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1846



NED FARMER'S
SCRAP BOOK.



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1846

A SELECTION OF
ORIGINAL SONGS, SCRAPS,

ETC.

Edited
BY NED FARMER.



"NONSENSE PRECIPITATE, LIKE RUNNING LEAD,
"THAT SLIPP'D THRO' CRACKS AND ZIGZAGS OF THE HEAD,"

POPE.



London:

SIMPKIN, MARSHALL, & CO.

Birmingham:

W. B. MARCHETTI, 111, NEW STREET.

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MDCCCXLVI.

PR 4699
. F173
1846

Entered at Stationer's Hall.

Life
Bertram Smith
May 1, 1933

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED FOR THE AUTHOR,
BY W. B. MARCHETTI, NEW STREET, BIRMINGHAM.

Preface.

As some slight excuse for the heterogeneous matter of which the accompanying trifle is composed, it is necessary to observe, that it is purely and essentially what its title purports—it is my Scrap Book.

To escape the more serious imputation of daring to imagine, that it was at all likely to be tolerated by the general community for any merit it might possess, it is due to myself to explain the simple origin of the design.

I have, or fancy I have, many friends, (and it is a delusion I should very reluctantly part with, even if I am wrong in that supposition,) I am certain of possessing an almost unlimited circle of acquaintance, and I deemed it reasonable to imagine, that among the multitude, enough of purchasers might be found to render it a profitable speculation, and I have been long wedded to the belief, that any honest means by which the most money can be gotten in the least time, has the least of folly attached to it: beyond this, I had neither hope nor expectancy.

Its contents have been written within the last year or two, at various times and seasons, and, as the subjects will fully testify, under the influence of very different feelings.

No person can, by any possibility, be more acutely alive to the glaring folly of parading my "exalted doggrel" before the public than myself, and I have yet to learn whether I am about most to astonish those who know me, by attempting POETRY at all, or those who do not, by the hardihood evinced in publishing it when written.

Whatever may be the errors and demerits of the SCRAP BOOK, (and their name is "Legion,") I shall at least enjoy the very sincere satisfaction of knowing, that although no one may become either the wiser or better for having read it, yet can no person ever be a whit the worse for its perusal.

In conclusion, I am clearly of opinion that my wiser course is to plead "guilty" to the general folly of the transaction, and (in all due dread and humble hope,) throw myself upon the mercy of the court, and in doing which I beg most respectfully to subscribe myself

Their most obedient and very humble Servant,

EDWARD FARMER.

Greet, November, 1846.

The Blind Boy.

FROM murky clouds, fast hurtling round,
Bursts the loud thunder's deafening sound;
Quick follows each electric flash,
Roar after roar, crash after crash!
While torrent-like the rain doth pour,—
"Who comes in such a fearful hour?"
'Tis poor Old Martha's withered form,
Thus braves the fury of the storm.
See! with unequal, hurried tread,
Uncovered too, that aged head:
What can have happen'd? what's amiss?
To bring her through a storm like this!
Run! Harry, to the door and see,
What the poor creature's troubles be!
(Thus said the father to the son.)
The boy with willing haste hath run,

And ope'd the door to one whose face
Bore sorrow's past and present trace.
"Why Martha?" (thus began the boy,)
"Why look so pale? What makes you cry?"
"Oh! Master Henry! oh!" she said,
"My child! my poor blind child is dead!
Struck, struck by lightning,"—then on the floor,
She shuddering fell, *to rise no more!*
Of friends, of fortune, long bereft,
With only that one heartstay left:
That son to whom she'd given birth
Was all that bound the wretch to earth.
For him, she'd labour'd long, had borne
This world's privations, and its scorn!
For those who know her history tell
She "*Loved not wisely but too well!*"
That sightless pledge her only joy,
Her poor, her blind, neglected boy!
Now, all was ended, this sad blow
Fill'd to the brim her cup of woe.
Enough of life was left to tell
The death of him she'd loved so well.
This latest, SADDEST, grief express'd,
Her broken spirit sunk to rest!

Go, ask the Untaught Savage.

Go ask the untaught savage where
The God HE worships deigns to live?
Go ask the untutor'd savage where?
And mark the answer he shall give!
He'll tell you that there's not a place,
Above, below, or all around,
But if ye, sorrowing, seek his face
The God of mercy may be found!
There's not a planet in the sky,
But lighteth where the Spirit lives;
There's not a zephyr murmurs by
But whispers of the peace He gives;
There's nothing in the heavens or earth,
The mighty ocean or the air,
Or aught from either has its birth,
But His omnipotence declare.
Kneel, Christian kneel, bow, bow thine head,
And think on what the savage said.

The Fair Maid of Trentham.

WRITTEN ON THE MARRIAGE OF LADY EVELYN GOWER WITH
LORD BLANTYRE, 1843.

LET the cannon's loud roar to the bells' tuneful peal,
Tell forth in glad chorus, the joy that we feel :
Let echo, with notes of delight, swell the choir,
For the "Fair Maid of Trentham" is "Lady Blantyre."

See Scotia's famed land of the mountain and wave,
At the the shrine of our fairest hath yeilded her brave :
Far blest above others, be ever that hour,
When the blood of the Stewart was blent with the Gower.

All hail to the Trentham ! beneath whose proud dome,
Meek pity and charity both find a home ;
Where Cupid hath lit Hymen's holiest fire,
Forging fetters of love for the Lord of Blantyre.

