

Designed by Robert Cruikshank. Engraved by G. Bonner

THE FIVE PRINCIPAL ORDERS OF SOCIETY.

The King—*Corinthian;* an elegant Female—*Composite;* the Nobleman—*Doric;* a Member of the University—*Ionic;* and the Buck of Fashion—*Tuscan*. On the *left hand* may be seen a specimen of the *Exquisite*, a *new order* in high estimation at the *west end* of *the Town;* and on the *right hand* stands an *old order* of some *solidity* in the *eastern* parts of the Metropolis. *Fashion*, *Taste*, and *Fame*, are emblematical of the varied pursuits of life; while the *Army* and *Navy* of the country are the capitals that crown the superstructure, combining the *ornamental* with the *useful*.

THE

ENGLISH SPY:

An Original Work,

CHARACTERISTIC, SATIRICAL, AND HUMOROUS.

COMPRISING

SCENES AND SKETCHES IN EVERY RANK OF SOCIETY,

BEING

PORTRAITS

OF THE

Illustrious, Eminent, Eccentric, and Notorious.

DRAWN FROM THE LIFE

BY BERNARD BLACKMANTLE.

THE ILLUSTRATIONS

DESIGNED BY

ROBERT CRUIKSHANK.



By Frolic, Mirth, and Fancy gay,
Old Father Time is borne away.

LONDON:
PUBLISHED BY SHERWOOD, JONES, AND CO.
PATERNOSTER-ROW.

1825.

The Project Gutenberg eBook of The English spy

This eBook is for the use of anyone anywhere in the United States and most other parts of the world at no cost and with almost no restrictions whatsoever. You may copy it, give it away or re-use it under the terms of the Project Gutenberg License included with this eBook or online at www.gutenberg.org. If you are not located in the United States, you will have to check the laws of the country where you are located before using this eBook.

Title: The English spy

an original work characteristic, satirical, and humorous. Comprising scenes and sketches in every rank of society, being portraits drawn from the life

Author: C. M. Westmacott

Illustrator: Robert Cruikshank

Release date: December 3, 2006 [eBook #20001]
Most recently updated: May 15, 2015

Language: English

Other information and formats: www.gutenberg.org/ebooks/20001

Credits: Produced by David Widger

*** START OF THE PROJECT GUTENBERG EBOOK THE ENGLISH SPY ***

Format Choice

The present format is best for most **laptops** and **computers**, and generates well to **.mobi** and **.epub** files. The higher quality images in this file do not reduce in size to fit the small screens of Tablets and Smart Phones—part of the larger images may run off the side. Another format is available by clicking on the following line:

A file with images which automatically accomodate to any screen size; this is the best choice for the small screens of ***Tablets*** *and* ***Smart Phones****.*

THE

ENGLISH SPY

An Original Work CHARACTERISTIC, SATIRICAL, AND HUMOROUS. COMPRISING SCENES AND SKETCHES IN EVERY RANK OF SOCIETY, BEING PORTRAITS DRAWN FROM THE LIFE

BY BERNARD BLACKMANTLE.

THE ILLUSTRATIONS DESIGNED BY

ROBERT CRUIKSHANK.

By Frolic, Mirth, and Fancy gay, Old Father Time is borne away.
LONDON: PUBLISHED BY SHERWOOD, JONES, AND CO. PATERNOSTER-BOW. 1825.

Spines

ENLARGE TO FULL SIZE

Frontispiece

ENLARGE TO FULL SIZE

CONTENTS

BERNARD BLACKMANTLE{} TO THE REVIEWERS.*

THE ENGLISH SPY.

INTRODUCTION.

PREFACE, IN IMITATION OF SATIRE OF PERSIUS.

A SHANDEAN SCENE,

ETONIAN.

PORTRAITS IN MY DAME'S DINING-ROOM.

FIVE PRINCIPAL ORDERS OF ETON

THE MONTEM ODE. May 20, 1823.

THE DOUBTFUL POINT.

RECOLLECTIONS OF AN OLD ETONIAN.

APOLLO'S VISIT TO ETON.{1}

ETON MONTEM.

FAREWELL TO ETON.

MY VALE.

FIVE CHARACTERISTIC ORDERS OF OXFORD.

THE FRESHMAN.

THE DINNER PARTY.

COLLEGE SERVANTS.

TAKING POSSESSION OF YOUR ROOMS.

THE EXCURSION TO BAGLEY WOOD.

KENSINGTON GARDENS—SUNDAY EVENING.

THE OPERA.

THE ROYAL SALOON.

THE SPREAD, OR WINE PARTY AT BRAZEN-NOSE.

THE OXFORD RAKE'S PROGRESS.

TOWN AND GOWN, AN OXFORD ROW.

THE STAGE COACH,

THE PROPOSITION.

SKETCHES AT BRIGHTON.

CHARACTERS ON THE BEACH AND STEYNE, BRIGHTON.

METROPOLITAN SKETCHES.

VISIT TO WESTMINSTER HALL.

PROGRAMME.

CONCLUSION OF VOLUME ONE.

THE ENGLISH SPY.

INTRODUCTION TO THE SECOND VOLUME.

ODE, CONGRATULATORY AND ADVISIORY,

CYTHEREAN BEAUTIES.

LADIES OF DISTINCTION,

THE WAKE;

THE CYPRIAN'S BALL,

THE PHILOSOPHY OF LAUGHTER;

THE WESTMINSTER SCHOLAR.

ON FEASTERS AND FEASTING.

A SUNDAY RAMBLE TO HIGHGATE,

THE STOCK EXCHANGE.

THE LIFE, DEATH, BURIAL, AND RESURRECTION COMPANY.

THE ISLE OF WIGHT.

A CIRCULAR,

PORTSMOUTH IN TIME OF PEACE.

CHELTONIAN CHARACTERS.

CHAPTER I.

A SECOND ODE TO BERNARD BLACKMANTLE, ESQ.

A TRIP TO THE SPAS.

CHAPTER II.

TRAVELLER'S HALL.

AN EPISTLE TO BERNARD BLACKMANTLE, ESQ.,

A VISIT TO GLOUCESTER AND BERKELEY.

A DAY IN BRISTOL.

SKETCHES IN BATH.

SPORTSMAN'S HALL.

THE BATTLE OF THE CHAIRS.

SKETCHES IN BATH—CHAPTER II.

WAGGERIES AT WORCESTER.

BERNARD BLACKMANTLE TO HIS READERS.

A SHORT ODE AT PARTING,

Illustrations

[Color Plates in Bold Print]

Cover

Frontispiece

Titlepage

Page004

Page007

Page013

Page018

Page019

Page021

Page025

Page032

Page 041

Page042

Page043

Page048

Page049

Page058

Page059

Page066

Page088

Page096

Page096b

Page097

Page105

Page107

Page109

Page111

Page112

Page113

Page128

Page129

Page131

Page136

Page149

Page151

Page153

Page156

Page157

Page162

Page164

Page165

Page184

Page185

Page197

Page199

Page205

Page220

Page233

Page 235

Page240

Pge243

Page244

Page245

Page247

Page262

Page269

Page272

Page273b

Page274

Page286

Page291

Page296

Page298

Page303

Page304

Page308

Page313

Page323

Page325

Page326

Page329

Page331

Page335

Page 339

Page343

Page345

Page354

Page361

Page363

Page364

Page365

Page366

Page367

Page369a

Page369b

Page370

Page371

Page015

Page021

Page029

Page030

Page033

Page042

Page055

Page056

Page062

Page066

Page067

Page069

Page73

Page081

Page089

Page89b

Page109

Page125

Page139

Page163

Page179

Page184

Page189

Page 191

Page193

Page203

Page207

Page210

Page214

Page217

Page219

Page222

Page223

Page226

Page245

Page249

Page268

Page271

Page289

Page291

Page292

Page293

Page294

Page295

Page300

Page303

Page312

Page315

Page321

Page327

Page332

Page335

Page338

Page343

---

page002 (26K)

BERNARD BLACKMANTLE{*} TO THE REVIEWERS.

"But now, what Quixote of the age would care
To wage a war with dirt, and fight with air?"

Messieurs the Critics,

After twelve months of agreeable toil, made easy by unprecedented success, the period has at length arrived when your high mightinesses will be able to indulge your voracious appetites by feeding and fattening on the work of death. Already does my prophetic spirit picture to itself the black cloud of cormorants, swelling and puffing in the fulness of their editorial pride, at the huge eccentric volume which has thus thrust itself into extensive circulation without the usual *cringings* and *cravings* to the *pick fault tribe*. But

I dare defy the venal crew that prates,
From tailor Place* to fustian Herald Thwaites.{**}

* The woolly editor of the Breeches Makers', alias the "Westminster Review."

** The thing who writes the leaden (leading) articles for the Morning Herald.

Let me have good proof of your greediness to devour my labours, and I will dish up such a meal for you in my next volume, as shall go nigh to produce extermination by *surfeit*. One favour, alone, I crave—give me *abuse* enough; let no squeamish pretences of respect for my bookseller, or disguised qualms of apprehension for your own sacred persons, deter the *natural* inclination of your hearts. The slightest deviation from your *usual course* to independent writers—or one step towards commendation from your *gang*, might induce the public to believe I had *abandoned my character*, and become one of your *honourable*

fraternity-the very *suspicion of which* would (to me) produce irretrievable ruin. *Your masters*, the *trading brotherhood*, will (as usual) direct you in the course you should pursue; whether to approve or condemn, as their *'peculiar interests* may dictate. Most *sapient* sirs of the secret *bandit'* of the screen, inquisitors of literature, raise all your *arms* and *heels*, your *daggers, masks*, and *hatchets*, to revenge the daring of an *open foe*, who thus boldly defies your *base* and *selfish views*; for, basking at his ease in the sunshine of public patronage, he feels that his heart is rendered invulnerable to your *poisoned shafts*. Read, and you shall find I have not been parsimonious of the means to grant you *food* and *pleasure*: errors there are, no doubt, and plenty of them, grammatical and typographical, all of which I might have corrected by an *errata* at the end of my volume; but I disdain the wish to rob you of your office, and have therefore left them just where I made them, without a single note to mark them out; for if all the *thistles were rooted up*, what would become of the *asses?* or of those

> "Who pin their easy faith on critic's sleeve,
> And, knowing nothing, ev'ry thing believe?"

Fully satisfied that swarms of *literary blow flies* will pounce upon the errors with delight, and, buzzing with the ecstasy of infernal joy, endeavour to hum their readers into a belief of the profundity of their critic erudition;—I shall nevertheless, with Churchill, laughingly exclaim —"Perish my muse"

> "If e'er her labours weaken to refine
> The generous roughness of a nervous line."

Bernard Blackmantle.

Contents Page Images

[1] – [2] – [3] – [4] – [5] – [6]

CONTENTS.
Page

INTRODUCTION 3

PREFACE, IN IMITATION OF THE FIRST SATIRE OF PERSIUS 5

REFLECTIONS, ADDRESSED TO THOSE WHO CAN THINK.

Reflections of an Author—Weighty Reasons for writing—Magister Artis Ingeniique Largitor Venter—Choice of Subject considered—Advice of Index, the Bookseller—Of the Nature of Prefaces—How to commence a new Work 7

A FEW THOUGHTS ON MYSELF 14

A SHANDEAN SCENE, BETWEEN LADY MARY OLD-STYLE AND HORATIO HEARTLY 17

SCHOOL—BOY REMINISCENCES. ON EARLY FRIEND-SHIP 22

CHARACTER OF BERNARD BLACKMANTLE. BY

HORATIO HEARTLY 25

ETON SKETCHES OF CHARACTER 32

THE FIVE PRINCIPAL ORDERS OF ETON—DOCTOR, DAME, COLLEGER, OPPIDAN, AND CAD. A Sketch taken opposite the Long Walk 42

ETON DAMES; AN ODE, NEITHER AMATORY, ILL-NATURED, NOR PATHETIC 43

ELECTION SATURDAY.
A Peep at the Long Chambers—The Banquet—Reflections on parting—Arrival of the Provost of King's College, Cambridge, and the Pozers—The Captain's Oration—Busy Monday—The Oppidan's Farewell—Examination and Election of the Collegers who stand for King's—The aquatic Gala and Fireworks—Oxonian Visitors—Night—Rambles in Eton—Transformations of Signs and Names—The Feast at the Christopher, with a View of the Oppidan's Museum, and Eton Court of Claims 58

AN ETON ELECTION SCENE 59

HERBERT STOCKHORE, THE MONTEM POET LAUREATE.

A Sketch from the Life, as he appeared in the Montem Procession of May, 1823. By Bernard Blackmantle and Robert Transit 67

LIFE IN ETON; A College Chaunt in praise of private Tutors 68

RECOLLECTIONS OF AN OLD ETONIAN 78

ETON MONTEM 96

FAREWELL TO ETON 105

MY VALE 108

THE FRESHMAN.
Reflections on leaving Eton University—A Whip—Sketches on the Road—The Joneses of Jesus—Picturesque Appearance of Oxford from the Distance—The Arrival—Welcome of an Old Etonian—Visit to Dr. Dingyman—A University Don—Presentation to the Big Wig—Ceremony of Matriculation 113

CHRIST CHURCH COLLEGE.
Architectural Reminiscences—Descriptive Remarks—Similitude between the Characters of Cardinal Wolsey and Napoleon 129

THE DINNER PARTY.
Bernard Blackmantle's Visit to Tom Echo—Oxford Phraseology—Smuggled Dinners—A College Party described—Topography of a Man's Room—Portrait of a Bachelor of Arts—Hints to Freshmen—Customs of the University 132

COLLEGE SERVANTS.

Descriptive Sketch of a College Scout—Biography of Mark Supple—Singular Invitation to a Spread
146

TAKING POSSESSION OF YOUR ROOMS.
Topography of a vacant College Larium—Anecdotes and Propensities of Predecessors—A Long Shot—Scout's List of Necessaries—Condolence of University Friends
151

THE EXCURSION TO BAGLEY WOOD 157

WESTERN ENTRANCE INTO THE METROPOLIS.
A descriptive Sketch.
General Views of the Author relative to Subject and Style—Time and Place—Perspective Glimpse of the great City—The Approach—Cockney Salutations—The Toll House—Western Entrance to Cockney Land—Hyde Park—Sunday Noon-Sketches of Character, Costume, and Scenery—The Ride and Drive—Kensington Gardens—Belles and Beaux-Stars and fallen Stars—Singularities of 1824-Tales of Ton-On Dits and Anecdotes—Sunday Evening—High Life and Low Life, the Contrast—Cockney Goths—Notes, Biographical, Amorous, and Exquisite 164

THE OPERA.
The Man of Fashion—Fop's Alley—Modern Roué and Frequenters—Characteristic Sketches in High Life—Blue Stocking Illuminati—Motives and Manners—Meeting with the Honourable Lillyman Lionise—Dinner at Long's—Visit to the Opera—Joined by Bob Transit—A Peep into the Green Room—Secrets behind the Curtain—Noble Amateurs and Foreign Curiosities—Notes and Anecdotes by Horatio Heartly 198

THE ROYAL SALOON.
Visit of Heartly, Lionise, and Transit—Description of the Place—Sketches of Character—The Gambling Parsons—Horse Chaunting, a true Anecdote—Bang and her Friends—Moll Raffle and the Marquis W.—he Play Man—The Touter—The Half-pay Officer—Charles Rattle, Esq.—Life of a modern Roue—B——— the Tailor—The Subject—Jarvey and Brooks the Dissector—"Kill him when you want him"
205

THE SPREAD, OR WINE PARTY AT BRAZEN-NOSE.
A College Wine Party described—Singular Whim of Horace Eglantine—Meeting of the Oxford Crackademonians—Sketches of Eccentric Characters, drawn from the Life—The Doctor's Daughter—an old Song—A Round of Sculls—Epitaphs on the Living and the Dead—Tom Tick, a College Tale—The Voyagers—Notes and Anecdotes
221

THE OXFORD RAKE'S PROGRESS 233

TOWN AND GOWN, AN OXFORD ROW.

Battle of the Togati and the Town—Raff—A Night—Scene in the High-Street, Oxford—Description of the Combatants—Attack of the Gownsmen upon the Mitre—Evolutions of the Assailants—Manoeuvres of the Proctors and Bull—Dogs—Perilous Condition of Blackmantle and his Associates, Eglantine, Echo, and Transit—Snug Retreat of Lionise—The High-Street after the Battle—Origin of the Argotiers, and Invention of Cant—phrases—History of the Intestine Wars and Civil Broils of Oxford, from the Time of Alfred—Origin of the late Strife—Ancient Ballad—Retreat of the Togati—Reflections of a Freshman—Black Matins, or the Effect of late Drinking upon early Risers—Visit to Golgotha, or the Place of Sculls—Lecture from the Big-Wigs—Tom Echo receives Sentence of

Rustication 246

TOWNE AND GOWNE 263

THE STAGE COACH, OR THE TRIP TO BRIGHTON.
Improvements in Travelling—Contrast of ancient and modern Conveyances and Coachmen—Project for a new Land Steam Carriage—The Inn—yard at the Golden Cross, Charing Cross—Mistakes of Passengers—Variety of Characters—Advantages of the Box—seat—Obstructions on the Road—A Pull—up at the Elephant and Castle—Move on to Kennington Common—New Churches—Civic Villas at Brixton—Modern Taste in Architecture described—Arrival at Croydon; why not now the King's Road?—The Joliffe Hounds—A Hunting Leader—Anecdotes of the Horse, by Coachee—The new Tunnel at Reigate—The Baron's Chamber—The Golden Ball—the Silver Ball—and the Golden Calf—Entrance into

Brighton 274

THE PROPOSITION.
Family Secrets—Female Tactics—How to carry the Point 287

SKETCHES AT BRIGHTON.
The Pavilion Party—Interior described—Royal and Noble Anecdotes—The King and Mathews 292

CHARACTERS ON THE BEACH AND STEYNE, BRIGHTON.
On Bathing and Bathers—Advantages of Shampooing—French Decency—Brighton Politeness—Sketches of Character—The Banker's Widow—Miss J——s—Mrs. F——1—Peter Paragraph, he London Correspondent—J—k S——h—The French Consul—Paphian Divinities—C—— L——, Esq. Squeeze into the Libraries—The new Plunging Bath—

Chain Pier—Cockney Comicalities—Royal Gardens—The Club House 305

METROPOLITAN SKETCHES.
Heartly, Echo, and Transit start for a Spree—Scenes by Daylight, Starlight, and Gaslight—Black Monday at Tatter—sail's—The first Meeting after the Great St. Leger—Heroes of the Turf paying and receiving—Dinner at Fishmongers' Hall—Committee of Greeks—The Affair of the Cogged Dice—A Regular Break—down—Rules for the New Club—The Daffy Club, or a Musical Muster of the Fancy: striking Portraits—Counting the Stars—Covent Garden, what it was and what it is—The Finish—Anecdotes of Characters—The Hall of Infamy, alias the Covent Garden Hell 327

VISIT TO WESTMINSTER HALL.
Worthies thereof—Legal Sketches of the Long Robe—An Awkward Recognition—Visit to Banco Regis—Surrey Col—legians giving a Lift to a Limb of the Law—Out of Rule and in
Rule—"Thus far shalt thou go, and no further"—Park Rangers personified—Visit to the Life Academy, Somerset House—R. A—ys of Genius reflecting on the true Line of Beauty—Peep into the Green Rooms of the two Theatres Royal, Drury Lane and Covent Garden—Bernard Blackmantle reading his new Play and Farce—The City Ball at the Mansion House—The Squeeze—Civic Characters—Return to Oxford—Invite to Cambridge—Jemmy Gordon's Frolic—Term ends 355

Illustration Listing Page Images

[1] – [2] – [3] – [4] – [5] – [6] – [7] – [8] – [9] – [10]

ILLUSTRATIONS IN THE ENGLISH SPY.

(By R. CRUIKSHANK unless otherwise attributed)

We hope it will be generally admitted that few volumes have a more decided claim upon the public patronage, in respect to the novelty and variety of design, as well as the number of illustrations, than the one here presented to the reader. To speak of the choice humorous talent engaged in the work would only be to re-echo the applauding sentiments of the reviewers and admirers of rich graphic excellence. Cruikshank and Rowlandson are names not unworthy a space upon the same roll with Hogarth, Gilray, and Bunbury: to exhibit scenes of character in real life, sketched upon the spot, was an undertaking of no mean importance; particularly, when it is remembered how great the difficulty must have been in collecting together accurate portraits. The work, it will be perceived, contains thirty-six Copper-Plates, etched, aquainted, and coloured, by and under the direction of the respective artists whose names appear to the different subjects, the principal part of which are the sole production of Mr. Robert Cruikshank. The Wood Engravings, twenty-eight in number, besides the *Vignettes*, (which are numerous), are equally full of merit; and will be found, upon examination, to be every way worthy the superior style of typographical excellence which characterises the volume,

I.

THE FRONTISPIECE

Is intended to convey a general idea of the nature of the work; combining, in rich classic taste, a variety of subjects illustrative of the polished as well as the more humble scenes of real life. It represents a Gothic Temple, into which the artist, Mr. Robert Cruikshank, has introduced a greater variety of characteristic subject than was ever before compressed into one design. In the centre compartment, at the top, we have a view of a Terrestrial Heaven, where Music, Love, and gay Delight are all united to lend additional grace to Fashion, and increase the splendour of the revels of Terpsichore. In the niches, on each side, are the twin genii, Poetry and Painting; while the pedestals, right and left, present the protectors of their country, the old Soldier and Sailor, retired upon pensions, enjoying and regaling themselves on the bounty of their King. In the centre of the Plate are three divisions representing the King, Lords, and Commons in the full exercise of their prerogatives. The figures on each side are portraits of Bernard Blackmantle (the English Spy), and his friend, Robert Transit (the artist), standing on projecting pedestals, and playing with the world as a ball; not doubting but for this piece of vanity, the world, or the reviewers for them, will knock them about in return. On the front of the pedestals are the arms of the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge; and in the centre armorial shields of the Cities of London and Westminster. The picture of a modern Hell, in the centre, between the pedestals, has the very appropriate emblems of Misery and Death, in the niches on each side. Crowning the whole, the Genius of Wit is seen astride of an eagle, demonstrative of strength, and wielding in his hand the lash of Satire; an instrument which, in the present work, has been used more as a corrective of we than personal ill-nature.

II.

THE FIVE PRINCIPAL ORDERS OF SOCIETY.
The King-Corinthian; an elegant Female-Composite; the Nobleman-Doric; a Member of the University-Ionic; and the Buck of Fashion-Tuscan. On the left hand may be seen a specimen of the Exquisite, a new order in high estimation at the west end of the Town; and on the right hand stands an old order of some solidity in the eastern parts of the Metropolis. Fashion, Taste, and Fame, are emblematical of the varied pursuits of life; while the Army and Navy of the country are the capitals that crown the superstructure, combining the ornamental with the useful.
III.

FIRST ABSENCE, OR THE SONS OF OLD ETONA ANSWERING MORNING MUSTER-ROLL. 25
A view of the school-yard, Eton, at the time first Absence is called, and just when the learned Doctor Keat is reviewing the upper school. (Portraits.)
IV.

THE OPPIDAN'S MUSEUM, OR ETON COURT OF CLAIMS AT THE CHRISTOPHER. 49
Bernard Blackmantle and Robert Transit sitting in judgement after Election Saturday, apportioning the remuneration money to the different claimants of the surrounding trophies.
V.

ETON MONTEM, AND THE MOUNT, SALT HILL. 96
An accurate sketch of this ancient customary procession made upon the spot.

VI.

THE FIRST BOW TO ALMA MATER. 113

Bernard Blackmantle's Introduction to the Big Wig on his Arrival at Oxford.

VII.

FLOORING OF MERCURY, OR BURNING THE OAKS. 131

A scene in Tom Quadrangle, Oxford.

"If wits aright their tale of terror tell,
A little after great Mercurius fell,

***

Gownsmen and Townsmen throng'd the water's edge
To gaze upon the dreadful sacrilege:

***

——there with drooping mien a silent band
Canons and Bedmaker together stand:—

***

In equal horror all alike were seen,
And shuddering scouts forgot to cap the Dean."

VIII.

COLLEGE COMFORTS. 151

Taking possession of your rooms. Bernard Blackmantle taking possession of his rooms in Brazennose. Scout's list of wants. Standing the quiz of the Togati Visible propensities of your predecessor. The day of purification.

IX.

CAP-ING A PROCTOR, OR OXFORD BULL-DOGS DETECTING BRAZENNOSE SMUGGLERS. 152

Tom Echo and Horace Eglantine lowering the plate-basket, after the College-gates are closed, to obtain a supply of fresh provision, are detected by the Proctor and Town Marshal with their Bull-Dogs: in their alarm the basket and its contents are suddenly let fall upon the Proctor, who is not able to under-stand the joke.

X.

THE ARRIVAL, OR WESTERN ENTRANCE INTO COCKNEY LAND. 164

Portrait of high and low life Dandies and Dandysettes.

XI.

THE GREEN-ROOM OF THE KING'S THEATRE, R

NOBLE AMATEURS VIEWING FOREIGN CURIOSITIES. 198

Portraits of ten noble and distinguished patrons of the opera, with those of certain daughters of Terpsichore.

XII.

THE ROYAL SALOON IN PICCADILLY, OR AN HOUR AFTER THE OPERA. 205

Heartly, Lionise, and Transit in search of Character—The gambling Parsons—Legs and Leg-ees-Tats men and touters—Moll Raffle and Bang.

XIII.

OXFORD TRANSPORTS, OR UNIVERSITY EXILES. 235

Albanians doing penance for past offences. A Scene sketched from the Life. Horace Eglantine is proposing "the Study of

the Fathers," a favourite College toast, while Tom Echo is enforcing Obedience to the President's proposition by finishing off a Shirker. Dick Gradus having been declared absent, is taking a cool nap with the Ice-pail in his arms and his head resting upon a Greek Lexicon: in the left hand corner may be seen a Scout bearing off a dead Man, (but not without hope of Resurrection). Bob Transit and Bernard Blackmantle occupy the situation on each side of Dick Gradus; in the right-hand corner, Horace's servant is drawing the last Cork from the parting bottle, which is to welcome in the peep o' day.

Injustice to the present authorities it should be stated, that this is a Scene of other limes.—Vide A.

XIV.

SHOW SUNDAY, A VIEW IN THE BROAD WALK, CHRIST CHURCH MEADOWS, OXFORD. 244

Portraits of the Togati and the town, including big wigs, nobs, and dons. Among the more conspicuous are Dr. Kett, Lord G. Grenville, Dr. Grovesnor, Alderman Fletcher, and Mr. Swan.

XV.

TOWN AND GOWN. 246

Battle of the Togati and Town Raff of Oxford, a night scene. —Bernard and his Friends, Horace and Tom, distributing among the Bargees of St. Clement's.

XVI.

BLACK MATINS, OR THE EFFECTS OF LATE DRINKING UPON EARLY RISERS. 269

A Most Imposing Scene.-Time seven o'clock in the Morning, the last bell has just tolled, and the University Men have just turned out, while the hunting-frock, boots, and appear-

ance of some of the party, proclaim that they have just turned in; all are eager to save fine and imposition, and not a few are religiously disturbed in their Dreams. The admirable disorder of the party is highly illustrative of the Effect produced by an Evening Wine Party in College Rooms.

XVII.

GOLGOTHA, OR THE PLACE OF SCULLS. 272

Tom Echo receiving sentence of Rustication. The Big Wigs in a Bustle. Lecture on disobedience and chorus of the Synod. Reports from the Isle of Bull dogs. Running foul of the Quicksands of Rustication after having passed Point Failure and The Long Hope. Nearly blown up at Point Nonplus, and obliged to lay by to refit.

XVIII.

THE EVENING PARTY AT THE PAVILION, BRIGHTON. (BY O. M. BRIOHTY.) 296

Interior of the Yellow Room—Portraits of His Majesty, the Duke of York, and Princess Augusta, Marquis and Marchioness of Conyngham, Earl of Arran, Lord Francis Conyngham, Lady Elizabeth and Sir H. Barnard, Sir H. Turner, Sir W. Knighton, Sir E. Nagle, and Sir C. Paget, sketched from the Life.

XIX.

THE KING AT HOME, OR MATHEWS AT CARLTON HOUSE. 298

A scene founded on fact; including Portraits of the King, Mathews, and other celebrated persons.

XX.

A FROLIC IN HIGH LIFE, OR, A VISIT TO BILLINGS-GATE. 303

A very extraordinary whim of two very distinguished females, whose Portraits will be easily recognised.
XXI.
CHARACTERS ON THE STEYNE, BRIGHTON. 309
Portraits of illustrious, noble, and wealthy Visitors—The Banker's Widow—A Bathing Group—The Chain Pier, &c.
XXII.
TOM ECHO LAID UP WITH THE HEDDINGTON FEVER, OR AN OXONIAN VERY NEAR THE WALL. 323
Symptoms of having been engaged too deeply in the study of Hie fathers. Portrait of a well-known Esculapian chief.
XXIII.
MONDAY AFTER THE GREAT ST. LEGER, OR HEROES OF THE TURF PAYING AND RECEIVING AT TATTERSALL'S. 329
This sketch was made upon the spot by my friend Transit, on the Monday following the result of the last Great St. Leger in 1823, when the Legs were, for the most part, in mourning from the loss of their favourite Sherwood. Some long faces will be easily recognized, and some few round ones, though Barefoots, not easily be forgotten. The Tinkers were many of them Levanters. Here may be seen the Peer and the Prig, the Wise one and the Green one, the Pigeon and the Rook amalgamated together. It is almost unnecessary to say, the greater part of the characters are portraits.
XXIV.
EXTERIOR OF FISHMONGERS'-HALL, ST. JAMES'S STREET, WITH A VIEW OF A REGULAR BREAKDOWN. 331
Portraits of the Master Fishmonger, and many well-known Greeks and Pigeons.

XXV.

INTERIOR OF A MODERN HELL. (Vide the affair of the cogged dice.) 334

Portraits of upwards of twenty well-known Punters and Frequenters—Greeks and Pigeons, noble and ignoble—The Fishmonger in a fright, or the gudgeon turned shark—Expose of Saint Hugh's Bones—Secrets worth knowing. (See work.)

XXVI.

THE DAFFY CLUB, OR A MUSICAL MUSTER OF THE FANCY. 339

Interior of Tom Belcher's Parlour. Heartly and Bob in search of Character. Striking likenesses of Boxers, Betters, &c.—with a pen and ink Sketch of a Noted—one—a fine School for Practical Experience. (For key to Portraits- see work.)

XXVII.

PEEP 0' DAYS AND FAMILY MEN AT THE FINISH. 342

A Night Scene near Covent Garden—Coffee and comical company.

XXVIII.

FAMILY MEN AT FAULT, OR AN UNEXPECTED VISIT FROM THE BISHOP AND HIS CHAPLAINS. 345

A Scene near Covent Garden, in which are introduced certain well-known Characters and Bow-street Officers: in-cluding Messrs. Bishop, Smith, Ruthven, and Townshend.

XXIX.

THE HALL OF INFAMY, ALIAS OYSTER SALOON, IN BRYDGES-STREET, OR NEW COVENT GARDEN HELL. 354

Portraits of the old Harridan and her Flask man Tom.

Sketches of Sharps and Flats, Green ones and Impures.
Done from the Life.
XXX.

WESTMINSTER HALL. 361
Portraits of well-known Worthies of the Bar.—The Maiden Brief.—Dick Gradus examining a Witness.
XXXI.

SURREY COLLEGIANS GIVING A LIFT TO A LIMB OF THE LAW. 364
Interior of the King's Bench Prison—Rough-drying a Lawyer.
XXXII.
R-A-YS OF GENIUS REFLECTING ON THE TRUE LINE OF BEAUTY AT THE LIFE ACADEMY, SOMERSET HOUSE. (BY T. ROWLANDSON.) 365
Bob Transit's first appearance as a student. Sketching from the Life. Outlines of character. How to grow rich but not great. Secrets worth knowing, and Portraits of all the Well-known.
XXXIII.

BERNARD BLACKMANTLE READING HIS PLAY IN THE GREEN-ROOM OF COVENT GARDEN THEATRE. 366
Portraits of Messrs. C. Kemble, Fawcett, Farley, Jones, Farren, Grimaldi, Macready, Young, T. P. Cooke, Chapman, Blanchard, Abbott, Cooper, Yates, and the English Spy; Mrs. Davenport, Miss Chester, Miss M. Tree, Miss Love, and Mrs. Davison.
XXXIV.

BERNARD BLACKMANTLE READING HIS FARCE IN THE GREEN ROOM OF THE THEATRE ROYAL, DRURY LANE. (by T.

Wageman.) 367
Portraits of Elliston, Dowton, Harley, Munden, Knight, Liston, Oxberry, Sherwin, Gattie, Wallack, Terry, G. Smith, and Barnard, Miss Stephens, Mrs. Orger, Madame Vestris, Mrs. Harlowe, and the English Spy. The Likenesses are all studies from the life.
XXXV.
THE CITY BALL AT THE MANSION HOUSE. 368
Portraits of the Duke of Sussex, the Lord Mayor (Waithman) and Lady Mayoress, the Sheriffs Laurie and Whittaker, Aldermen Wood and Curtis, Sir Richard Phillips, Messrs. Hone, Patten, with other well-known Characters.
XXXVI.
JEMMY GORDON'S FROLIC. 369
A Cambridge tale. Vide Peter House.

ILLUSTRATIONS ON WOOD

FROM ORIGINAL DESIGNS BY CRUIKSHANK, ROWLANDSON, GILRAY, AND FINLAY, ENGRAVED BY BONNER AND HUGHES.

VIGNETTE ON TITLE PAGE.

Old Father Time borne away on the shoulders of the Genii, Frolic, Mirth, and Fancy.

1. The Author's Chamber—Index, the bookseller, and Bernard Blackmantle, projecting a new work

2. Horatio Heartly reading the "English Spy" to Lady Mary Oldstyle 17

3. A correct view of Eton College from the playing-fields 32

4. The five principal orders of Eton—Doctor, Dame, Colleger, Oppidan, and Cad. A Sketch taken opposite the Long Walk 42

5. The Cloisters, Eton College 58

6. Herbert Stockhore, the Montem Poet Laureate, a Sketch from the Life as he appeared in the Montem Procession of May, 1823 59

7. Accurate View of the Interior of Eton College Hall 96

8. Interior of Eton School Room 105

9. The Oxonian reclining, an emblematical design 111

10. Five characteristic orders of Oxford 113

11. Portrait of Mr. B—the classical Alma Mater Coachman of Oxford 128

12. View of Christchurch College 129

13. A Bachelor of Arts drinking of the Pierian Spring 136

14. View of Bagley Wood with the Gipsy party. An extraordinary fine specimen of art, by Bonner. 157

15. Mother Goose, a portrait 162

16. Kensington Gardons, Sunday Evening. Portraits of

well-known fashionable eccentricities 164

17. Vignette.—he Subject and the Resurrection Jarvey, or "Kill him when you want him" 220

18. Albanians starting for a spree, or Tom Tick on the road to Jericho 233

19. Waiting for bail 240

20. The Don and the fair of St. Clement's. An Oxford scene 243

21. The University Rake's Progress 273

22. The newly invented Steam Coach 274

23. View of the Pavilion, Brighton, from the London Road 286

24. A Night Scene, or, a rum start near B—— H——l 304

25. The Widow's ultimatum. A cutting joke, with a most affecting catastrophe 313

26. College Frolics, or catching Urals at Ch. Ch. 325

27. Roues rusticating in Surrey, or, the first glimpse of Banco Regis 363

28. Term, ends—Adieu to fagging—The High-street, Oxford —The Togati in a bustle—The merry good bye 370

THE ENGLISH SPY.

Nor rank, nor order, nor condition,
Imperial, lowly, or patrician,
Shall, when they see this volume, cry,
"The satirist has pass'd us by:"
But, with good humour, view our page
Depict the manners of the age.

INTRODUCTION.

"The proper study of mankind is man."

A RHAPSODY.

Life's busy scene I sing! Its countenance, and form, and varied hue, drawn within the compass of the eye. No tedious voyage, or weary pilgrimage o'er burning deserts, or tempestuous seas, my progress marks, to trace great nature's sources to the fount, and bare her secrets to the common view.

In search of wonders, let the learn'd embark,
From lordly Elgin, to lamented Park,
To find out what I perhaps some river's course,
Or antique fragments of a marble horse;
While I, more humble, local scenes portray,
And paint the men and manners of the day.

Life's a theatre, man the chief actor, and the source from which the dramatist must cull his choicest beauties, painting up to nature the varied scenes which mark the changeful courses of her motley groups. Here she opes her volume to the view of contemplative minds, and spreads her treasures forth, decked in all the variegated tints that Flora, goddess of the flowery mead and silvery dell, with many coloured hue, besprinkles the luxuriant land.

Here, reader, will we travel forth, and in our journey make survey of all that's interesting and instructive. Man's but the creature of a little hour, the phantom of a transitory life; prone to every ill, subject to every woe; and oft the more eccentric in his sphere, as rare abilities may gild his brow, setting form, law, and order at defiance. His glass a third decayed 'fore reason shines, and ere perfection crowns maturity, he sinks forgotten in his parent dust. Such then is man, uncertain as the wind, by nature formed the creature of caprice, and as Atropos wills, day by day, we number to our loss some mirth-enlivening soul, whose talents gave a

lustre to the scene.-Serious and solemn, thoughts be hence away! imagination wills that playful satire reign:—by sportive fancy led, we take the field.

Page004

PREFACE, IN IMITATION OF THE FIRST SATIRE OF PERSIUS.

DIALOGUE BETWEEN THE AUTHOR AND HIS FRIEND.

Author. However dangerous, or however vain, I am resolved.

Friend. You'll not offend again?

Author. I will, by Jove!

Friend. Take my advice, reflect; Who'll buy your sketches?

Author. Many, I expect.

Friend. I fear but few, unless, Munchausen-like, You've something strange, that will the public strike: Men with six heads, or monsters with twelve tails, Who patter flash, for nothing else prevails In this dull age.

Author. Then my success is certain; I think you'll say so when I draw the curtain, And, presto! place before your wond'ring eyes A race of beings that must 'cite surprise; The strangest compound truth and contradiction Owe to dame Nature, or the pen of Action; Where wit and folly, pride and modest worth, Go hand in hand, or jostle at a birth; Where prince, peer, peasant, politician meet, And beard each other in the public street; Where ancient forms, though still admired, Are phantoms that have long expired; Where science droops 'fore sovereign folly, And arts are sick with melancholy; Where knaves gain wealth, and honest fellows, By hunger pinch'd, blow knav'ry's bellows; Where wonder rises upon wonder—

Friend. Hold! Or you may leave no wonders to be told. Your book, to sell, must have a subtle plot—Mark the Great Unknown, wily ***** ****: Print in America, publish at Milan; There's nothing like this Scotch-Athenian plan, To hoax the cockney lack-brains.

Author. It shall be: Books, like Madeira, much improve at sea; 'Tis said it clears them from the mist and smell Of modern Athens, so says sage Cadell, Whose dismal tales of shipwreck, stress of weather, Sets all divine *Nonsensia* mad together; And, when they get the dear-bought novel home, "They love it for the dangers it has overcome."

Friend. I like your plan: "art sure there's no offence?"

Author. None that's intended to wound common-sense. For your uncommon knaves who rule the town, Your M.P.'s, M.D.'s, R.A.'s and silk gown, Empirics in all arts, every degree, Just Satire whispers are fair game for me.

Friend. The critic host beware!

Author. Wherefore, I pray? "The cat will mew, the dog will have his day." Let them bark on! who heeds their currish note Knows not the world—they howl, for food, by rote.

Page007

REFLECTIONS, ADDRESSED TO THOSE WHO CAN THINK.

> Reflections of an Author—Weighty Reasons for writing—Magister artis ingeniique largitor Venter—Choice of Subject considered—Advice of Index, the Book-seller—Of the Nature of Prefaces—How to commence a new Work.

