in order to endeavour to do away with an impression which had got abroad, that the gentlemen of the profession disliked the introduction of machines to supersede the necessity of climbing-boys—he repelled the insinuation, although, added the honourable gentleman, if machines had been invented in my time I, perhaps, should not have had the honour of being here, for I begun at the bottom of the chimney and climbed my way to the very top—(loud cheers.) "I dare say, gentlemen," said Mr. Duck, "you have heard the story of the humane man who proposed to supersede the necessity of climbing-boys by letting a goose down the chimney by a string, which would, by the fluttering of its wings, effectually clean the whole flue—the lady to whom he proposed this plan replied that she thought it would be very cruel treatment of the goose. 'Lord love your eyes, ma'am!' said the professor, 'if so be as you are particular about the goose, a couple of ducks will do as well!'—and, gentlemen, I never hear that professional anecdote but I think of myself when I was but a duckling, as I may say, and the laudable ambition in which I climbed and climbed, and rose, as I may say, like a Phoenix out of the ashes, until I reached my grand *climacteric*."

Mr. Duck sat down amidst shouts of applause.

"Archdeacon Pott and the Clergy of Middlesex," were then given.

Mr. Duck then rose and said, "Gentlemen—we all of us have known what it is to climb; and, as my honourable friend on the left says—I may say I've been up five thousand chimneys, long and short, and never failed

in doing my duty to my employers—but what was it repaid me for my toil—what was it that cheered me in my labour—the sixpence as I got when I kimm'd down?—or the bread and cheese the kitchen-maid would give me afore I went out?—No, sir! it was not that—no—neither the one nor the other;—it was the smile of ooman—lovely ooman, which rules us all;—in her favour there is, indeed a sweeping clause: and I have the pleasure to tell you, that there is a splendid assembly of the dear creechurs a waiting in the next room ready to trip it on their fantastic toescs—so, if you please, gemmen, we'll wind up the arternoon by drinking—'Success to the brush and shovel all over the world!'—and then join the fair."

To this proposal no possible objection could be made; and the doors being thrown open, a most splendid collection of the dear creechurs appeared ready for the quadrilles, which commenced about five.

The refreshments were of the first quality, and the whole day passed off with the greatest hilarity.

SUNDAY BILLS.

WE regret to see that a well-meaning gentleman of the name of Peter, is trying to get up a second edition of the exploded Agnew absurdity. Whatever the object of these efforts may be, it is clear that nothing can more effectually tend to array the country in two classes against each other,—the one of Atheists and Liberals, and the other of Puritans and Fanatics.

How can a gentleman of honour, like Sir Andrew Agnew, prevail upon himself—we are quite sure he is too independent to permit any other person to prevail upon him—to declare in the house of Commons that all classes of operatives are anxious for the closest restrictions on the Sabbath which the House can enforce? It is not the case. As far as working goes, the operatives are at this moment entirely protected; no master can compel his journeymen to work on Sunday, and as for menial servants, they are excepted out of the bill.

Does Sir Andrew Agnew believe, or wish anybody else

to believe, that the operatives want to be "cribbed, cabined, and confined" on a Sunday, debarred from their excursions to tea-gardens, their little voyages upon the river, their social pipes and ale, or to have their wives and sweethearts muled of their cakes and tea upon the only day in the week in which they can enjoy them? Does he really mean seriously to say that hard-working people, who for six consecutive days have been shut up to labour and toil, in heated rooms, in factories, or in gas-lit workshops, desire that they may be hindered from breathing the pure air on the seventh?

And what to the poor—or, indeed, to the rich—is an excursion without refreshment—without the enjoyment of the Sunday's dinner, the weekly festival at which his family enjoy his society, and in his society the treat of something "good to eat?" Why may not these relations, if they prefer good air to bad, go to those "Ordinaries on Sundays at two o'clock," which may be seen announced on every sign-board round London? or why, if they prefer it, may they not travel thither in chaises or other carriages, if they can afford it? Whether this is sinful or not, Messrs. Agnew and Peter may perhaps decide; but of this we are sure, that the operatives, except the already benighted Puritan Radicals, must be, and are opposed, heart and soul, to the monstrous restrictions which a couple of very small men are endeavouring to bring them under, because they think it right, and good, and wise.

The beneficial effects of the measure upon society, may be guessed from the following dialogue between Snip, a tailor, and Snob, a shoemaker, living in the same house, each having a wife—one having a child.—Time, Sunday morning.

Snip.—Vell, Snob—arn't you shaved? Vy, the bells is a-going for church—ye von't be ready in time.

Snob.—Church—bless your heart, I can't go to ehureh to-day—the bill's come into play.

Snip.—Ah—I know that to my cost.

Snob.—How can I go to ehureh? Ve used to send our bit of wittels to the bakus, and then I and Sal used to go to ehureh, and so give Jenny Walker sixpence to mind the babby till we come back; then arter dinner Sal

and I and the babby used to go to Chalk Farm, as reglar as clockwork, every blessed Sunday. She had a cup of the best bohea, with milk hot from the cow—I smoked my pipe and had a pint of ale. Little Jenny used to go to church in the arternoon, and come and jine us, and so help bring babby back. Now we marn't get the things baked at the bakus, and Jenny marn't come and earn sixpence by looking after the babby—so Sal has to cook the wittels, and I have to mind the child—so there's no church for us.