Daughter of Sutherland, bright be thy brow,
By sorrows unclouded, and sunny as now ;
Thy grief never greater than 'tis at this hour :
God bless thee ! thou beautiful child of the Gower.

Come, fill up the wine cup, fill, fill to the brim,
On its surface let prayers for their happiness swim ;
May heaven's protection and best gifts conspire
To bless the Young Lord and the Lady Blantyre !

The Marchioness of Lorn.

WRITTEN ON THE MARRIAGE OF THE LADY ELIZABETH
GOWER TO THE MARQUIS OF LORN,
JULY 31, 1844.

AGAIN, glad Marriage bells are ringing !
Sounds of joy each breeze is bringing ;
Banished hence, be grief and care,
The *Gower* hath wed with *Campbell's* heir !
True loving hearts, and noble hands
Are joined in holy wedlock's bands !
Again, from Trentham's Ducal Tree,
Scotland, a branch we give to thee !

Son of the mighty Campbell's race,
Thou 'rt welcome in thy pride of place ;
In proof of which, is given thee,
In all its native purity,
A PRICELESS PEARL! A COSTLY GEM!
Would grace a royal diadem !
A heart where only virtues live,
This, Marquis, is the *Gem* we give !

And, now, uprouse the joyous strain,
Let only mirth and pleasure reign ;
Raise high your goblets fill'd with wine,
The Thistle and the Rose entwine ;
May their bright path be strewn with flowers,
Their life one round of blissful hours ;
May heaven's blessing e'er betide
"The Campbell" and his lovely Bride !



IN making our arrangements to live, we should
never forget that we have also TO DIE.

Cheer Up! and Keep on Never Minding.

LET sages rave, with visage grave,
To prove this world's beyond all bearing,
But ne'er forget, some warm hearts yet
Are left, which make it worth the wearing.
If clouds should lour, and friends look sour,
'Tis only neighbour's fare your finding ;
One maxim still cures every ill,
Cheer up ! and keep on never minding !

One thing's quite clear, no mortal here,
Hath happiness without some sorrow ;
And tho' to-day joy flies away,
It may come back again to-morrow.
No hour so drear, but in its rear,
Some warmer, brighter tint is winding ;
Then come what may, play out the play—
Cheer up ! and keep on never minding !

Lines to my Bull Dog.

ON BEING ADVISED TO GET RID OF A VERY PERFECT
SPECIMEN, THEN IN MY POSSESSION.

I LOVE thee, "Rattler," for thine honest heart,
 And 'gainst traducers, gladly take thy part;
 Thou 'rt faithful, Rattler, no time-serving friend,
 But lovest (once loving) truly to the end.
 A change of fortune makes no change in thee,
 Which 'mong our biped friends we often see.
 Watchful as ever of thy master's weal,
 Warm, too, as ever is the love you feel;
 The worst thing 'gainst thee I have yet heard said,
 Is, thou hast gotten a true Bulldog's head.
 But tell them, Rattler, ere we *two shall part*,
 They first must prove thou lack'st a BULLDOG'S
 HEART;
 Till then, my canine friend, I'll love thee still,
 Let a fastidious world say what it will.

The Young Slave's Belief.

WHAT you term stars in yonder skies
Are lovelier far—they 're angel's eyes;
And when looks dim that glorious throng,
They weep that those they love do wrong.
The soft and murmuring winds you hear
Are sighs that precede the coming tear,
My Mother's, 'mong them, oft in showers;
I've knelt me down and pray'd for hours,
Hoping a tear from her bright eye
Might fall upon her Orphan Boy.
You've heard the thunder's awful crash,
And seen the lightning's vivid flash;
'Tis "HIM" in anger, "HE" who gave
Life to the White man and the Slave.
Who will demand the reason why
You thus enslave HIS Indian Boy?
"Will judge us by the heart within,
"Nor heed the color of the skin."

Forget Him !

PUBLISHED AS A SONG, IN 1846.

MUSIC BY MR. GEORGE SIMPSON, OF HANLEY, STAFFORDSHIRE.

FORGET him! oh, how little they
Who counsel thus can know the feeling
Which graved his image on this heart,
And through its inmost core is stealing.

Forget him! they have never felt
The wild and throbbing pulse which tells
Where Love hath o'erturned reason's throne,
And monarch of the bosom dwells.

Forget him! yes, should madness pluck
Fond memory from this tortured brain,
Perchance, in mental darkness lost,
The vision ne'er may come again.

But while, as now, each varied sense
True to its idol, worships on,
This faithful heart shall be its shrine
When every other feeling's gone!

The Ranger.

TUNE—"THE FINE OLD ENGLISH GENTLEMAN."

THIS SONG IS AN ATTEMPT
TO DESCRIBE A FEW OF THE LEADING POINTS IN THE
CHARACTER OF MR. JOHN PENSON,
PARK KEEPER, AT TRENTHAM HALL, STAFFORDSHIRE,
WHOSE FAMILY HAVE HAD THE HONOUR OF SERVING IN
THAT CAPACITY SINCE THE REIGN OF ELIZABETH.

I'LL try to paint a portrait, if you'll listen to my
lay,
Of a fine Old English specimen, whose locks are
silvery grey,
Yet still as young at heart he is, that heart's as free
from gall,
(And he's fond of sport of any sort) as the youngest
'mong them all.
He's a fine Old English Forester, one of the olden
time.