Author (solus). I must write—my last sovereign has long since been transferred to the safe keeping of mine hostess, to whom I have the honor to be obliged. I just caught a glance of her inflexible countenance this morning in passing the parlour door; and methought I could perceive the demon aspect of suspicion again spreading his corrosive murky hue over her furrowed front. The enlivening appearance of my golden ambassador had for a few days procured me a faint smile of complacency; but the spell is past, and I shall again be doomed to the humiliation of hearing Mrs Martha Bridget's morning lectures on the necessity of punctuality. Well, she must be quieted, (i.e.) promise crammed, (satisfied, under existing circumstances, is impossible): I know it will require no little skill to obtain fresh supplies from her stores, without the master-key which unlocks the flinty heart; but *nil*

desperandum, he who can brave a formidable army of critics, in pursuit of the bubble fame, may at least hope to find wit enough to quiet the interested apprehensions of an old woman. And yet how mortifying is the very suspicion of inattention and disrespect. I have rung six times for my breakfast, and as many more for my boots, before either have made their appearance; the first has indeed just arrived, with a lame apology from mine hostess, that the gentleman on the first floor is a very impetuous fellow, requires prompt attention, gives a great deal of trouble —but—then he pays a great deal of money, and above all, is very punctual: here is my *quietus* at once; the last sentence admits of no reply from a pennyless author. My breakfast table is but the spectre of former times;—no eggs on each side of my cup, or a plate of fresh Lynn shrimps, with an inviting salt odour, that would create an appetite in the stomach of an invalid; a choice bit of dried salmon, or a fresh cut off the roll of some violet-scented Epping butter;—all have disappeared; nay, even the usual allowance of cream has degenerated into skimmed milk, and that is supplied in such cautious quantities, that I can scarce eke it out to colour my three cups of inspiring bohea.

(A knock at the door.) That single rap at the street door is very like the loud determined knock of a dun. The servant is ascending the stairs—it must be so—she advances upon the second flight;—good heavens, how stupid!—I particularly told her I should not be in town to any of these people for a month. The inattention of servants is unbearable; they can tell fibs enough to suit their own purposes, but a little white one to serve a gentleman lodger, to put off an impertinent tradesman, or save him from the toils of a sheriffs officer, is sure to be marred in the relation, or altogether forgotten. I'll lock my chamber door, however, by way of precaution. (Servant knocking.) "What do you want?" "Mr. Index, sir, the little gentleman in black." "Show him up, Betty, directly." The key is instantly turned; the door set wide open; and I am again seated in comfort at my table: the solicitude, fear, and anxiety, attendant upon the apprehensions of surprise, a bailiff, and a prison, all vanish in a moment.

"My dear Index, you are welcome; the last person I expected, although the first I could have wished to have seen: to what fortunate circumstance am I to attribute the honor of this friendly visit?"

"Business, sir; I am a man of business: your last publication has sold pretty well, considering how dreadfully it was cut up in the reviews; I have some intention of reprinting a short edition, if you are not too exorbitant in your demands; not that I think the whole number will be sold, but there is a chance of clearing the expenses. A portrait by Wageman, the announcement of a second edition, with additions, may help it off; but then these additional costs will prevent my rewarding your merits to the extent I am sensible you deserve."

"Name your own terms, Index, for after all you know it must come to that, and I am satisfied you will be as liberal as you can afford." Put in this way, the most penurious of the speculating tribe in paper and print would have strained a point, to overcome their natural infirmity: with Index it was otherwise; nature had formed him with a truly liberal heart: the practice of the trade, and the necessary caution attendant upon bookselling speculations, only operated as a check to the noble-minded generosity of the man, without implanting in his bosom the avarice and extortion generally pursued by his brethren.

The immediate subject of his visit arranged to our mutual satisfaction, I ventured to inquire what style of work was most likely to interest the taste of the town. 'The town itself—satire, sir, fashionable satire. If you mean to grow rich by writing in the present day, you must first learn to be satirical; use the lash, sir, as all the great men have done before you, and then, like Canning in the Cabinet, or Gifford and Jeffery as reviewers, or Byron and Southey as poets, you will be followed more from the fear of your pen than from the splendour of your talents, the consistency of your conduct, or the morality of your principles. Sir, if you can but use the tomahawk skilfully, your fortune is certain. '*Sic itur ad astra*.' Read Blackwood's Noctea Ambrosiance. Take the town by surprise, folly by the ears; 'the glory, jest, and riddle of the world' is man; use your knowledge of this ancient volume rightly, and you may soon

mount the car of fortune, and drive at random wherever your fancy dictates. Bear in mind the Greek proverb, '*Mega biblion, mega kakon.*' In your remarks, select such persons who, from their elevated situations in society, ought to be above reproof, and whose vices are, therefore, more worthy of public condemnation:

'————Ridiculum acri
Fortius ac melius magnas plerumque secat res.'

By this means you will benefit the state, and improve the morals of society. The most wholesome truths may be told with pleasantry. Satire, to be severe, needs not to be scurrilous. The approval of the judicious will always follow the ridicule which is directed against error, ignorance, and folly."

How long little Index might have continued in this strain I know not, if I had not ventured to suggest that the course he pointed out was one of great difficulty, and considerable personal hazard; that to arrive at fortune by such means, an author must risk the sacrifice of many old connexions, and incur no inconsiderable dangers; that great caution would be necessary to escape the fangs of the forensic tribe, and that in voluntarily thrusting his nose into such a nest of hornets, it would be hardly possible to escape being severely stung in retaliation. "*Pulchrum est accusari ah accusandis*," said my friend, the bookseller, "who has suffered more by the fashionable world than yourself? Have you not dissipated a splendid patrimony in a series of the most liberal entertainments? Has not your generous board been graced with the presence of royalty? and the banquet enriched by the attendant stars of nobility, from the duke to the right honorable knight commander. And have you not since felt the most cruel neglect from these your early associates, and much obliged friends, with no crime but poverty, with no reproach but the want of prudence? Have you not experienced ingratitude and persecution in every shape that human baseness could find ingenuity to inflict? And can you hesitate to avail yourself of the noble revenge in your power, when it combines the advantages of being morally profitable both to yourself and society?

'————Velat materna tempora myrto.'
Virg.

'When Vice the shelter of a mask disdain'd,
When Folly triumph'd, and a Nero reign'd,
Petronius rose satiric, yet polite,
And show'd the glaring monster full in sight;
To public mirth exposed the imperial beast,
And made his wanton court the common jest.'"

With this quotation, delivered with good emphasis, little Index bade me good morning, and left me impressed with no mean opinion of his friendship, and with an increased admiration of his knowledge of the world.

But how (thought I) am I to profit by his advice? In what shape shall I commence my eccentric course? A good general at the head of a large army, on the eve of a general battle, with the enemy full in view, feels less embarrassment than a young author finds in marshalling his crude ideas, and placing the raw recruits of the brain in any thing like respectable order. For the title, that is quite a matter of business, and depends more upon the bookseller's opinion of what may be thought attractive than any affinity it may possess to the work itself. Dedications are, thanks to the economy of fashion, out of date: great men have long since been laughed into good sense in that particular. A preface (if there be one) should partake something of the spirit of the work; for if it be not brief, lively, and humorous, it is ten to one but your reader falls asleep before he enters upon chapter the first, and when he wakes, fears to renew his application, lest he should be again caught napping. Long introductions are like lengthy prayers before meals to hungry men, they are mumbled over with unintelligible rapidity, or altogether omitted, for the more solid gratifications of the stomach, or the enjoyments of the mind. In what fantastic shape and countenance then shall an author appear to obtain general approbation? or in what costume is he most likely to insure success?

If he assumes a fierce and haughty front, his readers are perhaps offended with his temerity, and the critics enraged at his assurance. If he affects a modest sneaking posture, and humbly implores their high mightinesses to grant him one poor sprig of laurel, he is treated slightingly, and despised, as a pitiful fellow who wants that essential ingredient in the composition of a man of talent and good breeding, ycleped by the moderns confidence. If he speaks of the excellence of his subject, he creates doubts both with his readers and reviewers, who will use their endeavours to convince him he has not a correct knowledge of his own abilities. But if, like a well bred man at court, he enters the drawing-room of literature in good taste, neither too mean nor too gaudy, too bold or too formal, makes his bow with the air and finish of a scholar and a gentleman, and passes on to his place, unheedful of remark (because unconscious of offence), he is sure to command respect, if he does not excite admiration.

Accept then, reader, this colloquial chapter, as the author's apology for a preface, an imaginary short conference, or letter of introduction, which brings you acquainted with the eccentric writer of this volume; and as in all well regulated society a person is expected to give some account of himself before he is placed upon terms of intimacy with the family, you shall in the next page receive a brief sketch of the characteristics of the author.

Page013

A FEW THOUGHTS ON MYSELF.

The early biography of a man of genius is seldom, if ever, accurately given to the public eye, unless, indeed, he is one of those *rara avis* who, with the advantages of great qualifications, inherits high ancestral distinctions. But if, as is generally the case, from obscurity of birth and humble life he rises into notice by the force and exertion of his talents, the associates of his brighter fortunes know but little of the difficulties which have obstructed his progress, or the toils and fatigues he has endured, to arrive at that enviable point from which the temple of Fame, and the road to fortune, may be contemplated with some chance of

enjoyment and success. Unwilling to speak of himself, lest he should incur the charge of vanity or egotism, he modestly trusts to the partial pen of friendship, or the conjectural pen of the commentator, to do justice to events which no quill could relate so well as his own, and which, if impartially and sensibly written, must advance him in the estimation of society, and convince the world that with the mastery of the great secret in his power, he was not more capable of appreciating the characters of the age than familiar with the lights and shadows of his own.

"Honour and shame from no condition rise;
Act well your part, there all the honour lies."

The reader will, no doubt, anticipate that the name of Bernard Blackmantle is an assumed quaint cognomen, and perhaps be not less suspicious of the author's right and title to the honorary distinction annexed: let him beware how he indulges in such chimeras, before he has fully entered into the spirit of the volume before him, lest, on perusal, conviction should compel him to retract the ungracious thought. To be plain, he is not desirous of any higher honorary distinction than the good opinion of his readers. And now, sons and daughters of Fashion! ye cameleon race of giddy elves, who flutter on the margin of the whirlpool, or float upon the surface of the silvery stream, and, hurried forwards by the impetus of the current, leave yourselves but little time for reflection, one glance will convince you that you are addressed by an old acquaintance, and, heretofore, constant attendant upon all the gay varieties of life; of this be assured, that, although retired from the fascinating scene, where gay Delight her portal open throws to Folly's throng, he is no surly misanthrope, or gloomy seceder, whose jaundiced mind, or clouded imagination, is a prey to disappointment, envy, or to care. In retracing the brighter moments of life, the festive scenes of past times, the never to be forgotten pleasures of his halcyon days, when youth, and health, and fortune, blest his lot, he has no tongue for scandal —no pen for malice—no revenge to gratify, but is only desirous of attempting a true portraiture of men and manners, in the higher and more polished scenes of life. If, in the journey through these hitherto

unexplored regions of fancy, ought should cross his path that might give pain to worthy bosoms, he would sooner turn aside than be compelled to embody the uncandid thought.

```
"Unknowing and unknown, the hardy Muse
"Boldly defies all mean and partial views;
"With honest freedom plays the critic's part,
"And praises, as she censures, from the heart."
```

And now, having said nearly as much as I think prudent of myself, and considerably more than my bookseller usually allows by way of prefatory matter, I shall conclude this chapter by informing the reader of some facts, with which I ought to have commenced it, namely—For my parents, it must suffice that my father was a man of talent, my mother accomplished and esteemed, and, what is more to their honour, they were affectionate and kind: peace to their manes! I was very early in life bereft of both; educated at one of the public schools, I was, in due time, sent to matriculate at Oxford, where, reader, I propose to commence my Eccentric Tour.

Page016

Page017

A SHANDEAN SCENE,

BETWEEN LADY MARY OLDSTYLE AND HORATIO HEARTLY.

"I know him well," said Horatio, with a half-suppressed sigh, as he finished the introductory chapter to the first volume of the English Spy, or Colloquial Sketches of Men and Manners. "He is no misanthrope," said my aunt, taking off her spectacles to wipe away the pearly drop which meek-eyed pity gave to the recollection of scenes long passed. Horatio paused—the book dropped instinctively upon his knee, as his raised eye involuntarily caught the benign aspect of virtue and intelligence, softened by the crystal gems of feeling. "I wish I knew where he lived," said my aunt. "I'll find him out," said Horatio;-"Do," said my aunt, "and tell him an old friend of his father's, on whom fortune has deigned to smile in the winter of her days, would feign extend to him as much of worldly happiness as can be derived from the enjoyment of worldly treasure." By that sort of magical attraction which imperceptibly links together the souls of kindred spirits, Horatio's chair had made an angular movement, of at least six degrees, in a direction nearer to his venerable relation: no lover ever pressed with more fervency of affection the yielding hand of his soul's deity, than did the grateful nephew, at this moment, clasp within his eager grasp the aged palm of bounteous charity. "I wish he may accept your kind offer," said Horatio. "And why should he not?" said my aunt, with a half inclination of extricating her hand, and a penetrating glance of doubt, directed full in the face of the speaker: "I know not," said Horatio, (hesitating, as if fearful of giving offence), "but,"-"But what?" said my aunt;-"But I fear his natural love of independence, and eccentricity of mind, will admit of no constraint, which his high sense of honor will anticipate must be partially the case whenever he submits himself to accept the favors of even such generous hearts as yours." "He would feel no such thing," said my aunt. "He could

not resist the impression," said Horatio; "your liberality would, I know, be calculated to dispossess him of the painful sensation; but if the inherent pride of the man could be subdued, or calmed into acquiescence, by breathing the enchanting air of friendship, the weight of gratitude, the secret monitor of fine-wrought minds, would overpower his tongue, and leave him, in his own estimation, a pauper of the poorest class." "Then I'll adopt another mode," said my aunt; "and though I hate the affectation of secret charities, because I think the donor of a generous action is well entitled to his reward, both here and hereafter,—I'll hand out some way, anonymously or otherwise, to indulge my humour of serving him." "You are an angel!" said Horatio, with his eyes fixed on the ground—(the spirit of the angel of benevolence,—quoth Reason, whispering in his ear, would have been a better metaphor,—certainly inhabits the aged bosom of your father's sister). Horatio's upraised eye rested on the wrinkled front of his antique relative, just as the corrective thought gleamed in visionary brightness o'er his brain; the poetic inspiration of the moment fled like the passing meteor, but the feeling which excited it remained engrafted on his memory for ever. "How shall we find him out, my dear Horatio?" said my aunt, her whole countenance animated with delight at the last flattering ejaculation of her nephew-"where shall we seek him?—I'll order the carriage directly." The glow of pleasure and anticipatory gratification, which at this moment beamed in the countenance of the old lady, brought back the circling current of health to the cheeks of age, and, with the blush of honest feeling, dispelled the stains of time; the furrowed streaks of care vanished from her front, and left her whole frame proportionably invigorated.

If the mere contemplation of a generous action can thus inspire the young, and give new life to age, what a load of misery and deformity might not the sons and daughters of nature divest themselves of, by following the inherent dictates of benevolence! Reflection, whenever he deigned to penetrate the pericranium of my cousin Horatio, took entire possession of the citadel, and left him not even the smallest loophole for the observation of any passing event. He was just fixed in one of these

abstracted reveries of the mind, traversing over the halcyon scenes of his collegiate days, and re-associating himself with his early friend, the author of the eccentric volume then in his hand, when the above monition sprung from his heart, like the crystal stream that sparkles in the air, when first it bursts through the mineral bondage of the womb of nature.

"You are right," said my aunt. Horatio started with surprise, almost unconscious of her presence, or what he had said to deserve her approbation. "True happiness," she continued, "is the offspring of generosity and virtue, and never inhabits a bosom where worldly interest and selfish principles are allowed to predominate. There are many who possess all the requisites for the enjoyment of true happiness, who, from the prejudices of education, or the mistaken pride of ancestry, have never experienced the celestial rapture: they have never been amalgamated with society, are strangers to poverty themselves, and cannot comprehend its operation upon others; born and moving in a sphere where the chilling blasts of indigence never penetrate, or the clouds of adversity appal, they have no conception of the more delightful gratification which springs from the source of all earthly happiness, the pleasure and ability of administering to the wants and comforts of our fellow creatures."

"Yours is the true philosophy of nature, aunt," said Horatio, "where principle and practice may be seen, arm in arm, like the twin sisters, Charity and Virtue,—a pair of antique curiosities much sought after, but rarely found amid the assemblage of *virtu* in the collections of your modern people of fashion."

"I'll alter my will to-morrow morning," thought my aunt; "this boy deserves to be as rich in acres as he already is in benevolence: he shall have the Leicestershire estate added to what I have already bequeathed him, by way of codicil."

"You would be delighted with my friend Bernard, aunt," said Horatio, "that is, when he is in good spirits; but you must not judge of him by the common standard of estimation: if, on the first introduction, he should

happen to be in one of those lively humours when his whole countenance is lighted up with the brilliancy of genius, you would be enraptured by the sallies of his wit, and the solidity of his reasoning; but if, on the contrary, he should unfortunately be in one of those abstracted moods when all terrestrial objects are equally indifferent, you will, I fear, form no very favourable opinion of his merit. He is an eccentric in every respect, and must not be judged of by the acquaintance of an hour. We were boys together at Eton, and the associations of youth ripened with maturity into the most sincere friendly attachment, which was materially assisted by the similarity of our dispositions and pursuits, during our residence at college. Your kind notice of my poor friend, aunt, has revived the fondest recollections of my life—the joyous scenes of infancy, when the young heart, free from the trammels of the world, and buoyant as the bird of spring, wings along the flowery path of pleasure, plucking at will the sweets of nature, and decking his infant brow with wreaths of fresh gathered wild flowers." Horatio paused, not for want of subject, but a train of recollections overpowered his memory, producing an unspeakable sensation, which for a moment choked his utterance.

"There is a blank in this work, which you shall fill up," said my aunt; "you must perform the office of an impartial historian for your friend, and before we proceed farther with this volume, give me the history of your school-boy days."

Page021

SCHOOL-BOY REMINISCENCES.

ON EARLY FRIENDSHIP.

In many a strain of grief and joy
My youthful spirit sung to thee;
But I am now no more a boy,
And there's a gulf 'twixt thee and me.
Time on my brow has set his seal;
I start to find myself a man,
And know that I no more shall feel
As only boyhood's spirit can.

ETONIAN.

There is an imperceptible but powerfully connecting link in our early associations and school-boy friendships, which is very difficult to describe, but exceedingly grateful to reflect on; particularly when the retrospective affords a view of early attachments ripened into perfection with maturity, and cementing firmly with increasing years. Youth is the period of frankness and of zeal, when the young heart, buoyant with hope and cheering prospects, fills with joy, and expands in all the brightness of fancy's variety. The ambition, lures, and conflicting interests of the world, have as yet made no inroad upon the mind; the bosom is a stranger to misery, the tongue to deceit, the eye glows with all the luxuriance of pleasure, and the whole countenance presents an animated picture of health and intelligence illumined with delight. The playfulness or incaution of youth may demand correction, or produce momentary pain; but the tears of infancy fall like the summer dew upon the verdant slope, which the first gleam of the returning sun kisses away, and leaves the face of nature tinged with a blush of exquisite brilliancy, but with no trace of the sparkling moisture which lately veiled its beauty. This is the glittering period of life, when the gay perspective of the future seems clothed in every attractive hue, and the objects of this world assume a grace divine: then it is that happiness, borne on the wings of innocence and light-hearted mirth, attends our every step, and seems to wait obedient to our will.

What a painful reverse may not the retrospective view afford! how unlike is the finished picture to the inspiring sketch. The one breathing the soft air of nature, and sparkling in brilliant tints of variegated hues, serene, clear, and transparent, like the magic pencilling of the heavenly Claude, shedding ambrosial sweets around. The reverse indistinct, and overpowered with gloomy shadows, a mixture of the terrific and the

marvellous, like the stormy and convulsive scenes of the mighty genius of Salvator Rosa, with here and there a flash of wildest eccentricity, that only serves to render more visible the murky deformity of the whole.

Horatio had just finished his introductory rhapsody, when the door opened, and my aunt's servant entered with tea and toast: the simmering of the water round the heated tube of the urn, tingling in the ears of Heartly, broke the thread of his narration. There was a pause of nearly a minute, while John was busy in arranging the equipage. "You should have waited till I had rung, John," said my aunt. "Please your ladyship," said John, "you directed me always to bring tea in at six precisely, without waiting for orders." My aunt looked puzzled: "You are right, John, I did; and (addressing Horatio) the fault of the interruption must therefore rest with me." Horatio bowed; the compliment was too flattering to be misunderstood. "Draw the curtains, John," said my aunt, "and make up the fire: we can help ourselves to what we want—you need not wait; and do not interrupt us again until you are rung for." "This is very mysterious," thought John, as he closed to the drawing-room door; and he related what he thought to my lady's maid, when he returned to the servants' hall. "You are, no conjurer, John," said Mrs. Margaret, with an oblique inclination of the head, half amorous and half conceited—"the old lady's will has been signed and sealed these three years; I was present when it was made—ay, and I signed it too, and what's more, I knows all its contents; there are some people in the world (viewing herself in an opposite looking-glass) who may be very differently circumstanced some day or other." John's heart had long felt a sort of fluttering inclination to unburthen itself, by linking destinies with the merry Mrs. Margaret; the prospect of a handsome legacy, or perhaps an annuity, gave an additional spur to John's affectionate feelings, and that night he resolved to put the question. All this Mrs. Margaret had anticipated, and as she was now on the verge of forty, she very prudently thought there was no time to lose. "They are a pair of oddities," continued the waiting-maid; "I have sometimes surprised them both crying, as if their hearts would break, over a new book: I suppose they have got something very interesting, as my lady calls it and Mr. Horatio

is sermonizing as usual."—Mrs Margaret was not far wrong in her conjecture, for when my aunt and Horatio were again alone, she rallied him on the serious complexion of his style.

ENLARGE TO FULL SIZE

Page025

CHARACTER OF BERNARD BLACKMANTLE. BY HORATIO HEARTLY.

You shall have it from his own pen, said Horatio. In my portfolio, I have preserved certain scraps of Bernard's that will best speak his character; prose and poetry, descriptive and colloquial, Hudibrastic and pastoral, trifles in every costume of literary fancy, according with the peculiar humour of the author at the time of their inditing, from these you shall judge my eccentric friend better than by any commendation of mine. I shall merely preface these early offerings of his genius with a simple narrative of our school-boy intimacy.

I had been about three months at Eton, and had grown somewhat familiar with the characters of my associates, and the peculiarities of their phraseology and pursuits, when our dame's party was increased by the arrival of Bernard Blackmantle. It is usual with the sons of old Etona, on the arrival of a fresh subject, to play off a number of school-boy witticisms and practical jokes, which though they may produce a little mortification in the first instance, tend in no small degree to display the qualifications of mind possessed by their new associate, and give him a familiarity with his companions and their customs, which otherwise would take more time, and subject the stranger to much greater inconvenience. Bernard underwent all the initiatory school ceremonies and humiliations with great coolness, but not without some display of that personal courage and true nobleness of mind, which advances the new comer in the estimation of his school-fellows. First impressions are almost always indelible: there was a frankness and sincerity in his manner, and an archness and vivacity in his countenance and conversation, that imperceptibly attached me to the young stranger. We

were soon the most inseparable cons,{1} the depositors of each other's youthful secrets, and the mutual participators in every passing sport and pleasure.

Naturally cheerful, Bernard became highly popular with our miniature world; there was however one subject which, whenever it was incautiously started by his companions, always excited a flood of tears, and for a time spread a gloomy abstraction over his mind. Bernard had from his very infancy been launched into the ocean of life without a knowledge of his admiral{2} but not without experiencing all that a mother's fondness could supply: when others recapitulated the enjoyments of their paternal home, and painted with all the glow of youthful ardour the anticipated pleasures of the holidays, the tear would trickle down his crimsoned cheek; and quickly stealing away to some sequestered spot, his throbbing bosom was relieved by many a flood of woe. That some protecting spirit watched over his actions, and directed his course, he was well assured, but as yet he had never been able to comprehend the mystery with which he was surrounded. His questions on this point to his mother it was evident gave her pain, and were always met by some evasive answer. He had been early taught to keep his own secret, but the prying curiosity of an Eton school-boy was not easily satisfied, and too often rendered the task one of great pain and difficulty. On these occasions I would seek

1 Friends.

2 The Eton phrase for father.

him out, and as the subject was one of too tender a nature for the tongue of friendship to dwell upon, endeavour to divert his thoughts by engaging him in some enlivening sport. His amiable manners and generous heart had endeared him to all, and in a short time his delicate feelings were respected, and the slightest allusion to ambiguity of birth cautiously avoided by all his associates, who, whatever might be their suspicions, thought his brilliant qualifications more than compensated for any want of ancestral distinction.

The following portrait of my friend is from the pen of our elegant con, Horace Eglantine.

A PORTRAIT.

A heart fill'd with friendship and love,
A brain free from passion's excess,
A mind a mean action above,
A hand to relieve keen distress.
Poverty smiled on his birth,
And gave what all riches exceeds,
Wit, honesty, wisdom, and worth;
A soul to effect noble needs.
Legitimates bow at his shrine;
Unfetter'd he sprung into life;
When vigour with love doth combine
To free nature from priestcraft and strife.
No ancient escutcheon he claim'd,
Crimson'd with rapine and blood;
He titles and baubles disdain'd,
Yet his pedigree traced from the flood.
Ennobled by all that is bright
In the wreath of terrestrial fame,
Genius her pure ray of light
Spreads a halo to circle his name.

The main-spring of all his actions was a social disposition, which embraced a most comprehensive view of the duties of good fellowship. He was equally popular with all parties, by never declaring for any particular one: with the cricketers he was accounted a hard swipe{3} an active field{4} and a stout bowler;{5} in a water party he was a stroke{6} of the ten oar; at foot-ball, in the playing fields, or a leap across Chalvey ditch, he was not thought small beer{7} of; and he has been known to have bagged three sparrows after a toodle{8} of three miles. His equals loved him for his social qualities, and courted his acquaintance as the *sine qua non* of society; and the younger members of the school looked up to him for protection and assistance. If power was abused by the upper boys, Bernard was appealed to as the mediator between the fag{9}

and his master. His grants of liberties{10} to the commonalty were indiscriminate and profuse, while his influence was always exerted to obtain the same privileges for his numerous proteges from the more close aristocrats.{11} He was always to be seen attended by a shoal of dependents of every form in the school, some to get their lessons construed, and others to further claims to their respective stations in

3 A good bat-man.

4 To run well, or keep a good look out.

5 Strong and expert.

6 A first rate waterman.

7 Not thought meanly of. Sometimes this phrase is used in derision, as, he does not think small beer of himself.

8 A walk.

9 Any sixth or fifth form boy can fag an Oppidan underling: the collegers are exempted from this custom.

10 The liberties, or college bounds, are marked by stones placed in different situations; grants of liberties are licences given by the head boys to the juniors to break bounds, or rather to except them from the disagreeable necessity of shirking, (i. e.) hiding from fear of being reported to the masters.

11 To that interesting original miscellany, the 'Etonian,' I am indebted for several valuable hints relative to early scenes. The characters are all drawn from observation, with here and there a slight deviation, or heightening touch, the rather to disguise and free them from aught of personal offence, than any intentional departure from truth and nature.

the next cricket match or water expedition. The duck and green pea suppers at Surley Hall would have lost half their relish without the enlivening smiles and smart repartees of Bernard Blackmantle. The preparations for the glorious fourth of June were always submitted to his superior skill and direction. His fiat could decide the claims of the rival boats, in their choice of jackets, hats, and favors; and the judicious arrangement of the fire-works was another proof of his taste. Let it not, however, be thought that his other avocations so entirely monopolized him as to preclude a due attention to study. Had it been so, his success with the [Greek phrase] would never have been so complete: his desire to be able to confer obligations on his schoolfellows induced Bernard to husband carefully every hour which he spent at home; a decent scholarship, and much general knowledge, was the reward of this plan. The treasure-house of his memory was well stored, and his reputation as an orator gave promise of future excellence. His classical attainments, if not florid, were liberal, and free from pedantry. His proficiency in English literature was universally acknowledged, and his love of the poets amounted to enthusiasm. He was formed for all the bustle of variegated life, and his conversation was crystallized with the sparkling attractions of wit and humour. Subject to the weakness to which genius is ever liable, he was both eccentric and wayward, but he had the good sense to guard his failing from general observation; and although he often shot his arrows anonymously, he never dipt them in the gall of prejudice or ill-nature. I have dwelt upon his character with pleasure, because there are very few who know him intimately. With a happy versatility of talents, he is neither lonesome in his solitude, nor over joyous in a crowd. For his literary attainments, they must be judged of by their fruits. I cannot better conclude my attempt to describe his qualifications than by offering his first essay to your notice, a school-boy tribute to friendship.

TRUE FRIENDSHIP.

'Infido scurræ distabit amicus.'
Horace.

```
How very seldom do we find
A relish in the human mind
For friendship pure and real;
How few its approbation seek,
How oft we count its censures weak,
Disguising what we feel.
Adulation lives to please,
Truth dies the victim of disease,
Forgotten by the world:
The flattery of the fool delights
The wise, rebuke our pride affrights,
And virtue's banner's furl'd.
Wherefore do we censure fate,
When she withholds the perfect state
Of friendship from our grasp,
If we ourselves have not the power,
The mind to enjoy the blessed hour,
The fleeting treasure clasp?
```

This (I have reason to believe his first poetical essay) was presented me on my birthday, when we had been about two years together at Eton: a short time afterwards I surprised him one morning writing in his bedroom; my curiosity was not a little excited by the celerity with which I observed he endeavoured to conceal his papers. "I must see what you are about, Bernard," said I. "Treason, Horatio," replied the young author. "Would you wish to be implicated, or become a confederate? If so, take the oath of secrecy, and read." Judge of my surprise, when, on casting my eye over his lucubrations, I perceived he had been sketching the portraits of the group, with whom we were in daily association at our dame's. As I perceive by a glance at his work that most of his early friends have parts assigned them in his colloquial scenes, I consider the preservation of this trifle important, as it will furnish a key to the characters.

page031 (23K)

ETON SKETCHES OF CHARACTER.

'——I'll paint for grown up people's knowledge,
The manners, customs, and affairs of college.'

PORTRAITS IN MY DAME'S DINING-ROOM.

At the head of the large table on the right hand you will perceive the Honourable Lilyman Lionise, the second son of a nobleman, whose ancient patrimony has been nearly dissipated between his evening parties at the club-houses, in French hazard, or Rouge et noir, and his morning speculations with his betting book at Tattersall's, Newmarket, or the Fives-court; whose industry in getting into debt is only exceeded by his indifference about getting out; whose acquired property (during his minority) and personals have long since been knocked down by the hammer of the auctioneer, under direction of the sheriff, to pay off some gambling bond in preference to his honest creditor; yet who still flourishes a fashionable gem of the first water, and condescends to lend the lustre of his name, when he has nothing else to lend, that he may secure the advantage of a real loan in return. His patrimonial acres and heirlooms remain indeed untouched, because the court of chancery have deemed it necessary to appoint a receiver to secure their faithful transmission to the next heir.

The son has imbibed a smattering of all the bad qualities of his sire, without possessing one ray of the brilliant qualifications for which he is distinguished. Proud without property, and sarcastic without being witty, ill temper he mistakes for superior carriage, and haughtiness for dignity: his study is his toilet, and his mind, like his face, is a vacuity neither sensible, intelligent, nor agreeable. He has few associates, for few will accept him for a companion. With his superiors in rank, his precedent honorary distinction yields him no consideration; with his equals, it places him upon too familiar a footing; while with his inferiors, it renders him tyrannical and unbearable. His mornings, between school hours, are spent in frequent change of dress, and his afternoons in a lounge à la Bond-street, annoying the modest females and tradesmen's

daughters of Eton; his evenings (after absence{1} is called) at home, in solitary dissipation over his box of liqueurs, or in making others uncomfortable by his rudeness and overbearing dictation. He is disliked by the dame, detested by the servants, and shunned by his schoolfellows, and yet he is our captain, a *Sextile, a Roue*, and above all, an honourable.

Tom Echo. A little to the left of the Exquisite, you may perceive Tom's merry countenance shedding good-humour around him. He is the only one who can

> 1 *Absence* is called several times in the course of the day, to prevent the boys straying away to any great distance from the college, and at night to secure them in quarters at the dames' houses: if a boy neglects to answer to his name, or is too late for the call, inquiry is immediately made at his dame's, and a very satisfactory apology must be offered to prevent punishment.

manage the *Sextile* with effect: Tom is always ready with a tart reply to his sarcasm, or a *cut* at his consequence. Tom is the eldest son of one of the most respectable whig families in the kingdom, whose ancestors have frequently refused a peerage, from an inherent democratical but constitutional jealousy of the crown. Independence and Tom were nursery friends, and his generous, noble-hearted conduct renders him an universal favorite with the school. Then, after holidays, Tom always returns with such a rich collection of fox-hunting stories and sporting anecdotes, and gives sock{2} so graciously, that he is the very life of dame ———'s party. There is to be sure one drawback to Tom's good qualities, but it is the natural attendant upon a high flow of animal spirits: if any mischief is on foot, Tom is certain to be concerned, and ten to one but he is the chief contriver: to be seen in his company, either a short time previous to, or quickly afterwards, although perfectly innocent, is sure to create a suspicion of guilt with the masters, which not unusually involves his companions in trouble, and sometimes in unmerited punishment. Tom's philosophy is to live well, study little, drink hard, and laugh immoderately. He is not deficient in sense, but he wants application and excitement: he has been taught from infancy to

feel himself perfectly independent of the world, and at home every where: nature has implanted in his bosom the characteristic benevolence of his ancestry, and he stands among us a being whom every one loves and admires, without any very distinguishing trait of learning, wit, or superior qualification, to command the respect he excites. If any one tells a good story or makes a laughable pun, Tom retails it for a week, and all the school have the advantage of hearing and enjoying it. Any proposition for a boat party, cricketing, or a toodle into Windsor, or along the banks of the Thames

2 Good cheer; any nicety, as pastry, &c.

on a sporting excursion, is sure to meet a willing response from him. He is second to none in a charitable subscription for a poor *Cad*, or the widow of a drowned *Bargee*; his heart ever reverberates the echo of pleasure, and his tongue only falters to the echo of deceit.

Horace Eglantine is placed just opposite to Lily man Lionise, a calm-looking head, with blue eyes and brown hair, which flows in ringlets of curls over his shoulders. Horace is the son of a city banker, by the second daughter of an English earl, a young gentleman of considerable expectations, and very amusing qualifications. Horace is a strange composition of all the good-natured whimsicalities of human nature, happily blended together without any very conspicuous counteracting foible. Facetious, lively, and poetical, the cream of every thing that is agreeable, society cannot be dull if Horace lends his presence. His imitations of Anacreon, and the soft bard of Erin, have on many occasions puzzled the cognoscenti of Eton. Like Moore too, he both composes and performs his own songs. The following little specimen of his powers will record one of those pleasant impositions with which he sometimes enlivens a winter's evening:

TO ELIZA.

Oh think not the smile and the glow of delight,
With youth's rosy hue, shall for ever be seen:

Frosty age will o'ercloud, with his mantle of night,

```
The brightest and fairest of nature's gay scene.

Or think while you trip, like some aerial sprite,
To pleasure's soft notes on the dew-spangled mead,

That the rose of thy cheek, or thine eyes' starry light,
Shall sink into earth, and thy spirit be freed.

Then round the gay circle we'll frolic awhile,
And the light of young love shall the fleet hour bless

While the pure rays of friendship our eve-tide beguile,
Above fortune's frowns and the chills of distress
```

The most provoking punster and poet that ever turned the serious and sentimental into broad humour. Every quaint remark affords a pun or an epigram, and every serious sentence gives birth to some merry couplet. Such is the facility with which he strings together puns and rhyme, that in the course of half an hour he has been known to wager, and win it—that he made a couplet and a pun on every one present, to the number of fifty. Nothing annoys the exquisite *Sextile* so much as this tormenting talent of Horace; he is always shirking him, and yet continually falling in his way. For some time, while Horace was in the fourth form, these little *jeu-d'esprits* were circulated privately, and smuggled up in half suppressed laughs; but being now high on the fifth, Horace is no longer in fear of *fagging*, and therefore gives free license to his tongue in many a witty jest, which "sets the table in a roar."

Dick Gradus. In a snug corner, at a side table, observe that shrewd-looking little fellow poring over his book; his features seem represented by acute angles, and his head, which appears too heavy for his body, represents all the thoughtfulness of age, like an ancient fragment of Phidias or Praxiteles placed upon new shoulders by some modern bust carver. Dick is the son of an eminent solicitor in a borough town, who has raised himself into wealth and consequence by a strict attention to the principles of interest: sharp practice, heavy mortgages, loans on annuity, and post obits, have strengthened his list of possessions till his

influence is extended over half the county. The proprietor of the borough, a good humoured sporting extravagant, has been compelled to yield his influence in St. Stephen's to old Gradus, that he may preserve his character at Newmarket, and continue his pack and fox-hunting festivities at home. The representation of the place is now disposed of to the best bidder, but the ambition of the father has long since determined upon sending his son (when of age) into parliament—a promising candidate for the "loaves and fishes." Richard Gradus, M.P.—you may almost perceive the senatorial honor stamped upon the brow of the young aspirant; he has been early initiated into the value of time and money; his lessons of thrift have been practically illustrated by watching the operations of the law in his father's office; his application to learning is not the result of an innate love of literature, or the ambition of excelling his compeers, but a cold, stiff, and formal desire to collect together materials for the storehouse of his memory, that will enable him to pursue his interested views and future operations on society with every prospect of success. Genius has no participation in his studies: his knowledge of Greek and Latin is grammatical and pedantic; he reads Livy, Tacitus, Sallust, Cæsar, Xenophon, Thucydides, in their original language; boasts of his learning with a haughty mien and scornful look of self-importance, and thinks this school-boy exercise of memory, this mechanism of the mind, is to determine the line between genius and stupidity; and has never taken into consideration that the mere linguist, destitute of native powers, with his absurd parade of scholastic knowledge, is a solitary barren plant, when opposed to the higher occupations of the mind, to the flights of fancy, the daring combinations of genius, and the sublime pictures of imagination. Dick is an isolated being, a book-worm, who never embarks in any party of pleasure, from the fear of expense; he has no talents for general conversation, while his ridiculous affectation of learning subjects him to a constant and annoying fire from the batteries of Etonian wit. Still, however, Dick perseveres in his course, till his blanched cheeks and cadaverous aspect, from close study and want of proper exercise, proclaim the loss of health, and the probable establishment of some pulmonary affection that may,

before he scarcely reaches maturity, blight the ambitious hopes of his father, and consign the son "to that bourne from whence no traveller returns."

Horatio Heartly. At the lower end of the room, observe a serene-looking head displaying all the quiet character of a youthful portrait by the divine Raphael, joined to the inspiring sensibility which flashes from the almost breathing countenance and penetrating brilliancy of eye, that distinguishes a Guido. That is my bosom friend, my more than brother, my mentor and my guide. Horatio is an orphan, the son of a general officer, whose crimsoned stream of life was dried up by an eastern sun, while he was yet a lisping infant. His mother, lovely, young, and rich in conjugal attachment, fell a blighted corse in early widowhood, and left Horatio, an unprotected bud of virtuous love, to the fostering care of Lady Mary Oldstyle, a widowed sister of the general's, not less rich in worldly wealth than in true benevolence of heart, and the celestial glow of pure affection. Heartly is a happy combination of all the good-humoured particles of human nature blended together, with sense, feeling, and judgment. Learned without affectation, and liberal without being profuse, he has found out the secret of attaching all the school to himself, without exciting any sensation of envy, or supplanting prior friendships. Horatio is among the alumni of Eton the king of good fellows: there is not a boy in the school, colleger, or oppidan, but what would fight a long hour to defend him from insult; no—nor a sparkling eye among the enchanting daughters of old *Etona* that does not twinkle with pleasure at the elegant congée, and amiable attentions, which he always pays at the shrine of female accomplishment. Generous to a fault, his purse—which the bounty of his aunt keeps well supplied—is a public bank, *pro bono publico*. His parties to *sock* are always distinguished by an excellent selection, good taste, and superior style. In all the varied school sports and pastimes, his manly form and vigorous constitution gain him a superior station among his compeers, which his cheerful disposition enables him to turn to general advantage. Nor is he in less estimation with the masters, who are loud in their praises of his assiduity and proficiency in school pursuits. Horatio is not exactly a genius: there

is nothing of that wild eccentricity of thought and action which betokens the vivid flights of imagination, or the meteoric brightness of inspiration; his actions are distinguished by coolness, intrepidity, and good sense. He does not pretend to second sight, or a knowledge of futurity; but on the present and the past there are few who can reason with more cogency of remark, or with more classic elegance of diction: with such a concentration of qualities, it is not wonderful that his influence extends through every gradation of the juvenile band. His particular attachments are not numerous; but those who have experienced the sincerity of his private friendship must always remain his debtor—from deficiency of expression; among the most obliged of whom is—the author.