Snip.—My missus says she won't do no work Sundays, cause she's afeard of her life of Bill Byers—so we avn't got a morsel of grub for dinner, and neither of us knows where to get none—I won't go to church with this here beard on, six days long; and Jim, him as is the barber over the way, won't shave me for fear of the five pound penalty, so I shall stop where I is.

Snob.—Come along in to our place—my Sal isn't so particular—she's read the hact itself, and swears she's a hexception—we got a line of mutton, vith the kidney in it, and a peck of tatys—come along wi' your old woman, and let's be jolly.

Snip.—Jolly—Hark, Mr. S——, there's one on 'em over the way—don't ye know 'em—that's one o' Byers's boys—if he hears you laugh to-day, two-pun-ten for you.

Snob.—Peter's pence—ch?—well, if we maint speak of a Sunday in the street, let's come in—ours, you know, is a back room, up two pair—they can't hear us there—come along—I say, what shall we have to drink?

Snip.—There's nothing but vater for us as can't afford vine—public-houses is shut—no sarving Sabbath-day.

Snob.—Vell, never mind—ve'll try and cheat the old one. There are cunninger dogs than the law-makers, and them is the law-breakers. Go and ask missus to come and join us.

Snip.—Oh, she'll come, and jump too; and I tells ye what—as we know'd we could not have no heavy-wet to-day, she got a couple of bottles of Jacky, as will nourish us through the arternoon.

Snob.—So it will, Bill; and we won't stir out at all. If we can't have a drop o' short, or a swig o' heavy among

the rurals in the harbours—what 's the country to us, we can't live upon hair?

Snip.—No, not by no means. If I could but get my clin scraped, I'd try and make myself comfortable.

Snob.—Is barber Jem at home?

Snip.—Yes, shut up in his back parlour a-making wigs, where nobody can see him.

Snob.—I tell ye vot, let 's ax him to eat a bit of our mutton. He han't got nobody to cook for him, poor buffer, so we 'll ax him over; and then if he brings his soap and a kipple of razors in his vestcoat pockets, he can shave us two, just by way of amusement, while Sal 's getting the line ready.

Snip.—Amusement!—that 's quite gone out,—there 's my poor missus who used to get from eighteen to four-and-twenty shillings a-week a-manty making in Crambo Alley, can't get a stitch o' work to do—nobody wears nothing now—they used only to put on their bits of things onest a-week, to show 'em like, and now they marn't go out a-pleasuring o' Sundays, they buys nothing.

Snob.—Vell, come along up stairs, we 'll have a day on it, please the pigs; your two bottles of Jacky will last us till bedtime, and I 'll toss you up who pays for both—I 'm not going to swelter out in the sun to walk.

Snip.—Nor I—I 'll be with you in a twinkling, and when we have got my missus and barber Jem, we 'll just lock the door, and drink confusion to the reformers.

For the sequel we have not room in detail. Snip, Snob, and barber Jem, cnsconced in their fast-hold, pass the Sabbath with the females in hidden intoxication, and carefully-concealed profligacy—drunkenness progresses. Barber Jem contributes from his store over the way to the replenishment of the gin-bottle. Jealousy grows out of familiarity: the women tear each other's caps, and scratch each other's faces. Snob knocks Snip over the balusters, and Barber Jem is taken to the station-house dead-drunk.

In better society things will grow even worse. The mind restricted to drudgery through the week must have relaxation at the end of it; and the tradesmen and clerks, and their ladies, sweethearts, and wives, have a

right in this Christian and civilized country, to share the innocent pleasures of the male part of the creation on the only day upon which they can properly enjoy them. What can be more innocent than going to Richmond, walking upon the hill, or paddling about by the water? What more agreeable or healthy than steaming to Gravesend (where the animosity of the people towards the aristocracy has recently been evinced by their conduct towards the Pier)? What more natural than to eat and drink when arrived there?—No: that is contrary to the law. What! of nature or nations!—No: of Agnew and of Peter. Surely if young ladies are satisfied with soles and eels, and ducks and peas, and sage and onions, and port wine and punch, and such things as these, all eaten fairly and above-board at open windows or in the open air, such persons as Peter and Agnew should rejoice thereat. Confine them in London, deny them harmless gaiety, pen them up with their lovers and friends, tell them they must not stir out, and, like the Snips and Snobs of inferior life, they will turn their thoughts into other channels, and soles and eels, and ducks and peas, will shortly sink in their estimation, only, however, to give place to a catalogue of other things too numerous to mention in the short space of an advertisement.

Oh, if these Agnews and Peters would but be content to take man as God has been pleased to make him, and allow him the free agency with which the Divinity has invested him, how much more wisely would they act. If they themselves believe that piety consists in eating cold meat on Sundays, in avoiding carriages, in eschewing all sorts of social conversation; if they see perdition in a plum-bun, and utter destruction in a glass of mild ale, let them henceforth live on frigid sheep, moan, mump, and be miserable, and fast, and grieve, in direct opposition to the spirit and character of Christians, observing the Protestant Sunday; but do not let them meddle with matters which cannot concern them, and by their success in which they would infallibly corrupt the body of the people, and endanger the safety of the commonwealth.

THE SPINSTER'S PROGRESS.

AT 15.—Dimpled cheeks, sparkling eyes, coral lips, and ivory teeth—a sylph in figure. All anxiety for coming out—looks about her with an arch yet timid expression, and blushes amazingly upon the slightest provocation.