In days of old, when "LEVISON," the mighty, and
the brave,
An Admiral, bore the British flag triumphant o'er
the wave,
As faithful follower was found a "PENSON" in his
pay,
From whom descends the Forester we sing about
to-day.
He's a fine Old English Forester, one of the olden
time.

Anon for orders at the hall "the Ranger" may be
seen,
As spruce as modern dandy, in his suit of Lincoln
green,
And should his NOBLE "Mistress" depart the place
that day,
He proudly leads the cavalcade into the Queen's
highway.
He's a fine Old English Forester, one of the olden
time.

And when the boundary is gained the Ranger makes
his bow,
A very ranger like "Salaam," concocted long ago,
Then blows that note peculiar, a proof his lungs are
good,
And this evergreen trots back again to his "cottage
near the wood."
He's a fine Old English Forester, one of the olden
time.

The tuneful lark's gay matin song his early summons
sounds,
Then lustily he wends his way o'er Trentham's spa-
cious grounds,
Or mounted, or on foot, he hies around its princely
park,
And every person that he meets gets some unique
remark,
From this fine Old English Forester, one of the
olden time.

Hark! the unerring rifle's ring, the fatal bullets
 sped,
The forest's antler'd monarch dies, a hole drill'd thro'
 his head;
In all pertains to woodcraft's art inferior he's to
 none,
Few, few can kill a buck like him, or carve him when
 'tis done,
O, he's a fine Old English Forester, one of the olden
 time.

There's one great point about him that proves he's
 thorough bred
His lofty hairless temples and his fine old chiseled
 head;
I fancy Deerhound's by his side, and mounted on his
 "Roan,"
I see him now, O long may Death leave his warm
 heart alone.
For he's a fine Old English Forester, one of the
 olden time.

The Gipsy Mother.

PUBLISHED AS A SONG, 1846.

THE MUSIC BY STEPHEN GLOVER, ESQ.

SHE sat, the statue of despair,
Her silken black dishevell'd hair
In wild disorder hung, while she
Bowed 'neath her load of misery.
Her deeply dark, yet tearless eye
Was prayer-like lifted to the sky,
As she, in piteous accents wild,
Bewail'd her dying vagrant child.

It was a Gipsy's form and face,
Who in that wild and lonely place,
Had sat her down in madness, o'er
The fever'd creature that she bore.
Oh! 'twas a saddening sight, to see
The mother's yearning agony,
As she, in piteous accents wild
Bewail'd her dying vagrant child.

And see! she clasps, with trembling arm,
In maniac hope to keep it warm,
The Babe that ne'er again may stir,
And yet *that* Babe was all to her.
Where be her kindred? where its sire?
To sooth her blighted brain of fire;
Heard ye that piercing outcry wild?
She knows 'tis dead—that Gipsy Child!



I WISH fervently that mankind were obliged to make into parcels all (or most of) the unasked advice they give. I rather opine that the cost of the paper and string, together with the *trouble of directing*, would put a partial stop to its indulgences.

Success to thee, Old England.

HERE'S success to thee, Old England,
Success to thee, and then,
A health to those brave sons of thine,
The gallant Englishmen ;
For warmer hearts have never throbb'd,
Nor braver ever been,
Than those who form in phalanx warm
The bulwark of thy Queen.

Then success to thee, Old England,
For whate'er thy errors be,
Thou still art known from zone to zone,
As the dauntless and the free ;
And who but thee, Old England,
Thou merciful as brave,
Performed that heavenly mission,
Which gave freedom to the slave?

So, success to thee, Old England,
Who, 'mong thy blessings rare,
Hast still one toast, proud Briton's boast,
"Thy bright eyed Daughters fair!"
And should oppressive foemen dare
'Gainst thee to lift a hand,
Thy sons shall show the love they owe
To thee, their native land!



HYPOCRICY is a masquerade dress lent by the Devil, which will be expected to be PERSONALLY returned by the wearer.



UNPRETENDED Love, Disinterested Friendship, Political Honesty, and Tortoiseshell Tom Cats, are four things rarely to be met with.

The Alarm.

STARTING from troubled sleep in wild affright,
What piercing screams disturb the peaceful night?
List! 'tis a smother'd cry salutes mine ear,
And now a stifled groan begets new fear,—
I hear strange voices, and the hurrying tread
Of many people; hark! they say "He's DEAD!"
The gleam of crackling fire, with glare around,
Adds to the horror of each dreadful sound;
They call for water!—I can bear no more,
Cold perspiration starts from every pore!
With frenzied haste the window up I threw,
A half-scorched body met my sickening view—
The truth revealing, quick I turned away—
Our neighbour Perkins *killed his pig that day!*



THEY do things well, who never try;
Right clever folks, those STANDERS-BY!

The Widowed Bird.

ADDRESSED TO MRS. ———

THE grove is silent, and alone is heard
The pious mourning of a widowed bird,
Who weeps unceasingly her mate at rest,
Her offspring nestled to her throbbing breast.
O'erwhelmed in woe her faithful heart, she steeps
In sorrow's fount, and mournful vigil keeps,
Becoming grief! yet certain seasons past
It is decreed, the dark hour may not last.
The heart's warm blood with gentle joy elate
At Nature's bidding, asks another mate.
Wise dispensation for the common good,
A feeling never to be long withstood.
Love lives on memory till time soften'd hours
Into another source its fondness pours.
Soon as the feather'd choir began to sing,
Their hymn of gratitude to welcome spring.
Each innate feeling thus by music stirr'd,
Its genial influence reach'd the Widowed Bird.