Bob Transit. Bob has no fixed situation; therefore it would be in vain to attempt to say where he may be found: sometimes he is placed next to Bernard, and between him and Heartly, with whom he generally associates; at other times he takes his situation at the side table, or fills up a spare corner opposite to Dick Gradus, or the exquisite, either of whom he annoys, during dinner, by sketching their portraits in caricature upon the cover of his Latin Grammar, with their mouths crammed full of victuals, or in the act of swallowing hot pudding: nor does the dame sometimes escape him; the whole table have frequently been convulsed with laughter at Bob's comic representation of Miss ————'s devout phiz, as exhibited during the preparatory ceremony of a dinner grace: the soul of whim, and source of fun and frolic, Bob is no mean auxiliary to a merry party, or the exhilarating pleasure of a broad grin. Bob's *admiral* is an R.A. of very high repute; who, having surmounted all the difficulties of obscure origin and limited education, by the brilliancy of his talents, has determined to give his son the advantage of early instruction and liberal information, as a prelude to his advancement in the arts. Talent is not often hereditary (or at least in succession); but the facility of Transit's pencil is astonishing: with the rapidity of a Fuseli he sketches the human figure in all its various attitudes, and produces in his hasty drawings so much force of effect and truth of character, that the subject can never be mistaken. His humour is irresistible, and is strongly characterized by all the eccentricity and wit of

a Gilhay, turning the most trifling incidents into laughable burlesque. Between him and Horace Eglantine there exists a sort of copartnership in the sister arts of poetry and painting: Horace rhymes, and Bob illustrates; and very few in the school of any note have at one time or other escaped this combination of epigram and caricature. Bob has an eye to real life, and is formed for all the bustle of the varied scene. Facetious, witty, and quaint, with all the singularity of genius in his composition, these juvenile *jeux d'esprits* of his pencil may be regarded as the rays of promise, which streak with golden tints the blushing horizon of the morn of youth.

As Bob is not over studious, or attached to the Latin and Greek languages, he generally manages to get any difficult lesson construed by an agreement with some more learned and assiduous associate; the *quid pro quo* on these occasions being always punctually paid on his part by a humorous sketch of the head master calling first absence, taken from a snug, oblique view in the school-yard, or a burlesque on some of the fellows or inhabitants of Eton. In this way Bob contrives to pass school muster, although these specimens of talent have, on more than one occasion, brought him to the block. It must however be admitted, that in all these flights of fancy his pencil is never disgraced by any malignancy of motive, or the slightest exhibition of personal spleen. Good humour is his motto; pleasure his pursuit: and if he should not prove a Porson or an Elmsley, he gives every promise of being equally eminent with a Bunbury, Gillray, or a Rowlandson.

Varied groups are disposed around the room, and make up the back ground of my picture. Many of these are yet too young to particularize, and others have nothing sufficiently characteristic to deserve it; some who have not yet committed their first fault, and many who are continually in error; others who pursue the straight beaten track to scholastic knowledge, and trudge on like learned dromedaries. Two or three there are who follow in no sphere-eccentric stars, shooting from space to space; some few mischievous wags, who delight in a good joke,

and will run the risk of punishment at any time to enjoy it; with here and there a little twinkling gem, like twilight planets, just emerging from the misty veil of nature.

These form my dame's dinner party. Reader, do not judge them harshly from this hasty sketch: take into your consideration their youth and inexperience; and if they do not improve upon acquaintance, and increase in estimation with their years, the fault must in justice rather be attributed to the author than to any deficiency in their respective merits.

Page 041

THE FIVE PRINCIPAL ORDERS OF ETON, DOCTOR, DAME, COLLEGER, OPPIDAN, AND CAD. A SKETCH TAKEN OPPOSITE THE LONG WALK.

Page042

Page043

ETON DAMES*; AN ODE, NEITHER AMATORY,
ILL-NATURED, NOR PATHETIC.

Let Oxford beaux, to am'rous belles,
Love's warm epistles write;
Or Cambridge youths, in classic dells,
Invoke the shadowy night.

* The above *jeu-d'esprit* made its appearance on one of those joyous occasions, when the sons of old Etona return from Oxford and Cambridge, filled with filial regard for early scenes and school-boy friendships, to commemorate a college election. It was, at the time, purposely attributed to some of these waggish visitors, a sort of privileged race, who never fail of indulging in numerous good-humoured freaks with the inhabitants of Eton, to show off to the rising generation the pleasantries, whims, and improvements of a college life. The subject is one of great delicacy, but it will, I hope, be admitted by the merry dames themselves, that my friend Bernard has in this, as in every other instance, endeavoured to preserve the strongest traits of

truth and character, without indulging in offensive satire, or departing from propriety and decorum.—Horatio Heartly.

Let Cockney poets boast their flames,
Of ' Vicked Cupit' patter:
Be mine a verse on Eton Dames—
A more substantial matter.
I care not if the Graces three
Have here withheld perfection:
Brown, black, or fair, the same to me,—
E'en age is no objection.
A pleasing squint, or but one eye,
Will do as well as any;
A mouth between a laugh and cry,
Or wrinkled, as my granny.
A hobbling gait, or a wooden leg,
Or locks of silvery gray;
Or name her Madge, or Poll, or Peg,
She still shall have my lay.
Perfection centres in the mind,
The gen'rous must acknowledge:
Then, Muse, be candid, just, and kind,
To Dames of Eton College.*

* The independent students, commonly called *Oppidans*, are very numerous: they are boarded at private houses in the environs of the college; the presiding masters and mistresses of which have from time immemorial enjoyed the title of *Domine* and *Dame*: the average number of *Oppidans* is from three hundred to three hundred and fifty.

FIVE PRINCIPAL ORDERS OF ETON

PROEM.

Said Truth to the Muse, as they wander'd along,
"Prithee, Muse, spur your Pegasus into a song;
Let the subject be lively,—how like you the Belles?"
Said the Muse, "he's no sportsman that kisses and tells.

But in females delighting, suppose we stop here,
And do you bid the Dames of old Eton appear;
In your mirror their merits, with candour, survey,
And I'll sing their worth in my very best Lay."
No sooner 'twas said, than agreed:—it was done,
Wing'd Mercury summon'd them every one.

MISS A***LO.

First, deck'd in the height of the fashion, a belle,
An angel, ere Chronos had tipt her with snow,
Advanced to the goddess, and said, "you may tell,
That in Eton, there's no better table, you know;"
And by Truth 'twas admitted, "her generous board
Is rich, in whatever the seasons afford."

Of ancients, a pair next presented themselves,
When in popp'd some waggish Oxonian elves,
Who spoke of times past, of short commons, and cheese,
And told tales, which did much the old ladies displease.
"Good morning," said Truth, as the dames pass'd him by:
Young stomachs, if stinted, are sure to outcry.

MRS. R******U.

On her *Domine* leaning came dame B******u,
The oldest in college, deck'd in rich furbelow.
She curtsied around to the *Oppidan* band,
But not one said a word, and but few gave a hand.
Truth whisper'd the Muse,, who, as sly, shook her head,
Saying, "where little's told, 'tis soon mended, it's said."

MRS. G******E.

When S******e appear'd, what a shout rent the air!
The spruce widow affords the most excellent cheer;
For comfort in quarters there's nothing can beat her,
So up rose the lads with a welcome to greet her:
The muse with true gallantry led her to place,
And Truth said good humour was writ in her face.

MRS. D****N.
With a face (once divine), and a figure still smart,
And a grace that defies even Time's fatal dart,
Dame D****n advanced, made her curtsy, and smiled:
Truth welcomed the fair, the grave, witty, and wild;
All, all gave their votes, and some said they knew
That her numbers by no measure equall'd her due.

MISS S******S.

"By my hopes," said the Muse, "here's a rare jolly pair,
A right merry frontispiece, comely and fair,
To good living and quarters." "You're right," nodded Truth.
A welcome approval was mark'd in each youth.
And 'twas no little praise among numbers like theirs,
To meet a unanimous welcome up stairs.

Miss L******d.
Lavater, though sometimes in error, you'll find
May be here quoted safely; the face tells the mind.
Good humour and happiness live in her eye.
Her motto's contentment you'll easily spy.
five principal orders of eton
A chair for Miss L******d Truth placed near the Muse;
For beauty to rhyme can fresh spirit infuse.

MRS. V******Y.

V******y, in weeds led and angel along,
Accomplish'd and pretty, who blush'd at the throng.
The old dame seem'd to say, and i'faith she might well,
"Sons of Eton, when saw you a handsomer belle?"
If any intended the widow to sneer,
Miss A——won their favor, and banish'd the jeer.

Three sisters, famed for various parts,
One clerks, and one makes savoury tarts;
While t'other, bless her dinner face,
Cuts up the viands with a grace,
Advanced, and met a cheerful greeting
From all who glorify good eating.

MRS. W. H****R.

With a smile, *à la confident*, came Mrs. H,
Whose Domine writing to Eton's sons teach:
In college, the handiest man you can find
For improvements of all sorts, both building and mind:
He seem'd on good terms with himself, but the Muse
Said, "the Dame claim'd a welcome which none could refuse."

DAME A****S.

Dame A****s, respected by all, made her way

Through the throng that assembled at Eton that day.
Old Chronos had wrinkled her forehead, 'tis true;
Yet her countenance beam'd in a rich, mellow hue
Of good humour and worth; 'twas a pleasure to mark
How the dame was applauded by each Eton spark.
MISS b*******K.

Long and loud were the plaudits the lady to cheer,
Whom the doctor had treated somewhat cavalier:
"Too young," said the ancient, "the proverb is trite;
Age and wisdom, good doctor, not always unite."
"For prudence and worth," said Truth, "I'll be bound
She may challenge the Dames of old Eton around."

A crowd pressing forward, the day growing late,
Truth whisper'd the Muse, "we had better retreat;
For though 'mong the dames we are free from disasters,
I know not how well we may fare with the masters.
There's Carter, and Yonge, Knapp, Green, and Dupuis,*
All coming this way with their ladies, I see.
Our visit, you know, was alone to the belles;
The masters may sing, if they please, of themselves.
Truth mounted a cloud, and the Poet his nag,
And these whims sent next day by the post-office bag.

* Lower, and assistant masters, who keep boarding-houses. Until lately this practice was not permitted; but it must be confessed that it is a salutary arrangement, as it not only tends to keep the youth in a better state of subjection, but in many instances is calculated to increase their progress in study, by enabling them to receive private instruction.

Page048

ENLARGE TO FULL SIZE

Page049

ELECTION SATURDAY.

A Peep at the Long Chambers—The Banquet—Reflections on parting—Arrival of the Provost of King's College, Cambridge, and the Pozers—The Captain's Oration—Busy Monday—The Oppidan's Farewell—Examination and Election of the Collegers who stand for King's—The aquatic Gala and Fireworks—Oxonian Visitors—Night—Rambles in Eton—Transformations of Signs and Names—The Feast at the Christopher, with a View of THE OPPIDAN'S MUSEUM, AND ETON COURT OF CLAIMS.

Now from the schools pour forth a num'rous train,
Light-hearted, buoyant as the summer breeze,
To deck thy bosom, Eton: now each face
Anticipation brightens with delight,
While many a fancied bliss floats gaily
O'er the ardent mind, chaste as the Nautilus,
Spreading her pearly spangles to the sun:
The joyous welcome of parental love,
The heart-inspiring kiss a sister yields,
A brother's greeting, and the cheering smiles
Of relatives and friends, and aged domestics,
Time-honor'd for their probity and zeal,
Whose silvery locks recall to mem'ry's view
Some playful scene of earliest childhood,
When frolic, mirth, and gambol led the way,
Ere reason gave sobriety of thought.-
Now bear the busy *Cads* the new-lopt bough
Of beech-tree to the dormitories,
While active Collegers the foliage raise
Against the chamber walls. A classic grove
Springs as by magic art, cool and refreshing,
A luxury by nature's self supply'd,
Delicious shelter from the dog-star's ray.
In thought profound the studious *Sextile* mark

In learned converse with some ancient sage,
Whose aid he seeks to meet the dread Provost.
The captain fearless seeks the ancient stand,
Where old Etona's sons, beneath time's altar-piece,*
Have immemorial welcomed *Granta's* chief.
In College-hall the merry cook prepares
The choicest viands for the master's banquet:
A graceful, healthy throng surround the board,
And temp'rance, love, and harmony, prevail.
Now busy dames are in high bustle caught,
Preparing for each oppidan's departure;
And servants, like wing'd Mercury, must fly
O'er Windsor bridge to hail the London coach.
Adieus on ev'ry side, farewell, farewell,
Rings in each passing ear; yet, nor regret
Nor sorrow marks the face, but all elate
With cheerful tongue and brighten'd eye, unite
To hail with joy Etona's holiday.
Now comes the trial of who stands for King's,
Examinations difficult and deep
The Provost and his pozers to o'ercome.
To this succeeds the grand aquatic gala,
A spectacle of most imposing import,
Where, robed in every costume of the world,
The gay youth direct the glittering prow;
A fleet of well-trimm'd barks upon the bosom
Of old father Thames, glide on to pleasure's note:
The expert victors are received with cheers,
And the dark canopy of night's illumin'd
With a grand display of brilliant fires.

* Shortly after the arrival of the Provost, he proceeds through the cloisters, where he is met by the captain, or head boy of the school, who speaks a long Latin oration before him, standing under the clock.

To an old Etonian the last week in July brings with it recollections of delight that time and circumstances can never wholly efface. If, beneath the broad umbrage of the refreshing grove, he seeks relief from care and

sultry heat, memory recalls to his imagination the scenes of his boyhood, the ever pleasing recollections of infancy, when he reclined upon the flowery bosom of old father Thames, or sought amusement in the healthful exercise of bathing, or calmly listened to the murmuring ripple of the waters, or joined the merry group in gently plying of the splashing oar. With what eager delight are these reminiscences of youth dwelt on! With what mingled sensations of hope, fear, and regret, do we revert to the happy period of life when, like the favorite flower of the month, our minds and actions rivalled the lily in her purity! Who, that has ever tasted of the inspiring delight which springs from associations of scholastic friendships and amusements, but would eagerly quit the bustle of the great world to indulge in the enjoyment of the pure and unalloyed felicity which is yet to be found among the alumni of Eton?—Election Saturday—the very sound reverberates the echo of pleasure, and in a moment places me (in imagination) in the centre of the long chambers of Eton, walking beneath the grateful foliage of the beech-tree, with which those dormitories are always decorated previous to election Saturday. I can almost fancy that I hear the rattle of the carriage wheels, and see the four horses smoking beneath the lodge-window of Eton college, that conveys the provost of King's to attend examination and election. Then too I can figure the classic band who wait to receive him; the dignified little doctor leading the way, followed by the steady, calm-visaged lower master, Carter; then comes benedict Yonge, and after him a space intervenes, where one should have been of rare qualities, but he is absent; then follows good-humoured Heath, and Knapp, who loves the rattle of a coach, and pleasant, clever Hawtry, and careful Okes, and that shrewd sapper, Green, followed by medium Dupuis, and the intelligent Chapman: these form his classic escort to the cloisters. But who shall paint the captain's envied feelings, the proud triumph of his assiduity and skill? To him the honourable office of public orator is assigned; with modest reverence he speaks the Latin oration, standing, as is the custom from time immemorial, under the clock. There too he receives the bright reward, the approbation of the Provost of King's college, and the procession moves forward to the College-hall to partake of the generous

banquet. On Sunday the Provost of King's remains a guest with his compeer of Eton. But busy Monday arrives, and hundreds of Oxonians and Cantabs pour in to witness the speeches of the boys, and pay a tribute of respect to their former masters. The exhibition this day takes place in the upper school, and consists of sixth form oppidans and collegers. How well can I remember the animated picture Eton presents on such occasions: shoals of juvenile oppidans, who are not yet of an age to have been elected of any particular school-party, marching forth from their dames' houses, linked arm in arm, parading down the street with an air and gaiety that implies some newly acquired consequence, or liberty of conduct. Every where a holiday face presents itself, and good humour lisps upon every tongue. Here may be seen a youthful group, all anxiety and bustle, trudging after some well-known *Cad*, who creeps along towards the Windsor coach-office, loaded with portmanteaus, carpet bags, and boxes, like a Norfolk caravan at Christmas time; while the youthful proprietors of the bulky stock, all anxiety and desire to reach their relatives and friends, are hurrying him on, and do not fail to spur the *elephant* with many a cutting gibe, at his slow progression. Within doors the dames are all bustle, collecting, arranging, and packing up the wardrobes of their respective boarders; servants flying from the hall to the attic, and endangering their necks in their passage down again, from anxiety to meet the breathless impetuosity of their parting guests. Books of all classes, huddled into a heap, may be seen in the corner of each bedroom, making *sock* for the mice till the return of their purveyors with lots of plum-cake and savoury tarts. The more mature are now busily engaged in settling the fashion of their costume for the approaching gala; in receiving a visit from an elder brother, or a young Oxonian, formerly of Eton, who has arrived post to take *sock* with him, and enjoy the approaching festivities. Here a venerable domestic, whose silver locks are the truest emblem of his trusty services, arrives with the favorite pony to convey home the infant heir and hope of some noble house.

Now is Garraway as lively as my lord mayor's steward at a Guildhall feast-day; and the active note of preparation for the good things of this world rings through the oaken chambers of the Christopher. Not even the *sanctum sanctorum* is forgotten, where, in times long past, I have quaffed my jug of Bulstrode, "in cool grot," removed from the scorching heat of a July day, and enjoyed many a good joke, secure from the prying observations of the *domine*. One, and one only, class of persons wear a sorrowful face upon these joyous occasions, and these are the confectioners and fruitresses of Eton; with them, election Saturday and busy Monday are like the herald to a Jewish black fast, or a stock exchange holiday: they may as well *sport their oaks* (to use an Oxford phrase) till the return of the oppidans to school, for they seldom see the colour of a customer's cash till the, to them, happy period arrives.

On the succeeding days the examinations of the collegers proceed regularly; then follows the election of new candidates, and the severe trial of those who stand for King's. These scholastic arrangements generally conclude on the Wednesday night, or Thursday morning, and then Pleasure mounts her variegated car, and drives wherever Fancy may direct. Formerly I find seven or eight scholars went to King's;{*} but in consequence of the fellows of Eton holding pluralities, the means are impoverished, and the number consequently reduced to two or three: this is the more to be regretted, on account of the very severe and irrecoverable disappointment the scholars experience in losing their election, merely on account of age; as at nineteen they are superannuated, and cannot afterwards receive any essential benefit from the college.

Not the blue waves of the Engia, covered with the gay feluccas of the Greeks, and spreading their glittering streamers in the sun; nor the more lovely

* This noble seminary of learning was founded by Hen. VI. in 1440. Its establishment was then on a limited scale; it has long since been enlarged, and now consists of a provost, vice-provost, six fellows, two schoolmasters, with their assistants, seventy scholars, seven clerks, and ten

choristers, besides various inferior officers and servants. The annual election of scholars to King's College, Cambridge, takes place about the end of July, or the beginning of August, when the twelve senior scholars are put on the roll to succeed, but they are not removed till vacancies occur; the average number of which is about nine in two years. At nineteen years of age the scholars are superannuated. Eton sends, also, two scholars to Merton College, Oxford, where they are denominated post-masters, and has likewise a few exhibitions of twenty-one guineas each for its superannuated scholars. The scholars elected to King's succeed to fellowships at three years' standing.

Adriatic, swelling her translucent bosom to the gentle motion of the gondolier, and bearing on her surface the splendid cars and magnificent pageant of the Doge of Venice, marrying her waters to the sea, can to an English bosom yield half the delight the grand aquatic Eton gala affords; where, decked in every costume fancy can devise, may be seen the noble youth of Britain, her rising statesmen, warriors, and judges, the future guardians of her liberties, wealth, and commerce, all vying with each other in loyal devotion to celebrate the sovereign's natal day.{*} Then doth thy silvery bosom, father Thames, present a spectacle truly delightful; a transparent mirror, studded with gems and stars and splendid pageantry, reflecting a thousand brilliant variegated hues; while, upon thy flowery margin, the loveliest daughters of the land press the green velvet of luxuriant nature, outrivalling in charms of colour, form, and beauty, the rose, the lily, and the graceful pine. There too may be seen the accomplished and the gay youth labouring for pleasure at the healthful oar, while with experienced skill the expert helmsman directs through all thy fragrant windings the trim bark to victory. The race determined, the bright star of eve, outrivalled by the pyrotechnic *artiste*, hides his diminished head. Now sallies forth the gay Oxonian from the Christopher, ripe with the rare Falernian of mine host, to have his frolic gambol with old friends. Pale Luna, through her misty veil, smiles at

these harmless pleasantries, and lends the merry group her aid to smuggle signs, alter names, and play off a thousand fantastic vagaries; while the Eton Townsman, robed in

> * The grand aquatic gala, which terminates the week's festivities at Eton, and concludes the water excursions for the season, was originally fixed in honour of his late majesty's birthday, and would have been altered to the period of his successor's, but the time would not accord, the twelfth day of August being vacation.

peaceful slumber, dreams not of the change his house has undergone, and wakes to find a double transformation; his *Angel* vanished, or exchanged for the rude semblance of an Oxford *Bear*, with a cognomen thereto appended, as foreign to his family nomenclature "as he to Hercules." In the morning the dames are wailing the loss of their polished knockers; and the barber-surgeon mourns the absence of his obtrusive pole. The optician's glasses have been removed to the door of some prying *domine*; and the large tin cocked hat has been seized by some midnight giant, who has also claimed old Crispin's three-leagued boot. The golden fish has leaped into the Thames. The landlord of the Lamb bleats loudly for his fleece. The grocer cares not a fig for the loss of his sugar-loaves, but laughs, and takes it as a currant joke. Old Duplicate is resolved to have his balls restored with interest; and the lady mother of the black doll is quite pale in the face with sorrow for the loss of her child. Mine host of the vine looks as sour as his own grapes, before they were fresh gilded; and spruce master Pigtail, the tobacconist, complains that his large roll of real Virginia has been chopped into short cut. But these are by far the least tormenting jokes. That good-humoured Cad, Jem Miller, finds the honorary distinction of private tutor added to his name. Dame ——s, an irreproachable spinster of forty, discovers that of Mr. Probe, man-midwife, appended to her own. Mr. Primefit, the Eton Stultz, is changed into Botch, the cobbler. Diodorus Drowsy, D.D., of Windsor, is re-christened Diggory Drenchall, common brewer; and the amiable Mrs. Margaret Sweet, the Eton pastry-cook and confectioner, finds her name united in bands of brass with Mr. Benjamin Bittertart,

the baker. The celebrated Christopher Caustic, Esq., surgeon, has the mortification to find his Esculapian dormitory decorated with the sign-board of Mr. Slaughtercalf, a German butcher; while his handsome brass pestle and mortar, with the gilt Galen's head annexed, have been waggishly transferred to the house of some Eton Dickey Gossip, barber and dentist. Mr. Index, the bookseller, changes names with old Frank Finis, the sexton. The elegant door plate of Miss Caroline Cypher, spinster, is placed on the right side of Nicodemus

Number, B.A., and fellow of Eton, with this note annexed: "New rule of Addition, according to Cocker." Old Amen, the parish clerk, is united to Miss Bridget Silence, the pew opener; and Theophilus White, M.D. changes place with Mr. Sable, the undertaker. But we shall become too grave if we proceed deeper with this subject. There is no end to the whimsical alterations and ludicrous changes that take place upon these occasions, when scarce a sign or door plate in Eton escapes some pantomimic transformation.*

* Representations to the masters or authorities are scarcely ever necessary to redress these whimsical grievances, as the injured parties are always remunerated. The next day the spoils and trophies are arranged in due form in a certain snug sanctum sanctorum, the cellar of a favorite inn, well known by the name of the *Oppidan's* Museum; for a view of which see the sketch made on the spot by my friend Bob Transit. Here the merry wags are to be found in council, holding a court of claims, to which all the tradesmen who have suffered any loss are successively summoned; and after pointing out from among the motley collection the article they claim, and the price it originally cost, they are handsomely remunerated, or the sign replaced. The good people of Eton generally choose the former, as it not only enable them to sport a new sign, but to put a little profit upon the cost price of the old one. The trophies thus acquired are then packed up in hampers, and despatched to Oxford, where they are on similar occasions not unfrequently

displayed, or hung up, in lieu of some well-known sign, such as the Mitre, &c. which has been removed during the night.

Page058

The following jeu-d'esprits issued upon the interference of the authorities at the conclusion of the last Election. The "dance of thirty sovereigns" is an allusion to the fine imposed, which was given to the poor.

A Ladder Dance.
A moving golden Fish.
The Fall of Grapes, during a heavy storm.
The Cock'd Hat Combat.
A March to the Workhouse.
Bird-cage Duett, by Messrs. C***** and B****.
A public Breakfast, with a dance by thirty sovereigns.
Glee—"When shall we three meet again."
The Barber's Hornpipe, by the learned D****.
The Turk's Head Revel.
Saint Christopher's March.
The Committee in Danger.
The Cloisters, Eton

Page059

HERBERT STOCKHORE, THE MONTEM POET LAUREATE. A SKETCH FROM THE LIFE,

As he appeared in the Montent Procession of May, 1823.

BY BERNARD BLACKMANTLE, AND ROBERT TRANSIT

Bending beneath a weight of time,
And crippled as his Montem ode,
We found the humble son of rhyme

Busy beside the public road.
Nor laurel'd wreath or harp had he,

To deck his brow or touch the note
That wakes the soul to sympathy.

His face was piteous as his coat,
'Twas motley strange; e'en nature's self,

In wild, eccentric, playful mood,
Had, for her pastime, form'd the elf,

A being scarcely understood—
Half idiot, harmless; yet a gleam

Of sense, and whim, and shrewdness, broke
The current of his wildest stream;

And pity sigh'd as madness spoke.
Lavater, Lawrence, Camper, here

Philosophy new light had caught:
Judged by your doctrines 'twould appear

The facial line denoted thought.{1}
But say, what system e'er shall trace

By scalp or visage mental worth?
The ideot's form, the maniac's face,

Are shared alike by all on earth.
"Comparative Anatomy—"

If, Stockhore, 'twas to thee apply'd,
'Twould set the doubting Gallist free,

And Spurzheim's idle tales deride.
But hence with visionary scheme,

Though Bell, or Abernethy, write;
Be Herbert Stockhore all my theme,

The laureate's praises I indite;

He erst who sung in Montem's praise,

And, Thespis like, from out his cart
Recited his extempore lays,

On Eton's sons, in costume smart,
Who told of captains bold and grand,

Lieutenants, marshals, seeking *salt*;
Of colonels, majors, cap in hand,

Who bade e'en majesty to halt;

1 It is hardly possible to conceive a more intelligent, venerable looking head, than poor Herbert Stockhore presents; a fine capacious forehead, rising like a promontory of knowledge, from a bold outline of countenance, every feature decisive, breathing serenity and thoughtfulness, with here and there a few straggling locks of silvery gray, which, like the time-discoloured moss upon some ancient battlements, are the true emblems of antiquity: the eye alone is generally dull and sunken in the visage, but during his temporary gleams of sanity, or fancied flights of poetical inspiration, it is unusually bright and animated. According to professor Camper, I should think the facial line would make an angle of eighty or ninety degrees; and, judging upon the principles laid down by Lavater, poor Herbert might pass for a Solon. Of his bumps, or phrenological protuberances, I did not take particular notice, but I have no doubt they would be found, upon examination, equally illustrative of such visionary systems.

Told how the ensign nobly waved

The colours on the famous hill;
And names from dull oblivion saved,

Who ne'er the niche of fame can fill:

Who, like to Campbell, lends his name.{2}

To many a whim he ne'er did write;
When witty scholars, to their shame,

'Gainst masters hurl a satire trite.{3}
But fare thee well, Ad Montem's bard,{4}

Farewell, my mem'ry's early friend

2 The author of "the Pleasures of Hope," and the editor of the New Monthly; but-"*Tardè, quo credita lodunt, credimus*."

3 It has long been the custom at Eton, particularly during Montem, to give Herbert Stockhore the credit of many a satirical whim, which he, poor fellow, could as easily have penned as to have written a Greek ode. These squibs are sometimes very humorous, and are purposely written in doggrel verse to escape detection by the masters, who are not unfrequently the principal porsons alluded to.

4 The following laughable production was sold by poor Herbert Stockhore during the last Montem: we hardly think we need apologise for introducing this specimen of his muse: any account of Eton characteristics must have been held deficient without it.

THE MONTEM ODE. May 20, 1823.

Muses attend! the British channel flock o'er,
Call'd by your most obedient servant, Stockhore.
Aid me, O, aid me, while I touch the string;
Montem and Captain Barnard's praise I sing;
Captain Barnard, the youth so noble and bright,
That none dare dispute his worthy right
To that gay laurel which his brother wore,
In times that 1 remember long before.
What are Olympic honours compared to thine,
0 Captain, when Majesty does combine
With heroes, their wives, sons and daughters great,
To visit this extremely splendid fête.
Enough! I feel a sudden inspiration fill
My bowels; just as if the tolling bell
Had sent forth sounds a floating all along the air
  Just such Parnassian sounds, though deaf, I'm sure I hear.

May misery never press thee hard,
Ne'er may disease thy steps attend:
Listen, ye gents; rude Boreas hold your tongue!
The pomp advances, and my lyre is strung.
First comes Marshal Thackeray,
Dress'd out in crack array;
Ar'nt he a whacker, eh?
His way he picks,
Follow'd by six,
Like a hen by her chicks:

Enough! he's gone.
As this martial Marshall
Is to music partial,

The bandsmen march all

His heels upon.
He who hits the balls such thumps,
King of cricket-bats and stumps,—
Barnard comes;
Sound the drums—

Silence! he's past.
Eight fair pages,
Of different ages,

Follow fast.
Next comes the Serjeant-Major,
Who, like an old stager,

Without need of bridle
Walks steadily; the same
Dolphin Major by name,

Major Dolphin by title.
Next struts Serjeant Brown,
Very gay you must own;
With gallant Mr. Hughes,
In well-polish'd shoes;
Then Sampson, who tramps on,
Strong as his namesake.
Then comes Webb, who don't dread
To die for his fame's sake.
Next shall I sing
Of Serjeant King,
And Horace Walpole,
Holding a tall pole,
Who follows King and Antrobus,
Though he's "pulchrior ambobus."
Be all thy wants by those supply'd,
Whom charity ne'er fail'd to move{5}:

5 This eccentric creature has for many years subsisted entirely upon the bounty of the Etonians, and the inhabitants of Windsor and Eton, who never fail to administer to his wants, and liberally supply him with many little comforts in return for his harmless pleasantries.

Then to Salthill speed on,
While the troops they lead on;
Both Mr. Beadon,
And Serjeant Mitford,
Who's ready to fi't for't.
Then Mr. Carter follows a'ter;
And Denman,
Worth ten men,
Like a Knight of the Garter;
And Cumberbatch,
Without a match,
Tell me, who can be smarter?
Then Colonel Hand,
Monstrous grand,
Closes the band.
Pass on, you nameless crowd,
Pass on. The Ensign proud
Comes near. Let all that can see
Behold the Ensign Dansey;
See with what elegance he
Waves the flag—to please the fancy.
Pass on, gay crowd; Le Mann, the big,
Bright with gold as a guinea-pig,
The big, the stout, the fierce Le Mann,
Walks like a valiant gentleman.
But take care of your pockets,
Here's Salt-bearer Platt,
With a bag in his hand,
And a plume in his hat;
A handsomer youth, sure small-clothes ne'er put on,
Though very near rival'd by elegant Sutton.

Thus then has pass'd this grand procession,
In most magnificent progression.
Farewell you gay and happy throng!
Etona's motto, crest, and pride,
Is feeling, courage, friendship, love.

Farewell my Muse! farewell my song'
Farewell Salthill! farewell brave Captain;
As ever uniform was clapt in;
Since Fortune's kind, pray do not mock her;
Your humble poet,

HERBERT STOCKHORE.

Herbert Stockhore was originally a bricklayer, and now resides at a little house which he has built for himself, and called Mount Pleasant, in a lane leading from Windsor to the Meadows. He has a wife and daughter, honest, industrious people, who reside with him, and are by no means displeased at the visit of a stranger to their eccentric relative. Some idea of the old man's amusing qualifications may be conceived from the following description, to which I have added the account he gives of his heraldic bearings. It must be recollected that the Etonians encourage these whims in the poor old man, and never lose an opportunity of impressing Stockhore with a belief in the magnificent powers of his genius.—After we had heard him recite several of his unconnected extempore rhapsodies, we were to be indulged with the Montem ode; this the old man insisted should be spoken in his gala dress; nor could all the entreaties of his wife and daughter, joined to those of myself and friend (fearful of appearing obtrusive), dissuade old Herbert from his design. He appeared quite frantic with joy when the dame brought forth from an upper apartment these insignia of his laureateship; the careful manner in which they were folded up and kept clean gave us to understand that the good woman herself set some store by them. The wife and daughter now proceeded to robe the laureate bard: the first garment which was placed over his shoulders, and came

below his waist, was a species of tunic made out of patches of bed-furniture, trimmed in the most fantastic manner with fragments of worsted fringe of all colors. Over this he wore an old military jacket, of a very ancient date in respect to costume, and trimmed like the robe with fringe of every variety. A pair of loose trowsers of the same materials as the tunic were also displayed; but the fashion of the poet's head-dress exceeded all the rest for whimsicality: round an old soldier's cap a sheet of pasteboard was bent to a spiral form, rising about fourteen inches, and covered with some pieces of chintz bed-furniture of a very rich pattern; in five separate circles, was disposed as many different colors of fringes; some worsted twisted, to resemble feathers, was suspended from the side; and the whole had the most grotesque appearance, more nearly resembling the papal crown in similitude than any thing else I can conceive.

```
Poor harmless soul, thy merry stave
Shall live when nobler poets bend;
```

The poor old fellow seemed elated to a degree. We had sent for a little ale for him, but were informed he was not accustomed to drink much of any strong liquor. After a glass, Herbert recited with great gesture and action, but in a very imperfect manner, the Montem ode; and then for a few minutes seemed quite exhausted. During this exhibition my friend Transit was engaged in sketching his portrait, a circumstance that appeared to give great pleasure to the wife and daughter, who earnestly requested, if it was published, to be favored with a copy. We had now become quite familiar with the old man, and went with him to view his Montem car and Arabian pony, as he called them, in a stable adjoining the house. On our return, my friend Transit observed that his cart required painting, and should be decorated with some appropriate emblem. Herbert appeared to understand the idea, and immediately proceeded to give us a history of his heraldic bearings, or, as he said, what his coat of arms should be, which, he assured us, the gentlemen of Eton had subscribed for, and were having prepared at the Heralds' College in London, on purpose for him to display next Montem. "My grand-father," said Stockhore, "was a hatter, therefore I am entitled to

the beaver in the first quarter of my shield. My grandfather by my mother's side was a farmer, therefore I should have the wheat-sheaf on the other part. My own father was a pipe-maker, and that gives me a noble ornament, the cross pipes and glasses, the emblems of good fellowship. Now my wife's father was a tailor, and that yields me a goose: those are the bearings of the four quarters of my shield. Now, sir, I am a poet—ay, the poet laureate of Montem; and that gives me a right to the winged horse for my crest. There's a coat of arms for you," said poor Herbert; "why, it would beat every thing but the king's; ay, and his too, if it wasn't for the lion and crown." The attention we paid to this whim pleased the poor creature mightily; he was all animation and delight. But the day was fast declining: so, after making the poor people a trifling present for the trouble we had given them, my friend Transit and myself took our farewell of poor Herbert, not, I confess, without regret; for I think the reader will perceive by this brief sketch thero is great character and amusement in his harmless whims. I have been thus particular in my description of him, because he is always at Montem time an object of much curiosity; and to every Etonian of the last thirty years, his peculiarities must have frequently afforded amusement.

And when Atropos to the grave
Thy silvery locks of gray shall send,

Etona's sons shall sing thy fame,
Ad Montem still thy verse resound,

Still live an ever cherish'd name,
As long as *salt*{2} and sock abound.

2 Salt is the name given to the money collected at Montem.

THE DOUBTFUL POINT.

"Why should I not read it," thought Horatio, hesitating, with the MSS. of Life in Eton half opened in his hand. A little Chesterfield deity, called Prudence, whispered—"Caution." "Well, Miss Hypocrisy," quoth the Student, "what serious offence shall I commit against propriety or morality by reading a whimsical jeu-d'esprit, penned to explain the peculiar lingual localisms of Eton, and display her chief characteristic follies." "It is slang," said Prudence. "Granted," said Horatio: "but he who undertakes to depict real life must not expect to make a pleasing or a correct picture, without the due proportions of light and shade. 'Vice to be hated needs but to be seen.' Playful satire may do more towards correcting the evil than all the dull lessons of sober-tongued morality can ever hope to effect." Candour, who just then happened to make a passing call, was appointed referee; and, without hesitation, agreed decidedly with Horatio.{1}

1 Life at Eton will not, I hope, be construed into any intention of the author's to follow in the track of any previous publication: his object is faithfully to delineate character, not to encourage vulgar phraseology, or promulgate immoral sentiment.

LIFE IN ETON;

A COLLEGE CHAUNT IN PRAISE OF PRIVATE TUTORS.{1}

Time hallowed shades, and noble names,
Etonian classic bowers;
Pros,{2} masters, fellows, and good dames,{3}
Where pass'd my school-boy hours;

1 Private tutor, in the Eton school phrase, is another term for a *Cad*, a fellow who lurks about college, and assists in all *sprees* and sports by providing dogs, fishing

tackle, guns, horses, bulls for baiting, a badger, or in promoting any other interdicted, or un-lawful pastime. A dozen or more of these well known characters may be seen loitering in front of the college every morning, making their arrangement with their pupils, the *Oppidans*, for a day's sport, to commence the moment school is over. They formerly used to occupy a seat on the low wall, in front of the college, but the present headmaster has recently interfered to expel this assemblage; they still, however, carry on their destructive intercourse with youth, by walking about, and watching their opportunity for communication. The merits of these worthies are here faithfully related, and will be instantly recognised by any Etonian of the last thirty years.

2 *PROS*. Eton college is governed by a provost, vice-provost, six fellows, a steward of the courts, head-master, and a lower, or second master; to which is added, nine assistant masters, and five extra ones, appointed to teach French, writing, drawing, fencing, and dancing. The school has materially increased in numbers within the last few years, and now contains nearly five hundred scholars, sons of noblemen and gentlemen, and may be truly said to be the chief nursery for the culture of the flower of the British nation.—See note to page 54.

3 *DAMES*. The appellation given to the females who keep boarding-houses in Eton. These houses, although out of the college walls, are subject to the surveillance of the head master and fellows, to whom all references and complaints are made.

Come list', while I with con,{4} and sock{5}
And chaunt,{6} both ripe and mellow,
Tell how you knowledge stores unlock,

To make a clever fellow.{7}
For Greek and Latin, classic stuff,

Let tug muttons{8}compose it;
Give oppidans{9} but blunt{10 }enough,

What odds to them who knows it.
A dapper dog,{11} a right coolfish,{12}

Who snugly dines on pewter;
Quaffs Bulstrode ale,{13} and takes his dish.

4 CON. A con is a companion, or friend; as, "you are cons of late."

5 SOCK signifies eating or drinking niceties; as, pastry, jellies, Bishop, &c.

6 CHAUNT, a good song; to versify.

7 This is not intended as an imputation on the learned fellows of Eton college, but must be taken in the vulgar acceptation—you're a clever fellow, &c.

8 TUG MUTTONS, or Tugs, collegers, foundation scholars; an appellation given to them by the oppidans, in derision of the custom which has prevailed from the earliest period, and is still continued, of living entirely on roast mutton; from January to December no other description of meat is ever served up at College table in the hall. There are seventy of these young gentlemen on the foundation who, if they miss their election when they are nineteen, lose all the benefits of a fellowship.