16.—Bolder and plumper—draws, sings, plays the harp, dines at table when there are small parties—gets fond of plays, to which she goes in a private box—dreams of a hero—hates her governess—is devoted to poetry.

17.—Having no mother who values herself on her youth, is presented by an aunt—first terrified, then charmed. Comes out—Almack's—Opera—begins to flirt—selects the most agreeable, but most objectionable man in the room as the object of her affections—he, eminently pleasant, but dreadfully poor—talks of love in a cottage, and a easement window all over woodbine.

18.—Discards the sighing swain, and fancies herself desperately devoted to a Lancer, who has amused himself by praising her perfections. Delights in *fêtes* and *déjeûners*—dances herself into half a consumption. Becomes an intimate friend of Henry's sister.

19.—Votes Henry stupid—too fond of himself to care for her—talks a little louder than the year before—takes care to show that she understands the best-concealed *bon-mots* of the French plays—shows off her bright eyes, and becomes the centre of four satellites who fliker round her.

20.—Begins to wonder why none of the sighers propose—gets a little peevish—becomes a politician—rallies the Whigs—avows Toryism—all women are Tories, except two or three who may be anything—gets praised beyond measure by her party—discards Italian music, and sings party songs—called charming, delightful, and “so natural.”

21.—Enraptured with her new system—pursues it with redoubled ardour—takes to riding constantly on horseback—canters every day half-way to the House of Lords with the dear Earl, through St. James's Park, by the side of her unele—makes up parties and excursions—becomes a comet instead of a star, and changes her

satellites for a Tail, by which she is followed as regularly as the great Agitator is. Sees her name in the papers as the proposer of pic-nics, and the patroness of fancy fairs.

22.—Pursues the same course—autumn comes—country-house—large party of shooting men—juxtaposition—constant association—sociability in the evening—sportive gambols—snug suppers—an offer—which, being made by the only dandy she did not care about in the *mêlée*, she refuses.

23.—Regrets it—tries to get him back—he won't come, but marries a rich grocer's widow for her money. Takes to flirting desperately—dresses fantastically—tries a new style of singing—affects a taste—lives with the Italians, calls them divine and charming—gets her uncle to give suppers.

24.—Thinks she has been too forward—retires, and becomes melancholy—affects sentiment, and writes verses in an Annual—makes acquaintances with the *savans*, and the authors and authoresses—wonders she is not married.

25.—Goes abroad with her uncle and a delightful family—so kind and so charming—stays the year there.

26.—Comes home full of new airs and graces—more surprised than ever that she is still single, and begins to fancy she could live very comfortably, if not in a cottage, at least upon a very moderate scale.

27.—Thinks the conversation of rational men infinitely preferable to flirting.

28.—Looks at matrimony as desirable in the way of an establishment, in case of the death of her uncle—leaves off dancing generally—talks of getting old.

29.—Same system—still ineffective—still talks of getting aged—surprised that men do not laugh as they did, when she said so a year or two before.

30.—Begins to inquire when a spinster becomes an old maid.

31.—Dresses more fantastically than ever—rouges a little—country-house not so agreeable as it used to be—goes everywhere in town—becomes good-natured to young girls, and joins in acting charades and dumb proverbs.

32.—Hates balls, or, if she goes to them, likes to sit still and talk to clever middle-aged gentlemen.

33.—Wonders why men of sense prefer flirting with girls to the enjoyment of rational conversation with sensible women.

34.—Uncle dies—break up of establishment—remains with her aunt—feels old enough to go about without a chaperon.

35.—Takes to cards, where they are played—gives up harp, pianoforte, and singing—beaten out of the field by her juniors.

36.—Quarrels with her cousin, who is just married to the prize Marquess of the season—goes into Wales on a visit to a distant relation.

37.—Returns to London—tries society—fancies herself neglected, and “never goes out”—makes up little tea-parties at her aunt’s—very pleasant to everybody else, but never satisfactory to herself.

38.—Feels delight in recounting all the unhappy marriages she can recollect—takes a boy out of an orphan-school, dresses him up in a green jacket, with three rows of sugar-loaf buttons, and calls him a page—patronizes a poet.

39.—Gets fractious—resolves upon making the best of it—turns gourmand—goes to every dinner to which she either is or is not invited—relishes port wine; laughs at it as a good joke—stays in London all the year.

40.—Spasmodic—camphor-julep—a little more rouge—fancies herself in love with a captain in the Guards—lets him know it—he not susceptible—she uncommonly angry—makes up a horrid story about him and some poor innocent girl of her acquaintance—they are eternally separated by her means—she happy.

41.—Takes to wearing “a front”—port wine gets more popular—avows a resolution never to marry—who would sacrifice her liberty?—quite sure she has seen enough of that sort of thing—Umph!

42.—Turns moralist—is shocked at the vices of the world—establishes a school out of the produce of a fancy fair—subscribes—consults with the rector—excellent man—he endeavours to dissuade her from an extravagant course of proceeding which she has adopted—

her regard turns to hate, and she puts herself under the spiritual guidance of a Ranter.

43.—Learns the *Unknown Tongues*, and likes them—sees none of her old friends—continues during the whole season enveloped in her new devotions.—Her page, having outgrown his green inexpressibles, is dismissed at the desire of her new pastor.

