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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."

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IN TWO VOLUMES.

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REMAINS
OF
THEODORE E. HOOK.

POLITICAL SONGS, &c.

AN 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 upstarts 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, whiſt 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, Bathuſt, and colleagues he bow'd ;
 He courted their ſmiles, and attachment he vow'd ;
 Obtain'd 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 cover'd 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.*"

WHO'E'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 play'd by B—m, that of Wisdom by W—d,
 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 Brookes'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.

* 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.

C—e growl'd about rents, swore the funds ought to pay ;
 But B—g grimac'd, and R—o 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.
 Lord T—k stammer'd three words in her praise,
 And S—n his voice and his shoulders did raise ;
 And C—t his nose cock'd, and G—t cock'd his eye,
 And H—y G—y B—t pretended to cry
 For the Black Wig and her Character white.

F—m, that reverend proselyte rosé—
 (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 T—y 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 T—y 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.

S—y B—y, God bless him ! subscribed all his sense ;
 Of loyalty G—y made a gallant expense ;
 The Gospels Lord G—r flung down in a boast ;
 And E—e gave nobly—himself, as a toast ;
 For the Black Wig and her Character white.

Bald B—d, his still balder eloquence gave ;
 And B—n thought that his *coup d'œil* might save
 The Black Wig and her Character white.
 Big N—t bestow'd 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
 Suppos'd that his statesman-like views might avail her
 Black Wig and her Character white.
 Charles C—t and H—t their gentility join,
 And G—ll was ready his visage to coin ;
 And C—y, of other donations bereft,
 Subscribed all the courage that Warrender left,
 To the Black Wig and her Character white.

But some with whom nominal morals ran low,
 Contriv'd other modes their devotion to shew,
 To the Black Wig and her Character white.
 B—t gave the bond he recovered from Scott—
 And W—n the thanks in the field he had got—
 And L—r a visiting card of his rib's—
 And F—y a draft upon—Howard and Gibbs !
 For the Black Wig and her Character white.

But as to the rest it were tedious to sing,
 How they sacrificed love of their Country and King,
 To the Black Wig and her Character white.

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 ablu-tion :
 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 sevenpence,
 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 Hauk,
 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. Madocks, 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 roarings 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 Dinner.

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 of 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 *abe*.

“ 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 fall 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
Out-rivals Groves’, to all beholders ;
No one can see my good Lord S—n
But thinks of a *cod’s head and shoulders !*

“ B—m’s crooked shifts, and talents boasted,
His slippery tricks no more conceal :
Dragg’d 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'er 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 apace ;
 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
 C—y though he seldom rises ;
 Few his truths—but even *one*,
 Like unexpected light surprises.
 Oh, my crony C—y, dear,
 My gentle, bashful, graceful C—y,
 Others' lies
 May wake surprise,
 But *truth*, from you, my crony C—y.

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 C—y, dear,
 My simple, gentle, crony C—y,
 Office dress,
 Is gilded lace,
 A dress you 'll never wear, my C—y.

* Earl Grey, we presume.—ED.

Hobhouse hath a wit refin'd,
 But when its points are gleaming round us,
 Who can tell, if they 're design'd,
 To dazzle merely, or confound us.
 On the Treasury Bench, at ease,
 Londonderry still reposes ;
 Bed of peace!—Whose *roughest place*,
 Is still, my C—y a bed of roses.
 Oh!—my crony C—y, dear —
 My hungry, craving, crony C—y !
 While on roses
 He reposes,
 What's the use of counting noses !
 (Affettuoso) C— C— C—y.

WHILE HISTORY'S MUSE.

WHILE J—y G—e J—s 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-disant* betters,
 In vilely-form'd letters,
 The Doctor beheld little W——n's name !
 " Hail, imp of sedition !" he cried, while he nodded
 His head, and the spectacles drew from his eyes,
 " Magnanimous pigmy ! since Carlile's been *quoded*,
 We wanted some shopman, *about of your size* !
 For, though many we've had, yet unblest'd 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,

* In consequence of the imprisonment of himself and several assistants, Carlisle, 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.

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
 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 !

* 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

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.

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.

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 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 shew my visage again—'gain,
 I could ne'er shew 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 me-
 nagerie.

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 C—t, 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 C—y, “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 demolish’d,
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 grate-
ful 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 !

THEODORE HOOK.



“ 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 cou'd, sirs,
There was Duke San Lorenzo, with plenty of friends, O,
Great Sussex and Alderman Wood, sirs !
The Spaniards push'd 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 'm 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 !*

* 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

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 !

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 manning,
 He means for *his* Liverpool, Eldon, and Canning !
 He fears that his band
 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—

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, perhaps, would not choose such a Necker,
If he meant that his loans should e'er reach his Exchequer;

The treasurer, too,

Having nothing to do,

May *work at his his'try* 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 and 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 Ellenbro' 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 Maberly (*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 H—e—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 BUCKINGHAMSHIRE 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 labor'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 furnish'd 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, trowsered, 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 opportunit-
 y 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.

Good English Oak was all too tough
 To mould and bend at will—
 Too common—house-wife 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.

* On the change of ministry, and Mr. Canning's acceptance of the Premiership, April 1827.

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 which can be mov'd at will,
A master key to all—
Places contriv'd 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.

POLICE EXTRAORDINARY.*

TUESDAY last, Frederick Robinson was brought before the sitting magistrates at Bow-street, to answer to a charge of quitting his master's service without giving him due warning.

It appeared in evidence, that Robinson had some months ago engaged himself to drive the Sovereign stage-coach, but finding himself unable to manage the horses, and being also apprehensive of the issue of several complaints lodged against him at the next quarter-sessions for careless and unskilful driving, he, the said Robinson, did last Thursday se'nnight, just as the Sovereign was to leave London, quit the service of his master, and set off to some relations he has in Bedfordshire; since which time every effort had been made to get him back to his work without success.

The following examination will best explain the nature of the case:—

Magistrate.—Well, Robinson, what have you to say to all this?

Robinson.—Please your worship, I'll tell you the whole truth. I took the place because I likes to be doing, and thought I could do very well; but never having been used afore to work with *leaders*, vy the osses got the better o' me, and so I thought it best to be off, before any serious damage happened.

Magistrate.—Have you been long in your master's service?

* On the resignation of Lord Goderich, Dec. 1827.

Robinson.—Yes, sir, many years; and in his honour's father's sarvice too.

Magistrate.—And did you never try to drive before?

Robinson.—No, your worship. I vas first of all book-keeper, and then I had to pay the *men in the yard*, and look after the *corn bills*, and all that; and afterwards master set me up in the *Checquers*, and a prosperous time I had on 't there.

Magistrate.—And then you tried to better yourself?

Robinson.—Yes, sur, that was he; I thought driving would be good for my health, of which I am particularly careful at all times.

Magistrate.—Pray now, Robinson, speaking of health, didn't you dispute with your master about some allowance of spirits in bad weather?

Robinson.—Why, I believe I *did* say, your worship, that I thought he ought to make me an allowance of *hollands*.

Magistrate.—I thought you said you were careful of your health, and I am sure that would do you no good—was that all you haggled about?

Robinson.—I can't say as how it was, your worship. We don't, somehow, live comfortable in the yard, and I'm all for a quiet life; and I know'd about Christmas-time the coach would be loaded with *turkey*-baskets, and I didn't like such a cargo; and so I said to Sly-boots—

Magistrate.—Who is Sly-boots?

Robinson.—His name is George, only we calls him Sly-boots for shortness.

Magistrate.—What other name has he?

Robinson.—Tierney, your worship; and he and one Petty, which is a new sarvant, is always a quarrelling: and if Tierney speaks sharp to Petty, saving your worship's presence, he swears he'll take the broom to him; and it's not pleasant, by no means, living in that ere state of fantigue.

Magistrate.—Has Petty been long in the yard?

Robinson.—Master hired him to stay at home and take care of the office when I took to driving: he has been in sarvice afore, but they don't trust him to drive now, because when he did drive he *ris* all the fares nearly double what they vas ven he first come to us.

Magistrate.—Are you aware that your master has been put to considerable inconvenience by your absenting yourself?