9 OPPIDANS, independent scholars not on the foundation.

10 BLUNT, London slang (for money), in use here.

11 A DAPPER DOC, any thing smart, or pleasing, as, "Ay, that's dapper," or, "you are a dapper dog."

12 A RIGHT COOL FISH, one who is not particular what he says or does.

13 BULSTRODE ALE, a beverage in great request at the Christopher. When the effects were sold at Bulstrode, Garraway purchased a small stock of this famous old ale, which by some miraculous process he has continued to serve out in plentiful quantities ever since. The joke has of late been rather against mine host of the Christopher, who, however, to do him justice, has an excellent tap, which is now called the queen's, from some since purchased at Windsor: this is sold in small quarts, at one shilling per jug.

In private with his tutor.{14}
In lieu of ancient learned lore,

Which might his brain bewilder,
Rum college slang he patters o'er,

With cads{15 }who chouse{16} the guilder.
Who's truly learn'd must read mankind,

Truth's axiom inculcates:
The world's a volume to the mind,

Instructive more than pulpits.{17}
Come fill the bowl with *Bishop* up,

Clods,{18} Fags,{19} and Skugs{20} and Muttons{21};
When *absence*{22} calls ye into sup,

Drink, drink to me, ye gluttons.
I'll teach ye how to kill dull care,

Improve your box of knowledge,{23}

14 Many of the young noblemen and gentlemen at Eton are accompanied by private tutors, who live with them to

expedite their studies; they are generally of the College, and recommended by the head master for their superior endowments.

15 CAD, a man of all work, for dirty purposes, yclept private tutor. See note 1, page 68.

16 CHOUSE the GUILDER. Chouse or chousing is generally applied to any transaction in which they think they may have been cheated or overcharged.

Guilder is a cant term for gold.

17 Nothing in the slightest degree unorthodox is meant to be inferred from this reasoning, but simply the sentiment of this quotation-'The proper study of mankind is man.'

18 CLODS, as, "you clod," a town boy, or any one not an Etonian, no matter how respectable.

19 FAGS, boys in the lower classes. Every fifth form boy has his fag.

20 SCUG or SKUG, a lower boy in the school, relating to

sluggish. 21 MUTTONS. See note 8.

22 ABSENCE. At three-quarters past eight in summer, and earlier in winter, several of the masters proceed to the different dames' houses, and call absence, when every boy is compelled to be instantly in quarters for the night, on pain of the most severe punishment.

23 BOX of KNOWLEDGE, the pericranium.

With all that's witty, choice, and rare,

'Fore all the *Slugs*{24} of college.

Of private tutors, vulgo Cads,

A list I mean to tender;
The qualities of all the lads,

Their prices to a *bender*.{25}
First, Shampo Carter{26} doffs his *tile*,

To dive, to fish, or fire;
There's few can better time beguile,

And none in sporting higher.

24 SLUGS of College, an offensive appellation applied to the fellows of Eton by the townsmen.

25 BENDER, a sixpence.

26 Note from Bernard Blackmantle, M.A. to Shampo Carter and Co. P.T.'s:—

MESSIEURS THE CADS OF ETON, In handing down to posterity your multifarious merits and brilliant qualifications, you will perceive I have not forgotten the signal services and delightful gratifications so often afforded me in the days of my youth. Be assured, most assiduous worthies, that I am fully sensible of all your merits, and can appreciate justly your great usefulness to the rising generation. You are the sappers and miners of knowledge, who attack and destroy the citadel of sense before it is scarcely defensible. It is no fault of yours if the stripling of Eton is not, at eighteen, well initiated into all the mysteries of life, excepting only the, to him, mysterious volumes of the classics. To do justice to all was not within the limits of my work; I have therefore selected from among you the most distinguished names, and I flatter myself, in so doing, I have omitted very few of any note; if, however, any efficient member of your brotherhood should have been unintentionally passed by,

he has only to forward an authenticated copy of his biography and peculiar merits to the publisher, to meet with insertion in a second edition.

Bernard Blackmantle.

Bill Carter is, after all, a very useful fellow, if it was only in teaching the young Etonians to swim, which he does, by permission of the head master.

Tile, a hat.

Joe Cannon, or my lord's a gun,{27}
A regular nine pounder;
To man a boat, stands number one,

And ne'er was known to flounder.
There's Foxey Hall{28} can throw the line
With any Walton angler;
To tell his worth would task the Nine,

Or pose a Cambridge wrangler.
Next, Pickey Powell{29} at a ball

Is master of the wicket;
Can well deliver at a call

A trite essay on cricket.
Jem Flowers {30} baits a badger well,

For a bull *hank, or tyke*, sir;
And as an out and out bred *swell*,{31}

Was never seen his like.

27 A GUN—"He's a great gun," a good fellow, a knowing one. Joe is a first rate waterman, and by the Etonians styled "Admiral of the fleet."

28 "Not a better fellow than Jack Hall among the Cads," said an old Etonian, "or a more expert angler." Barb, Gudgeon, Dace, and Chub, seem to bite at his bidding; and if they should be a little shy, why Jack knows how to "go to work with the net."

29 Who, that has been at Eton, and enjoyed the manly and invigorating exercise of cricket, has not repeatedly heard Jem Powell in tones of exultation say, "Only see me '*liver thin here* ball, my young master?" And, in good truth, Jem is right, for very few can excel him in that particular: and then (when Jem is *Bacchi plenis*,) who can withstand his *quart of sovereigns*. On such occasions Jem is seen marching up and down before the door of his house, with a silver quart tankard filled with gold—the savings of many years of industry.

30 Jem Flowers is an old soldier; and, in marshalling the forces for a bull or a badger-bait, displays all the tactics of an experienced general officer. Caleb Baldwin would no more bear comparison with Jem than a flea does to an elephant.

31 When it is remembered how near Eton is to London, and how frequent the communication, it will appear astonishing, but highly creditable to the authorities, that so little of the current slang of the day is to be met with here.

There's Jolly Jem,{32} who keeps his punt,

And dogs to raise the siller;
Of *cads*, the captain of the hunt,

A right and tight good miller.
Next Barney Groves,{33} a learned wight,

The impounder of cattle,
Dilates on birth and common right,

And threats *black slugs* with battle.
Big George {34} can teach the use of fives,

Or pick up a prime terrier;
Or *spar*, or keep the game alive,

With beagle, bull, or harrier.
Savager{35} keeps a decent nag,

32 Jem Miller was originally a tailor; but having dropt a stitch or two in early life, *listed* into a sporting regiment of Cads some years since; and being a better shot at hares and partridges than he was considered at the *heavy goose*, has been promoted to the rank of captain of the private tutors. Jem is a true jolly fellow; his house exhibits a fine picture of what a sportsman's hall should be, decorated with all the emblems of fishing, fowling, and hunting, disposed around in great taste.

33 Barney Groves, the haughward, or impounder of stray cattle at Eton, is one of the most singular characters I have ever met with. Among the ignorant Barney is looked up to as the fountain of local and legal information; and it is highly ludicrous to hear him expatiate on his favourite theme of "our birthrights and common rights;" tracing the first from the creation, and deducing argument in favor of his opinions on the second from doomsday book, through all the intricate windings of the modern inclosure acts. Barney is a great stickler for reform in College, and does not hesitate to attack the fellows of Eton (whom he denominates black slugs), on holding pluralities, and keeping the good things to themselves. As Barney's avocation compels him to travel wide, he is never interrupted by water; for in summer or winter he readily wades through the deepest places; he is consequently a very efficient person in a sporting party.

34 George Williams, a well-known dog fancier, who also teaches the art and science of pugilism.

35 Savager, a livery-stable keeper, who formerly used to keep a good tandem or two for hire, but on the interference of the head master, who interdicted such amusements as dangerous, they have been put down in Eton.

But's very shy of lending,
Since she put down her tandem *drag*,{36}

For fear of Keates offending.
But if you want to splash along

In glory with a *ginger*,{37}
Or in a Stanhope come it strong,

Try Isaac Clegg,{38} of Windsor.
If o'er old father Thames you'd glide,

And cut the silvery stream;
With Hester's{39} eight oars mock the tide,

He well deserves a *theme*.
There's Charley Miller, and George Hall,{40}

Can beasts and birds restore, sir;
And though they cannot bark or squall,

Look livelier than before, sir.
Handy Jack's {41} a general blade,

There's none like Garraway, sir;
Boats, ducks, or dogs, are all his trade,

He'll fit you to a say, sir.

36 DR A G, London slang for tilbury, dennet, Stanhope, &c.

37 A GINGER, a showy, fast horse.

38 Isaac Clegg is in great repute for his excellent turn outs, and prime nags; and, living in Windsor, he is out of the jurisdiction of the head master.

39 Hester's boats are always kept in excellent trim. At Eton exercise on the water is much practised, and many of the scholars are very expert watermen: they have recently taken to boats of an amazing length, forty feet and upwards, which, manned with eight oars, move with great celerity. Every Saturday evening the scholars are permitted to assume fancy dresses; but the practice is now principally confined to the steersman; the rest simply adopting sailors' costume, except on the fourth of June, or election Saturday, when there is always a grand gala, a band of music, and fireworks, on the island in the Thames.

40 Miller and Hall, two famous preservers of birds and animals; an art in high repute among the Etonians.

41 A famous boatman, duck-hunter, dog-fighter; or, according to the London phrase—good at everything.

Tom New {42} in manly sports is old,

A tailor, and a trump, sir;
And *odd Fish Bill*,{43} at sight of gold,

Will steer clear of the bump,"{44} sir.
A list of *worthies*, learn'd and great

In every art and science,
That noble youths should emulate,

To set laws at defiance:
The church, the senate, and the bar,

By these in ethics grounded,

Must prove a meteoric star,

Of brilliancy compounded.
Ye lights of Eton, rising suns,

Of all that's great and godly;
The nation's hope, and dread of *duns*,

Let all your acts be *motley*.
Learn arts like these, ye oppidan,

If you'd astonish greatly
The senate, or the great divan,

With classics pure, and stately.
Give Greek and Latin to the wind,

Bid pedagogues defiance:
These are the rules to grace the mind

With the true gems of science.

42 Tom New, a great cricketer.

43 Bill Fish, a waterman who attends the youngest boys in their excursions.

44 The BUMP, to run against each other in the race.

APOLLO'S VISIT TO ETON.

This whimsical production appeared originally in 1819, in an Eton miscellany entitled the College Magazine; the poetry of which was afterwards selected, and only fifty copies struck off: these have been carefully suppressed, principally we believe on account of this article, as it contains nothing that we conceive can be deemed offensive, and has allusions to almost all the distinguished scholars of that period, besides including the principal contributors to the Etonian, a recent popular

work: we have with some difficulty filled up the blanks with real names; and, at the suggestion of several old Etonians, incorporated it with the present work, as a fair criterion of the promising character of the school at this particular period.

The practice of thus distinguishing the rising talents of Eton is somewhat ancient. We have before us a copy of verses dated 1620, in which Waller, the poet, and other celebrated characters of his time, are particularised. At a still more recent period, during the mastership of the celebrated Doctor Barnard, the present earl of Carlisle, whose classical taste is universally admitted, distinguished himself not less than his compeers, by some very elegant lines: those on the late Right Hon. C. J. Fox we are induced to extract as a strong proof of the noble earl's early penetration and foresight.

"How will my Fox, alone, by strength of parts.
Shake the loud senate, animate the hearts
Of fearful statesmen? while around you stand
Both Peers and Commons listening your command.

While *Tully's* sense its weight to you affords,
His nervous sweetness shall adorn your words.
What praise to Pitt,{1} to Townshend, e'er was due,
In future times, my Pox, shall wait on you."

At a subsequent period, the leading characters of the school were spiritedly drawn in a periodical newspaper, called the World, then edited by Major Topham, and the Rev. Mr. East, who is still, I believe, living, and preaches occasionally at Whitehall. From that publication, now very scarce, I have selected the following as the most amusing, and relating to distinguished persons.

1 The great Earl of Chatham.

RECOLLECTIONS OF AN OLD ETONIAN.

The Lords Littleton—father and son, formed two opposite characters in their times. The former had a distinguished turn for pastoral poetry, and wrote some things at Eton with all the enthusiasm of early years, and yet with all the judgment of advanced life. The latter showed there, in some traits of disposition, what was to be expected from him; but he too loved the Muses, and cultivated them.

He there too displayed the strange contraries of being an ardent admirer of the virtues of classic times, while he was cheating at chuck and all-fours; and though he affected every species of irreligion, was, in fact, afraid of his own shadow.

The whole North Family have, in succession, adorned this school with their talents—which in the different branches were various, but all of mark and vivacity. To the younger part, Dampier was the tutor; who, having a little disagreement with Frank North on the hundred steps coming down from the terrace, at Windsor, they adjusted it, by Frank North's rolling his tutor very quickly down the whole of them. The tutor has since risen to some eminence in the church.

Lord Cholmondeley was early in life a boy of great parts, and they have continued so ever since, though not lively ones. Earl of Buckingham was a plain good scholar, but would have been better at any other school, for he was no poet, and verse is here one of the first requisites; besides, he had an impediment in his speech, which, in the hurry of repeating a lesson before a number of boys, was always increased. It was inculcated to him by his dame—that he must look upon himself as the reverse of a woman in every thing, and not hold—that whoever "*deliberates is lost*."

Lord Harrington was a boy of much natural spirit. In the great rebellion, under *Forster*, when all the boys threw their books into the Thames, and marched to Salt Hill, he was amongst the foremost. At that place each took an oath, or rather swore, he would be d———d if ever he returned to school again.

When, therefore, he came to London to the old Lord Harrington's, and sent up his name, his father would only speak to him at the door, insisting, at the same time, on his immediate return. "Sir," said the son, "consider I shall be d—d if I do!" "And I" answered the father, "will be d —d if you don't!"

"Yes, my lord," replied the son, "but you will be d—d together I do or no!"

The Storers. Anthony and Tom, for West Indians, were better scholars than usually fell to the share of those *children of the sun*, who were, in general, too gay to be great. The name of the elder stands to this day at the head of many good exercises; from which succeeding genius has stolen, and been praised for it.

Tom had an odd capability of running round a room on the edge of the wainscot, a strange power of holding by the foot: an art which, in lower life, might have been serviceable to him in the showing it. And Anthony, likewise, amongst better and more brilliant qualifications, had the reputation of being amongst the best dancers of the age. In a political line, perhaps, he did not *dance attendance* to much purpose.

Harry Conway, brother to the present Marquis of Hertford, though younger in point of learning, was older than his brother, Lord Beauchamp; but he was not so forward as to show this preeminence: a somewhat of modesty, a consciousness of being younger, always kept him back from displaying it. In fact, they were perfectly unlike two Irish boys—the Wades, who followed them, and who, because the younger was taller, used to fight about which was the eldest.

Pepys. A name well known for Barnard's commendation of it, and for his exercises in the *Musæ Etonenses*. He was amongst the best poets that Eton ever produced.

Kirkshaw, son to the late doctor, of Leeds, and since fellow of Trinity College. When his father would have taken him away, he made a singular request that he might stay a year longer, not wishing to be made a man so early.

Many satiric Latin poems bear his name at Eton, and he continued that turn afterwards at Cambridge. He was remarkable for a very large head; but it should likewise be added, there was a good deal in it.

On this head, his father used to hold forth in the country. He was, without a figure, the head of the school, and was afterwards in the caput at the university.

Wyndham, under Barnard, distinguished himself very early as a scholar, and for a logical acuteness, which does not often fall to the share of a boy. He was distinguished too both by land and by water; for while he was amongst the most informed of his time, in school hours, in the playing fields, on the water, with the celebrated boatman, my guinea piper at cricket, or in rowing, he was always the foremost. He used to boast, that he should in time be as good a boxer as his father was, though he used to add, that never could be exactly known, as he could not decently have a *set-to* with him.

Fawkener, the major, was captain of the school; and in those days was famed for the "*suaviter in modo*," and for a turn for gallantry with the Windsor milliners, which he pursued up the hundred steps, and over the terrace there. As this turn frequently made him overrun the hours of absence, on his return he was found out, and flogged the next morning; but this abated not his zeal in the cause of gallantry, as he held it to be, like *Ovid*, whom he was always reading, suffering in a fair cause.

Fawkener, Everard, minor, with the same turn for pleasure as his brother, but more open and ingenuous in his manner, more unreserved in his behaviour, then manifested, what he has since been, the bon vivant of every society, and was then as since, the admired companion in every party.

Prideaux was remarkable for being the gravest boy of his time, and for having the longest chin. Had he followed the ancient "*Sapientem pascere Barbam*," there would in fact have been no end of it. With this turn, however, his time was not quite thrown away, nor his gravity. In conjunction with Dampier, Langley, and Serjeant, who were styled the learned Cons, he composed a very long English poem, in the same metre as the Bath Guide, and of which it was then held a favour to get a copy. He had so much of advanced life about him, that the masters always looked upon him as a man; and this serious manner followed him through his pastimes. He was fond of billiards; but he was so long in making his stroke, that no boy could bear to play with him: when the game, therefore, went against him, like Fabius-*Cunctando restituit rem*; and they gave it up rather than beat him.

Hulse. Amongst the best tennis-players that Eton ever sent up to Windsor, where he always was. As a poet he distinguished himself greatly, by winning one of the medals given by Sir John Dalrymple. His exercise on this occasion was the subject of much praise to Doctor Forster, then master, and of much envy to his contemporaries in the sixth form, who said it was given to him because he was head boy.

These were his arts; besides which he had as many tricks as any boy ever had. He had nothing when præpositer, and of course ruling under boys, of dignity about him, or of what might enforce his authority. When he ought to have been angry, some monkey trick always came across him, and he would make a serious complaint against a little boy, in a hop, step, and a jump.

Montague. Having a great predecessor before him under the appellation of "*Mad Montague*" had always a consolatory comparison in this way in his favor. In truth, at times he wanted it, for he was what has been termed a genius: but he was likewise so in talent. He was an admirable poet, and had a neatness of expression seldom discoverable at such early years. In proof, may be brought a line from a Latin poem on Cricket:

"*Clavigeri fallit verbera—virga cadit.*"

And another on scraping a man down at the *Robin Hood*:

"*Radit arenosam pes inimicus humum.*"

The scratching of the foot on the sandy floor is admirable.

During a vacation, Lord Sandwich took him to Holland; and he sported on his return a Dutch-built coat for many weeks. The boys used to call him *Mynheer Montague*; but his common habit of oddity soon got the better of his coat.

He rose to be a young man of great promise, as to abilities; and died too immaturely for his fame.

Tickell, the elder. *Manu magis quam capite* should have been his motto. By natural instinct he loved fighting, and knew not what fear was. He went amongst his school-fellows by the name of Hannibal, and Old Tough. A brother school-fellow of his, no less a man than the Marquis of Buckingham, met, and recognised him again in Ireland, and with the most marked solicitude of friendship, did every thing but assist him, in obtaining a troop of dragoons, which he had much at heart.

Tickell, minor, should then have had the eulogy of how much elder art thou than thy years! In those early days his exercises, read publicly in school, gave the anticipation of what time and advancing years have brought forth. He was an admirable scholar, and a poet from nature; forcible, neat, and discriminating. The fame of his grandsire, the Tickell of Addison, was not hurt by the descent to him.

His sister, who was the beauty of Windsor castle, and the admiration of all, early excited a passion in a boy then at school, who afterwards married her. Of this sister he was very fond; but he was not less so of another female at Windsor, a regard since terminated in a better way with his present wife.

His pamphlet of *Anticipation*, it is said, placed him where he since was, under the auspices of Lord North; but his abilities were of better quality, and deserved a better situation for their employment.

Lord Plymouth, then Lord Windsor, had to boast some distinctions, which kept him aloof from the boys of his time. He was of that inordinate size that, like Falstaff, four square yards on even ground were so many miles to him; and the struggles which he underwent to raise himself when down might have been matter of instruction to a minority member. In the entrance to his Dame's gate much circumspection was necessary; for, like some good men out of power, he found it difficult to get in.

When in school, or otherwise, he was not undeserving of praise, either as to temper or scholarship; and whether out of the excellence of his Christianity, or that of good humour, he was not very adverse to good living; and he continued so ever after.

Lord Leicester had the reputation of good scholarship, and not undeservedly. In regard to poetry, however, he was sometimes apt to break the eighth commandment, and prove lie read more the Musee Etonenses than his prayer-book. Inheriting it from Lord Townshend, the father of caricaturists, he there pursued, with nearly equal ability, that turn for satiric drawing. The master, the tutors, slender Prior, and fat Roberts,—all felt in rotation the effects of his pencil.

There too, as well as since, he had a most venerable affection for heraldry, and the same love of collecting together old titles, and obsolete mottos. Once in the military, he had, it may be said, a turn for arms. In a zeal of this kind he once got over the natural mildness of his temper, and was heard to exclaim—"There are two griffins in my family that have been missing these three centuries, and by G-, I'll have iliem back again!"-This passion was afterwards improved into so perfect a knowledge, that in the creation of peers he was applied to, that every due ceremonial might be observed; and he never failed in his recollection on these antiquated subjects.

Tom Plummer gave then a specimen of that quickness and vivacity of parts for which he was afterwards famed. But not as a scholar, not as a poet, was he quick alone; he was quick too in the wrong ends of things, as well as the right, with a plausible account to follow it.

In fact, he was born for the law; clear, discriminating, judicious, alive, and with a noble impartiality to all sides of questions, and which none could defend better. This goes, however, only to the powers of his head; in those of the heart no one, and in the best and tenderest qualities of it, ever stood better. He was liked universally, and should be so; for no man was ever more meritorious for being good, as he who had all the abilities which sometimes make a man otherwise.

In the progress of life mind changes often, and body almost always. Both these rules, however, he lived to contradict; for his talents and his qualities retained their virtue; and when a boy he was as tall as when a man, and apparently the same.

Capel Loft. In the language of Eton the word gig comprehended all that was ridiculous, all that was to be laughed at, and plagued to death; and of all gigs that was, or ever will be, this gentleman, while a boy, was the greatest.

He was like nothing, "in the heavens above, or the waters under the earth;" and therefore he was surrounded by a mob of boys whenever he appeared. These days of popularity were not pleasant. Luckily, however, for himself, he found some refuge from persecution in his scholarship. This scholarship was much above the rate, and out of the manner of common boys.

As a poet, he possessed fluency and facility, but not the strongest imagination. As a classic, he was admirable; and his prose themes upon different subjects displayed an acquaintance with the Latin idiom and phraseology seldom acquired even by scholastic life, and the practice of later years. Beyond this, he read much of everything that appeared, knew every thing, and was acquainted with every better publication of the times.

Even then he studied law, politics, divinity; and could have written well upon those subjects.

These talents have served him since more effectually than they did then; more as man than boy:

For at school he was a kind of Gray Beard: he neither ran, played, jumped, swam, or fought, as other boys do. The descriptions of puerile years, so beautifully given by *Gray*, in his ode:

> "Who, foremost, now delight to cleave,
> With pliant arm, thy glassy wave?
> The captive linnet which enthrall?
> What idle progeny succeed,
> To chase the rolling circle's speed,
> Or urge the flying ball?"

All these would have been, and were, as non-descriptive of him as they would have been of the lord chancellor of England, with a dark brow and commanding mien, determining a cause of the first interest to this country. Added to this, in personal appearance he was most unfavored; and exemplified the Irish definition of an open countenance—a mouth from ear to ear.

Lord Hinchinbroke, from the earliest period of infancy, had all the marks of the Montagu family. He had a good head, and a red head, and a Roman nose, and a turn to the *ars amatoria* of Ovid, and all the writers who may have written on love. As it was in the beginning—may be said now.

Though in point of scholarship he was not in the very first line, the descendant of Lord Sandwich could not but have ability, and he had it; but this was so mixed with the wanderings of the heart, the vivacity of youthful imagination, and a turn to pleasure, that a steady pursuit of any one object of a literary turn could not be expected.

But it was his praise that he went far in a short time; sometimes too far; for Barnard had to exercise himself, and his red right arm, as the vengeful poet expresses it, very frequently on the latter end of his lordship's excursions.

In one of these excursions to Windsor, he had the good or ill fortune to engage in a little amorous amement with a young lady, the consequence of which was an application to Lucina for assistance. Of this doctor

Barnard was informed, and though the remedy did not seem tending towards a cure, he was brought up immediately to be flogged.

He bore this better than his master, who cried out, after some few lashes—"Psha! what signifies my flogging him for being like his father? What's bred in the bone will never get out of the flesh."

Gibbs. Some men are overtaken by the law, and some few overtake it themselves. In this small, but happy number, may be placed the name in question; and a name of better promise, whether of man or boy, can scarcely be found any where.

At school he was on the foundation; and though amongst the Collegers, where the views of future life, and hope of better days, arising from their own industry, make learning a necessity, yet to that he added the better qualities of genius and talent.

As a classical scholar, he was admirable in both languages. As a poet, he was natural, ready, and yet distinguished. Amongst the best exercises of the time, his were to be reckoned, and are yet remembered with praise. For the medals given by Sir John Dalrymple for the best Latin poem, he was a candidate; but though his production was publicly read by doctor Forster, and well spoken of, he was obliged to give way to the superiority of another on that occasion.

Describing the winding of the Thames through its banks, it had this beautiful line:

"*Rodit arundineas facili sinuamine ripas——*"

Perfect as to the picture, and beautiful as to the flowing of the poetry.

He had the good fortune and the good temper to be liked by every body of his own age; and he was not enough found out of bounds, or trespassing against "sacred order," to be disliked by those of greater age who were set over him.

After passing through all the different forms at Eton, he was removed to Cambridge; where he distinguished himself not less than at school in trials for different literary honors.

There he became assistant tutor to Sir Peter Burrell, who then listened to his instructions, and has not since forgotten them.

As a tutor, he was somewhat young; but the suavity of his manners took away the comparison of equality; and his real knowledge rendered him capable of instructing those who might be even older than himself.

Page088

APOLLO'S VISIT TO ETON.{1}

T'other night, as Apollo was quaffing a gill
With his pupils, the Muses, from Helicon's rill,
(For all circles of rank in Parnassus agree
In preferring cold water to coffee or tea)
The discourse turned as usual on critical matters,
And the last stirring news from the kingdom of letters.
But when poets, and critics, and wits, and what not,
From Jeffery and Byron, to Stoddart and Stott,{2}
Had received their due portion of consideration,
Cried Apollo, "Pray, ladies, how goes education?
For I own my poor brain's been so muddled of late,
In transacting the greater affairs of the state;
And so long every day in the courts I've been stewing,
I've had no time to think what the children were doing.
There's my favorite Byron my presence inviting,
    And Milman, and Coleridge, and Moore, have been writing;
And my ears at this moment confoundedly tingle,
   From the squabbling of Blackwood with Cleghorn and Pringle:
But as all their disputes seem at length at an end,
And the poets my levee have ceased to attend;
Since the weather's improving, and lengthen'd the days,
For a visit to Eton I'll order my chaise:

1 This poem, the reader will perceive, is an humble imitation of Leigh Hunt's "Feast of the Poets;" and the lines distinguished by asterisks are borrowed or altered from the original.

2 A writer in "The Morning Post," mentioned by Lord Byron, in his "English Bards and Scotch Reviewers."

There's my sister Diana my day coach to drive,
And I'll send the new Canto to keep you alive.
So my business all settled, and absence supply'd,
For an earthly excursion to-morrow I'll ride."
Thus spoke king Apollo; the Muses assented;
And the god went to bed most bepraised and contented.
'Twas on Saturday morning, near half past eleven,
When a god, like a devil,4 came driving from heaven,
And with postboys, and footmen, and liveries blazing,
Soon set half the country a gaping and gazing.
When the carriage drove into the Christopher yard,
How the waiters all bustled, and Garraway stared;
And the hostlers and boot-catchers wonder'd, and swore
"They'd ne'er seen such a start in their lifetime before!"
I could tell how, as soon as his chariot drew nigh,
Every cloud disappear'd from the face of the sky;
And the birds in the hedges more tunefully sung,
And the bells in St. George's spontaneously rung;
And the people, all seized with divine inspiration,
Couldn't talk without rhyming and versification.
But such matters, though vastly important, I ween,
Are too long for the limits of your magazine.

Now it soon got abroad that Apollo was come,
And intended to be, for that evening, "at home;"
And that cards would be issued, and tickets be given,
To all scholars and wits, for a dinner at seven.
So he'd scarcely sat clown, when a legion came pouring
Of would-be-thought scholars, his favor imploring.
First, Buller stept in, with a lengthy oration
About "scandalous usage," and "hard situation:"
And such treatment as never, since Eton was started,
Had been shown to a genius, like him, "broken-hearted."
He'd " no doubt but his friends in Parnassus must know

How his fine declamation was laugh'd at below;
And how Keate, like a blockhead ungifted with brains,
Had neglected to grant him a prize for his pains.
He was sure, if such conduct continued much longer,
The school must grow weaker, and indolence stronger;
That the rights of sixth form would be laid in the dust,
And the school after that, he thought, tumble it must.
But he knew that Apollo was learned and wise,
And he hoped that his godship would give him a prize;
Or, at least, to make up for his mortification,
Would invite him to dinner without hesitation."
Now Apollo, it seems, had some little pretence
To a trifling proportion of wisdom and sense:
So without ever asking the spark to be seated,
He thus cut short his hopes, and his projects defeated.
"After all, Mr. Buller, you've deign'd to repeat,
I'm afraid that you'll think me as stupid as Keate:
But to wave all disputes on your talents and knowledge,
Pray what have you done as the captain of college?
Have you patronized learning, or sapping commended?
Have you e'er to your fags, or their studies, attended?
To the school have you given of merit a sample,
And directed by precept, or led by example?"

What Apollo said more I'm forbidden to say,
But Buller dined not at his table that day.
Next, a smart little gentleman march'd with a stare up,
A smoothing his neckcloth, and patting his hair up;
And with bows and grimaces quadrillers might follow,
Said, " he own'd that his face was unknown to Apollo;
But he held in hand what must be his apology,
A short treatise he'd written on *British Geology*;
And this journal, he hoped, of his studies last week,
In philosophy, chemistry, logic, and Greek,
Might appear on perusal: but not to go far
In proclaiming his merits—his name was Tom Carr:

And for proofs of his talents, deserts, and what not,
He appeal'd to Miss Baillie, Lord Byron, and Scott."
Here his speech was cut short by a hubbub below,
And in walk'd Messrs. Maturin, Cookesly, and Co.,
And begg'd leave to present to his majesty's finger—
If he'd please to accept—No. 5 of the Linger.{5}
Mr. Maturin "hoped he the columns would view
With unprejudiced judgment, and give them their due,
Nor believe all the lies, which perhaps he had seen,
In that vile publication, that base magazine,{6}
Which had dared to impeach his most chaste lucubrations,
Of obscenity, nonsense, and such accusations.
Nay, that impudent work had asserted downright,
That chalk differ'd from cheese, and that black wasn't white;
But he hoped he might meet with his majesty's favor;"
And thus, hemming and hawing, he closed his palaver.

Now the god condescended to look at the papers,
But the first word he found in them gave him the vapours:
For the eyes of Apollo, ye gods! 'twas a word
Quite unfit to be written, and more to be heard;
'Twas a word which a bargeman would tremble to utter,
And it put his poor majesty all in a flutter;
But collecting his courage, his laurels he shook,
And around on the company cast such a look,
That e'en Turin and Dumpling slank off to the door,
And the Lion was far too much frighten'd to roar;

5 An Eton periodical of the time.

6 The College Magazine.

While poor Carr was attack'd with such qualms at the breast,
That he took up his journal, and fled with the rest.

When the tumult subsided, and peace 'gan to follow,
Goddard enter'd the room, with three cards for Apollo,
And some papers which, hardly five minutes before,
Three respectable gownsmen had left at the door.
With a smile of good humour the god look'd at each,
  For he found that they came from Blunt, Chapman, and Neech.{7}
Blunt sent him a treatise of science profound,
Showing how rotten eggs were distinguish'd from sound;
     Some "Remarks on Debates," and some long-winded stories,
Of society Whigs, and society Tories;
And six sheets and a half of a sage dissertation,
On the present most wicked and dull generation.
From Chapman came lectures on Monk, and on piety;
On Simeon, and learning, and plays, and sobriety;
With most clear illustrations, and critical notes,
On his own right exclusive of canvassing votes.
From Neech came a medley of prose and of rhyme,
Satires, epigrams, sonnets, and sermons sublime;
But he'd chosen all customs and rules to reverse,
For his satires were prose, and las sermons were verse.
Phoebus look'd at the papers, commended all three,
And sent word he'd be happy to see them to tea.

The affairs of the morning thus happily o'er,
Phoebus pull'd from his pocket twelve tickets or more,
Which the waiters were ordered forthwith to disperse
  'Mongst the most approved scribblers in prose and in verse:
'Mongst the gentlemen honor'd with cards, let me see,
There was Howard, and Coleridge, and Wood, and Lavie,
The society's props; Curzon, major and minor,

7 Principal contributors to the Etonian.

Bowen, Hennicker, Webbe, were invited to dinner:
The theologist Buxton, and Petit, were seen,
And philosopher Jenyns, and Donald Maclean;
Bulteel too, and Dykes; but it happen'd (oh shame!)
That, though many were ask'd, very few of them came.
As for Coleridge, he "knew not what right Phobus had,
d—n me, To set up for a judge in a christian academy;
And he'd not condescend to submit his Latinity,
Nor his verses, nor Greek, to a heathen divinity.
For his part, he should think his advice an affront,
Full as bad as the libels of Chapman and Blunt.
He'd no doubt but his dinner might be very good,
But he'd not go and taste it—be d—d if he would."

Dean fear'd that his pupils their minds should defile,
And Maclean was engaged to the duke of Argyll;
In a deep fit of lethargy Petit had sunk,
And theologist Buxton with *Bishop* was drunk;
Bulteel too, and Dykes, much against their own will,
Had been both pre-engaged to a party to mill;
And philosopher Jenyns was bent on his knees,
To electrify spiders, and galvanize fleas.
But the rest all accepted the god's invitation,
And made haste to prepare for this jollification.

Now the dinner was handsome as dinner could be,
But to tell every dish is too tedious for me;
Such a task, at the best, would be irksome and long,
And, besides, I must haste to the end of my song.
'Tis enough to relate that, the better to dine,
Jove sent them some nectar, and Bacchus some wine.
From Minerva came olives to crown the dessert,
And from Helicon water was sent most alert,
Of which Howard, 'tis said, drank so long and so deep,
That he almost fell into poetical sleep.{8}

When the cloth was removed, and the bottle went round,

"Nec fonte labra prolui C'aballino,
Nec in bicipiti sommasse Parnasso."
Persius.

Wit, glee, and good humour, began to abound,
  Though Lord Chesterfield would not have call'd them polite,
For they all often burst into laughter outright.

But swift flew the moments of rapture and glee,
And too early, alas! they were summon'd to tea.
With looks most demure, each prepared with a speech,
At the table were seated Blunt, Chapman, and Neech.
Phobus stopt their orations, with dignity free,
And with easy politeness shook hands with all three;
And the party proceeded, increased to a host,
To discuss bread and butter, tea, coffee, and toast.
  As their numbers grew larger, more loud grew their mirth,
And Apollo from heav'n drew its raptures to earth:
With divine inspiration he kindled each mind,
Till their wit, like their sugar, grew double refined;
And an evening, enliven'd by conviviality,
    Proved how much they were pleased by the god's hospitality.

Thalia.{9}

9 This poem is attributed to J. Moultrie, Esq. of Trinity college, Cambridge.

Page095

Page096

ETON MONTEM.

```
Stand by, old Cant, while I admire
The young and gay, with souls of fire,
Unloose the cheerful heart.
Hence with thy puritanic zeal;
True virtue is to grant and feel—
A bliss thou'lt ne'er impart.
```

I love thee, Montem,—love thee, by all the brightest recollections of my youth, for the inspiring pleasures which thy triennial pageant revives in my heart: joined with thy merry throng, I can forget the cares and disappointments of the world; and, tripping gaily with the light-hearted, youthful band, cast off the gloom of envy and of worldly pursuit, reassociating myself with the joyous scenes of my boyhood. Nay, more, I hold thee in higher veneration than ever did antiquarian worship the relics of *virtu*.

ENLARGE TO FULL SIZE

Page097

Destruction light upon the impious hand that would abridge thy ancient charter;—be all thy children, father Etona, doubly-armed to defend thy ancient honors;—let no modern Goth presume to violate thy sacred rights; but to the end of time may future generations retain the spirit of thy present race; and often as the happy period comes, new pleasures wait upon the Eton Montem.{1}

```
1 The ancient custom, celebrated at Eton every third year,
on Whit-Tuesday, and which bears the title of The Montem,
appears to have defied antiquarian research, as far as
relates to its original institution. It consiste of a
procession to a small tumulus on the southern side of the
Bath road, which has given the name of Salt-Hill to the
```

spot, now better known by the splendid inns that are established there. The chief object of this celebration, however, is to collect money for salt, according to the language of the day, from all persons who assemble to see the show, nor does it fail to be exacted from travellers on the road, and even at the private residences within a certain, but no inconsiderable, range of the spot. The scholars appointed to collect the money are called *salt-bearers*; they are arrayed in fancy dresses, and are attended by others called scouts, of a similar, but less showy appearance. Tickets are given to such persons as have paid their contributions, to secure them from any further demand. This ceremony is always very numerously attended by Etonians, and has frequently been honored with the presence of his late Majesty, and the different branches of the Royal Family. The sum collected on the occasion has sometimes exceeded 800L., and is given to the senior scholar, who is called Captain of the School. This procession appears to be coeval with the foundation; and it is the opinion of Mr. Lysons, that it was a ceremonial of the Bairn, or Boy-Bishop. He states, that it originally took place on the 6th of December, the festival of St. Nicholas, the patron of children; being the day on which it was customary at Salisbury, and in other places where the ceremony was observed, to elect the Boy-Bishop from among the children belonging to the cathedral. This mock dignity lasted till Innocents' day; and, during the intermediate time, the boy performed various episcopal functions. If it happened that he died before the allotted period of this extraordinary mummery had expired, he was buried with all the ceremonials which were used at the funerals of prelates. In the voluminous collections relating to antiquities, bequeathed by Mr. Cole, who was himself of Eton and King's colleges, to the British Museum, is a note which

mentions that the ceremony of the Bairn or Boy-Bishop was to be observed by charter, and that Geoffry Blythe, Bishop of Lichfield, who died in 1530, bequeathed several ornaments

to those colleges, for the dress of the bairn-bishop. But on what authority this industrious antiquary gives the information, which, if correct, would put an end to all doubt on the subject, does not appear. But, after all, why may not this custom be supposed to have originated in a procession to perform an annual mass at the altar of some saint, to whom a small chapel might have been dedicated on the mount called Salt-Hill; a ceremony very common in Catholic countries, as such an altar is a frequent appendage to their towns and populous villages? As for the selling of salt, it may be considered as a natural accompaniment, when its emblematical character, as to its use in the ceremonies of the Roman Church, is contemplated. Till the time of Doctor Barnard, the procession of the Montem was every two years, and on the first or second Tuesday in February. It consisted of something of a military array. The boys in the remove, fourth, and inferior forms, marched in a long file of two and two, with white poles in their hands, while the sixth and fifth form boys walked on their flanks as officers, and habited in all the variety of dress, each of them having a boy of the inferior forms, smartly equipped, attending on him as a footman. The second boy in the school led the procession in a military dress, with a truncheon in his hand, and bore for the day the title of Marshal: then followed the Captain, supported by his Chaplain, the head scholar of the fifth form, dressed in a suit of black, with a large bushy wig, and a broad beaver decorated with a twisted silk hatband and rose, the fashionable distinction of the dignified clergy of that day. It was his office to read certain Latin prayers on the mount at Salt-Hill The third boy of the school brought up the rear as Lieutenant. One of the higher classes, whose qualification was his activity, was chosen Ensign, and carried the colours, which were emblazoned with the college arms, and the motto, *Pro mort el monte*. This flag, before the procession left the college, he flourished in the school-yard with all the dexterity displayed at Astley's and places of similar exhibition. The same ceremony was repeated after prayers, on

> the mount. The regiment dined in the inns at Salt-Hill, and then returned to the college; and its dismission in the school-yard was announced by the universal drawing of all the swords. Those who bore the title of commissioned officers were exclusively on the foundation, and carried spontoons; the rest were considered as Serjeants and corporals, and a most curious assemblage of figures they exhibited. The two principal salt-bearers consisted of an oppidan and a colleger: the former was generally some nobleman, whose figure and personal connexions might advance the interests of the collections. They were dressed like running footmen, and carried, each of them, a silk bag to receive the contributions, in which was a small quantity of salt. During Doctor Barnard's mastership, the ceremony was made triennial, the time changed from February to Whit-Tuesday, and several of its absurdities retrenched. An ancient and savage custom of hunting a ram by the foundation scholars, on Saturday in the election week, was abolished in the earlier part of the last century. The curious twisted clubs with which these collegiate hunters were armed on the occasion are still to be seen in antiquarian collections.