44.—Renounces the *Oly Oly Bom* school of piety, and gets a pug and a poodle—meets the man she refused when she was two-and-twenty—he grown plump, and jolly, driving his wife and two great healthy-looking boys nearly men, and two lovely girls nearly women—recollects him—he does not remember her—wishes the family at Old Nick—comes home and pinches her poodle's ears.

45.—Returns to cards at the Dowager's parties, and smells to snuff if offered her.

46.—Her aunt dies.

47.—Lives upon her relations; but by the end of the season feels assured that she must do something else next year.

48.—Goes into the country and selects a cousin, plain and poor—proposes they should live together—scheme succeeds.

49.—Retires to Cheltenham—house in a row near the promenade—subscribes to everything—takes snuff and carries a box—all in fun—goes out to tea in a fly—plays whist—loses—comes back at eleven—camphor julep, and to bed—but not to sleep.

50.—Finds all efforts to be comfortable unavailing—vents all her spleen upon her unhappy cousin, and lavishes all her affections upon a tabby cat; a great, fat, useless Tommy, with a blue riband and a bell round its neck. And there, so far as I have traced it, ends my Spinster's progress up to fifty.

ERRORS OF THE PRESS.

SIR,—We hear a great deal of the licentiousness of the press, and I am not disposed to say that there may not be some good grounds for the complaint; but I beg to assert that, to my own knowledge, much is charged to the account of the licentiousness which is, in truth, only

attributable to the errors of the press; and I have had the mortification to see articles of the most innocent information, from my own pen, conveyed to the public with all the colour of libels, by the mere mistake of a single letter.

For instance, I had occasion to report that a certain "noble lord was confined to his house with a violent cold; next morning, I found that this innocuous piece of intelligence was metamorphosed into a direct inroad on the peace of a noble family, by representing his lordship as being "confined with a violent scold." In the same way, on the occasion of a recent entertainment given by a noble leader of fashion, I had said, very truly, "that, amidst the festivities, the first point of attraction and admiration were her ladyship's looks:" this deserved compliment was changed by the printer into a satire on the whole company, as if the chief point of attraction had been "her ladyship's cooks." In a description of the regatta at Cowes, I was made to represent a lady of fashion as having formed a hasty and ill-assorted match "with a boy," when, in fact, I had only said that the Lady Louisa had, indeed, broken adrift, but had "luckily, before any mischief was done, been made fast to a buoy."

When I reported that "Lord A. had entertained Colonel B., Major C., the Hon. Mr. D., and a few other fashionable friends at dinner," I little expected to find these gentlemen represented as a company of "fashionable fiends." At the particular request of an eminent coachmaker, I mentioned that a noble person, well known for his good taste in equipages, and who happens to have a large and fine family, had launched "a new green cab;" but judge of my horror at seeing it stated, that "his lordship had, this season, brought out another green eub." And I have lately had the misfortune of being the involuntary cause of what is called a hoax upon the public: having announced that Lord K. had made a bet that he would "trot a mile" on the Harrow Road in three minutes, an immense crowd assembled, and was ready to proceed to outrage because his lordship did not "trot a mule," as the printer's error had led them to expect.

Of a more serious kind are the injuries done to private

individuals, which no one deploras more than I—the innocent cause of them, I was once employed to recommend to public attention the astonishing talents and performances of that musical wonder “The infant Lyra.” I did my best; but the printer gave the whole a most unhappy and malicious appearance by making me, by the transposition of a letter, attribute all these prodigies to “tho Infant Lyar.” On a late occasion, one of the papers talked of “tho general satisfaction given by the royal lump.” This looked like a brutal allusion to the temporary illness of an illustrious duke. The truth was, Mr. Editor, that I myself penned that paragraph for an ingenious artist in Bond Street, in order to recommend an improved kind of argand, which he denominated tho “Royal Lamp;” and I never can sufficiently regret the injustice done to the gallant General Saldanha, who, in an account of his conduct at Oportò, which I drew up under his own eye, was stated to have “behaved like a hero;” but when it came to be printed, it unhappily appeared as if the general had “behaved like a hare.”

What I wrote of “the Horticultural fête” was altered into “tho Horticultural fate,” as if there was a destiny affecting all tho entertainments of that society. When the late Mr. Canning offered Lord F. the offico of “Secretary of State,” the public wero led, by a mere transposition of the letters, to believe that a new offico was to be instituted under the title of “Secretary of Taste;” and what gave tho more effect to this mistake was the noble lord’s admitted fitness for the latter offico. I onco ventured to bear my humble testimony to the assiduous attendance of a certain reverend dean on the “Minster,” but had tho mortification to find myself insinuating blamo against the worthy divine, “for his assiduous attendance on tho “Minister;” and what was still worse, having to communicate tho deserved elevation of “Doctor Jebb” to an Irish mitre, I was mado to announce that “Doctor Jobb” was to be the new Irish Bishop. I remember reporting the case of a poor French lady, who “appeared at Bow Street with her pug-dog in her arms,” but the printer most ungallantly stated the fair stranger to have appeared “with a pig in her arms;” and on the next day of her attendance a vast crowd had

assembled to look at this extraordinary pet, and the poor Frenchwoman narrowly escaped being pelted for disappointing their expectations. In something the same way, a respectable tradesman in Oxford Street has had his shop-windows broken, to the loss of near ten pounds, because, having invited the public to inspect his extensive assortment of a fine manufacture called "linos," the printer chose "to invite the public to inspect a large assortment of the finest lions."