Robinson.—I'm sure I'm wery sorry to illconvenience any gemman, your worship, but it's better for me to go afore any wery bad accident happens. I did recommend him a steady chap to take my place, and master sent for him, and offered to set him up in the *Star and Garter*, as well as let him drive, but he would not *handle the ribands*, and so it all blowed over.

Magistrate.—Why did you recommend that person without knowing whether he would take the place?

Robinson.—I knew he had always been an uncommon good *Rider*, your worship, so I thought he might like to drive, but truth is, the team master has got don't draw well together, and so I told him.

Magistrate.—Don't you think, Robinson, you had better go back to your place?

Robinson.—Just as your worship pleases: one of my fellow-sarvants did go back after quitting.

Magistrate.—Who is he?

Robinson.—Old Nick, please your worship, what drives the *Bexley Van*.

Magistrate.—Do you know Ben Tinck?

Robinson.—I do, sir; a Dutch lad: he be now in sarvice abroad.

Magistrate.—D' ye think he would do for coachman?

Robinson.—He may, your worship, for all I know: some of his family did drive once, but whether it were his father or his mother, I can't rightly recollect.

Magistrate.—That is, you don't recollect whether it was a mail-coachwoman or a female coachman?

Robinson.—He, he, he—he, he.

Magistrate.—Do you know Ward?

Robinson.—Which Ward, your worship?

Magistrate.—Jack Ward.

Robinson.—Oh, the Dudley boy? Yes, your worship, and a sharp, clever lad he be.

Magistrate.—Would he do to drive?

Robinson.—I rather thinks as how he wouldn't, your worship. He did belong to the Opposition, but when that concern failed, he comed over to the Crown, to master. I believe he has given warning, your worship. His father has left him a lump of money, and he don't understand *out of doors' work* much, and I believe he is a-going as fast as he can.

Magistrate.—Well now, Robinson, I have been consulting with Sir Richard here; we don't wish to

be hard upon you: will you go back to your place till your master is suited?

Robinson.—I've no objection whatsoever, provided always, your worship, that I am let to go before the sessions, which begins the 22nd of next month.

Magistrate.—Why, you are not afraid or ashamed of anything you have done, Robinson?

Robinson.—Both, and please your worship. I never meant wrong; but things have all gone wrong, and the sooner I get to *rest* the better pleased I shall be.

Magistrate.—But if your master should not get a servant he can trust?

Robinson.—Why then, sir, master must get a coach as will go by steam: it would be the making of Squire Lambton, your worship; and as for hot water, the Opposition will keep 'um in that.

Magistrate.—Robinson, you are a wag.

Robinson.—Your worship is the first gemman as ever was pleased to say so.

Magistrate.—Well, will you go back for the present?

Robinson.—Why, sir, it's of no use, for I can't neither drive nor *lead* without fear of accident; but if you pleases to speak to master, I have no objection to stay over Christmas with him, but I won't go and be badgered up at the sessions.

Magistrate.—Go your way then, Robinson, and we'll see what can be done for you.

Robinson.—Good morning, your worship, and thank you.

Robinson left the office, and, we believe, has arranged to remain in his present place for a few days, until his master is suited.

EPIGRAM.

ON THE POPIISH 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 Heretics and *Herrieses*."*

THE DEAN.

A Dean from the North to London 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.

* 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 !"

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.

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 F— 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 F— with delicate dishes,
 And whispered of *congées d'élire*.

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 MIRE for night-cap 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 Papists 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-COLORED 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 fired 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 ? *

To end the thing, they shewed 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.

* “*Voilà le douzième ;*” some say it was “*Voilà le treizième.*”

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 *inter-*
vention;
Fifty thousand "*moustaches*," tho' 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.

While Charlie's hopes were kept alive,
 The Crown, of Tories jealous,
 Connived at all our arts to thrive,
 And thought our friendship zealous ;

* 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."

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.

REMAINS OF

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 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 niggars 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 guest!—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 straight-forward 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 Dogs'-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.*”

THEODORE HOOK.



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,
Vill 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 we,
 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-pol-i-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.

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 compting-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 and Miss Lavinia Ramsbottom.
 Mr. O'Reilly Miss Frances Hogsflesh.
 A French Count (*name un-*
known) 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 Limehouse 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 ear-rings *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 "*All's 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;

BY

DOROTHEA JULIA RAMSBOTTOM.

“HAvING often heard travellers lament not having put down what they call 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 explode 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 come 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 Fields, 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;

* Rhododendron? *Print. Dev.*

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 archypiscopal 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 Diorama 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 *tete-à-tete* 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.

"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 seemed 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.

“ 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 qua 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

* Immortal bard of Avon? *Print. Dev.*

was so barbarously murdered some years ago near Ratcliffe-highway: 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 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 mattrass, with a basin by my side, and said that was my birth. I thought it would have been my death, for I never was 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 democrats 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 billiary ducks 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

* 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

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 Doctor 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 be a prodigious heavy man to have left such a deep mark in the stone—we were surrounded by commissioners, who were so hospitable as to press us to go to their houses without any ceremony. Mr. Fulmer shewed our pass-ports to a poor old man, with a bit of red riband tied to his button-hole, and we went before

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.”

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 Lavinia 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 court-yard.

“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 lickure 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; however, 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 dispatches; 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 Saint 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, where 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 pavillion, 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 Tedium 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 two pence, 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 shewing me a dignified clergyman of the Church of England and his wife, a eating away like any thing.

“ 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 every body 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 amaranthus, is ill-disposed with a cold and guttar, contracted by visiting the Hecatombs last week, I send this without her little billy which she usually sends:—my second daughter has sprained her tender hercules 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 Hullabaloo, 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 beau-

tiful, 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 Anglehome 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 a 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 odd 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 dolly-graph 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 a pease-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. Fulmer had not got me a *café 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 Marseilles, distant from this about ten miles; it is indeed a beautiful place. There we saw the great *Owes* 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 ankle 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 particular, 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 (doubtlessly 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; any thing that is very shameful they call Hunt, but whether they mean John, Henry, Joseph, or Leigh, I cannot

* 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 Cambaceres, which occurred about this time.

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 crame 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, 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 Steers'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 statues, 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 of 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 statue 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 grupe, but the young women appeared tipsy, which is an odd state to be drawn in—the statue of Many-laws is very fine, and so is Cupid and Physic, different from the one which I noticed before.

Mr. Fulmer shewed 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 overeats himself in the city—we had some stewed Angles, 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 union 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. RAMSBÖTTOM.

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 Dally-ganger, 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 committ 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 too—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 transfiguration, 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 'Fore-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 revelries—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 tির. 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?*

* 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*.

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.

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—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 Dulcimer Amelrosa—Macarty is, to my mind, little better than a bad translation of all-fours into French; but above all, I cannot bare 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.

20364

P. S.—I have some notion of taking a country house near London, but am divided at present between Acton and Corydon.

LETTER VIII.

Montagu 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,

THEODORE HOOK.



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 every body 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 pays 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 peculations. 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 as 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 reprit 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 Bowfeeze (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 a coming home through St. Giles's (which is the only way to this), and there was too women a fighting in the street, and Delcroy 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 Delcroy 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 Dicks 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 cry 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 execution as Muscles on the piano-forte, or Key-sweater on the fiddle; they play the late Mr. Weaver's overture to OBrien 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.

Montagu 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 picked of some nice young inions, which I had juit 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 evely 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 Warrener 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 account 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 do 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^d woman—I suppose there is no chance of her being confined in consequence of her going with them. Have you heard Madame Toeso? 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, 1826.

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 now. 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 was 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 Miliary 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 cretur himself; and pray tell me if you have heard any news from Portingal of the Don. Major Macpherson calls him Don *M'Gill*, 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 innphaleeds. Lavinia has got hold of a book called *Book-archy*, 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 practise; but I told him I thought he had better practise 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 fort-

night 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 saucyity. The young one is a feline creature as ever trod shoe leather. The other is more of an orty crackter, with very high sprits. They are indeed quite Theliar 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 impotencé,—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 't 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 married, and has a firm hornee—the sheep he has, is called marinos, because it is near the sea; and thèir wool is so fine that they fold them up every night, which I had nò 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 henry 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 called 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 surprising—he is very antick 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 sell 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 kennel 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 Blockhead 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, 1827.