What coronation, tournament, or courtly pageant, can outshine thy splendid innocence and delightful gaiety? what regal banquet yields half the pure enjoyment the sons of old Etona experience, when, after months of busy preparation, the happy morn arrives ushered in with the inspiring notes of "*Auld lang syne*" from the well-chosen band in the college breakfast-room? Then, too, the crowds of admiring spectators, the angel host of captivating beauties with their starry orbs of light, and luxuriant tresses, curling in playful elegance around a face beaming with divinity, or falling in admired negligence over bosoms of alabastrine whiteness and unspotted purity within! Grey-bearded wisdom and the peerless great, the stars of honor in the field and state, the pulpit and the bar, send forth their brightest ornaments to grace Etona's holiday. Oxford and Cambridge, too, lend their classic aid, and many a grateful son of *Alma Mater* returns to acknowledge his obligations to his early tutors and swell the number of the mirthful host. Here may be seen,

concentrated in the quadrangle, the costume of every nation, in all the gay variety that fancy can devise: the Persian spangled robe, and the embroidered Greek vest; the graceful Spanish, and the picturesque Italian, the Roman toga and the tunic, and the rich old English suit. Pages in red frocks, and marshals in their satin doublets; white wands and splendid turbans, plumes, and velvet hats, all hastening with a ready zeal to obey the call of the muster-roll. The captain with his retinue retires to pay his court to the provost; while, in the doctor's study, may be seen, gathered around the dignitary, a few of those great names who honor Eton and owe their honor to her classic tutors. Twelve o'clock strikes, and the procession is now marshalled in the quadrangle in sight of the privileged circle, princes, dukes, peers, and doctors with their ladies. Here does the ensign first display his skill in public, and the Montem banner is flourished in horizontal revolutions about the head and waist with every grace of elegance and ease which the result of three months' practice and no little strength can accomplish.

Twelve o'clock strikes, and the procession moves forward to the playing fields on its route to Salt-Hill. Now look the venerable spires and antique towers of Eton like to some chieftain's baronial castle in the feudal times, and the proud captain represents the hero marching forth at the head of his parti-coloured vassals!

The gallant display of rank and fashion and beauty follow in their splendid equipages by slow progressive movement, like the delightful lingering, inch by inch approach to St. James's palace on a full court-day. The place itself is calculated to impress the mind with sentiments of veneration and of heart-moving reminiscences; seated in the bosom of one of the richest landscapes in the kingdom, where on the height majestic Windsor lifts its royal brow; calmly magnificent, over-looking, from his round tower, the surrounding country, and waving his kingly banner in the air: 'tis the high court of English chivalry, the birth-place, the residence, and the mausoleum of her kings, and "i' the olden time," the prison of her captured monarchs. "At once, the sovereign's and the muses' seat," rich beyond almost any other district in palaces, and fanes,

and villas, in all the "pomp of patriarchal forests," and gently-swelling hills, and noble streams, and waving harvests; there Denham wrote, and Pope breathed the soft note of pastoral inspiration; and there too the immortal bard of Avon chose the scene in which to wind the snares of love around his fat-encumbered knight. Who can visit the spot without thinking of Datchet mead and the buck-basket of sweet Anne Page and Master Slender, and mine host of the Garter, and all the rest of that merry, intriguing crew? And now having reached the foot of the mount and old druidical barrow, the flag is again waved amid the cheers of the surrounding thousands who line its sides, and in their carriages environ its ancient base.{2} Now the salt-bearers and the pages bank their collections in one common stock, and the juvenile band partake of the captain's banquet, and drink success to his future prospects in Botham's port. Then, too, old Herbertus Stockhore—he must not be forgotten; I have already introduced him to your notice in p. 59, and my friend Bob Transit has illustrated the sketch with his portrait; yet here he demands notice in his official character, and perhaps I cannot do better than quote the humorous account given of him by the elegant pen of an old Etonian {3}

"Who is that buffoon that travesties the travesty? Who is that old cripple alighted from his donkey-cart, who dispenses doggrel and grimaces in all the glory of plush and printed calico?"

"That, my most noble cynic, is a prodigious personage. Shall birth-days and coronations be recorded in immortal odes, and Montem not have its minstrel 1 He, sir, is Herbertus Stockhore; who first called upon his muse in the good old days of Paul Whitehead,—

2 See plate of the Montem, sketched on the spot.

3 See Knight's Quarterly Magazine, No. II.

run a race with Pye through all the sublimities of lyres and fires,—and is now hobbling to his grave, after having sung fourteen Montems, the only existing example of a legitimate laureate.

"He ascended his heaven of invention, before the vulgar arts of reading and writing, which are banishing all poetry from the world, could clip his wings. He was an adventurous soldier in his boyhood; but, having addicted himself to matrimony and the muses, settled as a bricklayer's labourer at Windsor. His meditations on the house-tops soon grew into form and substance; and, about the year 1780, he aspired, with all the impudence of Shad well, and a little of the pride of Petrarch, to the laurel-crown of Eton. From that day he has worn his honors on his 'Cibberian forehead' without a rival."

"And what is his style of composition?"

"Vastly naïve and original;—though the character of the age is sometimes impressed upon his productions. For the first three odes, ere the school of Pope was extinct, he was a compiler of regular couplets such as—

'Ye dames of honor and lords of high renown,
Who come to visit us at Eton town.'"

During the next nine years, when the remembrance of Collins and Gray was working a glorious change in the popular mind, he ascended to Pindarics, and closed his lyrics with some such pious invocation as this:—

'And now we'll sing
God save the king,

And send him long to reign,
That he may come
To have some fun
At Montem once again. '

During the first twelve years of the present century, the influence of the Lake school was visible in his productions. In my great work I shall give an elaborate dissertation on his imitations of the high-priests of that worship; but I must now content myself with a single illustration:—

'There's ensign Ronnell, tall and proud,
Doth stand upon the hill,
And waves the flag to all the crowd,

Who much admire his skill.
And here I sit upon my ass,
Who lops his shaggy ears;
Mild thing! he lets the gentry pass,
Nor heeds the carriages and peel's.'

He was once infected (but it was a venial sin) by the heresies of the cockney school; and was betrayed, by the contagion of evil example, into the following conceits:

'Behold admiral Keato of the terrestrial crew, Who teaches Greek, Latin, and likewise Hebrew; He has taught Captain Dampier, the first in the race, Swirling his hat with a feathery grace, Cookson the marshal, and Willoughby, of size, Making minor serjeant-majors in looking-glass eyes.'

But he at length returned to his own pure and original style; and, like the dying swan, he sings the sweeter as he is approaching the land where the voice of his minstrelsy shall no more be heard. There is a calm melancholy in the close of his present ode which is very pathetic, and almost Shakspearian:—

'Farewell you gay and happy throng!
Farewell my muse! farewell my song!
Farewell Salt-hill! farewell brave captain.'

Yet, may it be long before he goes hence and is no more seen! May he limp, like his rhymes, for at least a dozen years; for National schools have utterly annihilated our hopes of a successor!"

"I will not attempt to reason with you," said the inquirer, "about the pleasures of Montem;—but to an Etonian it is enough that it brings pure and ennobling recollections—calls up associations of hope and happiness —and makes even the wise feel that there is something better than wisdom, and the great that there is something nobler than greatness. And then the faces that come about us at such a time, with their tales of old friendships or generous rivalries. I have seen to-day fifty fellows of whom I remember only the nick-names;—they are now degenerated into

scheming M.P.'s, or clever lawyers, or portly doctors; -but at Montera they leave the plodding world of reality for one day, and regain the dignities of sixth-form Etonians." {4}

4 To enumerate all the distinguished persons educated at Eton would be no easy task; many of the greatest ornaments of our country have laid the foundation of all their literary and scientific wealth within the towers of this venerable edifice. Bishops Fleetwood and Pearson, the learned John Hales, Dr. Stanhope, Sir Robert Walpole, the great Earl Camden, Outred the mathematician, Boyle the philosopher, Waller the poet, the illustrious Earl of Chatham, Lord Lyttelton, Gray the poet, and an endless list of shining characters have owned Eton for their scholastic nursery: not to mention the various existing literati who have received their education at this celebrated college. The local situation of Eton is romantic and pleasing; there is a monastic gloom about the building, finely contrasting with the beauty of the surrounding scenery, which irresistibly enchains the eye and heart.

FAREWELL TO ETON.

Horatio had just concluded the last sentence of the description of the Eton Montem, when my aunt, who had now exceeded her usual retiring time by at least half an hour, made a sudden start, upon hearing the chimes of the old castle clock proclaim a notice of the midnight hour. "Heavens! boy," said Lady Mary Oldstyle, "what rakes we are! I believe we must abandon all intention of inviting your friend Bernard here; for should his conversation prove half as entertaining as these miscellaneous whims and scraps of his early years, we should, I fear, often encroach upon the midnight lamp." "You forget, aunt," replied Horatio, "that the swallow has already commenced his spring habitation beneath the housings of our bed-room window, that the long summer evenings will soon be here, and then how delightful would be the society of an intelligent friend to accompany us in our evening perambulations through the park, to chat away half an hour with in the hermitage, or to hold converse on your favourite subject botany, and run through all the varieties of the *camelia japonica*, or the *magnolia fuscata*; then too, I will confess, my own selfishness in the proposition, the pleasure of my friend's company in my fishing excursions, would divest my favourite amusement of its solitary character." My aunt nodded assent, drew the cowl of her ancient silk cloak over the back part of her head, and, with a half-closed eye, muttered out, in tones of sympathy, her fullest accordance in the proposed arrangement. "I have only one more trifle to read," said Horatio, "before I conclude the history of our school-boy days." "We had better have the bed-candles," said my aunt. "You had better hear the conclusion, aunt," said Horatio, "and then we can commence the English Spy with the evening of to-morrow." My aunt wanted but little excitement to accede to the request, and that little was much exceeded in the promise of Horatio's reading Bernard's new work on the succeeding evening, when she had calculated on being left in

solitary singleness by her nephew's visit to the county ball. "You must know, aunt," said Horatio, "that it has been a custom, from time immemorial at Eton, for every scholar to write a farewell ode on his leaving, which is presented to the head master, and is called a Vale; in addition, some of the most distinguished characters employ first-rate artists to paint their portraits, which, as a tribute of respect, they present to the principal. Dr. Barnard had nearly a hundred of these grateful faces hanging in his sanctum sanctorum, and the present master bids fair to rival his learned and respected predecessor. My friend's Vale, like every other production of his pen, is marked by the distinguishing characteristic eccentricity of his mind. The idea, I suspect, was suggested by the Earl of Carlisle's elegant verses, to which he has previously alluded; you will perceive he has again touched upon the peculiarities of his associates, the *dramatis persono* of 'the English Spy,' and endeavoured, in prophetic verse, to unfold the secrets of futurity, as it relates to their dispositions, prospects, and pursuits in life."

Page107

MY VALE.

In infancy oft' by observance we trace
What life's future page may unfold;
Who the senate, the bar, or the pulpit may grace,

Who'll obtain wreathe of fame or of gold.
My Vale, should my muse prove but willing and free,

Parting sorrows to chase from my brain,
Shall in metre prophetic, on some two or three,

Indulge in her whimsical vein.
First Keate let me give to thy talents and worth,

A tribute that all will approve;
When Atropos shall sever thy life's thread on earth

Thou shalt fall rich in honor and love.
Revered as respected thy memory last,
Long, long, as Etona is known,
Engraved on the hearts of thy scholars, the blast

Of detraction ne'er sully thy stone.
Others too I could name and as worthy of note,

But my Vale 'twould too lengthy extend:
Sage *Domine* all,—all deserving my vote,
Who the tutor combine with the friend.
But a truce with these ancients, the young I must seek,

The juvenile friends of my heart,
Of secrets hid in futurity speak,

And tell how they'll each play their part.

First Heartly, the warmth of thy generous heart

Shall expand with maturity's years;
New joys to the ag'd and the poor thou'lt impart,

And dry up pale Misery's tears.
Next honest Tom Echo, the giddy and gay,

In sports shall all others excel;
And the sound of his horn, with "Ho! boys, hark—away!"
Re-echo his worth through life's dell.

Horace Eglantine deep at Pierian spring
Inspiration poetic shall quaff,
In numbers majestic with Shakespeare to sing,

Or in Lyrics with Pindar to laugh.
Little Gradus, sage Dick, you'll a senator see,

But a lawyer in every sense,
Whose personal interest must paramount be,

No matter whate'er his pretence.
The exquisite Lilyman Lionise mark,

Of fashion the fool and the sport;
With the gamesters a dupe, he shall drop like a spark,

Forgot by the blaze of the court.
Bob Transit,—if prudent, respected and rich

By his talent shall rise into note;
And in Fame's honor'd temple be sure of a niche,

By each R.A.'s unanimous vote.
Bernard Blackmantle's fortune alone is in doubt,

For prophets ne'er tell of themselves;
But one thing his heart has a long time found out,
'Tis his love for Etonian elves.
For the college, and dames, and the dear playing fields

Where science and friendship preside,
For the spot which the balm of true happiness yields,

As each day by its fellow doth glide.
Adieu, honor'd masters! kind dames, fare thee well!

Ye light-hearted spirits adieu!
How feeble my Vale—my griev'd feelings to tell
As Etona declines from my view.

page109 (28K)

Page110

"Men are my subject, and not fictions vain;
Oxford my chaunt, and satire is my strain."

ENLARGE TO FULL SIZE

Page112

FIVE CHARACTERISTIC ORDERS OF OXFORD.

Page113

THE FRESHMAN.

Reflections on leaving Eton—A University Whip—Sketches on the Road—The Joneses of Jesus—Picturesque Appearance of Oxford from the Distance—The Arrival—Welcome of an Old Etonian—Visit to Dr. Dingyman—A University Don—Presentation to the Big Wig—Ceremony of Matriculation.

"Yes; if there be one sacred scene of ease,
Where reason yet may dawn, and virtue please;
Where ancient science bursts again to view
With mightier truths, which Athens never knew,
One spot to order, peace, religion dear;
Rise, honest pride, nor blush to claim it here."

Who shall attempt to describe the sensations of a young and ardent mind just bursting from the trammels of scholastic discipline to breathe the purer air of classic freedom—to leap at once from boyhood and subjection into maturity and unrestricted liberty of conduct; or who can paint the heart's agitation, the conflicting passions which prevail when the important moment arrives that is to separate him from the associates of his infancy; from the endearing friendships of his earliest years; from his schoolboy sports and pastimes (often the most grateful recollections of a riper period); or from those ancient spires and familiar scenes to which his heart is wedded in its purest and earliest love.

Reader, if you have ever tasted of the delightful cup of youthful friendship, and pressed with all the glow of early and sincere attachment the venerable hand of a kind instructor, or met the wistful eye and hearty grasp of parting schoolfellows, and ancient dames, and obliging servants, you will easily discover how embarrassing a task it must be to depict in words the agitating sensations which at such a moment spread their varied influence over the mind. I had taken care to secure the box seat of the old Oxford, that on my approach I might enjoy an uninterrupted

view of the classic turrets and lofty spires of sacred {Academus}. Contemplation had fixed his seal upon my young lips for the first ten miles of my journey. Abstracted and thoughtful, I had scarce turned my eye to admire the beauties of the surrounding scenery, or lent my ear to the busy hum of my fellow passengers' conversation, when a sudden action of the coach, which produced a sensation of alarm, first broke the gloomy mist that had encompassed me. After my fears had subsided, I inquired of the coachman what was the name of the place we had arrived at, and was answered Henley.-"Stony Henley, sir," said our driver: "you might have discovered that by the *bit of a shake* we just now experienced. I'll bet a *bullfinch*{1} that you know the place well enough, my young master, before you've been two terms at Oxford."

1 A sovereign.

This familiarity of style struck me as deserving reprehension; but I reflected this classic Jehu was perhaps licensed by the light-hearted sons of *Alma Mater* in these liberties of speech. Suspending therefore my indignation, I proceeded,—"And why so?" said I inquisitively:—"Why I know when I was an under graduate{2} of ——, where my father was principal, I used to keep a good *prad* here for a bolt to the village,{3} and then I had a fresh hack always on the road to help me back to chapel prayers."{4} The nonchalance of the speaker, and the easy indifference with which he alluded to his former situation in life, struck me with astonishment, and created a curiosity to know more of his adventures; he had, I found, brought himself to his present degradation by a passion for gaming and driving, which had usurped every just and moral feeling. His father, I have since learned, felt his conduct deeply, and had been dead some time. His venerable mother having advanced him all her remaining property, was now reduced to a dependence upon the benevolence of a few liberal-minded Oxford friends, and this son of the once celebrated head of————college was now so lost to every sense of shame that he preferred the Oxford road to exhibit himself on in his new character of a {university whip}.

2 The circumstances here narrated are unfortunately too notorious to require further explanation: the character,

drawn from the life, forms the vignette to this chapter.

3 A cant phrase for a stolen run to the metropolis. No unusual circumstance with a gay Oxonian, some of whom have been known to ride the same horse the whole distance and back again after prayers, and before daylight the next morning.

4 When (to use the Oxford phrase) a man is confined to chapel, or compelled to attend chapel prayers, it is a dangerous risk to be missing,—a severe imposition and sometimes rustication is sure to be the penalty.

Immediately behind me on the roof of the vehicle sat a rosy-looking little gentleman, the rotundity of whose figure proclaimed him a man of some substance; he was habited in a suit of clerical mixture, with the true orthodox hat and rosette in front, the broadness of its brim serving to throw a fine mellow shadow over the upper part of a countenance, which would have formed a choice study for the luxuriant pencil of some modern Rubens; the eyes were partially obscured in the deep recesses of an overhanging brow, and a high fat cheek, and the whole figure brought to my recollection a representation I had somewhere seen of Silenus reproving his Bacchanals: the picture was the more striking by the contrasted subjects it was opposed to: on one side was a spare-looking stripling, of about the age of eighteen, with lank hair brushed smoothly over his forehead, and a demure, half-idiot-looking countenance, that seemed to catch what little expression it had from the reflection of its sire, for such I discovered was the ancient's affinity to this cadaverous importation from North Wales. The father, a Welsh rector of at least one hundred and fifty pounds per annum, was conveying his eldest born to the care of the principal of Jesus, of which college the family of the Joneses{5} had been a leading name since the time of their great ancestor Hugh ap Price, son of Rees ap Rees, a wealthy burgess of Brecknock, who founded this college for the sole use of the sons of Cambria, in 1571.

5 DAVID JONES OR, WINE AND WORSTED.

Hugh Morgan, cousin of that Hugh
Whose cousin was, the Lord knows who,
Was likewise, as the story runs,
Tenth cousin of one David Jones.
David, well stored with classic knowledge,
Was sent betimes to Jesus College;
Paternal bounty left him clear
For life one hundred pounds a year;
And Jones was deem'd another Croesus
Among the Commoners of Jesus.
It boots not here to quote tradition,
In proof of David's erudition;—
He could unfold the mystery high,
Of Paulo-posts, and verbs in u;
Scan Virgil, and, in mathematics,
Prove that straight lines were not quadratics.
All Oxford hail'd the youth's *ingressus*,
And wond'ring Welshmen cried "Cot pless us!"
It happen'd that his cousin Hugh
Through Oxford pass'd, to Cambria due,
And from his erudite relation
Receiv'd a written invitation.

Hugh to the college gate repair'd,
And ask'd for Jones;—the porter stared!
"Jones! Sir," quoth he, "discriminate:
Of Mr. Joneses there be eight."
"Ay, but 'tis David Jones," quoth Hugh;
Quoth porter, "We've six Davids too."
"Cot's flesh!" cries Morgan, "cease your mockings,
My David Jones wears worsted stockings!"
Quoth porter, "Which it is, Heaven knows,
For all the eight wear worsted hose."
"My Cot!" says Hugh, "I'm ask'd to dine
With cousin Jones, and quaff his wine."
"That one word 'wine' is worth a dozen,"

Quoth porter, "now I know your cousin;
The wine has stood you, sir, in more stead
Than David, or the hose of worsted;
You'll find your friend at number nine—
We've but one Jones that quaffs his wine."

All these particulars I gleaned from the rapid delivery of the Welsh rector, who betrayed no little anxiety to discover if I was of the university; how long I had been matriculated; what was my opinion of the schools, and above all, if the same system of extravagance was pursued by the students, and under-graduates. Too cautious to confess myself a freshman, I was therefore compelled to close the inquiry with a simple negative to his early questions, and an avowal of my ignorance in the last particular. The deficiency was, however, readily supplied by an old gentleman, who sat on the other side of the reverend Mr. Jones. I had taken him, in the first instance, for a doctor of laws, physic, or divinity, by the studied neatness of his dress, the powdered head, and ancient appendage of a *queue*; with a measured manner of delivery, joined to an affected solemnity of carriage, and authoritative style. He knew every body, from the Vice-Chancellor to the scout; ran through a long tirade against driving and drinking, which he described as the capital sins of the sons of *Alma Mater*, complimented the old rector on his choice of a college for his son, and concluded with lamenting the great extravagance of the young men of the present day, whose affection for long credit compelled honest tradesmen to make out long bills to meet the loss of interest they sustain by dunning and delay. "Observe, sir," said he,

"The youth of England in our happy age!
See, to their view what varied pleasure springs,
Cards, tennis, hilliards, and ten thousand things;
'Tis theirs the coat with neater grace to wear,
Or tie the neckcloth with a royal air:
The rapid race of wild expense to run;
To drive the tandem or the chaise and one;
To float along the Isis, or to fly
In haste to Abingdon,—who knows not why?

```
To gaze in shops, and saunter hours away
In raising bills, they never think to pay:
Then deep carouse, and raise their glee the more,
While angry duns assault th' unheeding door,
And feed the best old man that ever trod,
The merry poacher who defies his God."
```

"You forget the long purses, Sir E—," said our classical Jehu, "which some of the Oxford tradesmen have acquired by these long practices of the university, Sir E—." The little Welsh rector bowed with astonishment, while his rustic scion stared with wild alarm to find himself for the first time in his life in company with a man of title. A wink from coachee accompanied with an action of his *rein angle* against my side, followed by a suppressed laugh, prepared me for some important communications relative to my fellow traveller. "An old *snyder*,"{6} whispered Jehu, "who was once mayor of Oxford, and they do say was knighted by mistake,—' a thing of shreds and patches,'

```
'Who, by short skirts and little capes,
Items for buckram, twist, and tapes, '
```

has, in his time, fine drawn half the university; but having retired from the seat of trade, now seeks the seat of the Muses, and writes fustian rhymes and bell-men's odes at Christmas time: a mere clod, but a great man with the corporation."

We had now arrived on the heights within a short distance of the city of Oxford, and I had the gratification for the first time to obtain a glance of sacred *Academus* peeping from between the elm groves in which she is embowered, to view those turrets which were to be the future scene of all my hopes and fears. Never shall I forget the sensations,

```
"——When first these glistening eyes survey'd
Majestic Oxford's hundred towers display'd;
And silver Isis rolling at her feet
Adorn the sage's and the poet's seat:
Saw Radcliffe's dome in classic beauty rear'd,
And learning's stores in Bodley's pile revered;
First view'd, with humble awe, the steps that stray'd
Slow in the gloom of academic shade,
```

Or framed in thought, with fancy's magic wand,
Wise Bacon's arch; thy bower, fair Rosamond."

In the bosom of a delightful valley, surrounded by the most luxuriant meadows, and environed by gently swelling hills, smiling in all the pride of cultivated beauty, on every side diversified by hanging wood, stands the fair city of learning and the arts. The two great roads from the capital converge upon the small church of St. Clement, in the eastern suburb, from whence, advancing in a westerly direction, you arrive at Magdalen bridge, so named from the college adjoining, whose lofty graceful tower is considered a fine specimen of architecture. The prospect of the city from this point is singularly grand and captivating; on the left, the botanical garden, with its handsome portal; beyond, steeples and towers of every varied form shooting up in different degrees of elevation. The view of the High-street is magnificent, and must impress the youthful mind with sentiments of awe and veneration. Its picturesque curve and expansive width, the noble assemblage of public and private edifices in all the pride of varied art, not rising in splendid uniformity, but producing an enchantingly varied whole, the entire perspective of which admits of no European rival—

"The awful tow'rs which seem for science made;
The solemn chapels, which to prayer invite,
Whose storied windows shed a holy light—"

the colleges of Queen's and All Souls', with the churches of St. Mary and All Saints' on the northern side of the street, and the venerable front of University College on the south, present at every step objects for contemplation and delight. Whirling up this graceful curvature, we alighted at the Mitre, an inn in the front of the High-street, inclining towards Carfax. A number of under graduates in their academicals were posted round the door, or lounging on the opposite side, to watch the arrival of the coach, and amuse themselves with quizzing the passengers. Among the foremost of the group, and not the least active, was my old schoolfellow and con, Tom Echo, now of Christ Church. The recognition was instantaneous; the welcome a hearty one, in the true Etonian style; and the first connected sentence an invitation to dinner. "I shall make a

party on purpose to introduce you, old chap," said Tom, "that is, as soon as you have made your bow to the *big wig*:{7} but I say, old fellow, where are you entered 1 we are most of us overflowingly full here." I quickly satisfied his curiosity upon that point, by informing him I had been for some time enrolled upon the list of the foundation of Brazennose, and had received orders to come up and enter myself. Our conversation now turned upon the necessary ceremonies of matriculation.

Tom's face was enlivened to a degree when I showed him my letter of introduction to Dr. Dingyman, of L-n college. "What, the opposition member, the Oxford Palladio? Why, you might just as well expect to move the Temple of the Winds from Athens to Oxford, without displacing a fragment, as to hope the doctor will present you to the vice-chancellor.—It won't do. We must find you some more tractable personage; some good-humoured nob that stands well with the principals, tells funny stories to their ladies, and drinks his three bottles like a true son of orthodoxy." "For Heaven's sake! my dear fellow, if you do not wish to be pointed at, booked for an eccentric, or suspected of being profound, abandon all intention of being introduced through that medium. A first interview with that singular man will produce an examination that would far exceed the perils of the *great go*{8}-he will try your proficiency by the chart and scale of truth." "Be that as it may, Tom," said I, not a little alarmed by the account I had heard of the person to whom I was to owe my first introduction to alma mater, "I shall make the attempt; and should I fail, I shall yet hope to avail myself of your proffered kindness."

7 A BIG WIG. Head of a college.
A DON. A learned man.
A NOB. A fellow of a college.

8 The principal examining school.

After partaking of some refreshment, and adjusting my dress, we sallied forth to lionise, as Tom called it, which is the Oxford term for gazing about, usually applied to strangers. Proceeding a little way along

the high street from the Mitre, and turning up the first opening on our left hand, we stood before the gateway of Lincoln college. Here Tom shook hands, wished me a safe passport through what he was pleased to term the "*Oxonia purgata*" and left me, after receiving my promise to join the dinner party at Christ Church.

I had never felt so awkwardly in my life before: the apprehensions I was under of a severe examination; the difficulty of encountering a man whose superior learning and endowments of mind had rendered him the envy of the University, and above all, his reputed eccentricity of manners, created fears that almost palsied my tongue when I approached the hall to announce my arrival. If my ideas of the person had thus confounded me, my terrors were doubly increased upon entering his chamber: shelves groaning with ponderous folios and quartos of the most esteemed Latin and Greek authors, fragments of Grecian and Roman architecture, were disposed around the room; on the table lay a copy of Stuart's Athens, with a portfolio of drawings from Palladio and Vitruvius, and Pozzo's perspective. In a moment the doctor entered, and, advancing towards me, seized my hand before I could scarcely articulate my respects. "I am glad to see you—be seated—you are of Eton, I read, an ancient name and highly respected here—what works have you been lately reading?" I immediately ran through the list of our best school classics, at which I perceived the doctor smiled. "You have been treated, I perceive, like all who have preceded you: the bigotry of scholastic prejudices is intolerable. I have been for fifty years labouring to remove the veil, and have yet contrived to raise only one corner of it. Nothing," continued the doctor, "has stinted the growth and hindered the improvement of sound learning more than a superstitious reverence for the ancients; by which it is presumed that their works form the summit of all learning, and that nothing can be added to their discoveries. Under this absurd and ridiculous prejudice, all the universities of Europe have laboured for many years, and are only just beginning to see their error, by the encouragement of natural philosophy. Experimental learning is the only mode by which the juvenile mind should be trained and exercised, in order to bring all its

faculties to their proper action: instead of being involved in the mists of antiquity." Can it be possible, thought I, this is the person of whom my friend Tom gave such a curious account? Can this be the man who is described as a being always buried in abstracted thoughtfulness on the architer cural remains of antiquity, whose opinions are said never to harmonize with those of other heads of colleges; who is described as eccentric, because he has a singular veneration for truth, and an utter abhorrence of the dogmas of scholastic prejudice 1 There are some few characters in the most elevated situations of life, who possess the amiable secret of attaching every one to them who have the honour of being admitted into their presence, without losing one particle of dignity, by their courteous manner. This agreeable qualification the doctor appeared to possess in an eminent degree. I had not been five minutes in his company before I felt as perfectly unembarrassed as if I had known him intimately for twelve months. It could not be the result of confidence on my part, for no poor fellow ever felt more abashed upon a first entrance; and must therefore only be attributable to that indescribable condescension of easy intercourse which is the sure characteristic of a superior mind.

After inquiring who was to be my tutor, and finding I was not yet fixed in that particular, I was requested to construe one of the easiest passages in the Æneid; my next task was to read a few paragraphs of monkish Latin from a little white book, which I found contained the university statutes: having acquitted myself in this to the apparent satisfaction of the doctor, he next proceeded to give me his advice upon my future conduct and pursuits in the university; remarked that his old friend, my father, could not have selected a more unfortunate person to usher me into notice: that his habits were those of a recluse, and his associations confined almost within the walls of his own college; but that his good wishes for the son of an old friend and schoolfellow would, on this occasion, induce him to present me, in person, to the principal of Brazennose, of whom he took occasion to speak in the highest possible terms. Having ordered me a sandwich and a glass of wine for my refreshment, he left me to adjust his dress, preparatory to our visit to the

dignitary. During his absence I employed the interval in amusing myself with a small octavo volume, entitled the "Oxford Spy:" the singular coincidence of the following extract according so completely with the previous remarks of the doctor, induced me to believe it was his production; but in this suspicion, I have since been informed, I was in error, the work being written by Shergold Boone, Esq. a young member of the university.

"Thus I remember, ere these scenes I saw,
But hope had drawn them, such as hope will draw,
A shrewd old man, on Isis' margin bred,
Smiled at my warmth, and shook his wig, and said:
'Youth will be sanguine, but before you go,
Learn these plain rules, and treasure, when you know.
Wisdom is innate in the gown and band;
Their wearers are the wisest of the land.

Science, except in Oxford, is a dream;
In all things heads of houses are supreme {9}
Proctors are perfect whosoe'er they be;
Logic is reason in epitome:
Examiners, like kings, can do no wrong;
All modern learning is not worth a song:
Passive obedience is the rule of right;
To argue or oppose is treason quite:{10}
Mere common sense would make the system fall:
Things are worth nothing; words are all in all."

On his return, the ancient glanced at the work I had been reading, and observing the passage I have just quoted, continued his remarks upon the discipline of the schools.—"In the new formed system of which we boast," said the master, "the philosophy which has enlightened the world is omitted or passed over in a superficial way, and the student is exercised in narrow and contracted rounds of education, in which his whole labour is consumed, and his whole time employed, with little improvement or useful knowledge. He has neither time nor inclination to attend the public lectures in the several departments of philosophy; nor is he qualified for that attendance. All that he does, or is required to

do, is to prepare himself to pass through these contracted rounds; to write a theme, or point an epigram; but when he enters upon life, action, or profession, both the little go, and the great go, he will find to be a by go; for he will find that he has gone by the best part of useful and substantial learning;

9 Know all men by these presents, that children in the universities eat pap and go in leading strings till they are fourscore. —Terro Filius.

10 In a work quaintly entitled "Phantasm of an University," there occurs this sweeping paragraph, written in the true spirit of radical reform: "Great advantages might be obtained by gradually transforming Christ Church into a college of civil polity and languages; Magdalen, Queen's, University, into colleges of moral philosophy; New and Trinity into colleges of fine arts; and the five halls into colleges of agriculture and manufactures."

or that it has gone by him: to recover which he must repair from this famous seat of learning to the institutions of the metropolis, or in the provincial towns. I have just given you these hints, that you may escape the errors of our system, and be enabled to avoid the pomp of learning which is without the power, and acquire the power of knowledge without the pomp." Here ended the lecture, and my venerable conductor and myself made the best of our way to pay our respects to the principal of my future residence.

Arrived here—the principal, a man of great dignity, received us with all due form, and appeared exceedingly pleased with the visit of my conductor; my introduction was much improved by a letter from the head master of Eton, who, I have no doubt, said more in my favour than I deserved. The appointment of a tutor was the next step, and for this purpose I was introduced to Mr. Jay, a smart-looking little man, very polite and very portly, with whom I retired to display my proficiency in classical knowledge, by a repetition of nearly the same passages in Homer and Virgil I had construed previously with the learned doctor;

the next arrangement was the sending for a tailor, who quickly produced my academical robes and cap, in the which, I must confess, I at first felt rather awkward. I was now hurried to the vice-chancellor's house adjoining Pembroke college, where I had the honour of a presentation to that dignitary; a mild-looking man of small stature, with the most affable and graceful manners, dignified, and yet free from the slightest tinge of *hauteur*. His reception of my tutor was friendly and unembarrassing; his inquiries relative to myself directed solely to my proficiency in the classics, of which I had again to give some specimens; I was then directed to subscribe my name in a large folio album, which proved to contain the thirty-nine articles, not one sentence of which I had ever read; but it was too late for hesitation, and I remembered Tom Echo had informed me I should have to attest to a great deal of nonsense, which no one ever took the pains to understand. The remainder of this formal initiation was soon despatched: I separately abjured the damnable doctrines of the pope, swore allegiance to the king, and vowed to preserve the statutes and privileges of the society I was then admitted into; paid my appointed fees, made my bow to the vice-chancellor, and now concluded that the ceremony of the *togati* was all over: in this, however, I was mistaken; my tutor requesting some conference with me at his rooms, thither we proceeded, and arranged the plan of my future studies; then followed a few general hints relative to conduct, the most important of which was my obeisance to the dignitaries, by capping{11} whenever I met them; the importance of a strict attendance to the lectures of logic, mathematics, and divinity, to the certain number of twenty in each term; a regular list of the tradesmen whom I was requested to patronize; and, lastly, the entry of my name upon the college books and payment of the necessary *caution money*.{12} *Entering* keeps one term; but as rooms were vacant, I was fortunate in obtaining an immediate appointment. As the day was now far advanced, I deemed it better to return to my inn and dress for the dinner party at Christ Church.

11 Capping—by the students and under graduates is touching the cap to the vice-chancollor, proctors, fellows, &c. when

passing. At Christ Church tradesmen and servants must walk bareheaded through the quadrangle when the dean, canons, censors, or tutors are present. At Pembroke this order is rigidly enforced, even in wet weather. At Brazennose neither servants nor tradesmen connected with the college are allowed to enter it otherwise. It is not long since a certain bookseller was discommoned for wearing his hat in B-n-e quadrangle, and literally ruined in consequence.

12 Caution money—a sum of money deposited in the hands of the treasurer or bursar by every member on his name being entered upon the college books, as a security for the payment of all bills and expenses contracted by him within the walls of the college. This money is returned when the party takes his degree or name off the books; and no man can do either of these without receipts in full from the butler, manciple, and cook of their respective colleges.

Page128

Page129

Architectural Reminiscences—Descriptive Remarks—Similitude between the Characters of Cardinal Wolsey and Napoleon.

It was past five o'clock when I arrived before the majestic towers of Christ Church.—The retiring sun brightening the horizon with streaks of gold at parting, shed a rich glow over the scene that could not fail to rivet my attention to the spot. Not all the fatigues of the day, nor the peculiarities of my new situation, had, in the least, abated my admiration of architectural beauties. The noble octagonal tower in the enriched Gothic style, rising like a colossal monument of art among the varied groups of spires, domes, and turrets, which from a distance impress the traveller with favourable ideas of the magnificence of Oxford, first attracted my notice, and recalled to my memory two names that to me appear to be nearly associated (by comparison) with each other, Wolsey and Napoleon; both gifted by nature with almost all the brightest qualifications of great minds; both arriving at the highest point of human grandeur from the most humble situations; equally the patrons

of learning, science, and the arts; and both equally unfortunate, the victims of ambition: both persecuted exiles; yet, further I may add, that both have left behind them a fame which brightens with increasing years, and must continue to do as every passing day removes the mist of prejudice from the eyes of man. Such were the thoughts that rushed upon my mind as I stood gazing on the splendid fabric before me, from the western side of St. Aidates, unheedful of the merry laughter-loving group of students and under-graduates, who, lounging under the vaulted gateway, were amusing themselves at my expense in quizzing a freshman in the act of lionising. The tower contains the celebrated *Magnus Thomas*, recast from the great bell of Osney abbey, by whose deep note at the hour of nine in the evening the students are summoned to their respective colleges. The upper part of the tower displays in the bracketed canopies and carved enrichments the skilful hand of Sir Christopher Wren, whose fame was much enhanced by the erection of the gorgeous turrets which project on each side of the gateway.{1} Not caring to endure a closer attack of the *togati*, who had now approached me, I crossed and entered the great quadrangle, or, according to Oxford phraseology, *Tom Quad*. The irregular nature of the buildings here by no means assimilate with the elegance of the exterior entrance.

1 It was here, in Lord Orford's opinion, that he "caught the graces of the true Gothic taste."

ENLARGE TO FULL SIZE

Page131

The eastern, northern, and part of the southern sides of the quadrangle are, I have been since informed, inhabited by the dean and canons; the western by students. The broad terrace in front of the buildings, the extent of the arena, and the circular basin of water in the centre, render this an agreeable promenade.—I had almost forgotten the deity of the place (I hope not symbolical), a leaden Mercury{2}; the gift

of Dr. John Radcliffe, which rises from the centre of the basin, on the spot where once stood the sacred cross of St. Frideswide, and the pulpit of the reformer, Wickliffe.

2 Since pulled down and destroyed.

THE DINNER PARTY.

Bernard Blackmantles Visit to Tom Echo—-Oxford Phraseology-Smuggled Dinners—A College Party described—Topography of a Man's Boom—Portrait of a Bachelor of Arts—Hints to Freshmen—Customs of the University.

"When first the freshman, bashful, blooming, young, Blessings which here attend not handmaids long, Assumes that cap, which franchises the man, And feels beneath the gown dilate his span; When he has stood with modest glance, shy fear, And stiff-starch'd band before our prime vizier, And sworn to articles he scarcely knew, And forsworn doctrines to his creed all new: Through fancy's painted glass he fondly sees Monastic turrets, patriarchal trees, The cloist'ral arches' awe-inspiring shade, The High-street sonnetized by Wordsworth's jade, His raptured view a paradise regards, Nurseling of hope! he builds on paper cards."