Unerring Nature wills that every kind,
Alike in feeling, character, and mind,
Consort together, and neglecting this,
Small, small indeed, the chance of wedded bliss.
The lovely Philomel, with instinct rife,
Takes none save Nightingale to be his wife:
Thrush will to Thrush, as Lark to Lark repairs,
From fellow feeling known each other's cares;
Each joy divided, and each sorrow known,
And met with kindred feeling *all its own*.
Thus time wore on, as yet no bird had come
Congenial partner of her heart and home.
A dreary void her "bosom's lord" besets,
A life is her's of sighs and vain regrets;
At last, in happy hour, *one* draweth near,
Whose warbled notes fall sweetly on her ear,
With fluttering plumage see he gains her side,
And once again the Widowed Bird's a *bride*.



A MAN should never think once ere he performs
a good action; but a thousand times before he does
a bad one!

They Found a Friend.

THE north wind chaunts his wildest song,
The leafless forest boughs among,
Dark night hath drawn her mantle o'er
The barren waste and trackless moor,
There, wandering, shivering, side by side,
Stern want their sad and only guide,
Without one earthly friend, or home,
The children of the pauper roam.
The boy, with gentle accents, said,
(Patting his little sister's head,)—
“Don't cry, dear Anna; dry that tear;
None but the wicked need to fear;
Bright morn will soon be here, and then,
We're sure to meet some friend again!”
Each word prophetic that he said,
Bright morning came—it found them *dead!*
Their earthly troubles at an end;
The child was right—they found a *friend!*

Empromptu.

ON A YOUNG LADY'S EXPRESSING HER INTENTION OF
MARRYING A GENTLEMAN, WHO SHE HERSELF CONFESSED HAD
FEW QUALIFICATIONS BEYOND THE POSSESSION OF
FOUR HUNDRED AND FIFTY POUNDS PER ANNUM.

ANY young man good looking, whose income is clear
The sum of four hundred and fifty a year,
May address the fair Charlotte without any fear,
But he *must* have four hundred and fifty a year.

She says, and methinks the assertion sounds queer,
All depends on four hundred and fifty a year,
That if a large family folks are to rear,
It makes a hole in four hundred and fifty a year.

Says, few joys are by Providence granted us here,
But grow out of four hundred and fifty a year,
That connubial horizons, at all times are clear,
If backed by four hundred and fifty a year.

That the heart's warmest throb, or affection's fond tear,
Are as naught to four hundred and fifty a year,
Through the ocean of life no fond couple can steer,
Save the freight is four hundred and fifty a year.

Now I rather imagine a woman's heart dear,
That is *bought* by four hundred and fifty a year;
Possessors of incomes, I pray you don't see her,
Or God help your four hundred and fifty a year.

Yet, faith! I'll be candid, take courage—draw near,
She's *well worth* four hundred and fifty a year;
I love her myself, but I cannot tell where
To get hold of four hundred and fifty a year.

So my chance is over, as things now appear,
And all through four hundred and fifty a year!
Still heaven await her; tho' mind you, up there
They heed not four hundreds and fifties a year!

Monody on Grace Darling.

'TWERE impious to weep, the gentle maiden dead;
 Let not one tear of selfish love be shed,
 Nor dare repine that Providence denies
 A longer absence from her native skies.
 It was a mighty mission, which complete,
 Her happy spirit takes its well-earned seat
 At His right hand, who practises alone,
 A more *extended mercy* than her own.
 Happy thy lot, dear Grace, for whom it was decreed,
 To crowd a life of virtue into ONE IMMORTAL DEED.



A very High-pressure Impromptu.

Dearest Miss Fenton, the Graces were bent on
 Surpassing all *yet* they had done,;
 So each lent her aid, in *bedecking* a maid,
 And, LOVELIEST! THOU ART THAT ONE!

A Day at Benton's Barn.

IT WERE NO BOOK OF MINE, DID IT NOT CONTAIN SOME ALLUSION TO THE NOBLE ART OF "RAT CATCHING." THE SUBJOINED EFFUSION BEING IN AS *MILD* A FORM AS ANYTHING I HAVE EVER PENNED ON THAT SUBJECT, I AM INDUCED TO INSERT IT.

FARMER BENTON had written Ned Perkins to say,
That he purposed on Friday to thrash out a bay;
That he'd sent to George Haynes, about ferrets, and so
They expected on Friday to have a grand go.
The morning is come, the machine got in motion,
Which rather beats thrashing by hand, I've a notion;
The chaff in a simoon of dust floats along,
And the team do their work to the waggoner's song.
George's outposts well guarded, the shindy begins,
At the expense of rat's lives and the countrymen's shins;
'Don't trample the wheat out," says Benton, "I pray,
There's no sort of hurry—they can't get away."

“There’s one where that dog is; he’s shifted; ne’er mind,
They’ll all be crept into one corner you’ll find.

Haloo! there’s a great un’! Hie Tartar!—good lad;
He’s got him: look yonder, they’re bolting like mad.”

My soul, there’s a scuffle—“Be careful, I begs,
You’ll have those fork-tines into somebody’s legs!”

“Look out, Mr. Benton; there’s one at your back,
On the top of the chaff-hole—just give him a crack.”

“Mind, mind where you’re hitting—there’s one up the
wall.”

“Oh! I thought it a mouse, by its being so small.”