MY DEAR B.,—I have taken a trumpery residence hear for the seeson 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' plock with you. I cannot make out what makes you such a stench Protestant; poor dear Mr. Ram never could bear Póppery, but I am afraid he was a biggoat at bottom, for the mounsheer which marred my second tells me that it is a sweat religion, and that you can always get abluion 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 infallibility—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 gratiſg for the people to kiss.

I should have liked to be in Room when the con-cave 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 hōp to see the day when all extinction of religion is fotgot, 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 standurd 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 Catlicks—why, we are decanters 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 pyehouse, and demure, and desunt, in everything good and propper.

Why do *you* know, Mr. B., the Quacker ladies goes down to Grinnage, and Woolidge, and Popular, and the Isle of Docks, and all them parts, to phissit the poor feemale convix, which is aboat 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 pitty to send out the pretty Lassenies, they are some on 'em so juvenal. Oh, Muster B. what must their Rum and essence be when they relects 'Tim past—some on 'em if they are hard working merrytorious gulls, gêt 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 keeps 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 Guvenqr a Darling—but it seems wretched work—to hope for happiness 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 Pizarowneye is a bootiful singer—I dont much like Specky, and as for Mountijelly she harn't got no vice—not what I call a sweet vice—Miss Blazes is harmonias, but I see by the bills that that they have denounced an Angel and a Devil to act, which I do not think *come il pho*. I have not seen Suck Kelly, nor 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'Connor 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 Wenerables 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 iconomical, 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 Chis-sick 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 socked 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 resat 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 rot a whole account of it in verse, 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 virses is still missing; however, wherever there is a ole in the ballad I will supply the placé with my pros, so as to make it a jint produxion just likè Bowman and Flesher, or Merton and Reinholds, or Mathews and Yates.

Fulmer begins thus, to your favourite 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 Marabos 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 shan'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 leeks ;

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 coachstand 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 verse 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 parisoles ; 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 cretures 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 squashy, 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 ondertook 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* trowsers, 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 cretures, just like pigs with their noses in the troffs, agin the wall, a heating

and a heating, and a grunting and a grumbling, 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 cock pot 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 to make up my jennys worth; but if you'll believe me dear B. (I didn't care for the muck I was a 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, cum down quite blue. I had a glass of Bucephalus, three big glasses of celery Shimpain (which shews 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 genteel-men 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 verse 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 beautifully 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 very 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 eat 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 scarce got out of the heating place when down it come agin, and we was obliged to run for it—(I don't run very expédishus at any time, much less after what I had eat)—and got into what is called the committee-room, a 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 Tyrrelease Pheasants, and sich a silly gull a asking them all manner of foolish questions about their singeing their Tyrrelease 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 shew 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, shewed 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 inebriated, 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 morning; 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, make 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. Wilkinson's 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 any thing 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, 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 mirey 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 ; once seated there, the sickly eye of speckled Jealousy, or Envy's snakey 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 shews 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 case, 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 any thing 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 shew 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 wreathing 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 eye-balls flash as with the fixed glare of expiring nature. Heard you that groan? poor animal. They have began 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 twitched 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 tormenters. 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 o'er day, and week after week, to keep the lips of the gaping, throbbing, aching wounds asunder, to close 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 lisping 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 painting 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 (somewhat 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 shewing 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.

THE LIBERAL.

[JOHN BULL, 1822.]

WE perceive an eulogium passed on the Sheriffs of Norwich the other day for having done their duty to the letter in attending the execution of some malefactors in that city. We feel it an equally unpleasant task, for the sake of public justice, to quote into our paper some of the nonsensical blasphemy which has appeared, during the week, in a magazine called the "Liberal."

To analyse a work which, in all probability, will never reach a second number,—certainly, not a third,—may appear needless; but it is not so, because we believe that by making a few extracts we shall effectually prevent the spreading of a contagion, which other writers are endeavouring to cure.

There have been (shame be to those who have so prostituted their abilities) blasphemous parodies written by Whigs, in which something like talent exhibited itself; we should instance the infamous productions of that great Whig favourite, Sir Charles Hanbury Williams, whose works Lord Holland has, with a most amiable and Christian-like care, edited for the edification of the rising generation.* Others there are which it is quite unnecessary here to recapitulate; suffice it to say, that there were marks of

* Sir Charles Hanbury Williams composed an impious parody on the Athanasian Creed, &c.

something like genius in those things, but in the poetry of the "Liberal," the most inveterate dulness, the most unadorned abominations, the most bungling versification, bad taste, and even bad grammar, stare one in the face. We will not, however, waste time in vituperating that to the just censure of which no words are adequate; but, painful as is the task, lay before our readers a few extracts from this Italianized Cockney magazine.

The preface, full of liberal opinions, is so decidedly dull that we pass it over, merely observing that the suicide of the Marquis of Londonderry is made a matter of merriment, which occupies the space of several pages. What such writers say on such subjects, it is true, can have little effect; because the wretched Shelley, the fellow who denied his God, and for selling whose infamous writings Clark was convicted this very week, is called "the noblest of human beings," and so on; but when we turn to the "Vision of Judgment," we feel it our duty simply to quote a few of its verses. We will be sparing of comment—the horrible blasphemy requires none.

Opposition to a disapproved system, the sharpest scrutiny into the actions of our rulers, the most jealous support of the democracy, all—all may be palliated, all approved,—because there is an end to gain, a purpose to be fulfilled, perhaps an advantage to be reaped; but to attack a departed monarch in his grave, who, had he been the worst, instead of one of the best of kings, has passed away from human judgment, and to ridicule the two great calamities

under which he laboured,—to burlesque the hopes of happiness and the great promise of the Almighty to man, merely to vituperate him who never injured a human being; and on whose memory the country dwells as on that of a parent; to sneer at his domestic virtues—to load with personal abuse a dead woman—and a Queen—who formed and shared that King's domestic happiness for more than half a century—a pattern to her sex—seem to us to be acts of such cold-blooded atrocity, that the gross stupidity of the verses themselves, which renders them contemptible even as a magazine contribution, cannot upon the score of pity for their folly, save the author from the execration of all men, of all parties, of all sects, and of all denominations, who have one spark of devotion to their God, or one atom of respect for themselves.

Surely, the Attorney-General will not suffer this execrable and idiotic performance to escape the punishment it deserves. The blasphemies of Shelley, gross and infernal as they were, were light, compared to the detailed burlesque of the heavenly kingdom which is contained in this farrago of absurdity. We say, and we say it in the pure spirit of justice, that if the poor little wretched Waddington is to be imprisoned for selling, to get his livelihood, the blasphemies of mere plebeians, he who has framed this horrible disgusting poem, without actually wanting bread (for other things than poverty can exile men), deserves a ten-fold visitation of the law.

These levellers cannot object rank to the operation of a wholesome law, and as they do not profess a

belief in future rewards or punishments, what can restrain these heartless atheists, but the arm of temporal correction?

The prose is beneath all criticism: nothing we can find untinged by that chimney-sweeping school of cockneyism, which even treason and blasphemy fail to invigorate. We certainly must quote three epigrams on the death of Lord Londonderry, as a wind-up of our observations on the infamous part of the work: they are brutal in their spirit, and as wretched in their composition, as the things one sees inserted in the poetical department of the "Morning Chronicle," which department, we should suppose, is not a little indebted to the persons who conduct the "Italian-Cockney Magazine." The epigrams follow:—

I.

"Oh! Castlereagh, thou art a patriot now;
Cato died for his country—so didst thou;
He perished rather than see Rome enslaved;
Thou cut'st thy throat, that Britain may be saved."

II.

"So! Castlereagh has cut his throat!—the worst
Of this is—that his own was not the first."

III.

"So he has cut his throat at last—he?—who?—
The man who cut his country's long ago."

* * * * *

And this is the poetry of my Lord Byron's new magazine! There certainly is a woeful falling off in

this from the "Corsair," or the "Giaour," of which, by the way, nobody remembers two lines. Lord Byron's poems are like drams—they do very well to excite for the moment; but a constant use of them is never contemplated, except by the vulgar and depraved. One thing, however, in justice to his lordship's taste as a man,—although we cannot think much of him as a poet,—we ought to mention, which we do with the less scruple as he mentions it himself. We mean, that he is weary and sick to death of the Hunts; he repents that he ever went into partnership with them in the money-making speculation of the magazine. He writes word that "Hunt is a bore: he is," says his lordship, "a proser; Mrs. Hunt is no great things; and the six children perfectly untractable."