On the western side of Tom Quad, up one flight of stairs, by the porter's aid I discovered the battered oaken door which led to the *larium* of my friend Echo: that this venerable bulwark had sustained many a brave attack from besiegers was visible in the numerous bruises and imprints of hammers, crowbars, and other weapons, which had covered its surface with many an indented scar. The utmost caution was apparent in the wary scout,{1}

1 A Scout, at Christ Church, performs the same duties for ten or twelve students as a butler and valet in a gentleman's family. There are no women bedmakers at any college except Christ Church, that duty being performed by the scout.

who admitted me; a necessary precaution, as I afterwards found, to prevent the prying eye of some inquisitive domine, whose nose has a sort of instinctive attraction in the discovery of smuggled dinners.{2}

Within I found assembled half a dozen good-humoured faces, all young, and all evidently partaking of the high flow of spirits and animated vivacity of the generous hearted Tom Echo. A college introduction is one of little ceremony, the surname alone being used,—a practice, which, to escape quizzing, must also be followed on your card. "Here, old fellows," said Tom, taking me by the hand, and leading me forwards to his companions, "allow me to introduce an ex{3}-college man,—Blackmantle of Brazennose, a freshman{4} and an Etonian: so, lay to him, boys; he's just broke loose from the Land of Sheepishness,{5} passed Pupils Straits{6} and the Isle of Matriculation{7} to follow Dads Will,{8} in the Port of Stuffs{9}; from which, if he can steer clear of the Fields of Temptation{10}

2 Smuggled dinners are private parties in a student's room, when the dinner is brought into college from a tavern: various are the ingenious stratagems of the togati to elude the vigilance of the authorities: trunks, packing-boxes, violoncello-cases, and hampers are not unfrequently directed as if from a waggon or coach-office, and brought into college on the shoulders of some porter. Tin cans of soup are drawn up by means of a string from the back windows in the adjoining street. It is not long since Mr. C- of Christ Church was expelled for having a dinner smuggled into college precisely in the manner adopted by Tom Echo.

3 A University man who is visiting in a college of which he is

not a member.

4 The usual phrase for initiating a freshman on his first appearance in a party or frisk.

5 Land of Sheepishness—School-boy's bondage.

6 Pupil's Straits—Interval between restraint and liberty.

7 Isle of Matriculation—First entrance into the University.

8 Dad's Will—Parental authority.

9 Port for Stay's—Assumption of commoner's gown.

10 Fields of Temptation—The attractions held out to him.

he hopes to make the *Land of Promise*,{11} anchor his bark in the *Isthmus of Grace*,{12} and lay up snugly for life on the *Land of Incumbents*."{13} "For heaven's sake, Tom," said I," speak in some intelligible language; it's hardly fair to fire off your battery of Oxonian wit upon a poor freshman at first sight." At this moment a rap at the *oak* announced an addition to our party, and in bounded that light-hearted child of whim, Horace Eglantine:—"What, Blackmantle here? Why then, Tom, we can form as complete a trio as ever got *bosky*{14} with *bishop*{15} in *the province of Bacchus*,{16}! Why, what a plague, my old fellow, has given you that rueful-looking countenance? I am sure you was not plucked upon *Maro Common* or *Homer Downs*{17} in passing examination with the big wig this morning; or has Tom been frisking{18} you already with some of his jokes about the *straits of independency*{19}; the *waste of ready*{20}; the dynasty of Venus,{21} or the quicksands of rustication{22}.

11 Land of Promise—The fair expectations of a steady novice in Oxford.

12 Isthmus of Grace—Obtainment of the grace of one's college.

13 Land of Incumbents—Good livings.

14 Bosky is the term used in Oxford to express the style of being "half seas over."

15 Bishop—A good orthodox mead composed of port wine and roasted oranges or lemons.

16 Province of Bacchus—Inebriety.

17 Maro Common and Homer Downs allude to the Æneid of Virgil and the Iliad of Homer—two books chiefly studied for the little-go or responsions.

18 Frisking—Hoaxing.

19 Straits of Independency—Frontiers of extravagance.

20 Waste of Ready, including in it Hoyle's Dominions—Course of gambling, including Loo tables.

21 Dynasty of Venus—Indiscriminate love and misguided affections.

22 Quicksands of Rustication—On which our hero may at any time run foul when inclined to visit a new county.

Cheer up, old fellow! you are not half way through the ceremony of initiation yet. We must brighten up that solemn phiz of yours, and give you a lesson or two on college principles? If I had been thrown upon some newly-discovered country, among a race of wild Indians, I could not have been more perplexed and confounded than I now felt in endeavouring to rally, and appear to comprehend this peculiar phraseology.

A conversation now ensuing between a gentleman commoner, whom the party designated Pontius Pilate{23} and Tom Echo, relative to the comparative merits of their hunters, afforded me an opportunity of surveying the *larium* of my friend; the entrance to which was through a short passage, that served the varied purposes of an ante-room or vestibule, and a scout's pantry and boot-closet. On the right was the sleeping-room, and at the foot of a neat French bed I could perceive the wine bin, surrounded by a regiment of *dead men*{24} who had, no doubt, departed this life like heroes in some battle of Bacchanalian sculls. The principal chamber, the very *penetrale* of the Muses, was about six yards

square, and low, with a rich carved oaken wainscoting, reaching to the ceiling; the monastic gloom being materially increased by two narrow loopholes, intended for windows, but scarcely yielding sufficient light to enable the student to read his *Scapula or Lexicon*{25} with the advantage of a meridian sun: the fire-place was immensely wide, emblematical, no doubt, of the capacious stomachs of the good fathers and fellows, the ancient inhabitants of this *sanctum*; but the most singularly-striking characteristic was the modern decorations, introduced by the present occupant.

23 A quaint cognomen applied to him from the rapidity with which he boasted of repeating the Nicene Creed,—i.e. offering a bet that no would give any man as far as "Pontius Pilate," and beat him before he got to the "resurrection of the dead."

24 Dead Men—Empty bottles.

25 Scapula, Hederic, and Lexicon, the principal Dictionaries in use for studying Greek.

Over the fire-place hung a caricature portrait of a well-known Bachelor of Arts, drinking at the *Pierian spring, versus* gulping down the contents of a Pembroke *overman*,{26} sketched by the facetious pencil of the humorist, Rowlandson.

Page136

ECCÈ SIGNUM.

I could not help laughing to observe on the one side of this jolly personage a portrait of the little female Giovanni Vestris, under which some wag had inscribed, "*A Mistress of Hearts*," and on the other a full-length of Jackson the pugilist, with this motto—"A striking likeness of a fancy lecturer."

26 An Herman—At Pembroke, a large silver tankard, holding two quarts and half a pint, so called from the donor, Mr. George Overman. The late John Hudson, the college tonsor and *common room man*,{*} was famous for having several

times, for trifling wagers, drank a full overman of strong beer off at a draught. A Tun, another vessel in use at Pembroke, is a half pint silver cup. A Whistler, a silver pint tankard also in use there, was the gift of Mr. Anthony Whistler, a cotemporary with Shenstone.

* Common room man, a servant who is entirely employed in attending upon the members of the common room.

Junior common room, a room in every college, except Christ Church, set apart for the junior members to drink wine in and read the newspapers.

N.B. There is but one common room at Christ Church; none but masters of arts and noblemen can be members of it,—the latter but seldom attend. The last who attended was the late Duke of Dorset. All common rooms are regularly furnished with newspapers and magazines.

Curator of the common rooms.-A senior master of arts, who buys the wine and inspects the accounts.

In the centre of the opposite side hung the portrait of an old *scout*, formerly of Brazennose, whose head now forms the admission ticket to the college club. Right and left were disposed the plaster busts of Aristotle and Cicero; the former noseless, and the latter with his eyes painted black, and a huge pair of mustachios annexed. A few volumes of the Latin and Greek classics were thrown into a heap in one corner of the room, while numerous modern sporting publications usurped their places on the book shelves, richly gilt and bound in calf, but not lettered. The hunting cap, whip, and red coat were hung up like a trophy between two foxes' tails, which served the purpose of bell pulls. At this moment, my topographical observations were disturbed by the arrival of the scout with candles, and two strange-looking fellows in smock frocks, bringing in, as I supposed, a piano forte, but which, upon being placed on the table, proved to be a mere case: the top being taken off, the sides and ends let down in opposite directions, and the cloth pulled out straight,

displayed an elegant dinner, smoking hot, and arranged in as much form as if the college butler had superintended the feast. "Come, old fellow," said Tom, "turn to—no ceremony. I hope, Jem," addressing his scout, "you took care that no college telegraph{27} was at work while you were smuggling the dinner in." "I made certain sure of that, sir," said Jem; "for I placed Captain Cook{28} sentinel at one corner of the quadrangle, and old Brady at the other, with directions to whistle, as a signal, if they saw any of the *dons* upon the look out."

Finding we were not likely to be interrupted by the *domine*, Tom took the chair. The fellows in the smock frocks threw off their disguises, and proved to be two genteelly dressed waiters from one of the inns. "Close the oak, Jem," said Horace Eglantine, "and take care no one knocks in{29} before we have knocked down the contents of your master's musical melange." "*Punning* as usual, Eglantine," said the Honourable Mr. Sparkle, a gentleman commoner. "Yes; and *pun*-ishing too, old fellow!" said Horace. "Where's the *cold tankard*,{30} Echo?

27 A college telegraph—A servant of a college, who carries an account of every trifling offence committed, either by gentlemen or servants, to the college officers.

28 Well-known characters in Christ Church.

29 Knocking in—Going into college after half-past ten at night. The names of the gentlemen who knock in are entered by the porter in a book kept for that purpose, and the next morning it is carried to the dean and censors, who generally call upon the parties so offending to account for being out of college at so late an hour. A frequent recurrence of this practice will sometimes draw from the dean a very severe reprimand.

Knocking in money—Fines levied for knocking into college at improper hours: the first fine is fixed at half-past ten, and increased every half hour afterwards. These fines are entered on the batter book, and charged among the battels

and decrements,* a portion of which is paid to the porter quarterly, for being knocked up.

30 Cold tankard—A summer beverage, used at dinner, made of brandy, cider, or perry, lemons cut in slices, cold water, sugar, nutmeg, cinnamon, and the herbs balm and burridge. Sometimes sherry or port wine is substituted for cider. The tankard is put into a pitcher, which is iced in a tub, procured from the confectioners.

* Decrements.—The use of knives, folks, spoons, and other necessaries, with the firing, &c. for the hall and chapel.

We must give our old *con*, Blackmantle, a warm reception." "Sure, that's a Paddyism"{31} said a young Irish student. "Nothing of the sort," replied Horace: "are we not all here the sons of Isis (Ices)? and tell me where will you find a group of warmer hearted souls?" "Bravo! bravo!" shouted the party. "That fellow Eglantine will create another *Pun*-ic war," said Sparkle. "I move that we have him crossed in the buttery{32} for making us laugh during dinner, to the great injury of our digestive organs, and the danger of suffocation." "What! deprive an Englishman of his right to battel{33}" said Echo: "No; I would sooner inflict the orthodox fine of a double bumper of *bishop*." "Bravo!" said Horace: "then I plead guilty, and swallow the imposition." "I'll thank you for a cut out of the back of that *lion*,"{34} tittered a man opposite. With all the natural timidity of the hare whom he thus particularised, I was proceeding to help him, when Echo inquired if he should send me the breast of a swiss {35} and the facetious Eglantine, to increase my confusion, requested to be allowed to cut me a slice off the wing of a wool bird.{36}

31 A Paddyism is called in this university a "Thorpism" from Mr. Thorp, formerly a hosier of some note in the city. He was famous for making blunders and coining new words, was very fond of making long speeches, and when upon *the toe*, never failed to convulse his hearers with laughter.

32 Crossed in the buttery—not allowed to battel, a punishment for missing lecture. By being frequently crossed, a man will lose his term.

33 Battels—Bread, butter, cheese, salt, eggs, &c.

34 A lion—a hare.

35 Siciss—a pheasant.

36 Wing of a wool bird—Shoulder of lamb.

To have remonstrated against this species of persecution would, I knew, only increase my difficulties; summoning, therefore, all the gaiety I was master of to my aid, I appeared to participate in the joke, like many a modern *roué*, laughing in unison without comprehending the essence of the whim, merely because it was the fashion. What a helpless race, old father Etona, are thine (thought I), when first they assume the Oxford man; spite of thy fostering care and classic skill, thy offspring are here little better than cawkers{37} or wild Indians. "Is there no glossary of university wit," said I, "to be purchased here, by which the fresh may be instructed in the art of conversation; no *Lexicon Balatronicum* of college eloquence, by which the ignorant may be enlightened?" "Plenty, old fellow," said Echo: "old Grose is exploded; but, never fear, I will introduce you to the *Dictionnaire Universel*,{38} which may always be consulted, at our *old grandmammas*' in St. Clement's, or Eglantine can introduce you at Vincent's,{39} where better known as the poor curate of H——, crossed the channel.

37 Cawker—an Eton phrase for a stranger or novice.

38 Dictionnaire Universel—a standing toast in the common room at——-College.

The origin of the toast is as follows: When Buonaparte was at Elba, Dr. E-, one of the wealthy senior Fellows of —— College.

Soon after his arrival at Paris, as he was walking through the streets of that city, he was accosted by an elegantly dressed Cyprian, to whom he made a profound bow, and told her (in English), that he was not sufficiently acquainted with the French language to comprehend what she had said to him, expressing his regret that he had not his French and English dictionary with him. Scarcely had he pronounced the word dictionary, when the lady, by a most astonishing display, which in England would have disgraced the lowest of the frail sisterhood, exclaimed, "Behold the Dictionnaire Universel, which has been opened by the learned of all nations."{39} Dr. E—, on his return from France, related this anecdote in the common room at ————-, and the Dictionnaire universel has ever since been a standing toast there.

39 A well known respectable bookseller near Brazennose, who has published a whimsical trifle under the title of "Oxford in Epitome" very serviceable to freshmen. You may purchase "Oxford in Epitome," with a Key accompaniment explaining the whole art and mystery of the *finished style*.

After a dissertation upon *new college puddings*,{40} rather a choice dish, an elegant dessert and ices was introduced from Jubbers.{41} The glass now circulated freely, and the open-hearted mirth of my companions gave me a tolerable idea of many of the leading eccentricities of a collegian's life. The Oxford toast, the college divinity, was, I found, a Miss W-, whose father is a wealthy horse-dealer, and whom all agreed was a very amiable and beautiful girl. I discovered that Sadler, Randal, and Crabbe were rum ones for prime hacks—that the *Esculapii dii* of the university, the demi-gods of medicine and surgery, were Messrs. Wall and Tuckwell—that all proctors were tyrants, and their men savage bull dogs—that good wine was seldom to be bought in Oxford by students—and pretty girls were always to be met at Bagley Wood—that rowing a fellow{42} was considered good sport, and an idle master{43} a jolly dog—that all tradesmen were duns, and all gownsmen suffering innocents—and lastly.

40 New College puddings—a favourite dish with freshmen, made of grated biscuit, eggs, suet, moist sugar, currants

and lemon-peel, rolled into balls of an oblong shape, fried in boiling fat, and moistened with brandy.

41 A celebrated Oxford pastry-cook.

42 Rowing a fellow—going with a party in the dead of the night to a man's room, nailing or screwing his oak up, so as it cannot be opened on the inside, knocking at his door, calling out fire, and when he comes to the door, burning a quantity of shavings, taken from halfpenny faggots dipped in oil from the staircase lamps, so as to impress him with an idea that the staircase, in which his rooms are, is on fire. And when he is frightened almost out of his senses, setting up a most hideous horse-laugh and running away. This joke is practised chiefly upon quiet timid men.

43 An idle master—a Master of Arts on the foundation, who does not take pupils.

I was informed that a freshman was a scamp without seasoning—and a fellow of no spirit till he had been pulled up before the big wig and suffered imposition{44} fine, and rustication.{45}

It was now half an hour since old *Magnus Thomas* had tolled his heavy note, most of the party were a little cut,{46} and the salt pits of attic wit had long since been drained to the very bottom—Sparkle proposed an adjournment to the Temple of Bacchus,{47} while Echo and a man of Trinity set forth for the plains of Betteris.{48} Pleading the fatigues of the day, and promising to attend a spread{49} on the morrow to be given by Horace Eglantine, I was permitted to depart to my inn, having first received a caution from Echo to steer clear of the Don Peninsula{50} and the seat of magistracy.{51}

On regaining my inn, I was not a little surprised to hear the smirking barmaid announce me by my christian and surname, directing the waiter to place candles for Mr. Bernard Blackmantle in the *sanctum*. How the deuce, thought I, have these people discovered my family nomenclature, or are we here under the same system of *espionage* as the puerile

inhabitants of France, where every hotel-keeper, waiter, and servant, down to the very shoe-black, is a spy upon your actions, and a creature in the pay of the police{52} "Pray, waiter," said I, "why is this snug little _larium__ designated the sanctum_?"

44 Imposition—translations set by the Principal for absence and other errors.

45 Rustication is the term applied to temporary dismissal for non-observance of college discipline.

46 A little cut—half seas over.

47 Temple of Bacchus—some favourite inn.

48 Plains of Betteris—the diversion of billiards.

49 A spread—a wine party.

50 The Don Peninsula—the range of all who wear long black hanging sleeves, and bear the name of Domini.

51 Seat of magistracy—proctor's authority.

52 The tact of the Oxford tradesmen in this particular is very ingenious.—The strength of a man's account is always regulated by the report they receive on his entering, from some college friend, respecting the wealth of his relations, or the weight of his expectancies.

"Because it's extra-proctorial, sir: none of the town *raff* are ever admitted into it, and the marshal and his bull dogs never think of intruding here. With your leave, sir, I'll send in master—he will explain things better; and mayhap, sir, as you are fresh, he may give you a little useful information." "Do so,—send me in a bottle of old Madeira and two glasses, and tell your master I shall be happy to see him." In a few moments I was honoured with the company of mine host of the Mitre, who, to do him justice, was a more humorous fellow than I had

anticipated. Not quite so ceremonious as he of the Christopher at Eton, or the superlative of a Bond-street *restaurateur*; but with an unembarrassed roughness, yet respectful demeanour, that partook more of the sturdy English farmer, or an old weather-beaten sportsman, than the picture I had figured to myself of the polished landlord of the principal inn in the sacred city of learning. We are too much the creatures of prejudice in this life, and first impressions are not unfrequently the first faults which we unthinkingly commit against the reputation of a new acquaintance. Master Peake was, I discovered, a fellow of infinite jest, an old fox-hunter, and a true sportsman; and supposing me, from my introduction by Tom Echo to his house, to be as fond of a good horse, a hard run, and a black bottle, as my friend, he had eagerly sought an opportunity for this early introduction. "No man in the country, sir," said Peake, "can boast of a better horse or a better wife: I always leave the management of the bishop's cap to the petticoat; for look ye, sir, gown against gown is the true orthodox system, I believe.—When I kept the Blue Pig{53} by the Town Hall, the big wigs used to grunt a little now and then about the gemmen of the university getting *bosky* in a *pig-sty*; so, egad, I thought I would fix them at last, and removed here; for I knew it would be deemed sacrilegious to attack the mitre, or hazard a pun upon the head of the church.

53 The Blue Boar, since shut up.

If ever you should be *tiled* up in *Eager heaven*,{54} there's not a kinder hearted soul in Christendom than Mrs. Peake: Dr. Wall says that he thinks she has saved more gentlemen's lives in this university by good nursing and sending them niceties, than all the material medicals put together. You'll excuse me, sir, but as you are fresh, take care to avoid the *gulls*{55}; they fly about here in large flocks, I assure you, and do no little mischief at times." "I never understood that gulls were birds of prey," said I.—"Only in Oxford, sir; and here, I assure you, they bite like hawks, and pick many a poor young gentleman as bare before his three years are expired, as the crows would a dead sheep upon a common. Every thing depends upon your obtaining an honest scout, and that's a sort of *haro ravis* (I think they call the bird) here." Suppressing my

laughter at my host's Latinity, I thought this a fair opportunity to make some inquiries relative to this important officer in a college establishment.

"I suppose you know most of these ambassadors of the togati belonging to the different colleges'?" "I think I do, sir," said Peake, "if you mean the scouts; but I never heard them called by that name before. If you are of Christ Church, I should recommend Dick Cook, or, as he is generally called, Gentleman Cook, as the most finished, spritely, honest fellow of the whole. Dick's a trump, and no telegraph,—up to every frisk, and down to every move of the domini, thorough bred, and no want of courage?"

54 Æager haven—laid up in the depot of invalids.

55 Gulls—knowing ones who are always on the look out for freshmen.

"But not having the honour of being entered there, I cannot avail myself of Dick's services: pray tell me, who is there at Brazennose that a young fellow can make a confidant of?" "Why, the very best old fellow in the world,—nothing like him in Oxford,—rather aged, to be sure, but a good one to go, and a rum one to look at;—I have known Mark Supple these fifty years, and never heard a gentleman give him a bad word: shall I send for him, sir? he's the very man to put you *up to a thing or two*, and finish you off in prime style." "In the morning, I'll see him, and if he answers your recommendation, engage with him: "for, thought I, such a man will be very essential, if it is only to act as interpreter to a young novice like myself.

The conversation now turned to sporting varieties, by which I discovered mine host was a leading character in the neighbouring hunts; knew every sportsman in the field, and in the course of half an hour, carried me over Godrington's manors, Moystoris district, and Somerset range,{56} taking many a bold leap in his progress, and never losing *sight of the dogs*. "We shall try your mettle, sir," said he, "if we catch you out for a day's sport; and if you are not quite mounted at present to your mind, I have always a spare nag in the stable for the use of a freshman."

56 The three packs of hounds contiguous to Oxford.

Though I did not relish the concluding appellation, coming from a tavern-keeper, I could not help thanking Peake for his liberal offer; yet without any intention of risking my neck in a steeple chase. The interview had, however, been productive of some amusement and considerable information. The bottle was now nearly finished; filling my last glass, I drank success to the Mitre, promised to patronise the landlord, praise the hostess, coquet with the little cherry-cheek, chirping lass in the bar, and kiss as many of the chamber-maids as I could persuade to let me. Wishing mine host a good night, and ringing for my bed-candle, I proceeded to put the last part of my promise into immediate execution.

COLLEGE SERVANTS.

Descriptive Sketch of a College Scout—Biography of Mark Supple—Singular Invitation to a Spread.

The next morning, early, while at breakfast, I received a visit from Mr. Mark Supple, the *scout*, of whom mine host of the Mitre had on the preceding night spoken so highly. There was nothing certainly very prepossessing in his exterior appearance; and if he had not previously been eulogised as the most estimable of college servants, I should not have caught the impression from a first glance. He was somewhere about sixty years of age, of diminutive stature and spare habit, a lean brother with a scarlet countenance, impregnated with tints of many a varied hue, in which however the richness of the ruby and the soft purple of the ultramarine evidently predominated. His forehead was nearly flat; upon his eyebrows and over his *os frontis* and scalp, a few straggling straight hairs were extended as an apology for a wig, but which was much more like a discarded crow's nest turned upside down. Immense black bushy eyebrows overhung a pair of the queerest looking oculars I had ever seen; below which sprung forth what had once been, no doubt, a nose, and perhaps in youth an elegant feature; but, Heaven help the wearer! it was now grown into such a strange form, and presented so many choice exuberances, that one might have supposed it was the original Bardolph's, and charged with the additional sins of every succeeding generation. The loss of his teeth had caused the other lip to retire inwards, and consequently the lower one projected forth, supported by a huge chin, like the basin or receiver round the crater of a volcano.

His costume was of a fashion admirably corresponding with his person. It might once have graced a dean, or, perhaps, a bishop, but it was evident the present wearer was not by when the *artiste* of the needle took his measure or instructions. Three men of Mark's bulk might very well have been buttoned up in the upper habiliment; and as for the

inexpressibles, they hung round his *ultimatum* like the petticoat trowsers of a Dutch smuggler: then for the colour, it might once have been sable or a clerical mixture; but what with the powder which the collar bore evidence it had once been accustomed to, and the weather-beaten trials it had since undergone, it was quite impossible to specify. The *beaver* was in excellent keeping, *en suite*, except, perhaps, from the constant application of the hand to pay due respect to the dignitaries, it was here and there enriched with some more shining qualities. I at first suspected this ancient visitor was a hoax of my friend Tom Echo's, who had concerted the scheme with the landlord; but a little conversation with the object of my surprise soon convinced me it was the genuine Mark Supple, the true college *scout*, and no counterfeit.

"The welcome of Isis to you, sir," said the old man. "The domini of the bishops cap here gave me a hint you wished to see me.—I have the honour to be Mark Supple, sir, senior scout of Brazennose, and as well known to all the members of the university for the last fifty years, as Magdalen bridge, or old Magnus Thomas. The first of your name, sir, I think, who have been of Oxford—don't trace any of the Blackmantles here antecedent—turned over my list this morning before I came—got them all arranged, sir, take notice, in chronological order, from the friars of Oseny abbey down to the university of bucks of 1824—very entertaining, sir, take notice—many a glorious name peeping out here and there—very happy to enrol the first of the Blackmantles in my remembrancer, and hope to add M. A. and M. S. S. which signifies honour to you, as master of arts, and glory to your humble servant, Mark Supple Scout—always put my own initials against the gentleman's names whom I have attended, take notice." The singularity of the ancient's climax amused me exceedingly—there was something truly original in the phrase: the person and manners of the man were in perfect keeping. "You must have seen great changes here, Mark," said I; "were you always of Brazennose?" "I was born of Christ Church, sir, take notice, where my father was college barber, and my mother a bed-maker; but the students of that period insisted upon it that I was so like to a certain old big wig, whose Christian name was Mark, that I most censoriously obtained the

appellation from at least a hundred godfathers, to the no small annoyance of the dignitary, take notice. My first occupation, when a child, was carrying billet doux from the students of Christ Church to the tradesmen's daughters of Oxford, or the nuns of St. Clement's, where a less important personage might have excited suspicion and lost his situation. From a college Mercury, I became a college devil, and was promoted to the chief situation in *glorio*,{1} alias *hell*, where I continued for some time a shining character, and sharpened the edge of many a cutting thing, take notice. Here, some wag having a design upon my reputation, put a large piece of cobbler's wax into the dean's boots one morning, which so irritated the *big wig* that I was instantly expelled college, discommoned, and blown up at point non plus, take notice.

1 Glorio.—A place in Christ Church called the scout's pantry, where the boots and shoes and knives are cleaned, and a small quantity of Geneva, or Bill Holland's double, is daily consumed during term time.

Having saved a trifle, I now commenced stable-keeper, bought a few prime hacks, and mounted some of the best tandem turn outs in Oxford, take notice: but not having wherewithal to stand tick, and being much averse to dunning, I was soon sold up, and got a birth in Brazennose as college scout, where I have now been upwards of forty years, take notice. No gentleman could ever say old Mark Supple deceived him. I have run many risks for the gown; never cared for the town; always stuck up for my college, and never telegraphed the big wigs in my life, take notice."—"Is your name Blackmantle?" said a sharp-looking little fellow, in a grey frock livery, advancing up to me with as much *sang froid* as if I had been one of the honest fraternity of college servants. Being answered in the affirmative, and receiving at the same time a look that convinced him I was not pleased with his boldness, he placed the following note in my hand and retired.{2}

2 The usual style of invitation to a college wine party or spread.

The above is an exact copy of a note received from a man of Brazennose.

Handing the note to old Mark—"Pray," said I, not a little confused by the elegance of the composition, "is this the usual style of college invitations?" Mark mounted his spectacles, and having deciphered the contents, assured me with great gravity that it was very polite indeed, and considering where it came from, unusually civil.

Another specimen of college ceremony, thought I;—"But come, Mark, let us forth and survey my rooms." We were soon within-side the gates of Brazennose; and Mark having obtained the key, we proceeded to explore the forsaken chamber of the Muses.

ENLARGE TO FULL SIZE

page151-th (83K)

TAKING POSSESSION OF YOUR ROOMS.

Topography of a vacant College Larium—Anecdotes and Propensities of Predecessors—A long Shot—Scout's List of Necessaries—Condolence of University Friends.

Ascending a dark stone staircase till the oaken beams of the roof proclaimed we had reached the domiciliary abode of genius, I found myself in the centre of my future habitation, an attic on the third floor: I much doubt if poor Belzoni, when he discovered the Egyptian sepulchre, could have exhibited more astonishment. The old bed-maker, and the scout of my predecessor, had prepared the apartment for my reception by gutting it of every thing useful to the value of a cloak pin: the former was engaged in sweeping up the dust, which, from the clouds that surrounded us, would not appear to have been disturbed for six months before at least. I had nearly broken my shins, on my first entrance, over the fire-shovel and bucket, and I was now in more danger of being choked with filth. "Who inhabited this delightful place before, Mark?" "A mad wag, but a generous gentleman, Sir, take notice, one Charles Rattle, Esq., who was expelled college for smuggling, take notice: the proctor, with the town marshal and his bull dogs, detected him and two others one night drawing up some fresh provision in the college plate-basket. Mr. Rattle, in his fright, dropped the fair nun of St. Clement's plump upon the proctor, who could not understand the joke; but, having recovered his legs, entered the college, and found one of the fair sisters concealed in Mr. Rattle's room, take notice. In consequence he was next day pulled up before the big wigs, when, refusing to make a suitable apology, he received sentence of expulsion, take notice." "He must have been a genius," quoth I, "and a very eccentric one too, from the relics he has left behind of his favourite propensities." In one corner of the room lay deposited a heap of lumber, thrown together, as a printer would say,

in *pie*, composed of broken tables, broken bottles, trunks, noseless bellows, books of all descriptions, a pair of *muffles*, and the cap of sacred academus with a hole through the crown (emblematical, I should think, of the pericranium it had once covered), and stuck upon the leg of a broken chair. The rats, those very agreeable visitors of ancient habitations, were seen scampering away upon our entrance, and the ceiling was elegantly decorated with the smoke of a candle in a great variety of ornamented designs, consisting of caricatures of dignitaries and the Christian names of favourite damsels. There was poor Cicero, with a smashed crown, turned upside down in the fire-place, and a map of Oxford hanging in tatters above it; a portrait of Tom Crib was in the space adjoining the window, not one whole pane of which had survived the general wreck; but what most puzzled me was the appearance of the cupboard door: the bottom hinge had given way, and it hung suspended by one joint in an oblique direction, exhibiting, on an inside face, a circle chalked for a target and perforated with numerous holes This door was in a right line with the bedroom, and, when thrown open, covered a loop-hole of a window that looked across the quadrangle directly into the principal's apartments.{1}

ENLARGE TO FULL SIZE

Page153

It was in this way (as Mark informed me) my predecessor amused himself in a morning by lying in bed and firing at the target, till, unhappily, on one occasion the ball passed through a hole in the door, the loop-hole window, and, crossing the quadrangle, entered whizzing past the dignitary's ear and that of his family who were at breakfast with him into the back of the chair he had but a moment before providentially quitted to take a book from his library shelves.1 The affair occasioned a strict search, and the door in question bore too strong an evidence to escape detection; Rattle was rusticated for a term, but, returning the same singular character, was always in some scrape or other till his final

expulsion. Having given the necessary orders for repairs, Mark made one of his best bows, and produced a long scroll of paper, on which was written a list of necessaries?{2} "which," said the ancient, "take notice, every gentleman provides on his taking possession of his rooms." "And every gentleman's scout claims upon his leaving, take notice" said I. Mark bowed assent.

I had now both seen and heard enough of college comforts to wish myself safe back again at Eton in the snug, clean, sanded dormitory of my old dame. Looking first at my purse and then at the list of necessaries, I could not resist a sigh on perceiving my *new guinea*{3} to be already in danger, that it would require some caution to steer clear of the forest of debt,{4} and keep out of *south jeopardy*,{5} and some talent to gain the *new settlements*{6} or prevent my being ultimately laid up in the *river tick*{7} condemned in the *Vice-Chancellor's court*,{8} and consigned, for the benefit of the captors, to *fort marshal*.{9}

1 The circumstance here alluded to actually occurred some time since, when G- C-n and Lord C-e nearly shot Dr. Capplestone of Oriel and his predecessor, Dr. Eveleigh: the former was expelled in consequence.

2 A list of necessaries consists of all the necessary culinary articles, tea equipage, brooms, brushes, pails, &c. &c. &c.

3 New guinea—First possession of income.

4 Forest of debt—payment of debts.

5 South jeopardy—terrors of insolvency.

6 Next settlements—final reckoning.

7 River tick—springing out of standing debts, which only==>
8 Vice-Chancellor's court—creditor's last shift.

9 Fort marshal—university marshal's post, charge themselves

at the expiration of three years by leaving the lake of credit, and meandering through the haunts of a hundred creditors.

"Rather romantic, but not elegant," said some voices at the door, which, on turning my head, I discovered to be my two friends, Echo and Eglantine, who, suspecting the state of the rooms, from the known character of the previous occupier, had followed me up stairs to enjoy the pleasure of quizzing a novice. "A snug appointment this, old fellow," said Echo. "Very airy and contemplative" rejoined Eglantine, pointing first to the broken window, and after to the mutilated remains of books and furniture. "Quite the larium of a man of genius," continued the former, "and very fine scope for the exhibition of improved taste." "And an excellent opportunity for raillery," quoth I. "Well, old fellow," said Tom, "I wish you safe through *dun territory*{10} and the *preserve of long bills*{11}: if you are not pretty well *blunted*,{12} the first start will try *your wind*." "Courage, Blackmantle," said Eglantine, "we must not have you laid up here in the *marshes of impediment*{13} with all the horrors of *east jeopardy*,{14} as if you was lost in the *cave of antiquity*{15}: rally, my old fellow, for *the long hope*,{16}shoot past *mounts*

10 Dun territory—circle of creditors to be paid.

11 Preserve of long bills—stock of debts to be discharged.

12 Blunted—London slang for plenty of money.

13 Marshes of impediment—troublesome preparation for the schools.

14 East jeopardy—terrors of anticipation.

15 Cave of antiquity—depot of old authors.

16 The long hope—Johnson defines "a Hope" to be any sloping plain between two ridges of mountains. Here it is the symbol of long expectations in studying for a degree.

Aldrich and Euclid,{17} the *Roman tumuli*{18} and *Point Failure*{19} and then, having gained *Fount Stagira*{20} pass easily through *Littlego Vale*,{21} reach the summit of the *Pindaric heights*{22} and set yourself down easy in the *temple of Bacchus*{23} and the *region of rejoicing"{24} "Or if you should fall a sacrifice in the district of {sappers*,{25} old fellow!" said Echo, "or founder in *Dodd's sound*,{26} why, you can retreat to *Cam Roads*,{27} or lay up for life in the *Bay of Condolence*." {28} "For heaven's sake, let us leave the *Gulf of Misery*," said I, alluding to the state of my rooms, "and bend our course where some more amusing novelty presents itself." "To Bagley wood," said Echo, "to break cover and introduce you to the Egyptians; only I must give my scout directions first to see the old bookseller{29} and have my *imposition*{30} ready for being absent from chapel this morning, or else I shall be favoured with another

17 Mount Aldrich, mount Euclid—logic and mathematics.

18 Tumuli raised by the Romans—difficulties offered by Livy and Tacitus in the studies for first class honours.

19 Point Failure—catastrophe of plucking.

20 Fount Stagira—fount named after the birth-place of Aristotle.

21 Littlego Vale—orderly step to the first examination.

22 Pindaric heights—study of Pindar's odes.

23 Temple of Bacchus—merry-making after getting a liceat.

24 Region of rejoicing—joy attendant on success in the schools.

25 District of sabers—track of those who sap at their quarto and folio volumes.

26 Dodd's sound—where the candidate will have to acknowledge the receipt of a certificate empowering him to float down Bachelor Creek.

27 Cam Roads—retreat to Cambridge by way of a change.

28 Bay of Condolence—where we console our friends, if plucked, and left at a nonplus.

29 A well-known bookseller in Oxford generally called imposition G-, from his preparing translations for the members of the university.

30 Imposition—see prick bill.

visit from the *prick bill*."{31} "Agreed," said Eglantine, "and Blackmantle and myself will, in the meantime, visit Sadler, and engage a couple of his prime hacks to accompany you."

31 Prick bills—at Christ Church, junior students who prick with a pin the names of those gentlemen who are at chapel. Immediately after the service, the bills, with the noblemen and gentlemen commoners' names, are taken to the dean; those with the students and commoners' names, to the acting censor for the week; and the bachelors' bills to the sub-dean, who generally inform the prick bills what impositions shall be set those gentlemen who absented themselves from chapel: these are written upon strips of paper and carried to the gentlemen by the prick bill's scouts.

Copy of an original imposition.

"Sp 259 particular M M C. P. B."—Signifies translate No. 259 Spectator to the word "particular" by Monday morning at chapel time.—Prick bill.

Page156

Page157

THE EXCURSION TO BAGLEY WOOD.

Oxford Scholars and Oxford Livery Men—How to insure a good Horse and prevent Accidents—Description of Bagley Wood—A Freshman breaking cover—Interview with the Egyptian—Secrets of Futurity unveiled—Abingdon Beauties—Singular Anecdote and History of Mother Goose.

The ride to Bagley Wood introduced me to some new features of a college life, not the least entertaining of which was the dialogue before starting between my friend Eglantine, the livery-stable keeper, and his man, where we went to engage the horses.

Eglan. (to the ostler) Well, Dick, what sort of a stud, hey? any thing rum, a ginger or a miller, three legs or five, got by Whirlwind out of Skyscraper? Come, fig out two lively ones.

Dick. I mun see measter first, zur, before I lets any gentleman take a nag out o' yard. It's more as my place is worth to act otherwise.

Eglan. What coming Tip-street over us, hey, Dick? *frisking the freshman* here, old fellow? (pointing to me). It won't do—no go, Dick—he's my friend, a *cawker* to be sure, but must not *stand Sam* to an *Oxford raff*, or a Yorkshire *Johnny Raw*.

Dick. I axes pardon, zur. I didna mean any such thing, but ever since you rode the grey tit last, she's never been out o' stall.

Eglan. Not surprised at that, Dick. Never crossed a greater slug in my life—She's only fit to carry a dean or a bishop—No go in her.

Dick. No, zur, measter zays as how you took it all out on her.

Eglan. Why, I did give her a winder, Dick, to be sure, only one day's hunting, though, a good hard run over Somerset range, not above sixty miles out and home.

Dick. Ay, I thought as how you'd been in some break-neck tumble-down country, zur, for Tit's knuckels showed she'd had a somerset or two.

Eglan. Well, blister the mare, Dick! there's *half a bull* for your trouble: now put us on the right scent for a good one: any thing young and fresh, sprightly and shewy?

Dick. Why, there be such a one to be zure, zur, but you munna split on me, or I shall get the zack for telling on ye. If you'll sken yon stable at end o' the yard, there be two prime tits just com'd in from Abingdon fair, thorough-bred and devils to go, but measter won't let 'em out.

Eglan. Won't he? here he comes, and we'll try what a little persuasion will do. (Enter Livery Man.) Well, old fellow, I've brought you a new friend, Blackmantle of Brazennose: what sort of *praxis* can you give us for a trot to Bagley Wood, a short ride for something shewy to *lionise* a bit?

Livery M. Nothing new, sir, and you know all the stud pretty well (knowingly). Suppose you try the grey mare you rode t'other day, and I'll find a quiet one for your friend.

Eglan. If I do, I am a *black horse*. She's no paces, nothing *but a shuffle*, not a *leg to stand on*.

Livery M. Every one as good as the principal of All-Souls. Not a better bred thing in Oxford, and all horses here gallop by instinct, as every body knows, but they can't go for ever, and when gentlemen ride steeple chases of sixty miles or more right a-head, they ought to find their own horse-flesh.

Eglan. What coming *crabb* over us, old fellow, hey 1 Very well, I shall bolt and try Randall, and that's all about it. Come along, Blackmantle.

My friend's threat of withdrawing his patronage had immediately the desired effect. Horace's judgment in horse-flesh was universally admitted, and the knowing dealer, although he had suffered in one instance by hard riding, yet deeply calculated on retrieving his loss by some unsuspecting Freshman, or other university Nimrod in the circle of

Eglantine's acquaintance. By this time Echo had arrived, and we were soon mounted on the two fresh purchases which the honest Yorkshireman had so disinterestedly pointed out; and which, to do him justice, deserved the eulogium he had given us on their merits. One circumstance must not however be forgotten, which was the following notice posted at the end of the yard. "To prevent accidents, gentlemen pay *before mounting*." "How the deuce can this practice of paying beforehand prevent accidents?" said I. "You're fresh, old fellow," said Echo, "or you'd understand after a man breaks his neck he fears no duns. Now you know by accident what old Humanity there means."