“No, no, it’s a rat, look; and here are the rest;
There’s twelve or thirteen of them down in this nest.”
They are nearing the bottom, each sheaf they displace
Yields a rat, which produces a kill, or a race.

“Good Tartar!—hie, Nettle!—dead, dead!—Pincher
drop it.”

“There’s one up the wall again—Petipher, stop it.”

“Now, clumsy!—he’s miss’d him!” “Oh! he’s safe
enough;

He’s popped through that air hole and into the sough.”

“Bill Hawkins, run round, lad, and look out a bit,
They’re certain to make for the KID PILE or pit.”

The bay is alive with them,—hark! what a row, sirs,
A young one has crept up Jack Harris's trowsers,
Who pales with affright, and exerting his muscle,
Belabours the place where a maid ties her bustle.
And thus they kept shouting and whacking away,
Till at last they got down to the floor of the bay,
Where full thirty old ones, 'tis true, on my soul,
Were found (as is often the case,) in one hole.
And then, such an uproar, when they were got out,
Such shouting, and barking, and running about;
All, all, save one old one, were fated to die;
Bill Stokes caught Joe Foster a whack on the eye.
Thus ended the warfare! full ninety had died,
Without counting seven they'd topper'd outside;
When, finding no others were left them to munch,
They left off, and went into Benton's to lunch.

IN marrying, as in pearl fishing, the odds are fearfully against us. It is not every oyster-shell that contains a pearl.

Spring.

NATURE, with lavish and unsparing hand,
Her gladsome aspect, fraught with kind intent,
Again deals out her vernal gifts!
See, at her magic touch, each tree, and shrub, and
flower

Its lethargy shook off, with thankful haste
Dons the bright garb she gives.
Around a tuneful choir of amorous birds,
With love-engender'd notes,
In one great concert join, and carol out their joy—
'Tis SPRING!



CONSCIENCE is a sort of mental finger-post,
pointing out our proper route.

Gold! Mighty Gold!

HURRAH! for the most potent monarch on earth,
Who hath reigned in his might since the hour of his
 birth,
Whose standard is followed where'er 'tis unfurled,
And whose empire extendeth all over the world.
All, all, are his subjects, the young and the old,
And the monarch I sing of, is *gold! mighty gold!*

The soldier, when fighting for honor and fame,
Will strike yet the fiercer at sound of his name;
While the love-smile of Woman, to all justly dear,
Beams brighter by far, if the monarch draws near.
E'en the heart of the miser, tho' flinty and cold,
Will warm into rapture at sight of "King Gold."

Alike are his vassals, the wise man and fool,
Each bows and submits, with delight, to his rule ;
In his ranks, too, are number'd the slave and the free :
Then say,—are there any as potent as he ?
Obey'd are his mandates in hot climes as cold,
Then, hurrah! for the ruler of monarchs—King Gold !



Epitaph on a Drunkard.

HERE lieth the body of one, who, for many years
waged an unequal contest with the wine cup, until
nature, (his best friend and backer,) seeing he only
stood up to be punished, without a chance to win,
kindly *drew him*.



THE friends of a prosperous man, like the leaves of
the summer tree, are many! Anon, the winter of
misfortune comes, and lo! the *leaves* fall off!

The Passing Bell.

HARK! where the Passing Bell, with mournful tone,
Tells, that again the tyrant's work is done;
Another victim to stern Fate's decree,
Has met a doom fast hurrying on towards thee!
Prepare to meet it, for no earthly power
May set aside that doom for one brief hour;
Slowly perchance, but surely, on it comes,
Beckoning creation to their long, last homes!
Yet comes undreaded, by the well-schooled soul,
Who holds it harbinger of that blest goal,
The glad abode of HIM, whose perfect love,
Awaits the souls of faithful ones above.
Strong in belief of HIM who *died to save*,
The trusting Christian smiling meets his grave.
Turn, then, Oh! turn to HIM, alone hath power to give
An angel's courage when you die, and peace while yet
you live:
In meekness bend thy knee, commence the needful task,
Beg heaven's pardon for your sins, while YOU HAVE
STRENGTH TO ASK!

Wife of my Bosom.

WIFE of my bosom! my soul's dearest treasure!
Star of my dwelling place, listen to me;
Know that when absent, my only true pleasure
Is thinking, dear Mary, of home and of thee!
And when in his fury the storm king was riding
The wild waves, that foam'd as he hurried them on,
And the thunder, awoke in his anger, was chiding,
And all light, save the vivid forked lightning was
gone.

When despair laid his hand on the heart of the boldest,
Stern misery whisper'd her tale in each ear;
When hope scarcely spoke, and in tones of the coldest,
And each one on board was the vassal of fear.
I had, in that hour of dark peril, a feeling,
Which never forsakes me, where'er I may be,
The glow of affection around my heart stealing,
Which told, my dear Mary, of HOME and of THEE!

The Norton Elm.

UPON THE GREEN, IN THE CENTRE OF THE TOWN OF
CHIPPING NORTON,
FOR TWO CENTURIES AT LEAST, HAD STOOD A WIDE SPREADING
COLOSSAL ELM TREE. A MARKET HALL
BEING HELD DESIRABLE, IT WAS, BY THE "POWERS THAT BE"
DECIDED TO HAVE THE OLD TREE CUT DOWN,
AND THE PRESENT GLORIOUS STRUCTURE ERECTED ON
THE SPOT WHERE IT STOOD.