We perceive, however, notwithstanding this wipe at the babes, that the little ones share the literary labours of his lordship; for the "Chronicle," in giving an account of the removal of the firm, has these words: "Lord Byron, Mr. Leigh Hunt and family, and Mrs. Shelley and family, are removed from Pisa to the neighbourhood of Genoa, and are preparing materials for the second number of 'The Liberal.'"

We should think the children must have done the greatest part of the first number of "The Liberal." We shall see if it improves; or, at least, we shall see whether it succeeds better without his lordship than with him, in the next publication.

There are hundreds of men in the world who would rather be called knaves than fools ; amongst the number, is Byron. All the attacks upon his immorality, his indecency, his profaneness and profligacy, are ineffectual either in mending his taste or curing his vanity ; but when he is shewn up for folly or plagiarism, or for doing that, which he frequently does, writing nonsense, his pride is wounded, and the hope of doing him good greatly strengthened.

Amongst all his works, his "Prisoner of Chillon" is with the author an important favourite ; to say that part of it is trash, would be to talk sacrilegiously—to say that the most affecting lines in it are stolen, would be to talk ridiculously—but when we have requested the attention of our readers to the following Enigma from the "Temple of Wit !" and subsequently to one of the most beautiful passages of his Lordship's Poem, we shall have done our duty to the *original author*, whoever he may be.

" ENIGMA.

"As I was going to St. Ives,
 I met seven wives,
 Each wife had a sack,
 Each sack had a cat,
 Each cat had a kit,
 In the sack along with it ;
 How many kits, cats, sacks, and wives,
 Were there going to St. Ives ?"

Now read we the following palpable imitation.

"There are seven pillars of Gothic mold,
 In Chillon's dungeon dark and cold :
 There are seven columns massy and gray,
 Dim with a dull imprisoned day ;

And in each pillar there is a ring,
 And in each ring there is a chain,
 That iron is a cankering thing,
 For in the limbs its teeth remain.

* * *

They chained us three to a column of stone,
 And we were three, yet each alone,
 And thus together, yet apart,
 Fettered in hand, but proud in heart,
 'Twas still some solace in the dearth
 Of the pure elements of earth,
 To hearken to each other's speech,
 And each turn comforter to each."

That this is perfectly sublime there is not a boarding-school miss who is allowed to read Byron's works, who will not readily assert—let us ask what it wants to make the imitation of the original perfect, except these lines:—

“How many youths, rings, chains, and columns of stone
 Were there in Chillon's Dungeon lone?”

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. Plumptree, 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. Plumptree 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 Re-proof, 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 butcher's. 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 overdrives 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 "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* dispatches 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 call “*The Experienced Butcher*,” published by Darton and Harvey, Gracechurch-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 mention 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 William.* 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 *denouement* 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', 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. Plumtree 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.—1826.*

[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

* This work, written by the late Dr. Dillon, a once popular preacher, is now extremely scarce, most of the copies having been bought up.

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 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 shew 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 virid 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, certainty, 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 Wen-

ables—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 Dun-

stable 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 necessary 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*.

Scarce 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 shewing 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 gave 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’s 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 champed exceedingly on the bits by which their impetuosity was restrained.

“ The murmur of expectation, which had lasted for more than half an hour, amongst the 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 pace 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 appear-

ance 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 in-

stance 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 chay,—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 the 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 S.S. (Quere, A.SS.) 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 Prælector in Arabic; 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 academicals, 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 Lockhart, 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, shews, 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 charge 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 starveling ribs of the poor animal that carried him with kicks and cudgel; who in a moment dashed briskly forward, snuffing and snorting, across the fields. In the eagerness of his flight the doughty mes-

senger 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, stationary—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 his 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.

PARIS IN 1829-30. BY LADY MORGAN.

It is our good fortune to-day to be able to report upon the new work of Lady Morgan, called *Paris in 1829-30*; and we have no hesitation in saying that it certainly equals, if it does not excel, any of her Ladyship's former productions.

We are not singular in our admiration of the highly-gifted authoress—everybody in the known world agrees with us. Nothing ever was comparable with Lady Morgan; her power, her influence, her attractions, and her popularity. Before we begin a review of the work itself, the reader shall have a few specimens of them—all from the most unquestionable authority—*Miladi* herself.

After eulogizing Paris as the most delightful place in the world, and the Rue Rivoli as far beyond the orange vales and jasper palaces of the Alhambra, the sublimity of the Andes, the grandeur of the Alps, and the beauties of the lake of Killarney—the said Rue Rivoli being, both in point of elevation and position, as inferior to Carlton-terrace as the Pont-neuf is to Waterloo-bridge,—*Miladi* begins to lament Denon, the friend of Voltaire, and the intimate of Napoleon: he was dead, and could not therefore hold out his hand to receive her; but he was a courtier, a diplomatist, an author, an artist, an antiquarian, &c. “All this,”

says Miladi, "was Denon; but though he were not all, nor any of this, still he suited me. I suited him—the same follies made us laugh"—Oh, fie!—"the same crimes made us sad"—Oh, dear!—"there was between us, that sympathy," &c. &c.—Poor Denon, like all the fine people her Ladyship talks of, in her "Book of the Boudoir," is dead; so she may say exactly what she likes.

Madame de Villette, the *belle et bonne* of Voltaire—who was a link between the last age and the present—gone for ever—and Talma, dead—Langlois, dead—Lanjuinais and M. Ginguené, dead—How they do die at Tadcaster, Miladi. Dead as they were, she kept them on her list; and when she scratched their names out, felt as if she was throwing dirt upon their graves!

" I sits with my feet in a brook—
 If any one asks me for why,
 I hits him a lick with my crook,
 And says, sentiment kills me, says I."

Her Ladyship is quite shocked at finding Paris so Anglicised; quits a shop in a fever, because she finds English manufactures preferred to French; and goes madder than usual when Sir Charles receives a present of a flask of genuine poteen; to which insanity she gives vent in a style, to us utterly unintelligible.

Her Ladyship blames the English for associating with each other—people who have any acquaintance with their own countrymen, or women, naturally do—those who cannot get into society where they are known, always take advantage of the opportunity of

mixing with strangers.—Her Ladyship talks of “habitually encountering faces in Rotten-row,” a place fashionable, it is true, quite within her Ladyship’s memory, but which, at present is a desert. The fashionable world, since the triumphs of the Duke of Wellington over the caitiff Buonaparte, have transferred the scene of gaiety to the vicinity of his Grace’s residence, and the course selected by them is called “The Wellington.”

Her Ladyship dines, one day, with Patrick Lattin, Esq., “where the society is chosen with reference to no other qualities than merit and agreeableness;” after dinner, a Paris dandy hoaxes her with a sham story of some man being in distress, which, between her not understanding French particularly well, which puzzled her a good deal, and picking out here and there, a word or two of the terrible, set her Ladyship crying—because it reminded her of one Tom Dermody—upon which, the wicked and insinuating Mounsheer confesses he has been quizzing her, which, of course, puts Miladi in a passion; but the dandy brings her round in the twinkling of an eye, by telling her that he took his first colour of literary opinion from *her* France—“you have long been deemed, in France, a champion of romanticism, and whatever popularity you enjoy as a writer, here, you owe it to this belief;”—the gentleman (we conclude an imaginary character) said a great many more things, dropped his hat, when the servant announced somebody else, and retired.

The gentleman who succeeds the other gentleman tells my Lady a story exactly the reverse—compares

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her to Moliere, and tells her that though her works produced her a few admirers, "they arrayed all France against her."—She then sees her name in a poetry book, thus—

" *Stendhal*, MORGAN, Schlégel—ne vous effrayez pas Muses ! *ce sont des noms fameux dans nos climats.*"

At page 215—she tells us that a French gentleman told her that the *delicatesse Française* would never endure, in a tragedy, such a phrase as the "early village cock." We are not aware of the indelicacy of the phrase either in tragedy or comedy, but we suppose Lady Morgan and her French friend are. The whole of the dialogue, of which this observation forms part, is remarkable only for the excessive stupidity of one of the persons who are engaged in it—which of the two, delicacy and nationality prevent our even surmising. In fact, there is too much about play-houses and players in the book altogether to be at all edifying. It is natural that Miladi should stick to her old habits and prejudices; people contaminated with stage-cant and stage-trickery, never shake it off—Lady Morgan smells very strongly of the lamp, although her book does not.