Bagley is about two miles and a half from Oxford on the Abingdon road, an exceedingly pleasant ride, leaving the sacred city and passing over the old bridge where formerly was situated the study or observatory of the celebrated Friar Bacon. Not an object in the shape of a petticoat escaped some raillery, and scarcely a town *raff* but what met with a corresponding display of university wit, and called forth many a cutting joke: the place itself is an extensive wood on the summit of a hill, which commands a glorious panoramic view of Oxford and the surrounding country richly diversified in hill and dale, and sacred spires shooting their varied forms on high above the domes, and minarets, and towers of Rhedycina. This spot, the favourite haunt of the Oxonians, is covered for many miles with the most luxuriant foliage, affording the cool retreat, the love embowered shades, over which Prudence spreads the friendly veil. Here many an amorous couple have in softest dalliance met, and sighed, and frolicked, free from suspicion's eye beneath the broad umbrageous canopy of Nature; here too is the favourite retreat of the devotees of Cypriani, the spicy grove of assignations where the velvet sleeves of the Proctor never shake with terror in the wind, and the savage form of the university *bull dog* is unknown.

A party of wandering English Arabs had pitched their tents on the brow of the hill just under the first cluster of trees, and materially increased the romantic appearance of the scene. The group consisted of men, women, and children, a tilted cart with two or three asses, and a

lurcher who announced our approach. My companions were, I soon found, well known to the females, who familiarly approached our party, while the male animals as condescendingly betook themselves into the recesses of the wood. "Black Nan," said Echo, "and her daughter, the gypsy beauty, the Bagley brunette."—"Shall I tell your honour's fortune?" said the elder of the two, approaching me; while Eglantine, who had already dismounted and given his horse to one of the brown urchins of the party, had encircled the waist of the younger sibyl, and was tickling her into a trot in an opposite direction. "Ay do, Nan," said Echo, "cast his nativity, open the book of fate, and tell the boy his future destiny." It would be the height of absurdity to repeat half the nonsense this oracle of Bagley uttered relative to my future fortunes; but with the cunning peculiar to her cast, she discovered I was fresh, and what tormented me more, (although on her part it was no doubt accidental) alluded to an amour in which my heart was much interested with a little divinity in the neighbourhood of Eton. This hint was sufficient to give Tom his cue, and I was doomed to be pestered for the remainder of the day with questions and raillery on my progress in the court of Love. On our quitting the old gypsy woman, a pair of buxom damsels came in sight, advancing from the Abingdon road; they were no doubt like ourselves, I thought, come to consult the oracle of Bagley, or, perhaps, were the daughters of some respectable farmer who owned the adjoining land. All these doubts were, however, of short duration; for Tom Echo no sooner caught sight of their faces, than away he bounded towards them like a young colt in all the frolic of untamed playfulness, and before I could reach him, one of the ladies was rolling on the green carpet of luxuriant Nature. In the deep bosom of Bagley Wood, impervious to the eye of authority, many a sportive scene occurs which would alarm the ethics of the solemn sages of the cloistered college. They were, I discovered, sisters, too early abandoned by an unfeeling parent to poverty, and thus became an easy prey to the licentious and the giddy, who, in the pursuit of pleasure, never contemplate the attendant misery which is sure to follow the victim of seduction. There was something romantic in their story: they were daughters of the celebrated Mother Goose, whose person must have

been familiar to every Oxonian for the last sixty years prior to her decease, which occurred but a short time since Of this woman's history I have since gleaned some curious particulars, the most remarkable of which (contained in the annexed note) have been authenticated by living witnesses.{1} Her portrait, by a member of All Souls, is admirable, and is here faithfully copied.

Page162

1 "*Mother Goose*," formerly a procuress, and one of the most abandoned of her profession. When from her advanced age, and the loss of her eye-sight, she could no longer obtain money by seducing females from the path of virtue, she married a man of the name of H., (commonly called Gentleman H.) and for years was led by him to the students' apartments in the different colleges with baskets of the choicest flowers. Her ancient, clean, and neat appearance, her singular address, and, above all, the circumstance of her being blind, never failed of procuring her at least ten times the price of her posy, and which was frequently doubled when she informed the young gentlemen of the generosity, benevolence, and charity of their grandfathers, fathers, or uncles whom she knew when they were at college. She had several illegitimate children, all females, and all were sacrificed by their unnatural mother, except one, who was taken away from her at a very tender age by the child's father's parents. When of age, this child inherited her father's property, and is now (I believe) the wife of an Irish nobleman, and to this time is unconscious that Mother Goose, of Oxford, gave her birth. The person who was instrumental in removing the child is still living in Oxford, and will testify to the authenticity of the fact here related. His present majesty never passed through Oxford without presenting Mother Goose with a donation, but of course without knowing her early history.

Having, as Echo expressed it, now broke cover, and being advanced one step in the study of the fathers, we prepared to quit the Abingdon fair and rural shades of Bagley on our return to Oxford, something

lighter in pocket, and a little too in morality. We raced the whole of the distance home, to the great peril of several groups of town raff whom we passed in our way. On our arrival my friends had each certain lectures to attend, or college duties to perform. An idle Freshman, there was yet three hours good before the invitation to the spread, and as kind fortune willed it to amuse the time, a packet arrived from Horatio Heartley. He had been spending the winter in town with his aunt, Lady Mary Oldstyle, and had, with his usual tact, been sketching the varied groups which form the circle of fashionable life. It was part of the agreement between us, when leaving each other at Eton, that we should thus communicate the characteristic traits of the society we were about to amalgamate with. He has, in the phraseology of the day, just come out, and certainly appears to have made the best use of his time.

===

KENSINGTON GARDENS —SUNDAY EVENING.

Singularities of 1824.

Page164

WESTERN ENTRANCE INTO THE METROPOLIS; A DESCRIPTIVE SKETCH.

General Views of the Author relative to Subject and Style—Time and Place—Perspective Glimpse of the great City—The Approach—Cockney Salutations—The Toll House—Western Entrance to Cockney Land—Hyde Park—Sunday Noon—Sketches of Character, Costume, and Scenery—The Ride and Drive—Kensington Gardens—Belles and Beaux—Stars and Fallen Stars—Singularities of 1824—Tales of Ton—On Dits and Anecdotes—Sunday Evening—High Life and Low Life, the Contrast—Cockney Goths—Notes, Biographical, Amorous, and Exquisite.

ENLARGE TO FULL SIZE

Page165

Its wealth and fashion, wit and folly,
Pleasures, whims, and melancholy:
Of all the charming belles and beaux
Who line the parks, in double rows;
Of princes, peers, their equipage,
The splendour of the present age;
Of west-end fops, and crusty cits,
Who drive their gigs, or sport their tits;
With all the groups we mean to dash on
Who form the busy world of fashion:

Proceeding onwards to the city,
With sketches, humorous and witty.
The man of business, and the Change,
Will come within our satire's range:
Nor rank, nor order, nor condition,
Imperial, lowly, or patrician,
Shall, when they see this volume, cry—
"The satirist has pass'd us by,"
But with good humour view our page
Depict the manners of the age.
Our style shall, like our subject, be
Distinguished by variety;
Familiar, brief we could say too—
(It shall be whimsical and new),
But reader that we leave to you.

'Twas morn, the genial sun of May
O'er nature spread a cheerful ray,
When Cockney Land, clothed in her best,
We saw, approaching from the west,
And 'mid her steeples straight and tall
Espied the dome of famed St. Paul,
Surrounded with a cloud of smoke
From many a kitchen chimney broke;
A nuisance since consumed below
By bill of Michael Angelo.{1}
The coach o'er stones was heard to rattle,

1 M. A. Taylor's act for compelling all large factories, which have steam and other apparatus, to consume their own smoke.

The guard his bugle tuned for battle,
The horses snorted with delight,
As Piccadilly came in sight.
On either side the road was lined
With vehicles of ev'ry kind,
And as the rapid wheel went round,

There seem'd scarce room to clear the ground.
"Gate-gate-push on—how do—well met—
Pull up—my tits are on the fret—
The number—lost it—tip then straight,
That covey vants to bilk the gate."
The toll-house welcome this to town.
Your prime, flash, bang up, fly, or down,
A tidy team of prads,—your castor's
Quite a Joliffe tile,—my master.
Thus buck and coachee greet each other,
And seem familiar as a brother.
No Chinese wall, or rude barrier,
Obstructs the view, or entrance here;
Nor fee or passport,—save the warder,
Who draws to keep the roads in order;
No questions ask'd, but all that please
May pass and repass at their ease.

In cockney land, the seventh day
Is famous for a grand display
Of modes, of finery, and dress,
Of cit, west-ender, and noblesse,
Who in Hyde Park crowd like a fair
To stare, and lounge, and take the air,
Or ride or drive, or walk, and chat
On fashions, scandal, and all that.—
Here, reader, with your leave, will we
Commence our London history.
'Twas Sunday, and the park was full
With Mistress, John, and Master Bull,
And all their little fry.
The crowd pour in from all approaches,
Tilb'ries, dennets, gigs, and coaches;
The bells rung merrily.
Old dowagers, their fubsy faces{2}
Painted to eclipse the Graces,
Pop their noddles out

Of some old family affair
That's neither chariot, coach, or chair,
Well known at ev'ry rout.
But bless me, who's that coach and six?
"That, sir, is Mister Billy Wicks,
A great light o' the city,
Tallow-chandler, and lord mayor{3};
Miss Flambeau Wicks's are the fair,
Who're drest so very pretty.
It's only for a year you know
He keeps up such a flashy show;
And then he's melted down.
The man upon that half-starved nag{4}
Is an Ex-S——ff, a strange wag,
Half flash, and half a clown.
But see with artful lures and wiles
The Paphian goddess, Mrs. G***s,{5}

2 There are from twenty to thirty of these well known relics of antiquity who regularly frequent the park, and attend all the fashionable routs,—perfumed and painted with the utmost extravagance: if the wind sets in your face, they may be scented at least a dozen carriages off.

3 It is really ludicrous to observe the ridiculous pride of some of these ephemeral things;—during their mayoralty, the gaudy city vehicle with four richly caparisoned horses is constantly in the drive, with six or eight persons crammed into it like a family waggon, and bedizened out in all the colours of the rainbow;—ask for them six months after, and you shall find them more suitably employed, packing rags, oranges, or red herrings.

4 This man is such a strange compound of folly and eccentricity, that he is eternally in hot water with some one or other.

5 Mrs. Fanny G-1-s, the ci-devant wife of a corn merchant,

a celebrated courtezan, who sports a splendid equipage, and has long figured upon town as a star of the first order in the Cyprian hemisphere. She has some excellent qualities, as poor M————-n can vouch; for when the fickle goddess Fortune left him in the lurch, she has a handsome annuity from a sporting peer, who was once the favoured swain.

From out her carriage peeps;
She nods to am'rous Mrs. D——-,{6}
Who bends with most sublime congee,
While ruin'd————-sleeps.
Who follows 1 'tis the hopeful son
Of the proud Earl of H————-n,
Who stole the parson's wife.{7}
The Earl of H————-and flame,
For cabriolets she's the dame,{8}
A dasher, on my life.
Jack T——-1 shows his pleasant face{9};
A royal likeness here you'll trace,
You'd swear he was a Guelph.
See Lady Mary's U———walk,{10}
And though but aide-de-camp to York,
An Adonis with himself,

6 Mrs. D————-, alias Mrs. B-k-y, alias Miss Montague, the wife of poor Jem B-k-y, the greater his misfortune,—a well known Paphian queen, one of five sisters, who are all equally notorious, and whose history is well known. She is now the favoured sultana of a ci-devant banker, whose name she assumes, to the disgrace of himself and family.

7 The clerical cornuto recovered, in a crim. con. action, four thousand pounds for the loss of his frail rib, from this hopeful sprig of nobility.

8 Mrs. S———, a most voluptuous lady, the discarded chère amie of the late Lord F-1-d, said to be the best carriage woman in the park: she lies in the Earl of H———-

—'s cabriolet most delightfully stretched out at full length, and in this elegant posture is driven through the park.

9 Captain T——l of the guards, whose powerful similitude to the reigning family of England is not more generally admitted than his good-humoured qualities are universally admired.

10 The Hon. General U————-, aide-de-camp to the Duke of York, whose intrigue with Lady Mary————was, we have heard, a planned affair to entrap a very different person. Be that as it may, it answered the purpose, and did not disturb the friendship of the parties. The honourable general has obtained the appellation of the Park Adonis, from his attractive figure and known gallantries.

A————-y mark, a batter'd beau,{11}
Who'll still the fatal dice-box throw
Till not a guinea's left.
Beyond's the brothers B——-e,{12}
Of gold and acres quite as free,
By gaming too bereft.
Here trips commercial dandy Ra-k-s,{13}

11 Lord A——y, the babe of honour—once the gayest of the gay, where fashion holds her bright enchanting court; now wrinkled and depressed, and plucked of every feather, by merciless Greek banditti. Such is the infatuation of play, that he still continues to linger round the fatal table, and finds a pleasure in recounting his enormous losses. A—-y, who is certainly one of the most polished men in the world, was the leader of the dandy club, or the unique four, composed of Beau Brummell, Sir Henry Mildmay, and Henry Pierrepoint, the Ambassador, as he is generally termed. When the celebrated dandy ball was given to his Majesty (then Prince of Wales), on that occasion the prince seemed disposed to cut Brummell, who, in revenge, coolly

observed to A——y, when he was gone,—"Big Ben was vulgar as usual." This was reported at Carlton House, and led to the disgrace of the exquisite.—Shortly afterwards he met the Prince and A——y in public, arm in arm, when the former, desirous of avoiding him, quitted the baron: Brummell, who observed his motive, said loud enough to be heard by the prince,—"Who is that fat friend of yours?" This expression sealed his doom; he was never afterwards permitted the honour of meeting the parties at the palace. The story of "George, ring the bell," and the reported conduct of the prince, who is said to have obeyed the request and ordered Mr. Brummell's carriage, is, we have strong reasons for thinking, altogether a fiction: Brummell knew the dignity of his host too well to have dared such an insult. The king since generously sent him 300L. when he heard of his distress at Calais. Brummell was the son of a tavern-keeper in St. James's, and is still living at Calais.

12 The brothers are part of a flock of R——r geese, who have afforded fine plucking for the Greeks. Parson Ambrose, the high priest of Pandemonium, had a leg of one and a wing of the other devilled for supper one night at the Gothic Hall. They have cut but a lame figure ever since.

13 A quaint cognomen given to the city banker by the west-end beaux;—he is a very amiable man.

Who never plays for heavy stakes,
But looks to the main chance.
There's Georgy W-b-ll, all the go,{14}
The mould of fashion,—the court beau,
Since Brummell fled to France:
His bright brass harness, and the gray,
The well known black cabriolet,
Is always latest there;
The reason,—George, with Captain P——
The lady-killing coterie,
Come late—to catch the fair.

See W-s-r, who with pious love,{15}
For her, who's sainted now above,
A sister kindly takes;
So, as the ancient proverb tells,
"The best of husbands, modern belles,
Are your reformed rakes."
In splendid mis'ry down the ride
Alone,—see ****** lady glide,{16}
Neglected for a———.
What's fame, or titles, wealth's increase,
Compared unto the bosom's peace?
They're bubbles,—nothing more.

14 George, although a *roué* of the most superlative order, is not deficient in good sense and agreeable qualifications. Since poor Beau Brummell's removal from the hemisphere of fashion, George has certainly shone a planet of the first magnitude: among the fair he is also considered like his friend, Captain P-r-y, a perfect lady-killer:—many a little milliner's girl has had cause to regret the seductive notes of A.Z.B. Limmer's Hotel.

15 The Marquis of W-c-t-r has, since his first wife's death, married her sister.—Reformation, we are happy to perceive, is the order of the day. The failure of Howard and Gibbs involved more than one noble family in embarrassments.

16 The amours of this child of fortune are notorious both on the continent and in this country. It is very often the misfortune of great men to be degraded by great profligacy of conduct: the poor lady is a suffering angel.

Observe yon graceful modest group{17}
Who look like chaste Diana's troop,
The Ladies Molineaux;
With Sefton, the Nimrod of peers,
As old in honesty,—as years,
A stanch true buff' and blue.

"What portly looking man is that
In plain blue coat,—to whom each hat
Is moved in ride and walk!"
That pleasant fellow, be it known,
Is heir presumptive to the throne,
'Tis Frederick of York.{18}
A better, kinder hearted soul
You will not And, upon the whole,
Within the British isle.
But see where P-t's wife appears,{19}
Who changed, though rather late in years,
For honest George Ar-le.
Now by my faith it gives me pain

17 The female branches of the Sefton family are superior to the slightest breath of calumny, and present an example to the peerage worthy of more general imitation.

18 No member of the present royal family displays more agreeable qualifications in society than the heir presumptive.—Un-affected, affable, and free, the duke may be seen daily pacing St. James's-street, Pall-mall, or the Park, very often wholly un-attended: as his person is familiar to the public, he never experiences the slightest inconvenience from curiosity, and he is so generally beloved, that none pass him who know him without paying their tribute of respect. In all the private relations of life he is a most estimable man,—in his public situation indefatigable, prompt, and attentive to the meanest application.

19 A more lamentable instance of the profligacy of the age cannot be found than in the history of the transaction which produced this exchange of wives and persons. A wag of the day published a new list of promotions headed as follows,—Lady B———n to be Lady A———r P-t,—by exchange—Lady P-t to be Duchess of A———e,—by promotion—Lady Charlotte W—y to be Lady P-t, vice Lady P-t, promoted.

To see thee, cruel Lady J-,{20}
Regret the golden Ball.
Tis useless now:—"the fox and grapes"
Remember, and avoid the apes
Which wait an old maid's fall.
Gay lady H——-e's twinkling star{21}

20 It is not long since that, inspired by love or ambition, a wealthy commoner sought the promise of the fair hand of Lady J-, nor was the consent of her noble father (influenced by certain weighty reasons*) wanting to complete the anticipated happiness of the suitor.—All the preliminary forms were arranged,—jointure and pin money liberally fixed,—some legal objections as to a covenant of forfeiture overcame, a suitable establishment provided. The happy day was fixed, when—"mark inconstant fickle woman"—the evening previous to completion (to the surprise of all the town), she changed her mind; she had reconsidered the subject!—The man was wealthy, and attractive in person; but then—insupportable objection—he was a mere plebeian, a common esquire, and his name was odious,—Lady J- B-1,—she could never endure it: the degrading thought produced a fainting fit,—the recovery a positive refusal,—the circumstance a week's amusement to the fashionable world. Reflection and disappointment succeeded, and a revival was more than once spoken of; but the recent marriage of the bachelor put an end to all conjecture, and the poor lady was for some time left to bewail in secret her single destiny. Who can say, when a lady has the golden ball at her foot, where she may kick it? Circumstances which have occurred since the above was written prove that the lady has anticipated our advice.

21 Her ladyship's crimson vis-à-vis and her tall footman are both highly attractive—there are no seats in the vehicle—the fair owner reclines on a splendid crimson velvet divan or cushion. She must now be considered a beauty of the last century, being already turned of fifty: still she continued to flourish in the annals of—fashion, until

within the last few years; when she ceased to go abroad for amusement, finding it more convenient to purchase it at home. As her parties in Grosvenor-square are of the most splendid description, and her dinners (where she is the presiding deity, and the only one) are frequent, and unrivalled for a display of the "savoir vivre," her ladyship can always draw on the gratitude of her guests for that homage to hospitality which she must cease to expect to her charms, "now in the sear and yellow leaf:"—she is a M-nn-rs-"verbum sal." Speaking of M-nn-ra, where is the portly John (the Regent's double, as he was called some few years since), and the amiable duchess, who bestowed her hand and fortune upon him?—but, n'importe.

* The marquis is said to have shown some aversion in the first instance, till H-s B-1 sent his rent roll for his inspection: this was immediately returned with a very satisfactory reply, but accompanied with a more embarrassing request, namely, a sight of his pedigree.

Glimmers in eclipse,—afar's
The light of former time.
In gorgeous pride and vis-à-vis,{22}
A-b-y's orange livry see,
The gayest in the clime.
Camac and wife, in chariot green,
Constant as turtle-doves are seen,
With two bronze slaves behind;
Next H-tf-d's comely, widow'd dame,{23}
With am'rous G———, a favourite name,
When G———was true and kind.

22 "The gorgeous A-b-y in the sun-flower's pride." This lady's vis-à-vis by far the most splendidly rich on town. Her footmen (of which there are four on drawing-room days) are a proper emblem of that gaudy flower—bright yellow liveries, black lower garments, spangled and studded. There is a general keeping in this gorgeous equipage, which is

highly creditable to the taste of the marchioness, for the marquis, "good easy man," (though a Bruce), he is too much engaged preserving his game at Ro-er-n park, and keeping up the game in St. Stephen's (where his influence is represented by no less than eight "sound men and true"), to attend to these trifling circumstances. This, with a well paid rental of upwards of £100,000 per annum, makes the life of this happy pair pass in an uninterrupted stream of fashionable felicity.

23 The marchioness is said to bear the neglect of a certain capricious friend with much cool philosophy. Soon after the intimacy had ceased, they met by accident. On the sofa, by the side of the inconstant, sat the reigning favourite; the marchioness placed herself (uninvited) on the opposite side: astonishment seized the ****; he rose, made a very graceful bow to one of the ladies, and coolly observed to the marchesa—"If this conduct is repeated, I must decline meeting you in public." This was the cut royal.

> See S-b-y's peeress, whom each fool
> Of fashion meets in Sunday school,{24}
> To chat in learned lore;
> Where rhyming peers, and letter'd beaus,
> Blue stocking belles to love dispose,
> And wit is deem'd a bore.
> With brave Sir Ronald, toe to toe,
> See Mrs. M-h-l A-g-lo,{25}
> Superb equestriana.
> Next—that voluptuous little dame,{26}
> Who sets the dandy world in flame,
> The female Giovanni.
> Erin's sprightly beauteous belle,
> Gay Lady G-t-m, and her swell
> The Yorkshire Whiskerandoes.{27}

24 The dulness of the marchioness's Sunday evening conversaziones have obtained them the fashionable appellation of

the Sunday-school. Lord Byron thought it highly dangerous for any wit to accept a second invitation, lest he should be inoculated with ennui.

23 Mrs. M- A-g-e, a very amiable and accomplished woman, sister to Sir H-y V-ne T-p-t. She is considered the best female equestrian in the ride.

26 A consideration for the delicacy of our fair readers will not allow us to enter upon the numerous amours of this favourite of Apollo and the Muses, and not less celebrated intriguant. She may, however, have ample justice entailed upon her under another head. Latterly, since the police have been so active in suppressing the gaming houses, a small party have met with security and profit for a little chicken hazard in Curzon-street, at which Mr. C-t has occasionally acted as croupier and banker. Elliston used to say, when informed of the sudden indisposition or absence of a certain little actress and singer-"Ay, I understand; she has a more profitable engagement than mine this evening." The amorous trio, Cl-g-t, Charles H-r-s, and the exquisite Master G-e, may not have cause to complain of neglect. The first of these gentlemen has lately, we understand, been very successful at play; we trust experience will teach him prudence.

27 His lordship commands the York hussars, in defence of whose whiskers he sometime since made a Quixotic attack upon a public writer. As he is full six feet high, and we are not quite five, prudence bids us place our finger on our lip.

> Pale Lambton, he who loves and hates
> By turns, what Pitts, or Pit, creates,
> Led by the Whig fandangoes.
> Sound folly's trumpet, fashion's drums,—
> Here great A——y W——ce comes,{28}
> 'Mong tailors, a red button.
> With luminarious nose and cheeks,

Which love of much good living speaks,
Observe the city glutton:
Sir W-m, admiral of yachts,
Of turtles, capons, port, and pots,
In curricle so big.
Jack F-r follows;—Jack's a wag,{29}

28 A——y W——o, Esq. otherwise the renowned Billy Button, the son and heir to the honours, fortune, and shopboard of the late Billy Button of Bedford-street, Covent Garden. The latter property he appears to have transferred to the front of the old brown landau, where the aged coachman, with nose as flat as the ace of clubs, sits, transfixed and rigid as the curls of his caxon, from three till six every Sunday evening, urging on a cabbage-fed pair of ancient prods, which no exertion of the venerable Jehu has been able for the last seven years to provoke into a trot from Hyde park gate to that of Cumberland and back again. The contents of the vehicle are equally an exhibition. Billy, with two watches hung by one chain, undergoing the revolutionary movements of buckets in a well, and his eye-glass set round with false pearls, are admirably "en suite" with his bugle optics. The frowsy madam in faded finery, with all the little Buttons, attended by a red-haired poor relation from Inverness (who is at once their governess and their victim), form the happy tenantry of this moving closet. No less than three, crests surmount the arms of this descendant of Wallace the Great. A waggish Hibernian, some few months since, added a fourth, by chalking a goose proper, crested with a cabbage, which was observed and laughed at by every one in the park except the purblind possessor of the vehicle, who was too busy in looking at himself.

29 Honest Jack is no longer an M.P., to the great regret of the admirers of senatorial humours. Some few years since, being Btuehi plenus, he reeled into St. Stephen's chapel a little out of a perpendicular; when the then dignified Abbot

having called him to order, he boldly and vociferously asserted that "Jack F-r of Rose-Hill was not to be set down by any little fellow in a wig. "This offence against the person and high office of the Abbot of St. Stephen's brought honest Jack upon his knees, to get relieved from a troublesome serjeant attendant of the chapel. Knowing his own infirmities, and fearing perhaps that he might be compelled to make another compulsory prayer, Jack resigned his pretensions to senatorial honors at the last general election. His chief amusement, when in town, is the watching and tormenting the little marchandes des modes who cross over or pass in the neighbourhood of Regent-street—he is, however, perfectly harmless. 30 An unlucky accident, occasioned by little Th-d the wine merchant overturning F-z-y in his tandem, compelled the latter to sell out of the army, but not without having lost a leg in the service. A determined patriot, he was still resolved to serve his country. A barrister on one leg might be thought ominous of his client's cause, or afford food for the raillery of his opponent. The bar was therefore rejected. But the church opened her arms to receive the dismembered son of Mars (a parson with a cork leg, or two wooden ones, or indeed without a leg to stand on, was not un-orthodox), and F-z-y was soon inducted to a valuable benefice. He is now, we believe, a pluralist, and, if report be true, has shown something of the old soldier in his method of retaining them. F-y married Miss Wy-d-m, the daughter of Mrs. H-s, who was the admired of his brother, L-d P-. He is generally termed the fighting parson, and considered one of the best judges of a horse in town: he sometimes does a little business in that way among the young ones.

A jolly dog, who sports his nag,
Or queers the Speaker's wig:
To Venus, Jack is stanch and true;
To Bacchus pays devotion too,
But likes not bully Mars.

Next him, some guardsmen, exquisite,-
A well-dress'd troop;—but as to fight,
It may leave ugly scars.
Here a church militant is seen,{30}
Who'd rather fight than preach I ween,
Once major, now a parson;
With one leg in the grave, he'll laugh,
Chant up a pard, or quaintly chaff,
To keep life's pleasant farce on.

Lord Arthur Hill his Arab sports,
And gentle-usher to the courts:
See Horace and Kang C-k,{31}
Who, with the modern Mokamna
C-m-e, must ever bear the sway
For ugliness of look.
A pair of ancients you may spy,{32}
Sir Edward and Sir Carnaby,
From Brighton just set free;
The jesters of our lord the king,
Who loves a joke, and aids the thing
In many a sportive way.
A motley group come rattling on,{33}

31 Horace S-y-r, gentleman usher to the king, and K-g C-k, said to be the ugliest man in the British army: in the park he is rivalled only by C-c. For the benefit of all the married ladies, we would recommend both of these singularities to wear the veil in public.

32 Sir Ed-d N-g-e. His present majesty is not less fond of a pleasant joke than his laughter-loving predecessor, Charles II. The Puke of Clarence, while at the Pavilion (a short time since), admired a favourite grey pony of Sir E-d N-e's; in praise of whose qualities the baronet was justly liberal. After the party had returned to the palace, the duke, in concert with the k-g, slily gave directions to have the pony painted and disfigured (by spotting him with water colour

and attaching a long tail), and then brought on the lawn. In this state he was shown to Sir E—, as one every way superior to his own. After examining him minutely, the old baronet found great fault with the pony; and being, at the duke's request, induced to mount him, objected to all his paces, observing that he was not half equal to his grey. The king was amazingly amused with the sagacity of the good-humoured baronet, and laughed heartily at the astonishment he expressed when convinced of the deception practised upon him. Sir C-n-y H-s-ne, although a constant visitor at the Pavilion, is not particularly celebrated for any attractive qualification, unless it be his unlimited love of little ladies. He is known to all the horse dealers round London, from his constant inquiries for a "nice quiet little horse to carry a lady;" but we never heard of his making a purchase.

33 The middle order of society was formerly in England the most virtuous of the three—folly and vice reared their standard and recruited their ranks in the highest and the lowest; but the medium being now lost, all is in the extreme. The superlative dandy inhabitant of a first floor from the ground in Bond-street, and the finished inhabitant of a first floor from heaven (who lives by diving) in Fleet-street, are in kindness and habits precisely the same.

Who ape the style and dress of ton,
And Scarce are worth review;
Yet forced to note the silly elves,
Who take such pains to note themselves,
We'll take a name or two.
H-s-ly, a thing of shreds and patches,{34}
Whose manners with his calling matches,
That is, he's a mere goose.
Old St-z of France, a worthy peer,
From shopboard rais'd him to a sphere
Of ornament and use.
The double dandy, fashion's fool,

The lubin log of Liverpool,
Fat Mister A-p-ll,
Upon his cob, just twelve hands high,
A mountain on a mouse you'll spy
Trotting towards the Mall.
Sir *——-*-, the chicken man,{35}

34 Young Priment, as he is generally termed, the once dashing foreman and cutter out, now co-partner of the renowned Baron St-z, recently made a peer of France. Who would not be a tailor (St-z has retired with a fortune of £100,000.)! Lord de C-ff-d, some time since objecting to certain items in his son's bill from St-z, as being too highly charged, said, "Tell Mr. S- I will not pay him, if it costs me a thousand pounds to resist it. " St-z, on hearing this, said, "Tell his lordship that he shall pay the charge, if it costs me ten thousand to make him." H-s-ly with some little satisfaction was displaying to a customer the Prince of C-b-g's bill for three months (on the occasion of his Highness's new field-marshal's suit, we suppose): "Here," said he, "see what we have done for him: his quarter's tailor's bill now comes to more than his annual income formerly amounted to." Mr. H-s-ly sports a bit of blood, a dennet, and a filly; and, for a tailor, is a superfine sort of dandy, but with a strong scent of the shop about him.

35 The redoubtable general's penchant for little girls has obtained him the tender appellation of the chicken man. Many of these *petits amours* are carried on in the assumed name of Sir Lewis N-t-n, aided by the skill and ingenuity of Captain *-. Youth may plead whim and novelty for low intrigue; but the aged beau can only resort to it from vitiated habit.

With pimp *-a-t in the van,
The Spy of an old Spy;
Who beat up for recruits in town,

Mong little girls, in chequer'd gown,
Of ages rather shy.
That mild, complacent-looking face,{36}
Who sits his bit of blood with grace,
Is tragic Charley Young:
With dowager savant a beau,
Who'll spout, or tales relate, you know,
Nobility among.
"Sure such a pair was never seen"
By nature form'd so sharp and keen
As H-ds-n and Jack L-g;
Or two who've play'd their cards so well,
As many a pluck'd roué can tell,
Whose purses once were strong:
Both deal in pipes—and by the nose
Have led to many a green horn's woes
A few gay bucks to Surrey,
Where Marshal Jones commands in chief
A squadron, who to find relief
Are always in a hurry.
They're folloiv'd by a merry set—
Cl-m-ris, L-n-x, young B-d-t,
Whom they may shortly follow.
That tall dismember'd dandy mark,
Who strolls dejected through the park,
With cheeks so lank and hollow;
That's Badger B-t-e, poet A—
The mighty author of "To-day,"

36 This truly respectable actor is highly estimated among a large circle of polished society; where his amusing talents and gentlemanly demeanour render him a most entertaining and agreeable companion.

Forgotten of "To-morrow;"
A superficial wit, who 'll write
For Shandy little books of spite,
When cash he wants to borrow.

The pious soul who 's driving by,
And at the poet looks so shy,
Is parson A- the gambler;{37}
His deaf-lugg'd daddy a known blade
In Pandemonium's fruitful trade,
'Mong Paphians a rambler.
Augusta H-ke (or C-i) moves
Along the path—her little doves—
Decoys, upon each arm.
Where 's Jehu Martin, four-in-hand,
An exile in a foreign land
From fear of legal charm.
A pensioner of Cyprian queen,
The Bond-street tailor here is seen,
The tally-ho so gay.
Next P———s,{38} who by little goes,

37 The parson is so well known, and has been so plentifully be-spattered on all sides, that we shall, with true orthodox charity, leave him with a strong recommendation to the notice of the society for the suppression of vice, with this trite remark, "*Vide hic et ubique*."

38 This man, who is now reported to be worth three hundred thousand pounds, was originally a piece-broker in Bedford-bury, and afterwards kept a low public house in Vinegar-yard, Drury-lane; from whence he merged into an illegal lottery speculation in Northumberland-street, Strand, where he realized a considerable sum by insurances and little goes; from this spot he was transplanted to Norris-street, in the Haymarket, managing partner in a gaming-house, when, after a run of ill luck, an affair occurred that would have occasioned some legal difficulty but for the oath of a pastry-cook's wife, who proved an alibi, in return for which act of kindness he afterwards made her his wife. Obtaining possession of the rooms in Pall-Mall (then the celebrated E. O. tables, and the property of W-, the husband, by a sham warrant), the latter became extremely jealous; and, to make

all comfortable, our hero, to use his own phrase, generously bought the mure and coll.—Mrs. W—and her son—both since dead: the latter rose to very high rank in an honourable profession. The old campaigner has now turned pious, and recently erected and endowed a chapel. He used to boast he had more promissory notes of gambling dupes than would be sufficient to cover the whole of Pall-Mall; he may with justice add, that he can command bank notes enough to cover Cavendish-square.

And west-end hells, to fortune rose
By many a subtle way.
Patron of bull-baits, racings, fights,
A chief of black-legg'd low delights—
'Tis the new m———s, F-k;
Time was, his heavy vulgar gait,
With one of highest regal state
Took precedence of rank:
But now, a little in disgrace
Since J-e usurp'd his m———'s place,
A stranger he's at court;
Unlike the greatest and the best
Who went before, his feather'd nest
Is well enrich'd by sport.
F-1-y disastrous, honour's child;
L-t-he the giddy, gay, and wild,
And sportive little Jack;
The prince of dandies join the throng,
Where Gwydir spanks his fours along,
The silvery grays or black.
The charming F-te, and Colonel B-,{39}
Snugly in close carriage see
With crimson coats behind:
And Mrs. C—, the Christmas belle,

39 We shall not follow the colonel's example, or we could give some extracts from the letters of a. female corespondent of his that would be both curious and

interesting; but *n'importe*, consideration for the lady alone prevents the publication. In town he is always discovered by a group of would-be exquisites, the satellites of the Jupiter of B-k-y C-t-e at Gl-r; or at Ch————-m they have some name; but here they are more fortunate, for o'er them oblivion throws the friendly veil.

With banker's clerk, a tale must tell
To all who are not blind.
Ah! Poodle Byng appears in view,{40}
Who gives at whist a point or two
To dowagers in years.
And see where ev'ry body notes
The star of fashion, Romeo Coates{41}
The amateur appears:
But where! ah! where, say, shall I tell
Are the brass cocks and cockle shell?
Ill hazard, rouge et noir
If it but speak, can tales relate
Of many an equipage's fate,
And may of many more.
Ye rude canaille, make way, make way,
The Countess and the Count————,{42}

40 This gentleman is generally designated by the name of "the whist man:" he holds a situation in the secretary of state's office, and is in particular favour with all the old dowagers, at whose card parties it is said he is generally fortunate. He has recently been honoured with the situation of grand chamberlain to their black majesties of the Sandwich isles.

41 Poor Borneo's brilliancy is somewhat in eclipse, and though not quite a fallen star, he must not run on black too long,—lest his diamond-hilted sword should be the price of his folly.

42 The Countess of ————————-is the daughter of

Governor J————-; her mother's name was Patty F-d, the daughter of an auctioneer who was the predecessor of the present Mr. Christie's father. Patty, then a very beautiful woman, went with him to India, and was a most faithfull and attentive companion.—On the voyage home with J———-——-and her three children, by him, the present countess, and her brothers James and George, they touched at the Cape, where the old governor most ungratefully fell in love with a young Portuguese lady, whom he married and brought to England in the same ship with his former associate, whom he soon after completely abandoned, settling 500L. a year upon her for the support of herself and daughter; his two sons, James and George, he provided with writerships in the company's service, and sent to India. James died young, and George returned to England in a few years, worth 180,000 pounds.—He lingered in a very infirm state of health, the effects of the climate and Mrs. M-, alias Madame Haut Gout; and at his death, being a bachelor, he left the present countess, his sister who lived with him, the whole of his property. There are various tales circulated in the fashionable world relative to the origin and family of the count, who has certainly been a most fortunate man: he is chiefly indebted for success with the countess to his skill as an amateur on the flute, rather than to his paternal estates. The patron of foreigners, he takes an active part in the affairs of the Opera-house.—Poor Tori having given some offence in this quarter, was by his influence kept out of an engagement; but it would appear he received some amends, by the following extract from a fashionable paper of the day.

A certain fashionable——l, who was thought to be *au comble de bonheur*, has lately been much tormented with that green-eyed monster, Jealousy, in the shape of an opera singer. *Plutôt mourir que changer*, was thought to be the motto of the pretty round-faced English————s; but, alas! like the original, it was written on the sands of disappointment, and was scarcely read by the admiring

husband, before his joy was dashed by the prophetic wave, and the inscription erased by a favoured son of Apollo. *L'oreille est le chemin du cour*: so thought the ——l, and forbade the ————s to hold converse with Monsieur T.; but *les femmes peuvent tout, parce-qu'elles gouvernent ceux qui gouvernent tous*. A meeting took place in Grosvenor-square, and, amid the interchange of doux yeux, the ————-l arrived: a desperate scuffle ensued; the intruder was banished the house, and, as he left the door, is said to have whistled the old French proverb of *Le bon temps viendra*. This affair has created no little amusement among the *beau monde*. All the dowagers are fully agreed on one point, that *l'amour est une passion qui vient souvent sans qu'on s'en apperçoîve, et, qui s'en va aussi de même*.

Who play *de prettee* flute,
Who charm *une petit* English ninnie,
Till all the Joueur J——'s guinea
Him *pochée en culotte*.
Who follows? 'tis the Signor Tori,
'Bout whom the gossips tell a story,
With some who've gone before:
"The bird in yonder cage confined
Can sing of lovers young and kind,"
But there, he'll sing no more.

Lord L——looks disconsolate,{}43
No news from Spain I think of late,
Per favour M———i.
Ne'er heed, my lord, you still may find
Some opera damsel true and kind,
Who'll prove less coy and naughty.
"Now by the pricking of my thumbs,
There's something wicked this way comes,"
'Tis A-'s false dame,{44}
Who at Almack's, or in the park,
With whispers charms a clucal spark,
To blight his wreath of fame.
Observe, where princely Devonshire,{45}

43 His lordship, though not quite so deeply smitten as the now happy swain, had, we believe, a little __penchant for the charming little daughter of Terpsichore. "What news from Spain, my lord, this morning?" said Sir C. A. to Lord L———"I have no connexion with the foreign office," replied his lordship.—"I beg pardon, my lord, but I am sure I met a Spanish messenger quitting your house as I entered it." On the turf, his lordship's four year old (versus five) speculations with Cove B-n have given him a notoriety that will, we think, prevent his ruining himself at Newmarket. Like the immortal F-e, he is one of the opera directors, and has a great inclination for foreign curiosities. Vide the following extract.—

"The New Corps de Ballot at the Opera this season, 1823, is entirely composed of Parisian elegantes, selected with great taste by Lord L————-, whose judgment in these matters is perfectly con amore. In a letter to a noble friend on this subject, Lord L————says that he has seen, felt, and (ap-) proved them all———to be excellent artistes with very finished movements."