Two hundred years at least, had seen
This Monarch Elm on Norton Green,
The noisy rooks its boughs among,
Had built their nests and reared their young.
The sparrows claimed a vested right
To chirrup on its topmost height ;
The starling, in its hollow arm
Had built, for years, its nest so warm.
[Though, lying useless, all around
Was lots of fitting vacant ground,]
The poor old tree was doomed to fall,
And rooks and starlings banished all.

'Twas a pity, for that fine old tree
Formed part of Norton's history;
Grey-headed men would speak, with glee,
Of boyhood's sports beneath that tree,
And crones, grown garrulous, would tell
How early swains had tried to spell
Their rude initials on its bark,
And show, or try to show, the mark.
Could it have told, that nature's child,
The stories true, and legends wild;
The many changes, bad and good,
That had occurred since there it stood,
'Twould form a chronicle, to read,
Strange, very, very strange indeed.
The *spoiler* came in evil hour,
Who, lacking taste, and having *power*,
O monstrous act! decreed its fall,
And built a paltry Market Hall!



Significant.

ANYBODY will lend you an umbrella *when it doesn't rain.*

Old Fashioned Times.

IN old fashioned times, when the old fashioned folk,
With their friends and relations around,
Would welcome old Christmas with dance, song, and joke,
And the fiddle's good old fashioned sound.
The old panelled parlour was put in request,
The holly and ivy were there,
And neighbour met neighbour, decked out in their best,
To partake of the old fashioned fare.

No cards were then printed, with formal invite,
Nor pink scented paper, with some
Expression of MAMA'S or PAPA'S delight;
They ASKED you, and MEANT you to come.
Then the old fashioned shake of the hand, which
they gave,
With the welcome that shone in their smile,
And the honest "How are you? I hope you are
brave,"
For THAT was the old fashioned style!

While the old fashioned country dance would enlist
The young, to enjoy its delight,
The old folks sat down to a rubber at whist,
And so passed the old Christmas night.
The mistletoe bough to the ceiling was hung,
Old excuse for the innocent kiss,
Nor Prudery's self would pronounce it as wrong
On a joyous occasion like this.

Each house had its party, each party was gay,
Good nature and cheerfulness lent
Their aid to induce you to lengthen your stay,
And regret only came when you went.
Those, those were the times, let them talk as they may,
When folks met to be HAPPY and FREE!
'Tis a pity such customs should e'er pass away,
However OLD FASHIONED THEY BE!



A BLACKGUARD is a living syringe filled with dirty water, with which he ever and anon doth defile his betters.

First Throb of Love.

THE first throb of love this fond heart ever knew,
Was implanted, dear Mary, by thee,
And time serves to shew me how lasting and true
That first love, dear Mary, shall be.
Tho' distance may part us, thy memory still
I'll treasure, as miser his gold!
Nor e'er for a moment forget thee, until
This now beating heart shall be cold.

Whatever awaits me, through life's changing scene,
Wherever on earth I may range,
My constant companion throughout will have been
A feeling that never could change.
And so will I love thee, unalter'd, till death
Shall bid me the passion resign,
One name, fondly whisper'd, shall claim my last breath,
And, *Mary*, that NAME shall be THINE!

Adieu to 1844.

WRITTEN DECEMBER 31st, AT ELEVEN O'CLOCK, P.M.

AND thou art off, old forty four,
With all thy good and ill attending,
To join thy kindred gone before,
And add to the eternal blending.
What varied scenes of grief and joy,
Hast thou, old year, been at the making,
What myriads sent to sleep, old boy,
To 'bide the last trump's awful waking?

What thousands thou hast usher'd in
To this sad world of guilt and sorrow;
But whatsoe'er thy faults have been,
Thy reign, old boy, is o'er to-morrow.
So, part we friends, for thou hast dried
The tear from many a weeping eye;
And thy successor, when he's tried,
May perhaps be worse—and so, good bye!

A Coursing Song.

RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED TO ALL TRUE LOVERS OF
THE LEASH.

LET dukes keep their racers, my lord have his stud,
And the 'Squire sport his pack, and his prime bit of
blood,

Give me a good kennel of greyhounds, and let
The BEST dog always win, when for coursing we're
met.

Singing, gently, so ho! halloo, let 'em go,
They're off like gun shot, how like racing they go!

See stripped of their clothing, look, look! what a treat,
What muscular haunches, what small cat-like feet;
With a tail like a rat, and an eye like Gazelle,
Long necked, and deep chested, they're safe to run
well.

Sing gently, so ho! halloo, let 'em go,
They're beautiful creatures, I'll pound 'em to go.

Come, where is your starter, your judge, where is he?
Put a brace into slips, and some sport you shall see;
Hold hard! there, you horsemen! don't ride o'er the
ground;

I ne'er saw this beaten but "pussy" was found.
Singing, gently, so ho! halloo! let 'em go,
We're sure of a find in this stubble, I know.

So ho! there! I told you; now give her fair play;
It shall all be fair coursing; no murder, to-day:
The hares, perhaps in weight may have lost half an
ounce;

But after this frost, just see how they'll bounce.
Singing, gently, so ho! halloo! let 'em go,
Look, she slouches one ear—she's a fizzer, I know.

They're running like wildfire; the black dog's a turn:
Now the blue un's a go-by: she's off for the fern;
He has thrown, and has miss'd her; the black dog is in;
He's a mortal good judge that can tell which will win.
Singing, gently, so ho! halloo! let 'em go,
Each goes like an arrow just shot from a bow.