I am, sir, a warm friend of his Majesty's Government (for the time being), and cannot but deeply feel that even my political views are sometimes distorted. Amongst the benefits to be expected from recent measures in Ireland, I had enumerated the "Increase of tillage,"—this was changed into increase of "pillage," and copied into all the ultra-Tory papers; and when I said that these same measures of conciliation would induce every loyal and well-disposed subject to unite "in quieting Ireland," it was perverted into a sneer, as if all loyal and well-disposed subjects should unite "in quitting Ireland."

Pray, sir, do me the justice to lay this explanatory letter before the public; above all, let it be correctly printed.

I am, sir, your humble servant,

A COURT REPORTER.

We very often suffer in a similar manner. About two years since, we represented Mr. Peel as having joined a party of "fiends" in Hampshire for the purpose of shooting "peasants;" and only last week, in a Scotch paper, we saw it gravely stated that a "surgeon" was taken alive in the river, and sold to the inhabitants at 6*d.* and 10*d.* per lb.

A DAY'S PROCEEDINGS IN A REFORMED PARLIAMENT.

SEVERAL new members took the oaths and their seats; amongst them we observed the hon. member for the district of Field-lane and Saffron-hill, whose entrance was greeted with huzzas, clapping of hands, and other demonstrations of joy.

PRAYERS.

Mr. Snob rose and said as how he thought it were a great waste of time to okipy the Ouse with a lot of praying—he thought that it would be quite as well and ample sufficient that every member, on entering the Ouse, should poke his face in his at and mutter a short jackerlation, sich as was done in his parish church.—(Hear).—He never did no more when he was a churchwarden—(hear, hear)—and he always found that it answered the purpose; and he gave notice that, on Monday next, he intended to move that the present practice be done away with—(cheers).

Mr. Ketch said he would sartinly second the motion whenever it came before the Ouse.

WAYS AND MEANS.

The Chancellor of the Exchequer intimated that on the 22nd of next month he should be prepared to submit his plan of Ways and Means for the year. He could not then, with propriety, enter into details—he would merely state that it was in contemplation to repeal most of the existing taxes (cheers from all sides), and this object would be easily attained by suspending for the present the payment of the interest on the funded debt—(immense cheering)—by the sale of several supernumerary ships of war, and the materials of some of the dock-yards.—(Hear, hear).—He anticipated also a considerable sum from the disposal of superfluous military equipments, cannon, &c., which it would be the height of folly to retain in these “piping times of peace;” it would follow of course that very extensive reductions would take place in the military establishments—(cheers)—all pensions will forthwith be abolished—(Long-continued cheering).—He laid particular stress upon the word *all*, in order that there might be “no mistake”—(a laugh)—and, although there might be an apparent hardship in some few cases, yet his Majesty’s ministers had wisely resolved not to incur censure from any person or party by using even the semblance of partiality.—(Cheering, which lasted several minutes.)

A member, whose name we could not learn, rose, and

in the exuberance of his joy, exclaimed, "Blow my wig if ever I heard such a speech in all my life!"—"Order! Order!"

The speaker begged to remind the hon. gentleman that such expressions were not strictly in accordance with the dignity of the house.

The member apologized for having been led away by his feelings; but this he would say, that whoever should now venture to assert that his Majesty's ministers had any other than the benefit of their country in view, told a thundering lie.—(Loud laughter.)

Mr. Gubbins said that he wholly and totally agreed with the g'elman what spoke last—he thought that the thanks of the community and the country at large are due to the right hon. g'elman (the chancellor) for his expozee; and in order that their ancestors might see—(a laugh)—he begged pardon, their posteriors—(roars of laughter)—well, then, their children's children, and them as comes arter them, might see the estimation in which that house had held him, he would move that its freedom be presented to him in a snuff-box of the value of five sovs., and he would subscribe his bob.—(Cheers, and some laughter.)

The speaker interposed and endeavoured to explain to the hon. member, that there was no such thing as freedom in that house, consequently his motion could not be put.

Mr. Gibbins said he supposed it would be unregular to argy that pint with the right hon. speaker, he would, therefore, bow to the cheer; he would not, however, be done out of doing nothing, and with reference to the place represented by the right hon. g'elman, the chancellor, he would propose to bestow upon him the title of "The Bermondsey Screw."—(Laughter.)

(As all our readers may not understand the point of this pun, we should explain, that in the Clink Liberty, represented by the right hon. gentleman, the game of skittles is a favourite amusement, and some of the amateurs have a particular mode of delivering the bowl, which, among the *cognoscenti*, is termed, "A Bermondsey Screw.")

NEW SOUTH WALES.

Mr. Cobbett, having given notice that on Thursday next he should bring forward his motion (postponed on a previous occasion) for a committee of that house being appointed, with instructions to proceed to New South Wales, for the purpose of inquiring into the administration of religion in that colony.

Mr. Lagg rose, apparently under great excitement, and said that he could never consent that such a preposterous motion should be entertained by that house even for a moment. Was the hon. gentleman aware of the privations and hardships which the members of such a committee would have to undergo? He thought not. For himself, he would say, that he had been a resident in the neighbourhood of Sidney during the greater part of fourteen years (hear, hear), "and," said the hon. gentleman, with much emotion, "I will never willingly consent to go there again, or recommend such a voyage to any of my friends." He said he saw several hon. gentlemen around him whom he knew had been there as well as himself; and, judging from his own feelings, he was quite assured they would bear him out in his opposition.