We find, however, that in the course of a quarter of an hour, her room was filled with a miscellaneous circle of men of fashion and of literature, artists and professors of every shade of opinion on the prevailing topic of the day. How delightful—what a contrast to Dublin, or London—where Miladi may roast her pretty little feet on the fender from morning till night, unsought and unknown. This ac-

counts for the partiality of certain people to foreign countries.

Miladi goes to Baron Gerard's *conversazione*, one Wednesday; when, amongst the many recognitions of old friends, and the presentations!—presented to Lady Morgan!—of new—“I observed,” says Miladi, “a young man, who looked at me so intensely, that I thought he might be one of the ‘thousand and one’ particular friends, whose acquaintance I had made in Italy,” &c. It turns out to be an artist, who wanted to do her Ladyship's bust. Her Ladyship says, the “bust was a bore.” If her Ladyship found it so, what must everybody else have felt on the subject. However, the artist had made a great statue of the great Condé, which was too large for the place it was fixed in, on the Pont Louis XVI., and so Lady Morgan knew the author of the statue of Condé must be in her way!—and then she describes the many pleasant hours they afterwards spent in his study in the Faubourg.

M. David, the artist in question, is celebrated for a beautiful bas-relief, representing Fenelon driving home a cow, which Miladi pronounces a work “of touching fidelity to nature.” How many archbishops her Ladyship may have seen driving cows, we cannot presume to say; and how, without experience in that line, her Ladyship knows that its fidelity to nature is touching, we do not presume to understand.

At page 318, her Ladyship, deep blue and deep red as she is, gives the following account of her occupations at Paris, which at once explains the real cause of her admiration of, and devotion to, that city.

“ Nothing can be more delightful, more instructive, more amusing, than our mornings at Paris. One goes through a course of literature, science, arts, politics, philosophy, and fashion, *tout en courant!* laughing, arguing, gossiping, lounging on sofas, running in and out of public and private edifices and collections, each in itself a museum, assisting (as the French phrase it) at sittings and societies for the promotion of *belles lettres*, morals, education, agriculture, manufactures, religion, and charity,”—her Ladyship, in the scale of precedence, places these two last in her list—“from the royal and accredited ‘Institute’ as by law established, to the self-authorized *Société Philotechnique*, composed of *les enfans de bonnes lettres*, of both sexes, or to the amateur concert where,” &c. &c. It was this course of proceeding on the part of her Ladyship, this gallopade of intellect, that obtained for her the name of Morgan Rattler, which seems most admirably suited to her great and almost marvellous activity, her extraordinary good-nature, and the volubility with which she lets out everything she can—good, bad, right, wrong, wise, or foolish. Her Ladyship adds—“In other capitals you *may* live and learn, but in Paris you *must*.” As in all very genteel societies “the present company is always excepted,” so we presume that in literature, the author is always out of the question. We confess we see no evidence of this involuntary improvement in her Ladyship, although she has been working away for a good many years.

Her Ladyship, not content with going through the bore of a bust by David, was so pleased with his per-

formance that she made him try his hand at a medal ; and the moment it was known that her Ladyship was to be caught, like a hen sitting in her nest, all Paris came to call upon her. "From twelve till four," says her Ladyship, "my little salon was a congress composed of the representatives of every vocation of arts, letters, science, bon ton, and philosophy ; in which, as in the Italian Opera boxes of Milan and Naples, the comers and goers succeeded each other as the narrow limits of the space required that "the earliest visitor should make room for the last arrival." Her Ladyship, we know, is very fond of foreign customs ; but if she had ever seen the interior of an Italian Opera-box in London, she need not have gone abroad for her simile. Then follows a list of all the people who came to her salon—Mr. B. from America, and a Don Arandanda, an *attaché* to the Court of the little Princess of Gran Para, and the Prince and Princess of Salmes from their feudal castle on the Rhine. Miladi talks here of feudal castles and feudal rights in a very queer way for a Liberal ; and Signor Barbero, and Doctor Benati, and a friend of her Ladyship's "with young fresh tones," who sang to David while David modelled, "and they came in and went out successively ; each," says her Ladyship, "leaving behind them, a votive offering—of an "agreeable impression." What that means in English, we cannot pretend to say.

Her Ladyship proceeds to eulogise the young nobility, "who seem half ashamed of their titles, which are no longer in harmony with public opinion, and they very commonly drop them on their visiting

tickets." We suppose her Ladyship means by dropping them on their visiting tickets, that they rub them off. But perhaps her Ladyship does not know that there are people upon whom great men call, who think it more convenient to do so *incog*. However, if her Ladyship is so enamoured with the custom, why does not she drop the Lady Morgan on her visiting ticket? A person who possesses in right of her husband only the very meanest mark of distinction that the law of England tolerates, might gratify her republican feelings without any very great sacrifice.

Her Ladyship describes the Duchess of Berri as a genuine lover and a liberal patroness of the arts. This, Miladi attributes to her Royal Highness's "Italian organization," and leaves it to philosophy to determine whether the "power which widens the circle of agreeable sensations"—whatever that may be—"confers real advantages over the state and torpid vitality of an oyster."

At page 349, Lady Morgan praises the exquisite, seducing beauty of Pauline Buonaparte. "I remember," says Miladi, "her shewing me, when in Rome, the tiara, in which she is here represented (in a picture); it is of large emeralds, set with diamonds." Prodigious!—not like *Lady Macbeth's* at the Dublin playhouse, of tin foil and green glass.—"While Miladi was telling this, Grassini was humming"—not a solo we suspect.

Her Ladyship is pleased, at p. 475, to disapprove of Sir Walter Scott's novels; he neither makes her Ladyship cry, nor laugh enough—his heroes are poor creatures—it is fine scene painting; but Fielding—

she dare not trust herself to speak of him—it is not admiration—“it is idolatry that I feel for Fielding.” Her Ladyship admits in a note, however, that Sir Walter’s muse is a muse of “facundity,” but he is not moral enough for her. Not moral enough for the author of the “Wild Irish Girl!” Poor Sir Walter!

Her Ladyship goes to a sort of readings and music, and from not understanding the language, naturally falls asleep; and afterwards the gentleman, who had not only written but spoken the speech, which soothed her to snoring, begged permission to lay the manuscript at her Ladyship’s feet.

It would be taxing the patience of the reader to follow her Ladyship through her heavy abuse of England, its people, its laws, its customs, and its government, all of which she might have spared herself, and her publisher, even at half-price, by going away, bag and baggage, and living in Paris at once; but we cannot conclude without stating one fact. Her Ladyship went to dine with one of those spectacle and sealing-wax barons, Rothschild, at Paris; where never was such a dinner, no “catsup and walnut pickle—but a *mayonese* fried in ice, like Ninon’s description of Seveigne’s heart”—what a nice idea—and to all this fine show, she was, of course, led out by Rothschild himself. After the soup, for “who,” says Miladi, “would say a word before it,” she took an opportunity of praising the cook, of whom she had heard much.

“Eh, bien,” says Rothschild, laughing, as well he might, “he, on his side, has also relished your works, and here is a proof of it.”

“I really blush,” says Miladi, “like Sterne’s ac-

cusing spirit, as I give in the fact—but—he pointed to a column of the most ingenious confectionary architecture, on which my name was inscribed in spun sugar.”

There was a thing—Lady Morgan in spun sugar ! And what does the reader think her Ladyship did ? She shall tell in her own dear words :—

“ All I could do, under my triumphant emotion, I did—I begged to be introduced to the celebrated and flattering artist.” It is a fact—to the cook ; and another fact, which only shews that the Hebrew baron is a Jew *d’esprit*, is, that after coffee, the cook actually came up and was presented to her—“ He,” says her Ladyship, “ was a well-bred gentleman, perfectly free from pedantry, and when we had mutually complimented each other on our respective works, he bowed himself out,” &c.