The black dog is leading the blue dog a nose ;
 She makes for the spinney—my heart, how she goes :
 The black dog, a thousand! a-done, sir—a-done!
 He has her! he hasn't! my soul, what a run!
 Singing, gently, so ho! halloo! let 'em go;
 Poor "pussy" in each has a death-meaning foe.

They're getting the slows on, they're all of them beat,
 It's rarely a sportsman enjoys such a treat;
 Now, Topper! now, Bugle! they'll kill her!—they
 won't;
 They have her!—they haven't!—she beats 'em!—she
 do'nt!
 Singing, gently, so ho! halloo! let 'em go;
 I ne'er saw better mettle, than all the three show.

See, the Judge takes his hat off, and gets from his horse,
 And so, UNDECIDED's this wonderful course;
 They've managed to kill her; but no man can tell
 Which won it, they both ran so HONEST and WELL!
 Singing, gently, so ho! halloo! let 'em go,
 To see such another, I'd fifty miles go!

Come, fill up your glasses, whatever you drink,
(I shall hold him a *muff* who endeavours to slink,)
Here's success to the "long tails," their owners, and all,
Who are fond of the sport, whether great folks or small.
Singing, gently, so ho! halloo, let 'em go,
There's nothing can stop 'em except *frost* or *snow*.



Impromptu.

WRITTEN ON VIEWING THE BODY OF A YOUNG MAN WHO WAS
KILLED BY LIGHTNING, AT CHARLBURY, OXFORDSHIRE,
JULY 19, 1844.

AND he is dead, and stiff, and cold, and motionless,
who, but an hour ago was full of lusty life, of youth
and vigour; whose warm heart's blood ran gaily dancing
through a giant frame; whose stalwart build might
almost mock at Time, and, in its *seeming strength*,
defy disease. And now, behold!—a few brief moments
gone, a clammy, ghastly corpse is all remains!

Look on, I pray you all, and ponder well, on *this*
"stern monument" of LIFE'S UNCERTAINTY!

This World's a Large Fair.

THIS world's a large fair, hurrah, hurrah,
It's no more than a fair, hurrah,
And the people around, keeping STALLS will be found,
Or else they are showmen, hurrah, hurrah,
Or else they are showmen, hurrah.

Then let us be moving, come on, move on,
We've no time to lose, get on,
For the time will soon come, when we all must go *home*,
So let us keep moving, get on, get on,
Come, push through the crowd—get on.

Here's the royal pavilion—hats off, hats off;
'Tis the royal pavilion—hats off;
Where the Prince, and the Queen, and the children are
seen,
The pride of Old England—hats off, hats off;
Long, long may they live—hats off.

Take a peep at this building. Be quick—be quick ;
 Take a peep at this building. Be quick :
 'Tis the house where the lords deal in high sounding
 words,
 And that's about all. Be quick—be quick ;
 Don't waste your time. Be quick.

There *will be* the place, just now, just now ;
 That *will be* the place, just now ;
 But faith, they must tarry, and wait for 'Squire Barry,
 Who seems in no hurry, just now—just now,
 Who appears in no hurry, just now.

Here's the SHOW of St. Paul's ; walk up—walk up ;
 Just a going to begin—walk up ;
 It seems an *abuse*, nor yet just the use
 A church should be put to ; walk up—walk up ;
 The charge ONLY TWOPENCE ; walk up.

And here stands *another* ; fork out—fork out ;
 A sort of twin brother ; fork out ;
 This is Westminster Abbey, and there's a fat babby,
 Both *charge* the same price ; fork out—fork out,
 Both *charge* the same price ; fork out.

Here's Jack-in-the-box ; quick march—quick march ;
 The guardians of Time ; quick march ;
 Whose deeds, (not extensive,) are *nation* expensive,
 Now, take open order ; quick march—quick march ;
 Left shoulders forward ; quick march.

Here's a sight in good earnest ; the Duke—the Duke ;
 A sight worth the seeing ; the Duke !
 No wonder the crowd of their hero are proud,
 Hark ! hark, how they're shouting, 'the Duke—the
 Duke !'
 "Health, strength, and long life to the Duke !"

Stand aside, here's the Whigs ; *sweet* lot—*sweet* lot ;
 Make room for the Whigs ; *sweet* lot ;
 With fife and with drum, recruiting they come ;
 Now, who'll take the shilling ? *sweet* lot—*sweet* lot,
 Now, who'll take the shilling ? *sweet* lot !

Look after that party ; look out—look out ;
 They're a PROMISING party ; look out ;
 And have lately been made, the household brigade ;
 But they're not fit for service : look out—look out ;
 Right about, face ; look out !

And now for the ladies ; oh yes—oh yes ;
 The ladies, God bless 'em ; oh yes :
 Who a license have got to make fools of the lot,
 And they do it moreover, oh yes—oh yes,
 And they do it moreover, oh yes !

Still we can't do without them ; oh no—oh no ;
 'Twere no fair without them, oh no :
 And were they not in it, I'd not stay a minute ;
 Would you, sir ? or you, sir ?—Oh no ! oh no !
 I answer for all—oh no !

Turn which way you will, fair folks—fair folks,
 Are hard at it still, fair folks ;
 Some selling, some buying, some laughing, some crying,
 And lots of them *trying*, fair folks—fair folks,
 To *gammon* the other fair folks.