Mr. Cobbett said, that under these circumstances he should ask leave to withdraw his motion. (Leave given *instantly*.)

NEW POLICE.

Petitions were presented from several parishes in the outskirts against the system of police introduced by a late administration.

Several members having risen at the same time to recommend the attention of the house to these petitions, and all asserting, with much vociferation, their right of priority, the speaker was obliged to interpose, and call on Mr. Bumpus.

Mr. Bumpus said, he thought there could be but one opinion on the subject of this system, and that was, the sooner it was abolished the better—(hear, hear). He said that it required no oration to shew its baneful and unconstitutional character. He thought he could not

better exemplify its true character than in using the words of a very intelligent and interesting youth, the son of a tallow-chandler, who was one of the officers of the parish in which he (Mr. Bumpus) resided. "Addressing me," said the hon. gentleman, "you must understand, gentlemen, this youth lisps very much—these were his very words—say he, 'Thir,' says he, 'it is a miltuthy thytthem to thupport a arbituthy government.'"—(Tumultuous cheering.)

During the hon. gentleman's speech much mirth was excited by the waggery of one of the members whom the hon. gentleman had superseded. At every pause the hon. member exclaimed, "What a shocking bad hat!" &c., &c.

NEW WRIT.

On the motion of an hon. member, a new writ was ordered for the district of Golden Lane, in the room of Nicholas Briggs, Esq., deceased—(see our execution report of Thursday last). The same member also followed up his motion by a notice, that, previously to the next Old Bailey sessions, he should move that the laws affecting life in cases of burglary should be revised, with a view to their repeal.

POST-OFFICE.—FRANKS.

Mr. Pott said he had a motion to submit to the house, to which, from previous communication with many hon. gentlemen, he did not expect any opposition. Every hon. member, he was assured, had already found the advantage arising from the privilege of franking letters, and, he was quite certain, had often experienced considerable annoyance from the very limited number to which they were at present restricted—(hear, hear)—as well as the great bore of being obliged to write the whole direction. He could not conceive for a moment why they should be limited to sending and receiving, in the whole, the paltry number of twenty-five letters each day—(hear)—and that the weight of each of such letters should be restricted to a particle under an ounce. Some of the public officers, and, be it observed, men virtually appointed by that house, were privileged to send letters

free of postage, without limitation as to weight or number; and yet we, who, as I said before, appointed those officers, are trammelled!—monstrous anomaly! He would not attempt to conceal that, in bringing forward the motion he would presently submit to the house, he thought it probable that its adoption might be attended with individual benefit to some of the members, and himself amongst the rest. He would deal candidly with the house; he fully expected it would—(bravo!)—and he thought it but reasonable that men who were obliged to sacrifice their time and their health for the good of the country, ought to have some ostensible means of repaying themselves—(hear, hear)—besides those by-blows which occasionally more or less occurred. This, he had every reason to believe, would prove a positive benefit; and still better—it would not depend on contingencies.—(Cheers.)—He would not further detain the house, but would move, “That the law or rule of the house (he did not care which it was) which at present allowed members of Parliament to send a limited number of letters free of postage, should forthwith be rescinded, and that hereafter they should have the privilege of sending as many as they may choose, without restriction as to weight or number; and further, that it shall be sufficient that members thus privileged should only be required to affix their signatures to the address.”—(Much cheering.)

Mr. Bowditch said he should certainly oppose the motion, even though he should stand alone. He, as principal officer of the Post Office, had devoted the greater part of a long life in endeavouring to perfect the details of the business of that establishment, and at the same time to increase its productiveness; and he viewed with dismay the attempt now about to be made to render his exertions a nullity. Independent of the loss which the revenue would sustain, the mail-coaches were even now almost insufficient to convey the bags; and the increased weight and bulk which the measure now proposed would give, would render the thing perfectly impracticable. He said he would not venture to characterise the system at present practised by many of the members of that house in this particular; but when he saw

the immediate and eager use which certain newly-elected, reforming, patriotic members, made of this privilege for filthy lucre—(groans)—he was filled with disgust—(great uproar.)—The hon. gentleman proceeded with much earnestness for a considerable time, but the noise and confusion was such, that we could only here and there catch a solitary word. We understood him, however, to make some allusion to “pattern cards,” “samples of grocery,” &c., but could not catch the context. Order being at length restored, the hon. gentleman concluded by moving as an amendment, “That in future, members of Parliament should only be allowed to send five letters, and receive the same number each day, free of postage, and that the weight of each of such letters should not exceed half an ounce.”—(Yells of disapprobation.)

Mr. Van said that the objection of the hon. secretary of the Post Office was perfectly ridiculous as regarded the probable insufficiency of the mail-coaches. He would ask, would it not be an easy matter to alter the system of coaches, and in their place adopt that of steam-conveyance? The number of railways with which the whole country was now about to be intersected, would render such alteration a matter of the greatest ease, and one steam-carriage would be able to perform the work of a dozen mail-coaches.—(Hear, hear, hear.)