After that, we think we need say no more. The ease with which this literary veteran tumbled into the spun sugar trap of Baron Moses and his man, is quite marvellous. One thing only remains to be added—a letter from La Fayette, which is put in an appendix as a great catch. It is written, not by La Fayette, but from his dictation, and is about her Ladyship’s acknowledging ten pounds which he had sent her. If it was for her works, the General ought to know that they are now selling at half-price, and that he ought to have—to be sure, nothing very desirable—double the quantity he could have got last year for the same money.

Sir Charles Morgan’s article on primogeniture is short, but we have not read that, nor any other, which

her Ladyship points out as his; they are of a different character and style, and it would do a reader great injustice to mix anything with the delightful matter of Miladi herself, who has given us a treat in this work, far beyond anything we could have derived from a rational book, upon the subject about which her charming work professes to be written.

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,) 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 the true spirit of Sir Charles Hanbury Williams, (that splendid example of delicacy and pure taste, furnished to the

* 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.

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 labour-ed 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 microscopic 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 mis-interpretation 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, supposed 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 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, 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 later 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 so-

ciety, 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 sun-flower! 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 “beautiful 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 an 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 unclose
 Two wings, magnificent as those
 That sparkle round the Eternal Throne.”

And *sans ceremonie* up she goes, surrounded by light, while he tries in vain, much after the manner of one of old Coke's over-fattened turkies, 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 wills 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, doubtlessly, 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

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 yon 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 cere-

mony," 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 entrusted 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 a-jar!"

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 footprints 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.

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, paff, 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 packet-boat, 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 muckadamizing is no improvement. Puddles for purbecks is a 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. Hock 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 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 screwed 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 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 shew 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 Manton's and percussions, 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.

THEODORE HOOK.



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 love to give upright adversaries fair play in your paper: I differ with Mr. Brown, and perhaps you will give me the opportunity of shewing 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 "rogues' 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 conceive, 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 coarsenesses to which they are now subject; for you are of course aware that as the progress of learning exhibits itself amongst, 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, 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-sowers, 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 conceive to be extremely important, is the constant employment 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 washer-woman'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 scissors, which she was some time in looking for: in the meantime 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. H.

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. Pitt had lost her scissors, 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. H.

C A R D S.

THE dowagers are all in high spirits. Cards are come into fashion: and after a banishment of ten or twelve years, we have whist and *écarté* in the greatest possible force.

There is nothing without a reason, somebody says—and we believe it. It has been calculated in the best society, that there have been fewer marriages, annually, by one-third, since quadrilles have superseded English country-dances than before.

The long, straggling lines of girls, separated from their *chaperones*, in an English country-dance, when the greater part of their time was spent in standing still, were much better adapted for those gentle murmuring dialogues which so often “come to something at last,” than the exhibition of quadrilles, where the intricacies of the figure and the difficulty of doing it

well, require the full stretch of ordinary intellect, and supersede the half-serious, half-nonsensical conversations, which not unfrequently terminated very satisfactory to all parties.

This effect was so visibly felt last year, that even in the very best houses there ran a rumour of the restoration of English country dances: but the idea was abandoned, as too serious an innovation, and the difficulty has been met by a half-measure—that of withdrawing the *chaperones* into another room.

The life of a dowager with daughters is nearly as laborious and as dull as that of her own coachman. One sits outside of the door and the other on the inside; but, except to see how their daughters get on, and when they are likely to get off, these poor old bodies (for the last ten years) have had nothing to do but to sit still and wait to take the young bodies home again.

In this state of watchfulness the eye of the matron detected (quite by way of amusement) any mistake in the figure of the quadrille, or any little levity in the conduct of the girl; and what between dancing well and behaving well, the poor young creatures might as well have been cotillionizing with a party of Egyptian mummies, as to any view of matrimony.

But now that cards are come, and some amusement can be found for the *chaperones* in other rooms, everything looks well, and we have little doubt, that since those dreadful “wet blankets,” the elderly ladies, are (by this manœuvre) put away, quadrilles (particularly with occasional waltz figures) will be made as

available to the great end of matrimony as "Drops of Brandy," or "Off she goes," in the olden time.

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 expences 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 Letherhead, 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 Chateau 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 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 sorrow 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 we 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 Panorama—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 Irish woman, 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 mackerel, 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 club 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 Saddler'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, Whit-Sunday 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 donkeys, 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 altogether at our deplorable state.

When arrived there, how did they conduct themselves?—They threw themselves into the most extra-

vagant 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 *desagremens* 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 over-stocked 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 mis-rule. 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 cure 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 anti-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 hereabouts, 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 regulations 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 twelve-months 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 farm-yard 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 somewhat 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 clas-

sical 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 matters 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 authorised 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 Šir —, 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 dispatched 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 *écarte* 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. Acland, 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 Tadcaster.—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 sub-

ject 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, 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 armed-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 every body'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 him 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 a half and half sort of Radicals—the cloven foot of nobility is perpetually peeping out, they wont give altogether into 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 ungenteel 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 your '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 so 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 mimini, 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 turn'd him off ! He 's gone ! I 've made the ninny stir
His stumps ! For on my stomach his pat'netic,
His cockney rurals, drivellings, phrases sinister
And affectations act as an emetic.

Besides, he thinks he 's fit to be prime minister !
The whimpering, simpering, Horse-monger 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* ! *

* On Mr. Coke's (Earl of Leicester) second marriage.

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.

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'ry thing floats,
Docks, 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 rapture 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 Butturworth 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 quadron,
 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 hope 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 beef-steaks, 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 sorts 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 a 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. Hickenbotham 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 Hickenbotham, whereas Mrs. Barbauld makes the Hick, 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 bedroom 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 particular reason for believing it, beyond the evidence 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

maiden name of Simmons. I took occasion to visit Beaconsfield twice, concerning this little doubt, and I think it but justice to make my acknowledgments 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 curious 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 hand-writing 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 Scott 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

* The pun suggests an inadvertent *equivogue*, attributed to Baron R——.

Somebody asked the Baron to take venison.—"No," said the Baron, "I never catch 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 than venison, why does venison cost so much more?"—"Vy?" replied the Baron, "I will tell you vy—in dish world de peeples alwaysh prefers vat ish *deer* to vat is *sheep*."

This is called by some a *jew de mots*, and by others a *jew d'esprit*.

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.

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 Barclay'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 ad-

dressed. 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 coachhouse, 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 ten-pence.”

“ 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 Macauley, 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" develope.

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 shewn 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 Indian 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 Johnny 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 rail-
ing, 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-Adam-
izing

The new discover'd turnpike-roads which cross the moon:
But the most inviting scheme of all, is one proposed for
carrying

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 Green-
land !

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, Colinet'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 are 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 churchyards, and prepare a retreat, after the fashion of the cemetery of *Pere 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 Eber's, 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!

CURIOUS COINCIDENCES.

Tune—"Over the Water to Charley."

'Tis curious to find in this overgrown town,
 While through its long streets we are dodging,
 That many a man is in trade settled down,
 Whose name don't agree with his lodging.
 For instance, Jack Munday in Friday Street dwells,
 Mr. Pitt in Fox-court is residing;
 Mr. White, in Black's-buildings, green-grocery sells,
 While East in West-square is abiding.

Mr. Lamb in Red Lion-street perks up his head,
 To Lamb's Conduit-street Lion goes courting ;
 Mr. Boxer at Battle-bridge hires a bed,
 While Moon is in Sun-street disporting ;
 Bill Brown up to Green-street to live now is gone,
 In Stanhope-mews Dennett keeps horses—
 Dr. Low lives in High-street, Saint Mary-le-bone,
 In Brown-street one Johnny White's door sees.

But still much more curious it is when the streets
 Accord with the names of their tenants ;
 And yet with such curious accordance one meets,
 In taking a town-tour like Pennant's.
 For instance, in Crown-street, George King you may note,
 To Booth, in May-fair, you go shopping ;
 And Porter, of Brewer-street, rows in a boat
 To Waters of River-street, Wapping !