There's booths, too, for gambling ; come play—come
 play ;
 Yes, out and out *gambling*, come play ;
 Where shares, scrip and dice, clean you out in a trice ;
 They've just picked up "JOHNNY," come play—come
 play ;
 He'll KNOW BETTER IN FUTURE THAN PLAY.

See, the gamblers are fighting; go in!—go in!
They've kicked up a "shindy," go in!
And during the brawl they'll break many a STALL,
Besides picking pockets, go in!—go in!
Now play all you know; go in!

Just notice those stalls; oh dear—oh dear;
They say, "THAT'S the TICKET," oh dear;
Tho' they cut such a dash, they sell nothing but trash,
Mere gingerbread make, oh dear, oh dear;
The things that you buy are, oh DEAR!

We've seen quite enough, I guess—I guess,
To shew us the stuff, I guess,
Of which this world's made, shows, gambling or trade,
All, all are engaged in, I guess—I guess;
Not ONE is EXEMPT, I guess!

And now for a finish; shut up—shut up;
May our troubles diminish; shut up;
And while in this fair, may each one prepare
For another and better; shut up—shut up;
When the TIME shall arrive to SHUT UP!

True Love.

TRUE Love's an exotic, the heart is the soil
Where implanted, it firmly grows on,
In the pride of its beauty, diffusing its smile,
When the weed, sensuality's gone.

And should the cold touch of *indifference* come,
To attempt its removal, you'll find
(It may wrest the plant from its favorite home,
But 'twill leave naught but ruin behind!

When 'whelmed in deep sorrow, you find that it's dead,
And that all the atonement left here,
(With a heart, where a thorn hath been planted instead)
Is, to water its grave with a tear!

When remorse shall have lit the slow fire of regret,
And the pride of life's garden is floun,
And the seeds of despair have commingled and met
In the spot where the plant should have grown,—

How dreadful, on memory's tablet to view,
The sad record of happiness gone!
And to feel, that with different treatment from you,
The *plant* might have still flourished on!

I HAVE long determined that I would, at some period or other, (as the only possible atonement now in my power) divulge to the public the dreadful secret contained in the following confession—

Years of overwhelming grief and unmitigated misery have entirely failed in at all assuaging the bitter regrets of this crime-tortured bosom.

Those who have been much in my society, cannot have failed to notice the frequent fits of melancholy abstraction to which I am subject. The following painful disclosure will at once serve to elucidate the retributive nature of those visitations—

And oh, my very soul sickens when I think how many, whom I have been proud to consider as my friends, will shudder, when they ascertain that *this* hand, which they (in the kindness of their hearts) have so warmly pressed, has been stained with———; but I will not anticipate!

The Confession.

It was a damp, cold, foggy, drizzly night,
 The moon half gave, and half withheld her light,
 The hour approaching twelve, the month November :
 And tho' 'tis years a-gone, I still remember
 The fearful doings of that night, as well
 As tho' 'twere yesterday on which it fell.
 Its bare remembrance makes my blood run cold,
 But conscience dictates, and it SHALL BE TOLD!
 Oh! would in mercy this poor brain were freed
 From recollections of that horrid deed!

I've said, 'twas night, returning from a friend's,
 (So ever joy, with some sad sorrow blends,)
 We had been spending a gay happy night,
 My head, my heart, my pockets—all were light.
 Prudence had whisper'd of the coming day,
 And so, unknown to all, I stole away ;
 My gun—(I had been shooting on that day,)
 (Would it had been ten thousand miles away,)
 I CARRIED LOADED!—oh most dire mishap,
 That e'er I made in Foden's fence a gap.
 To make the distance less, my way I took
 Over the fields by way of Brockley's brook ;
 When crossing Vincent's close, before me stood
 Between the Gibbet-lane and Wadley's wood,
 The figure of a man!—his *outstretch'd arms*
 To intercept me, raised my worst alarms.
 Behind me, too, quick hurrying steps came on,
 I felt, all hope of an escape was gone!
 What fiend impelled—what monster coined the thought?
 Enough to tell—the fatal gun I caught.
 Raised to my shoulder, and—my eye-balls start—
 I fired the murderous charge RIGHT THRO' HIS HEART!
 As I supposed; but truth demands these words—
It was a SCARECROW, set to frighten birds!
 The coming steps I'd heard, with shame I must confess,
 Was Allen's drunken cowman—neither more nor less,
 Who having joined me, said, as homeward we were
 walking,
 "I say, what made you shoot at Mr. Vincent's mawkin?"

TO-MORROW is the food on which procrastination lives: 'tis also the day on which idle men work and fools reform!

WHO, in the *possession of happiness*, would be mad enough to prefer an hour to a day; a day to a week; a week to a month; or a month to a year? yet is TIME preferred to ETERNITY!

LOSE the key of the cellar, spoil the lock of the cupboard, button up your breeches pocket; give a month's notice thereof, and then COUNT YOUR FRIENDS!

OUR actions should be *such only* as our enemies would *never allude to!*

THE tear of pity is a distillation of the soul, and bears a heavenly quality about it!

BOOKS to mankind are as the flowers to the bee. Read, therefore; I conjure ye, *read!* Seeing that the spring and summer of your life is the proper season for laying in an useful stock of knowledge, which, to the mind, like the well-stored hive to the bee, is a source of sustenance, when the cold, and *otherwise dreary winter* of "old age" sets in!

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