The Chancellor of the Exchequer was quite taken by surprise, and said, that although he could not sanction the proposed measure, he clearly saw that in the present temper of the house, opposition would be fruitless; he could, however, have wished that the hon. gentleman had communicated his intentions to him previously to bringing his motion before the house—the very lucrative situation of receiver-general of the Post-office revenue had within these few days become vacant, and he thought that had he been consulted, he could have placed this subject in so feeling a point of view to the hon. gentleman, as might have caused the present motion to have been withheld.

Mr. Pott rose immediately, and said, he thought it very probable that he had taken an erroneous view of the subject, and, with the leave of the house, would withdraw his motion—(Cries of “No, no! divide, divide!”)—The

gallery was then cleared, and on a division the numbers appeared—

For the amendment 3—against it, 296—
minority, 293.

For the original motion, 296—against it, 3—
majority, 293.

This announcement was received with loud cheers, and evidently to the great discomposure of the hon. mover.

On our re-admission, symptoms of a desire to adjourn having manifested themselves,

Mr. Spriggins rose and said, that although there was an evident inclination to toddle, he could not allow the house to mizzle without putting in his spoke. He would stick to the present ministry like bricks and mortar. The Chancellor of the Exchequer had proved himself a reg'lar out-and-outer; he and his colleagues had shewn they were down as a hammer, and he had no doubt, in a short time, everything would be right as a trivet.

The house rose at an early hour, it being understood that one of the members had some heavy bets depending on a match of bumble-puppy, in which he had backed his apprentice, and which came off that afternoon in the neighbourhood of Bethnal-green.

MODERN VALOUR.

ENTHUSIASTIC admirers of valour in all its branches, we give from the "Times" of Monday the following very characteristic extract of a letter from Mr. George Fitch, lieutenant of the late schooner, "Eugenic," dated River Tagus, July 25th:—

"I write this on board what was formerly Don Miguel's yacht. I took her yesterday with this single arm and a musket and bayonet.

"A mob of thirty people released me from the infernal prison where I have been confined, with little food, for the last month. When I got into the street the people carried me on their shoulders, and wanted me to head them, which I did; their numbers were small, but I soon increased them by releasing all the prisoners. I then armed with broomsticks those who could get nothing

better. I had a most beautiful weapon, a crow-bar. We flew like fire, shouting "Vive Donna Maria!" through the streets to Fort St. John, mounting twelve large guns. I killed the sentinel, and we forced the gates and took possession of the battery. I then felt like a god. I had five hundred men at my command, ready to shed the blood of tyranny. We loaded the guns, forced the arsenal, and found three thousand stand of arms all new. There were many soldiers in the mob. I ordered them to form and get into marching order, which they did, and I served out ball-cartridge. We gave the command of the fort to an old officer, and telling him to keep a good look-out, I then marched through Lisbon with my army and a band of music playing the Constitutional Hymn! The English admiral fired a grand salute to our flag. The troops of Algarves arrived on the opposite side of the river the day before the revolution, and had a very smart action. Count De Villa Flor came over yesterday at two o'clock, with one thousand troops, and took possession of the city; he knew me the moment he saw me, and shook hands with me."

Which of our readers will but exclaim with the poet,

"He is as wise as brave—was ever tale
With such a gallant modesty rehearsed?"

Shades of Alexander, Draweansir, and Napoleon! away to the mountain's brow, and hide your diminished heads! What is backing Bucephalus to riding pick-a-pack—or Mount St. Jean to Fort St. John?—Talbot himself, whose name the French did fright their children withal, confessed that in his soldiers lay his sinews, muscles, and bones; not so the illustrious Fitch—like Coriolanus, "Alone, alone he did it," with his "single arm" (for the musket and bayonet go for nothing), and those only who have seen John Kemble in the character of that great commander can form any idea of the attitude of Lisbonianus Fitch, when he "felt like a god," after knocking out the brains of the sentinel on guard with his "beautiful" broom-stick. 'Tis true that a fictitious hero in the *Tar-rare* says or sings—

"One half the hostile army
This single arm o'erthrew."

Half?—Pooh!—a mighty great matter to cry “Bravo, bravo, Calpigi ” about! Lieutenant Fitch does not do things by halves. All—all the united garrison at one fell swoop, all individualized in the person of an invalid on duty, does Fitch annihilate with his liberating crow-bar. Brave men, ’tis said, have lived before Agamemnon whose names have never reached posterity. *Carent quia vate sacro*—it is gratifying to know that Fitch runs no risk of being cheated out of his immortality on this account; a poet worthy of him has already sprung up—himself—*Tam Marte quam Mercurio*, powerful alike with the crow-quill and the crow-bar, he is himself the great sublime he draws. We are delighted at being able to lay before the world (exclusively) the splendid Pindarie, written and composed, and sung by himself, with the greatest applause, to the accompaniment of the “band of music” which paraded before him through the streets of Lisbon. The air, it may be necessary to state, approximates very closely to the appropriate one of the “British Grenadiers.”

Some talk of Alexander,
 And some of Hercules,
 Of Conon and Lysander,
 And of Miltiades;
 But of all the world’s brave heroes,
 There’s none have reached the pitch,
 With their tow-row-row-dow-dow,
 Of the brave Lieutenant Fitch.