Mr. Sparrow in Bird-street has feather'd his nest,
 Mr. Archer in Bow-street woos Sally ;
 Mr. Windham in Air-street gets zephyr'd to rest,
 Mr. Dancer resides in Ball Alley ;
 Mr. Fisher in Finsbury fixes his views,
 Mrs. Foote in Shoe-lane works at carding :
 Mr. Hawke has a residence close to the Mews,
 And Winter puts up in Spring-gardens.

In Orange-street Lemon vends porter and ale ;
 In Hart-street Jack Deer keeps a stable ;
 In Hill-street located you 'll find Mr. Dale ;
 In Blue Anchor-row, Mr. Cable ;
 In Knight-riding-street you 've both Walker and Day ;
 In Castle-street, Champion and Spearman ;
 In Blackman-street Lillywhite makes a display ;
 In Cheapside lives sweet Mrs. Dearman.

In Paradise-row Mr. Adam sells figs ;
 Eve, in Apple-tree-yard rooms has taken ;
 Mr. Coltman in Foley-street fits you with wigs ;
 In Hog-lane you call upon Bacon.
 Old Homer in Greek-street sells barrels and staves,
 While Pope in Cross-lane is a baker ;
 ● In Liquorpond-street Mr. Drinkwater shaves ;
 In Cow-lane lives A. Veal, undertaker !

My jumbles and jingles I've now written down ;
 But, if for their meaning you teaze me,—
 That they really have none I must candidly own,
 And silence will therefore best please me.
 If not witty, or curious, they'll answer, I ween,
 To get me "ask'd out" by great ninnies,
 And out of the firm of some new magazine
 Procure me a couple of guineas.

AN ODE TO MY TEA-POT.

MY tea-pot ! while thy lips pour forth
 For me a stream of matchless worth,
 I'll pour forth rhymes for thee ;
 Don Juan's verse is gross, they say,
 But I will pen a *grocer* lay,
 Commencing "Amo tea."

Yes,—let Anacreon's votary sip
 His flowing bowl with feverish lip,
 And breathe abominations ;
 Some day he'll be bowl'd out for it.
 He's brewing mischief, whilst I sit,
 And brew my tea-pot-ations.

After fatigue, how dear to me
 The maid who suits me to a T,
 And makes the water bubble ;
 From her red hand when I receive
 The evergreen, I seem to give
 A T. T. L. to trouble.

I scorn the hop, disdain the malt,
 I hate solutions sweet and salt,
 Injurious I vote 'em ;
 For tea my faithful palate yearns,
 Thus,—though my fancy never turns,
 It always is tea-totum !

Yet some assure me whilst I sip,
 That thou hast stained thy silver lip
 With sad adulterations !
 Slow poison drawn from leaves of sloe,
 That quickly cause the quick to go
 And join their dead relations.

Aunt Malaprop now drinks noyeau
 Instead of tea, and well I know
 That she prefers it greatly ;
 She says, “ Alas ! I give up tea,
 There 's been so much *adultery*
 Among the grocers lately.

She warns me of tea-dealer's tricks,
 Those double-dealing men who mix
 Unwholesome drugs with some tea ;
 'Tis bad to sip—and yet to give
 Up sipping 's worse ; we cannot live,
 “ Nec sine *tea*, nec cum *tea*.”

Yet, still tenacious of my tea,
 I think the grocers send it me
 Quite pure ('tis what they call so),
 Heedless of warnings still I get
 " *Tea veniente die, et*
Tea decedente," also. Yours, T.

 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 mathema-
tical.

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 grow-
 ing 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'n't
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, shop-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,
 Ev'ry 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,
 Esquired by Messrs. Campbell, Grote, and Zachary Mac-
 auley,

To study arts and sciences most fitted to your stations, sirs,
 And raise this isle of Britain to the wisest of all nation, 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
 Shelley, 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 ther' will turn all,
 And pot-boys study for the bar by which to live ;
 The ladder-mounting bricklayers by process *hodiernal*
 Enjoy the lime labour which improvements give.
 Butchers turned Aruspices, shall bow to link-boy Sages,
 And accidence 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 Suet-
 onius.

Run, sweepers, run, 'tis now the time for lecturing,
 Ev'ry man must learned be in these wise days.

To knó^u his Plato soon will be the butler's chief ambition,
 sirs,
 In equity our coachmen versed, to drive shall cease ;
 Fismongers 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 ;
Marquises must clean their shoes, and earls attend the
stable, sirs,

Barons stir the kitchen fire, and viscounts wait at table, 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 S. R., Esq. :

He has quitted the countess—what can she wish more ?
She loses one husband and gets back a score.

* "One problem was given to 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.*

“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 vehicle 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*.

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 at 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 *noveâu 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 pointed 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. Hopkin's batch. *Oh, Giovi Omnipotente!* as the Dutch say, what am I to do!

A particularly 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 stick 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 blancmange 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 Whitechapel. 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,

JOHN TROT.

To John Bull, Esq.

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 Ham-

mersmith 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 1888.

“I have rung several times,” said the duchess, “and sent Lady Maria up stairs into the assistant’s 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 check 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 assistant’s 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 shewn 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.

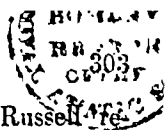
“You had better mind about those horses, sir,” said Dowbiggin, still watching the progress of his tree; “the two German philosophers and Father O’Flynn have been with them to-day, and there appears little doubt that the great system will spread, and that even these animals, which we have been taught 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

THEODORE HOOK.



quibble, when Lord William Cobbett Russell 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 enlighten-

ment, 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 Gamboogie 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 practised upon the credulity of minors of fashion and fortune, by unprincipled women of no property, the Hum-Fum 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 Gamboogees, 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, dangling, 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 cor-

rect, 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 till 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 intentions 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 Gamboogie 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 Otaheitean watermen and a New Zealand copersmith 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 *dictu* 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 Gam-

boogee 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 venerable Gamboogee, "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 Phillips 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.

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's Place, Dec. 8, 1826.

FISHING.

PREJUDICE and fashion together are most imperious tyrants in modern society. There are certain points established, certain axioms laid down, and the nine people out of ten who never think for themselves take everything upon credit, and implicitly fall into the regulated course of opinion generally held, without stopping to inquire whether it happens to be just or unjust, tolerably right, or entirely wrong.

Amongst other established things are the kindness and amiability of honest Master Isaack Walton—the which are recorded even in the catalogue of the present Exhibition at Somerset House—his gentle mind, his tender heart, and the inoffensiveness of his great pursuit, are proverbial: everybody speaks in raptures of the purity and simplicity of the fisherman's life, and, above all, of the life of that particular fisherman, Walton.

Now, with respect to fishing, in the abstract it is, in fine weather, a very agreeable sport; one sees with pleasure, in the season, plump patience in a punt dozing over a float, activity in a plush-jacket whipping a river in spite, or dull matter-of-fact squatting by the side of a hole with a bundle of worms, bobbing for eels; but although these, innocent as they may be, involve something like barbarity, touching the impaling of the said worms, they are kindnesses compared with what Walton, the tender-hearted, did himself, and wrote a book to teach others to do after him.

It may seem cruel, for so harmless and pleasurable a diversion, to stick half a dozen hooks into a living gudgeon, and spin him about on the surface of the water until you induce a pike to gobble him up ; and, when you have succeeded in engaging the said pike to breakfast, waiting for ten minutes or so until he deliberately swallows your young friend to whom you have introduced him ; when, at a favourable opportunity, you give him a jerk, and lodge the aforesaid collection of hooks sufficiently far down his throat to secure him a safe landing ; then upon his reaching the shore you take the liberty of knocking him on the head, while the partner of your sport cuts him up in order to make him eat firm, and at the same time rescues your tackle from danger, and returns it fit for immediate application to another patient. But, although everybody who trolls does this, everybody does not pronounce the operation to be free from cruelty.