When Miguel’s commanders
 On Lisbon turn’d their tail,
 A “mob of thirty people” came
 And took me out of jail.
 I armed them all with broomsticks,
 And a crow-bar like a switch,
 (With my tow-row-row-dow-dow)
 Waiv’d brave Lieutenant Fitch.

My troops I then commanded
 To march to Fort St. John;
 We boldly storm’d the outworks—
 For the garrison was gone.

I sprang upon the sentinel
 And knock'd him in the ditch,
 With my tow-row-row-dow-dow,
 Oh! brave Lieutenant Fitch!

Then through the streets of Lisbon,
 I marched with fife and drum,
 And the girls all cried "Huzza my boys,
 Lieutenant Fitch is come!"
 Says Villa Flor, "My hero,
 You've behaved yourself as *sich*,
 With your tow-row-row-dow-dow,
 My brave Lieutenant Fitch!"

That fine old cock, Palmella,
 As well as Villa Flor,
 Cried "Such a valiant fellow
 Me nevare see afore!
 In Fame's historic temple
 He vell desarve a niche,
 Vid his tow-row-row-dow-dow,
 Dis brave Lieutenant Fitch."

My "single arm" thus routed
 The whole o' the hostile squad;
 The "mob" all roar'd and shouted,
 And "I felt like a god!"
 And wasn't the Queen of Portugal
 A lucky little—witch,
 With her tow-row-row-dow-dow,
 To have Lieutenant Fitch?

So Gemmen, fill a bumper
 Of max, and drink each one,
 Here's luck and a jolly scramble
 For every mother's son!
 And may tag, rag, and bobtail
 All grow exceeding rich,
 With their tow-row-row-dow-dow,
 Like the brave Lieutenant Fitch!

CLUBS.

THERE have been recently published several very edifying works upon *Etiquette*, and the mode of behaving well in company. As no book touching the conduct of Club society has yet appeared, and as this is the season of the year at which those admirable institutions are making weekly acquisitions in the shape of new members, we have thought it might be neither superfluous nor disagreeable to give the recently admitted candidates a few leading rules for their behaviour, in the way of directions—Thus,

In the first place, find fault with everything, and bully the waiters. What do you pay your subscriptions for, but to secure that privilege? Abuse the Committee for mismanagement, until you get into it yourself—then abuse everybody else.

Never shut the door of any room into which you may go, or out of which you may come.

When the evening papers arrive, pounce upon three; keep one in your hand reading, another under your arm, ready to relieve that; and sit down upon the third. By this means you possess yourself of the opinions of all parties, without being influenced by any one.

If you wish to dine early and cheap, order some cold meat just before three o'clock; it will then be charged as luncheon—bread, pickles, &c. gratis. Drink table beer, because, as the Scotch gentleman said of something very different, "it is vary pleasant, and costs nothing."

If you dine on the joint, get it first, and cut all the best parts off, and help yourself to twice as much as you want, for fear you should never see it again.

If you are inclined to read the newspaper when you have finished your meat, make use of the cheese as a reading-desk: it is very convenient, and, moreover, makes the paper smell of the cheese, and the cheese taste of the paper.

If you come in, and see a man whom you know, dining quietly by himself, or two men dining sociably together, draw your chair to their table and volunteer to join them. This, they cannot well refuse, although they may wish you at Old Scratch. Then call for the bill of fare and

order your dinner, which, as the others had half done before your arrival, will not be served till they have quite finished theirs. This will enable them to enjoy the gratification of seeing you proceed through the whole of your meal, from soup to cheese inclusive, while they are eating their fruit and sipping their wine.

If you drink tea, call for a "cup" of tea; when the waiter has brought it, abuse him for its being too strong, and desire him to fetch an empty cup and a small jug of boiling water; then divide the tea into the two cups and fill up both with the water. By this method you get two cups of tea for the price of one.—N.B. The milk and sugar not charged for,

If you are a literary man, always write your books at the club—pen, ink, and paper, gratis; a circumstance which of itself is likely to make your productions profitable.

When there is a ballot, blackball everybody you do not happen to know. If a candidate is not one of your own personal acquaintance, he cannot be fit to come there.

If you are interested about a friend, post yourself directly in front of his balloting box, and pester everybody, whether you know them or not, to give him a vote; this, if pertinaciously adhered to, will invariably settle his fate, one way or the other.

Always walk about the coffee-room with your hat on, to show your own independence, and your respect for the numerous noblemen and gentlemen who are sitting at dinner without theirs.

When you are alone in any of the rooms where writing materials are deposited, help yourself to covers, note-paper, sealing-wax, and blacklead pencils, at discretion; they are as much yours as any other member's, and as you contribute to pay for them, what difference can it make whether you use them at the Club or at home.

When you go away, if it is a wet night, and you are without a cloak or great-coat, take the first that fits you; you can send it back in the morning, when it is fine: remember you do. This rule equally applies to umbrellas.

Never pay your subscription till the very last day fixed by the regulations; why should the trustees get the interest of your money for two or three months? Besides,

when strangers come in to see the house, they will find your name over the fire-place, which will show that you belong to the Club.

An observance of these general rules, with a little attention to a few minor points, which it is scarcely possible to allude to more particularly here, will render you a most agreeable member of the Society to which you belong, and which it will be right to denounce everywhere else as the most execrable hole in London, in which you can get nothing fit either to eat or drink, but in which you, yourself, nevertheless, breakfast, dine, and sup, every day, when you are not otherwise engaged.

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