Now, to hear Walton talk, as we shall shew he does, we should be led to imagine fishing, *par excellence*, the humane pleasure of life ; and that in fact, instead of hurting the “ finny things,” we did something marvellously kind and good-natured to them by catching them ; but let the kind-hearted Isaack—honest Master Isaack—speak for himself ; and first, of live bait, the tender-hearted piscator says :—

“ Of fish, I think a roach or dace the best and most tempting, and a perch is the longest lived on a hook ; and, having cut his fin off his back, which may be done without hurting him (!) you must take your knife, which cannot be too sharp, and betwixt the head and the fin on the back cut or make an incision, or such a scar that you may put the

arming-wire of your hook into it with as little bruising or hurting the fish as art and diligence will enable you to do ; and so carrying your arming-wire along his back between the skin and the body of it unto or near the tail of your fish, draw out the wire or arming of your hook at another scar near to his tail. Then tie him about with a thread, but no harder than of necessity, to prevent hurting the fish ; and the better to avoid hurting the fish, some have a sort of probe to open the way for the more easy entrance and passage of your wire and arming ; but as for these, time and a little experience will teach you better than I can by words."

The ludicrous part of this protracted and painful direction is, the frequently expressed apprehension of hurting a fish, which we are instructed so to impale that he may exist long enough to be eaten alive in detail ; but kind Isaack's mode of proceeding with a frog excels even this :—

"Of these water-frogs, if you intend to fish with a frog for a pike, you are to choose the yellowest you can get, for that the pike ever loves best ; and thus use your frog, that he may continue long alive :—

"Put your hook into his mouth, which you may easily do from the middle of April until August ; and then the frog's mouth grows up, and he continues so for at least six months without eating ! But," adds the pious Walton, "is sustained, none but He whose name is wonderful knows how. I say, put your hook, I mean the arming-wire, through his mouth and out at his gills, and then with a fine needle and silk, sew the upper part of his leg with only one stitch to the arming-wire of your hook, and in so doing use him as though you loved him, that is, harm him as little as you possibly may, in order that he may live the longer."

Thus it will be seen that all the worthy Mr. Walton's care and delicacy about hurting the frogs and the fish merely refer to injuring them as baits.

The amiable Isaack proceeds to give more copious directions, equally humane and considerate; and if, like other sportsmen, he and his disciples were content to eulogise the delights of fishing, without descanting upon its innocence and harmlessness, and bragging of the sweet simplicity of their tender hearts, it would not signify. No man, however fond of hunting, talks of the humanity of a fox-chase; nor does he who bags his score of birds dilate upon the tenderness of his disposition in shooting them; but the fisherman, after having stuck arming-wires between the skin and the flesh of the dace, sewed up a frog's mouth for six months, tacked his leg to a hook, and cropped the fins of a gudgeon in order to prepare him for being sucked to death by a jack, crimps his fish alive, and (to use a favourite expression of the craft) pops them leaping alive into the pot, sits himself down in the shade, eats up his prey, drinks his copious draught to further success, and sings a song in these words:—

“ Oh, the gallant fisher's life
 It is the best of any;
 'Tis full of pleasure, void of strife,
 And 'tis beloved by many.
 Other joys, are but toys,
 Only this, lawful is,
 For our skill breeds no ill
 But content and pleasure.”

Then another author says:—

“ On stream now, or still,
 A large pannier we fill,

Trout and grayling to rise are so willing,
 I dare venture to say,
 'Twill be a bloody day,
 And we shall be weary of killing.

“ The angler is free
 From the cares that degree
 Finds itself with, so often tormented ;
 And although we should slay
 Each a hundred a-day,
 'Tis a slaughter needs ne'er be repented.

“ We covet no wealth
 But the blessings of health,
 And that greater, good conscience can bring us ;
 Such devotion we bring
 To our God and our King,
 That from either no offers can win us.”

There is in this, and in everything connected with the subject, a display of complacency and self-satisfaction highly entertaining ; to hear these butchers in detail, these piecemeal murderers, attributing to themselves every earthly quality of gentleness, virtue, and amiability, devotion to their Maker and loyalty to their king, is excessively comical ; but it has had its effect, and ladies who could not endure the destruction of a spider or the extermination of an earwig, feel not the slightest disinclination to the harmless sport of angling, which they have been taught to believe one of the most innocent and harmless recreations in which good Christians may, six days in the week, indulge.

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 spake 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 nor a crumb ;
 Some a sandwich, from sirloin or brisket,
 But Fanny gives simply her 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 strum :
 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 rum ;
 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 speak 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 that 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 *flue-ntly*—(“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 began 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 into 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 crechurs a waiting in the next room, ready to trip it on their fantastic toeses—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.

THE TOADY.

WHOM shall the Muse essay to sing ?
 Whose praises wake the slumbering string ?
 Thine humble, inoffensive thing,

My Toady.

Who, when I sigh, breathes forth a groan ?
 Who listens to my voice alone,
 Nor dare's surmise her soul's her own ?

My Toady.

Who, when I doze, my elbow jogs ?
 Who feeds my bulfinch, combs my dogs,
 And carries, as I walk, my clogs ?

My Toady.

Who, when as *tête-à-tête* we dine,
 I Malmsey quaff, or Hock divine,
 Sips her *one* glass of raisin wine ?

My Toady.

Who, while I taste each dainty dish,
 Seasoned to meet a gourmand's wish,
 Eats legs of fowls and tails of fish ?

My Toady.

Who, while obtrusive wrinkles say
 My charms are sinking in decay,
 Vows I grow younger every day ?

My Toady.

Who, when my cheeks new tints assume,
 Laid on within my dressing-room ;
 Says " Exercise gives *such* a bloom ? "

My Toady.

Who, if to raise a smile I try,
 By some trite story, dull and dry,
 Laughs till her cracking laces fly ?

My Toady.

Who, when my life 's gay scene is o'er,
 Thinks to inherit all my store,
 And cringe, and fawn, and sneak no more ?

My Toady.

Who 'll find by will bequeathed her then,
 A vinaigrette, a silver pen,
 A muff, a shawl, and three pounds ten ?

My Toady.

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 or sweethearts mulcted 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 church to-day—the bill's come into play.

Snip.—Ah—I know that to my cost.

Snob.—How can I go to church? We used to send our bit of wittels to the bakus, and then I and Sal used to go to church, 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 taty's—come along wi' your old woman, and let's be jolly.

Snip.—Jolly—Hark, Mr. S—, there's one on 'em over the vay—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—eh?—well, if we main't speak of a Sunday in the street, let's come in—our's, 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 Sab-bath-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 chin 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 stich o' work to do—nobody wears nothing now—they used only to put on their bits of things onest a week, to shew '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, ensconced in their fast-hold, pass the Sabbath with the females in hidden intoxication and carefully concealed profligacy—drunken-

ness 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 ballusters, 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 casement 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 sisters.

19.—Votes Henry stupid—too fond of himself to care for her—talks a little louder than the year before—takes care to shew that she understands the best-concealed *bon-mots* of the French plays—shews off her bright eyes, and becomes the centre of four satellites who flicker 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 uncle—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 *mélée*, 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.

45.—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 cub.” 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 deplures 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 “the Infant Lyar.” On a late occasion, one of the papers talked of “the 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 the "Royal Lamp;" and I never can sufficiently regret the injustice done to the gallant General Saldanha, who, in an account of his conduct at Oporto, 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 "the Horticultural fate," as if there was a destiny affecting all the entertainments of that society. When the late Mr. Canning offered Lord F. the office of "Secretary of State," the public were led, by a mere transposition of the letters, to believe that a new office was to be instituted under the title of "Secretary of Taste;" and what gave the more effect to this mistake was the noble lord's admitted fitness for the latter office. I once ventured to bear my humble testimony to the assiduous attendance of a certain reverend dean on the "Minster," but had the mortification to find myself insinuating blame against the worthy divine, "for his assiduous attendance on the Minister;" and what was still worse, having to communicate the deserved elevation of "Doctor Jebb" to an Irish mitre, I was made 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 un-gallantly 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. Gubbins said he supposed it would be unregular to argufy 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, amongst 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 *instanter*.)

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—says he, ‘Thir,’ says he, ‘it is a miltuthy thythtem 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 Baily 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 bye-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 neighbourhond 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 "Eugenie," 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 myself a 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 bloody 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 Constitu-

tional Hymn! The English admiral fired a grand salute to our flag. The troops from 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, Drawcansir, 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 Tarrare 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 Pindaric, 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 reach'd 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 arm'd 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 *sick*,
 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 deserve 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 two 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 shew 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 shew 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.

THE END.

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