Certain ridiculous reports have long been current in the fashionable world, relative to a mysterious family affair, which would preclude the noble duke's entering into the state of matrimony: it is hardly necessary to say they have no foundation in truth. The duke was certainly born in the same house and at nearly the same time (in Florence) when Lady E. F-st-r, since Duchess of D-, was delivered of a child—but that offspring is living, and, much to the present duke's honour, affectionately regarded by him. The duke was for some years abroad after coming to his title, owing, it is said, to an unpleasant affair arising out of a whist party at a great house, which was composed of a Prince, Lords L———and Y———th, another foreign Prince, and a Colonel B-, of whom no one has heard much since.—A noble mansion in Piccadilly was there and then assigned to the

colonel, who at the request of the -e, who had long wished to possess it as a temporary residence, during some intended repairs at the great house, re-conveyed it to the——. On the receipt of a note from Y- the next morning, claiming the amount of the duke's losses, he started with surprise at the immense sums, and being now perfectly recovered from the overpowering effects of the bottle, hastened with all speed to take the opinions of two well-known sporting peers, whose honour has never been questioned, Lords F-y and S-n; they, upon a review of the circumstances, advised that the money should not be paid, but that all matters in dispute should be referred to a third peer, Earl G-y, who was not a sporting man: to this effect a note was written to the applicant, but not before some communication had taken place with a very high personage; the consequence was that no demand was ever afterwards made to the referee. Lord G- C- afterwards re-purchased the great house with the consent of the duke from the fortunate holder, as he did not like it to be dismembered from the family. We believe this circumstance had a most salutary effect in preventing any return of a propensity for play.

44 Charley loves good place and wine,
And Charley loves good brandy,
And Charley's wife is thought divine,
By many a Jack a dandy.
PARODY ON AN OLD NURSERY RHYME.

{45} A CHARACTER OF DEVONSHIRE.

Page184

Page185

In action, heart, and mind, a peer,
Avoids the public gaze;
Graceful, yet simple in attire,
You'd take him for a plain esquire;

"His acts best speak his praise."
That queer, plain, yellow chariot, mark,
Which drives so rapid through the park,
The servants clothed in gray—
That's George, incog.—George who? George-king,{46}
Of whom near treason 'tis to sing,
In this our sportive lay.
Kings like their subjects should have air
And exercise, without the stare
Which the state show attends;
I love to see in public place
The monarch, who'll his people face,
And meet like private friends.
So may the crown of this our isle
Re ever welcomed with a smile,
And, George, that smile be thine!
Then when the time,—and come it must,
That crowns and sceptres shall be dust,
Thou shalt thy race outshine,
Shalt live in good men's hearts, and tears,
From age to age, while mem'ry rears
The proud historic shrine.

46 FROM THE DIARY OF A POLITICIAN.
"Through Manchester-square took a canter just now,
Met the old yellow chariot, and made a low bow;
This did of course, thinking 'twas loyal and civil,
But got such a look,—oh! 'twas black as the devil.
How unlucky!—incog, he was traveling about,
And I like a noodle must go find him out!
Mem. When next by the old yellow chariot I ride,
To remember there is nothing princely inside."
Tom Moore,

What rueful-looking knight is that,{47}
With sunken eye and silken hat,

47 Lord P-r-m, the delicate dandy.

Laced up in stays to show his waist,
And highly rouged to show his taste,
His whiskers meeting 'neath his chin,
With gooseberry eye and ghastly grin,
With mincing steps, conceited phrase,
Such as insipid P- displays:
These are the requisites to shine
A dandy, exquisite, divine.

Ancient Dandies.—A Confession.
The Doctor{*}, as we learn, once said,
To Mistress Thrale—
Howe'er a man be stoutly made,
And free from ail,
In flesh and bone, and colour thrive,
"He's going down at 35."
Yet Horace could his vigour muster
And would not till a later lustre f
One single inch of ground surrender
To any swain in Cupid's calendar.
But one I think a jot too low,
And t'other is too high, I know.
Yet, what I've found, I'll freely state—
The thing may do till.—
But that's a job—for then, in truth,
One's but a clumsy sort of youth:
And maugre looks, some evil tongue
Will say the Dandy is not young:—
For 'mid the yellow and the sear, {**}
Though here and there a leaf be green
No more the summer of the year
It is, than when one swallow's seen.

* Johnson.
t————————-fuge suspicari
Cujus octavum trepidavit otas
Claudere lustrum.—Od. 4.1. ii.

Now tottering on to forty years,
My age forbids all jealous fears.

** "My May of life is fallen into
the sear and yellow leaf."—Macbeth.

Pinch'd in behind and 'fore?
Whose visage, like La Mancha's chief,
Seems the pale frontispiece to grief,
As if 'twould ne'er laugh more:
Whose dress and person both defy
The poet's pen, the painter's eye,
'Tis *outre tout nature*.
His Arab charger swings his tail,
Curvets and prances to the gale
Like Death's pale horse,—
And neighing proudly seems to say,
Here Fashion's vot'ries must pay
Homage of course:
Tis P-h-m, whom Mrs. H-g-s
At opera and play-house dodges
Since he gain'd Josephine;
Tailors adorn a thousand ways,
And (though Time won't) men may make Slays;
The dentist, barber, make repairs,
New teeth supply, and colour hairs;
But art can ne'er return the Spring—
And spite of all that she can do,
A Beau's a very wretched thing
At 42!

The late Princess Charlotte issued an order, interdicting any one of her household appearing before her with frightful fringes to their leaden heads. In consequence of this cruel command, P-r-m, being one of the lords of the bed-chamber, was compelled to curtail his immense whiskers. A very feeling ode appeared upon the occasion, entitled My Whiskers, dedicated to the princess; it was never printed,

but attributed to Thomas Moore. The Kiss, or Lady Francis W-W-'s Frolic, had nearly produced a fatal catastrophe. How would poor Lady Anne W-m have borne such a misfortune? or what purling stream would have received the divine form of the charming Mrs. H-d-s? But alas! he escaped little W-'s ball, only to prove man's base ingratitude, for he has since cut with both these beauties for the interesting little Josephine, the protégée of T——y B-t, and the sister of the female Giovanni.

Ye madly vicious, can it be!
A mother sunk in infamy,
To sell her child is seen.
Let Bow-street annals, and Tom B-t,{48}
Who paid the mill'ner, tell the rest,
It suits not with our page;
Just satire while she censures,—feels,—
Verse spreads the vice when it reveals
The foulness of the age.
'Tis half-past five, and fashion's train
No longer in Hyde Park remain,
Bon ton cries hence, away;
The low-bred, vulgar, Sunday throng,
Who dine at two, are ranged along
On both sides of the way;
With various views, these honest folk
Descant on fashions, quiz and joke,
Or mark a shy cock down{49};
For many a star in fashion's sphere
Can only once a week appear
In public haunts of town,
Lest those two ever watchful friends,
The step-brothers, whom sheriff sends,
John Doe and Richard Roe,
A taking pair should deign to borrow,
To wit, until All Souls, the morrow,
The body of a beau;

48 Poor Tom B-t has paid dear for his protection of the Josephine: fifteen hundred pounds for millinery in twelve months is a very moderate expenditure for so young a lady of fashion. It is, to be sure, rather provoking that such an ape as Lord ——should take command of the frigate, and sail away in defiance of the chartered party, the moment she was well found and rigged for a cruize. See Common Plea Reports, 1823

49 The Sunday men, as they are facetiously called in the fashionable world, are not now so numerous as formerly: the facility of a trip across the Channel enables many a shy cock to evade the scrutinizing eye and affectionate attachment of the law.

> But Sunday sets the pris'ner free,
> He shows in Park, and laughs with glee
> At creditors and Bum.
> Then who of any taste can bear
> The coarse, low jest and vulgar stare
> Of all the city scum,
> Of fat Sir Gobble, Mistress Fig,
> In buggy, sulky, coach, or gig,
> With Dobbin in the shay?
> At ev'ry step some odious face,
> Of true mechanic cut, will place
> Themselves plump in your way.
> Now onward to the Serpentine,
> A river straight as any line,
> Near Kensington, let's walk;
> Or through her palace gardens stray,
> Where elegantes of the day
> Ogle, congee, and talk.
> Here imperial fashion reigns,
> Here high bred belles meet courtly swains
> By assignation.
> Made at Almack's, Argyle, or rout,
> While Lady Mother walks about

In perturbation,
Watching her false peer, or to make
A Benedict of some high rake,
To miss a titled prize.
Here, cameleon-colour'd, see
Beauty in bright variety,
Such as a god might prize.
Here, too, like the bird of Juno,
Fancy's a gaudy group, that you know,
Of gay *marchands des modes*.
Haberdashers, milliners, fops
From city desks, or Bond-street shops,
And belles from Oxford-road,
Crowds here, commingled, pass and gaze,
And please themselves a thousand ways;

Some read the naughty rhymes
Which are on ev'ry alcove writ,
Immodest, lewd attempt at wit,
Disgraceful to the times.
Here Scotland's dandy Irish Earl,{50}
With Noblet on his arm would whirl,
And frolic in this sphere;
With mulberry coat, and pink cossacks,
The red-hair'd Thane the fair attacks,
F-'s ever on the leer;
And when alone, to every belle
The am'rous beau love's tale will tell,
Intent upon their ruin.
Beware, Macduff, the fallen stars!
Venus aggrieved will fly to Mars;
There's mischief brewing.
What mountain of a fair is that,
Whose jewels, lace, and Spanish hat,
Proclaim her high degree,
With a tall, meagre-looking man,
Who bears her reticule and fan?
That was Maria D-,

Now the first favourite at court,

50 His lordship is equally celebrated in the wars of Mars and Venus, as a general in the service of Spain. When Lord M-d-ff, in the desperate bombardment of Matagorda (an old fort in the Bay of Cadiz), the falling of a fragment of the rock, struck by a shell, broke, his great toe; in this wounded state he was carried about the alameda in a cherubim chair by two bare-legged gallegos, to receive the condolations of the grandees, and, we regret to add, the unfeeling jeers of the British, who made no scruple to assert that his lordship had, as usual, "put his foot in it." The noble general would no doubt have added another leaf to bis laurel under the auspices of the ex-smuggler, late illustrissimo general Ballasteros, had not he suddenly become a willing captive to the soul-subduing charms of the beauteous Antonia of Terrifa, of whose history and melancholy death we may speak hereafter. On a late occasion, he has been honoured with the star of the Guelphic order (when, for the first time in his life, he went on his knees), as some amends for his sudden dismissal from the bed-chamber. Noblet, who has long since been placed upon the pension list, has recently retired, and is succeeded by a charming little Parisian actress who lives in the New Road, and plays with the French company now at Tottenham-street theatre. Lord L———-has also a little interest in the same concern. His lordship's *affaires des cour* with Antonia, Noblet, and M———-, though perfectly platonic, have proved more expensive than the most determined votary to female attractions ever endured: for the gratification of this innocent passion, Marr's{*} mighty pines have bit the dust, and friendly purses bled.

And, if we may believe report,
She holds the golden key
Of the backstairs, and can command
A potent influence in the land,
But K——N best can tell;

Tis most clear, no ill betide us,
Near the Georgium sidus
This planet likes to dwell.
Lovely as light, when morning breaks{51}
Above the hills in golden streaks,
Observe yon blushing rose,
Uxbridge, the theme of ev'ry tongue,
The sylph that charms the ag'd and young,
Where grace and virtue glows.
Gay Lady H-e her lounge may take,{52}
Reclining near the Indian lake.,
And think she's quite secure;

51 The beautiful little countess, the charming goddess of the golden locks, was a Miss Campbell, a near relation of the Duke of Argyll. She is a most amiable and interesting elegante.

52 Although Lord L-e is the constant attendant of Lady H-, report says the attachment is merely platonic. His lordship was once smitten with her sister; and having thero suffered the most cruel disappointment, consoles himself for his loss in the sympathizing society of Lady H———.

* Marr Forest, belonging to his lordship, producing the finest mast pines in the empire; the noble earl has lately cut many scores of them ami some old friends, rather than balk his fancy.

As well might C-1-ft hope to pass
Upon the town his C——-r lass
For genuine and pure.
See Warwick's charming countess glide,{53}
With constant Harry by her side,
Along the gay *parterre*;
And look where the loud laugh proclaims
The cits and their cameleon dames,
The gaudy Cheapside fair,

Drest in all colours o' the shop,
Fashion'd for the Easter hop,
To grace the civic feast,
Where the great Lord Mayor presides
O'er tallow, ribands, rags, and hides,
The sultan o' the east.
The would-be poet, Ch-s L-h,{54}
Comes saunt'ring with his graces three,
The little gay coquettes.
After, view the Cyprian corps
Of well-known traders, many score,
From Bang to Angel M-tz,
A heedless, giddy, laughing crew,
Who'd seem as if they never knew
Of want or fell despair;
Yet if unveil'd the heart might be,
You'd find the demon, Misery,
Had ta'en possession there.
Think not that satire will excuse,
Ye frail, though fair; or that the muse
Will silent pass ye by:
To you a chapter she'll devote,
Where all of fashionable note

53 Lady Sarah Saville, afterwards Lady Monson, now Countess of Warwick, a most beautiful, amiable, and accomplished woman. By constant "Harry" is meant her present earl.

54 See Amatory Poems by Ch-os L-h. We could indulge our readers with a curious account of the demolition of the Paphian car at Covent Garden theatre, but the story is somewhat musty.

Shall find their history.
"Vice to be hated, needs but be seen;"
And thus shall ev'ry Paphian queen
Be held to public view;
And though protected by a throne,

The gallant and his Miss be shown
In colours just and true.
The countess of ten thousand see,{55}
The dear delightful Savante B-,
Who once was sold and bought:
The magic-lantern well displays
The scenes of long forgotten days,
And gives new birth to thought.
Nay, start not, here we'll not relate
The break-neck story gossips prate
Within the Em'rald Isle:
No spirit gray, or black, or brown,
We'll conjure up, with hideous frown,
To chase the dimpled smile.
In fleeting numbers, as we pass,
We find these shadows in our glass,
We move, and they're no more.
But see where chief of folly's train,

55 The beautiful and accomplished countess is a lovely daughter of Hibernia; her maiden name was P-r, and her father an Irish magistrate of high respectability. Her first matrimonial alliance with Captain F-r proved unfortunate; an early separation was the consequence, which was effected through the intervention of a kind friend, Captain J-s of the 11th. Shortly afterwards her fine person and superior endowments of mind made an impression upon the earl that nothing but the entire possession of the lady could allay. The affair of Lord A- and Mrs. B- is too well known to need repetition—it could not succeed a second time. Abelard F- having paid the debt of nature, there was no impediment but a visit to the temple of Hymen, on which point the lady was determined; and the yielding suitor, wounded to the vital part, most readily complied. It is due to the countess to admit, that since her present elevation, her conduct has been exemplary and highly praiseworthy.

Conceited, simple, rash, and vain,
Comes lib'ral master G-e,{56}
A dandy, half-fledged exquisite,
Who paid nine thousand pounds a night
To female Giovanni.
Reader, I think I hear you say,
"What pleasure had he for his pay?"
Upon my word, not any;
For soon as V-t-s got the cash,
She set off with a splendid dash
From Op'ra to Paris;
Left Cl-t and this simple fool,{67}
Who no doubt's been an easy tool,
To spend it with Charles H-s.
See, Carolina comes in view,
A Lamb, from merry Melbourne's ewe,
Who scaped the fatal knife.
H-ll-d's blue stocking rib appears,
Who makes amends in latter years
For early cause of strife.
Catullus George, the red-hair'd bard,
Whose rhymes, pedantic, crude, and hard,
He calls translations,
Follows the fair; a nibbling mouse
From Westminster, by Cam Hobhouse
Expell'd his station.
Now twilight, with his veil of gray,
The stars of fashion frights away
The carriage homeward rolls along
To music-party, cards and song,

56 A very singular adventure, which occurred in 1823. The enamoured swain, after settling an annuity of seven hundred pounds per annum upon the fair inconstant, had the mortification to find himself abandoned on the very night the deeds were completed, the lady having made a precipitate retreat, with a more favoured lover, to Paris. The affair soon became known, and some friends interfered, when the

deeds were cancelled.

57 Captain citizen Cl-t, an exquisite of the first order, for a long time the favourite of the reigning sultana.

And many a gay delight.
The Goths of Essex-street may groan,{58}
Turn up their eyes, and inward moan,
They dare not here intrude;
Dare not attack the rich and great,
The titled vicious of the state,
The dissolute and lewd.
Vice only is, in some folks' eyes,
Immoral, when in rags she lies,
By poverty subdued;
But deck her forth in gaudy vest,
With courtly state and titled crest,
She's every thing that's good.
"Doth Kalpho break the Sabbath-day?
Why, Kalpho hath no funds to pay;
How dare he trespass then?
How dare he eat, or drink, or sleep,
Or shave, or wash, or laugh, or weep,
Or look like other men?"
My lord his concerts gives, 'tis true,
The Speaker holds his levee too,
And Fashion cards and dices;
But these are trifles to the sin
Of selling apples, joints, or gin—

58 The present times have very properly been stigmatized as the age of cant. The increase of the puritans, the smooth-faced evangelical, and the lank-haired sectarian, with their pious love-meetings and bible associations, have at last roused the slumbering spirit of the constituted authorities, who are now making the most vigorous efforts to impede the progress of these anti-national and hypocritical fanatics, who, mistaking the true dictates of religion and

benevolence, have, in their inflamed zeal, endeavoured to extirpate every species of innocent recreation, and have laid formidable siege to honest-hearted mirth and rustic revelry. "I am no prophet, nor the son of one; "but if ever the noble institutions of my country suffer any revolutionary change, it is my humble opinion it will result from these sainted associations, from these pious opposers of our national characteristics, and the noblest institution of our country, the foundation stone of our honour and glory, the established church of England. There is (in my opinion) more mischief to be apprehended to the state from the humbug of piety than from all the violence of froth, political demagogues, or the open-mouthed howl of the most hungry radicals. Let it be understood I speak not against toleration in its most extended sense, but war only with hypocrisy and fanaticism, with those of whom Juvenal has written—"*Qui aurios simulant el baechemalia vivinit*."

Low, execrable vices.
Cease, persecutors, mock reclaimers,
Ye jaundiced few, ye legal maimers
Of the lone, poor, and meek;
Ye moral fishers for stray gudgeons,
Ye sainted host of old curmudgeons,
Who ne'er the wealthy seek!
If moralists ye would appear,
Attack vice in its highest sphere,
The cause of all the strife;
The spring and source from whence does flow
Pollution o'er the plains below,
Through all degrees of life.

Page197

THE OPERA.

The Man of Fashion—Fop's Alley—Modern roué and Frequenters—Characteristic Sketches in High Life—Blue Stocking Illuminati—Motives and Mariners—Meeting with the Honourable Lillyman Lionise—Dinner at Long's—Visit to the Opera—Joined by Bob Transit—A Peep into the Green Room—Secrets behind the Curtain—Noble Amateurs and Foreign Curiosities—Notes and Anecdotes by Horatio Heartly.

The Opera, to the man of fashion, is the only tolerable place of public amusement in which the varied orders of society are permitted to participate. Here, lolling at his ease, in a snug box on the first circle, in dignified security from the vulgar gaze, he surveys the congregated mass who fill the arena of the house, deigns occasionally a condescending nod of recognition to some less fortunate *roué*, or younger brother of a titled family, who is forcing his way through the well-united phalanx of vulgar faces that guard the entrance to *Fop's Alley*; or, if he should be in a state of single blessedness, inclines his head a little forward to cast round an inquiring glance, a sort of preliminary overture, to some fascinating daughter of fashion, whose attention he wishes to engage for an amorous interchange of significant looks and melting expressions during the last act of the opera. For the first, he would not be thought so *outré* as to witness it—the attempt would require a sacrifice of the dessert and Madeira, and completely revolutionize the regularity of his dinner arrangement. The divertissement he surveys from the side wings of the stage, to which privilege he is entitled as an annual subscriber; trifles a little badinage with some well-known operatic intriguant, or favourite danseusej approves the finished movements of the male artistes, inquires of the manager or committee the forthcoming novelties, strolls into the green room to make his selection of a well-turned ankle or a

graceful shape, and, having made an appointment for some non play night, makes one of the distinguished group of operatic cognoscenti who form the circle of taste in the centre of the stage on the fall of the curtain.

ENLARGE TO FULL SIZE

page199-th (73K)

This is one, and, perhaps, the most conspicuous portrait of an opera frequenter; but there are a variety of characters in the same school all equally worthy of a descriptive notice, and each differing in contour and force of chiaroscuro as much as the one thousand and one family maps which annually cover the walls of the Royal Academy, to the exclusion of meritorious performances in a more elevated branch of art. The Dowager Duchess of A——— retains her box to dispose of her unmarried daughters, and enjoy the gratification of meeting in public the once flattering groups of noble expectants who formerly paid their ready homage to her charms and courted her approving smile; but then her ducal spouse was high in favour, and in office, and now these "summer flies o' the court" are equally steady in their devotion to his successor, and can scarcely find memory or opportunity to recognise the relict of their late ministerial patron. Lord E——— and the Marchioness of R. ——— subscribe for a box between them, enjoying the proprietorship in alternate weeks. During the Marchesa's periods of occupation you will perceive Lady H., and the whole of the blue stocking illuminati, irradiating from this point, like the tributary stars round some major planet, forming a grand constellation of attraction. Here new novels, juvenile poets, and romantic tourists receive their fiat, and here too the characters of one half the fashionable world undergo the fiery ordeal of scrutinization, and are censured or applauded more in accordance with the prevailing on dits of the day, or the fabrications of the club, than with any regard to feeling, truth, or decorum. The following week-, how changed the scene!—the venerable head of the highly-respected Lord E

——— graces the corner, like a Corinthian capital finely chiseled by the divine hand of Praxiteles; the busy tongue of scandal is dormant for a term, and in her place the Solons of the land, in solemn thoughtfulness, attend the sage injunctions of their learned chief. Too enfeebled by age and previous exertion to undergo the fatigues of parliamentary duty, the baron here receives the visits of his former colleagues, and snatching half an hour from his favourite recreation, gives a decided turn to the politics of a party by the cogency of his reasoning and the brilliancy of his arguments. The Earl of F———has a grand box on the ground tier, for the double purpose of admiring the chaste evolutions of the sylphic daughters of Terpsichore, and of being observed himself by all the followers of the cameleon-like, capricious goddess, Fashion.

The G———B——-, the wealthy commoner, Fortune's favoured child, retains a box in the best situation, if not on purpose, yet in fact, to annoy all those within hearing, by the noisy humour of his Bacchanalian friends, who reel in at the end of the first act of the opera, full primed with the choicest treasures of his well stocked bins, to quiz the young and modest, insult the aged and respectable, and annihilate the anticipated pleasures of the scientific and devotees of harmony, by the coarseness of their attempts at wit, the overpowering clamour of their conversation, and the loud laugh and vain pretence to taste and critic skill.

The ministerialists may be easily traced by their affectation of consequence, and a certain air of authority joined to a demi-official royal livery, which always distinguishes the corps politique, and is equally shared by their highly plumed female partners. The opposition are equally discernible by outward and visible signs, such as an assumed nonchalance, or apparent independence of carriage, that but ill suits the ambitious views of the wearer, and sits as uneasily upon them as their measures would do upon the shoulders of the nation. Added to which, you will never see them alone; never view them enjoying the passing scene, happy in the society of their accomplished wives and daughters, but always, like restless and perturbed spirits, congregating together in conclave, upon some new measure wherewith to sow division in the

nation, and shake the council of the state. And yet to both these parties a box at the opera is as indispensable as to the finished courtezan, who here spreads her seductive lures to catch the eye, and inveigle the heart of the inexperienced and unwary.

But what has all this to do with the opera? or where will this romantic correspondent of mine terminate his satirical sketch? I think I hear you exclaim. A great deal more, Mr. Collegian, than your philosophy can imagine: you know, I am nothing if not characteristic; and this, I assure you, is a true portrait of the place and its frequenters. I dare say, you would have expected my young imagination to have been encompassed with delight, amid the mirth-inspiring compositions of Corelli, Mozart, or Rossini, warbled forth by that enchanting siren, De Begnis, the scientific Pasta, the modest Caradori, or the astonishing Catalani:—Heaven enlighten your unsuspicious mind! Attention to the merits of the performance is the last thing any fashionable of the present day would think of devoting his time to. No, no, my dear Bernard, the opera is a sort of high 'Change, where the court circle and people of ton meet to speculate in various ways, and often drive as hard a bargain for some purpose of interest or aggrandisement, as the plebeian host of all nations, who form the busy group in the grand civic temple of commerce on Cornbill. You know, I have (as the phrase is), just come out, and of course am led about like a university lion, by the more experienced votaries of ton. An accident threw the honourable Lillyman Lionise into my way the other morning; it was the first time we had met since we were at Eton: he was sauntering away the tedious hour in the Arcade, in search of a specific for ennui, was pleased to compliment me on possessing the universal panacea, linked arms immediately, complained of being devilishly cut over night, proposed an adjournment to Long's—a light dinner—maintenon cutlets—some of the Queensberry hock{1} (a century and a half old)—ice-punch-six whin's from an odoriferous hookah—one cup of renovating fluid (impregnated with the Parisian aromatic {2}); and then, having reembellished our persons, sported{3} a figure at the opera. In the grand entrance, we enlisted Bob Transit, between whom and the honourable, I congratulated myself on being in a

fair way to be enlightened. Bob knows every body—the exquisite was not so general in his information; but then he occasionally furnished some little anecdote of the surrounding elegantes, relative to affairs de l'amour, or pointed out the superlative of the haut class, without which much of the interesting would have escaped my notice.

1 The late Duke of Queensberry's famous old hock, which since his decease was sold by auction.

2 A Parisian preparation, which gives a peculiar high flavour and sparkling effect to coffee.

3 An Oxford phrase.

In this society, I made my first appearance in the green room; a little, narrow, pink saloon at the back of the stage, where the dancers congregate and practise before an immense looking-glass previous to their appearance in public.

To a fellow of warm imagination and vigorous constitution, such a scene is calculated to create sensations that must send the circling current into rapid motion, and animate the heart with thrilling raptures of delight. Before the mirror, in all the grace of youthful loveliness and perfect symmetry of form, the divine little fairy sprite, the all-conquering Andalusian Venus, Mercandotti, was exhibiting her soft, plump, love-inspiring person in pirouétte: before her stood the now happy swain, the elegant H——— B-, on whose shoulder rested the Earl of Fe-, admiring with equal ecstasy the finished movements of his accomplished protégée{4}; on the right hand of the earl stood the single duke of D ————————e, quizzing the little daughter of Terpsichore through his eye-glass; on the opposite of the circle was seen the noble

4 It was very generally circulated, and for some time believed, that the charming little Andalusian Venus was the natural daughter of the Earl of F-e: a report which had not a shadow of truth in its foundation, but arose entirely out of the continued interest the earl took in the welfare of the lady from the time of her infancy, at which early period she was exhibited on the stage of the principal theatre in

> Cadiz as an infant prodigy; and being afterwards carried round (as is the custom in Spain) to receive the personal approval and trifling presents of the grandees, excited such general admiration as a beautiful child, that the Earl of F-e, then Lord M- and a general officer in the service of Spain, adopted the child, and liberally advanced funds for her future maintenance and instruction, extending his bounty and protection up to the moment of her fortunate marriage with her present husband. It is due to the lady to add, that in every instance her conduct has been marked by the strictest sense of propriety, and that too in situations where, it is said, every attraction was offered to have induced a very opposite course.

musical amateur B——-h, supported by the director De R-s on one hand, and the communicative manager, John Ebers, of Bond-street, on the other; in a snug corner on the right hand of the mirror was seated one of his majesty's most honourable privy council, the Earl of W——-d, with a double Dollond's operatic magnifier in his hand, studying nature from this most delightful of all miniature models. "A most perfect divinity," whispered the exquisite. "A glorious fine study," said Transit,—and, pulling out his card-case and pencil, retired to one corner of the room, to make a mem., as he called it, of the scene. (See Plate.) "Who the deuce is that eccentric-looking creature with the Marquis of Hertford?" said I. "Hush," replied the exquisite, "for heaven's sake, don't expose yourself! Not to know the superlative roué of the age, the all-accomplished Petersham, would set you down for a barbarian at once." "And who," said I, "is the amiable fair bending before the admiring Worter?" "An old and very dear acquaintance of the Earl of F-e, Mademoiselle Noblet, who, it is said, displays much cool philosophy at the inconstancy of her once enamoured swain, consoling herself for his loss, in the enjoyment of a splendid annuity." A host of other bewitching forms led my young fancy captive by turns, as my eye travelled round the magic circle of delight: some were, I found, of that yielding spirit, which can pity the young heart's fond desire; with others had secured honourable protection: and if his companion's report was to be credited,

there were very few among the enchanting spirits before yet with whom that happiness which springs from virtuous pure affection was to be anticipated. If was no place to moralize, but, to you who know my buoyancy of spirit, and susceptibility of mind, I must confess, the reflection produced a momentary pang of the keenest misery.

ENLARGE TO FULL SIZE

Page205

THE ROYAL SALOON.

Visit of Heartly, Lionise, and Transit—Description of the Place—Sketches of Character—The Gambling Parsons—Horse Chaunting, a true Anecdote—Bang and her Friends—Moll Raffle and the Marquis W.—The Play Man—The Touter—The Half-pay Officer—Charles Rattle, Esq.—Life of a modern Roué-B——— the Tailor—The Subject—Jarvey and Brooks the Dissector—"Kill him when you want him"

After the opera, Bob Transit proposed an adjournment to the Royal Saloon, in Piccadilly, a place of fashionable resort (said Bob) for shell-fish and sharks, Greeks and pigeons, Cyprians and citizens, noble and ignoble—in short, a mighty rendezvous, where every variety of character is to be found, from the finished sharper to the finished gentleman; a scene pregnant with subject for the pencil of the humorist, and full of the richest materials for the close observer of men and manners. Hither we retired to make a night of it, or rather to consume the hours between midnight and morning's dawn. The place itself is fitted up in a very novel and attractive style of decoration, admirably calculated for a saloon of pleasure and refreshment; but more resembling a Turkish kiosk than an English tavern. On the ground floor, which is of an oblong form and very spacious, are a number of divisions enclosed on each side with rich damask curtains, having each a table and seats for the reception of supper or drinking parties; at the extreme end, and on each side, mirrors of unusual large dimensions give an infinity of perspective, which greatly increases the magnificence of the place. In the centre of the room are pedestals supporting elegant vases filled with choice exotics. A light and tasteful trellis-work surrounds a gallery above, which forms a promenade round the room, the walls being painted to resemble a conservatory, in which the most luxuriant shrubs are seen spreading their delightful foliage over a spacious dome, from the centre of which is suspended a magnificent chandelier. Here are placed, at stated

distances, rustic tables, for the accommodation of those who choose coffee and tea; and leading from this, on each side, are several little snug private boudoirs for select parties, perfectly secure from the prying eye of vulgar curiosity, and where only the privileged few are ever permitted to enter. It was in this place, surrounded by well-known Greeks, with whom he appeared to be on the most intimate terms, that Transit pointed out to my notice the eccentric Vicar of K**, the now invisible author of L****, whose aphorisms and conduct bear not the slightest affinity to each other—nor was he the only clerical present; at the head of a jolly party, at an adjoining table, sat the ruby-faced Parson John A——-e, late proprietor of the notorious Gothic Hall, in Pall Mall, a man of first rate wit and talent, but of the lowest and most depraved habits. "The Divine is a character" said Bob, "who, according to the phraseology of the ring, is 'good at every thing:' as he came into the world without being duly licensed, so he thinks himself privileged to pursue the most unlicensed conduct in his passage through it. As a specimen of his ingenuity in horse-dealing, I'll give you an anecdote.—It is not long since that the parson invited a party of bucks to dinner, at his snug little villa on the banks of the Thames, near Richmond, in Surrey. Previous to the repast, the reverend led his visitors forth to admire the gardens and surrounding scenery, when just at the moment they had reached the outer gate, a fine noble-looking horse was driven past in a tilbury by a servant in a smart livery.—'What a magnificent animal!' said the parson; 'the finest action I ever beheld in my life: there's a horse to make a man's fortune in the park, and excite the envy and notice of all the town.' 'Who does he belong to?' said a young baronet of the party, who had just come out. 'I'll inquire,' said the parson: 'the very thing for you, Sir John.' Away posts the reverend, bawling after the servant, 'Will your master sell that horse, my man?' 'I can't say, sir,' said the fellow, 'but I can inquire, and let you know.' 'Do, my lad, and tell him a gentleman here will give a handsome price for him.' Away trots the servant, and the party proceed to dinner. As soon as the dessert is brought in, and the third glass circulated, the conversation is renewed relative to the horse—the whole party agree in extolling his qualities; when, just in the nick of time, the

servant arrives to say his master being aged and infirm, the animal is somewhat too spirited for him, and if the gentleman likes, he may have him for one hundred guineas. 'A mere trifle,' vociferates the company. 'Cheap as Rivington's second-hand sermons,' said the parson. The baronet writes a check for the money, and generously gives the groom a guinea for his trouble—drives home in high glee—and sends his servant down next morning to the parson's for his new purchase—orders the horse to be put into his splendid new tilbury, built under the direction of Sir John Lade—just reaches Grosvenor-gate from Hamilton-place in safety, when the horse shows symptoms of being a miller. Baronet, nothing daunted, touches him smartly under the flank, when up he goes on his fore-quarters, smashes the tilbury into ten thousand pieces, bolts away with the traces and shafts, and leaves the baronet with a broken head on one side of the road, and his servant with a broken arm on the other. 'Where the devil did you get that quiet one from, Sir John!' said the Honourable Fitzroy St——-e, whom the accident had brought to the spot.

'The parson bought him of an old gentleman at Richmond yesterday for me.' 'Done, brown as a berry,' said Fitzroy: 'I sold him only on Saturday last to the reverend myself for twenty pounds as an incurable miller. Why the old clerical's turned coper{1}—;a new way of raising the wind—letting his friends down easy—gave you a good dinner, I suppose, Sir John, and took this method of drawing the bustle{2} for it: an old trick of the reverend's.' After this it is hardly necessary to say, the servant was a confederate, and the whole affair nothing more or less than a true orthodox farce of horse chaunting,{3} got up for the express purpose of raising a temporary supply."{4}

1 A horse-dealer.

2 Money.

3 Tricking persons into the purchase of unsound or vicious horses.

4 A practice by no means uncommon among a certain description of dashing characters, who find chaunting a horse to a green one, a snug accidental party at chicken hazard, or a confederacy to entrap some inexperienced bird of fashion, where he may be plucked by Greek banditti, pay exceedingly well for these occasional dinner parties.

At this moment our attention was engaged by the entrance of a party of exquisites and elegantes, dressed in the very extreme of opera costume, who directed their steps to the regions above us. "I'll bet a hundred," said the honourable, "I know that leg," eyeing a divine little foot and a finely turned ankle that was just then discernible from beneath a rich pink drapery, as the possessor ascended the gallery of the conservatory, lounging on the arm of the Irish Earl of C———; " the best leg in England, and not a bad figure for an ancient," continued Lionise: "that is the celebrated Mrs. Bertram, alias Bang—everybody knows Bang; that is, every body in the fashionable world. She must have been a most delightful creature when she first came out, and has continued longer in bloom than any of the present houris of the west; but I forgot you were fresh, and only in training, Heartly—I must introduce you to Bang: you will never arrive at any eminence among the haut classe unless you can call these beauties by name." "And who the deuce is Bang?" said I: "not that elegantly-dressed female whom I see tripping up the gallery stairs yonder, preceded by several other delightful faces." "The same, my dear fellow: a fallen star, to be sure, but yet a planet round whose orbit move certain other little twinkling luminaries whose attractive glimmerings are very likely to enlighten your obscure sentimentality. Bang was the daughter of a bathing-woman at Brighton, from whence she eloped early in life with a navy lieutenant-has since been well known as a dasher of the first water upon the pave—regularly sports her carriage in the drive—and has numbered among her protectors, at various times, the Marquis W———, Lord A———, Colonel C———, and, lastly, a descendant of the mighty Wallace, who, in an auto-biographical sketch, boasts of his intimacy with this fascinating cyprian. She has, however, one qualification, which is not usually found among those of her class—she

has had the prudence to preserve a great portion of her liberal allowances, and is now perfectly independent of the world. We must visit one of her evening parties in the neighbourhood of Euston-square, when she invites a select circle of her professional sisters to a ball and supper, to which entertainment her male visitors are expected to contribute liberally. She has fixed upon the earl, I should think, more for the honour of the title than with any pecuniary hopes, his dissipation having left him scarce enough to keep up appearances." "The amiable who precedes her," said I, "is of the same class, I presume—precisely, and equally notorious." "That is the celebrated Mrs. L———, better known as Moll Raffle, from the circumstance of her being actually raffled for, some years since, by the officers of the seventh dragoons, when they were quartered at Rochester: like her female friend, she is a woman of fortune, said to be worth eighteen hundred per annum, with which she has recently purchased herself a Spanish cavalier for a husband. A curious anecdote is related of Moll and her once kind friend, the Marquis of W ————, who is said to have given her a bond for seven thousand pounds, on a certain great house, not a mile from Hyde-park corner, which he has since assigned to a fortunate general, the present possessor; who, thinking his title complete, proceeded to take possession, but found his entry disputed by the lady, to whom he was eventually compelled to pay the forfeiture of the bond. Come along, my boy," said Lionise; "I'll introduce you at once to the whole party, and then you can make your own selection." "Not at present: I came here for general observation, not private intrigue, and must confess I have seldom found a more diversified scene."

"I beg pardon, gentlemen," said an easy good-looking fellow, with something rather imposing in his manner—"Shall I intrude here?—will 'you permit me to take a seat in your box?" "By all means," replied I; Bob, at the same moment, pressing his elbow into my side, and the exquisite raising his glass very significantly to his eye, the stranger continued—"A very charming saloon this, gentlemen, and the company very superior to the general assemblage at such places: my friend, the Earl of C———, yonder, I perceive, amorously engaged; Lord P———,

too, graces the upper regions with the delightful Josephine: really this is quite the café royal of London; the accommodation, too, admirable—not merely confined to refreshments; I am told there are excellent billiard tables, and snug little private rooms for a quiet rubber, or a little chicken hazard. Do you play, gentlemen? very happy to set you for a main or two, by way of killing time." That one word, play, let me at once into the secret of our new acquaintance's character, and fully explained the distant reception and cautious bearing of my associates. My positive refusal to accommodate produced a very polite bow, and the party immediately retired to reconnoitre among some less suspicious visitants. "A nibble," said Transit, "from an ivory turner."{5} "By the honour of my ancestry," said Lionise, "a very finished sharper; I remember Lord F ——— pointing him out to me at the last Newmarket spring meeting, when we met him, arm in arm, with a sporting baronet. What the fellow was, nobody knows; but he claims a military title—captain, of course—perhaps has formerly held a lieutenancy in a militia regiment: he now commands a corps of sappers on the Greek staff, and when he honoured us with a call just now was on the recruiting service, I should think; but our friend, Heartly, here, would not stand drill, so he has marched off on the forlorn hope, and is now, you may perceive, concerting some new scheme with a worthy brother touter,{6} who is on the half pay of the British army, and receives full pay in the service of the Greeks. We must make a descent into hell some night," said Transit, "and sport a few crowns at roulette or rouge et noir, to give Heartly his degree. We shall proceed regularly upon college principles, old fellow: first, we will visit the Little Go in King-street, and then drop into the Great Go, alias Watiers, in Piccadilly; after which we can sup in Crockford's pandemonium among parliamentary pigeons, unfledged

5 A tats man, a proficient with the bones, one who knows every chance upon the dice.

6 A decoy, who seduces the young or inexperienced to the gaming table, and receives a per centage upon their losses.

ensigns of the guards, broken down titled legs, and ci-devant bankers, fishmongers, and lightermen; and here comes the very fellow to introduce us—an old college chum, Charles Rattle, who was expelled Brazennose for smuggling, and who has since been pretty well plucked by merciless Greek banditti and Newmarket jockeys, but who bears his losses with the temper of a philosopher, and still pursues the destructive vice with all the infatuation of the most ardent devotee." "How d'ye do, old fellows?—how d'ye do? Who would have thought to have met the philosopher (pointing to me) at such a place as this, among the impures of both sexes, legs and leg-ees? Come to sport a little blunt with the table or the traders, hey! Heartly? Always suspected you was no puritan, although you wear such a sentimental visage. Well, old fellows, I am glad to see you, however,—come, a bottle of Champagne, for I have just cast off all my real troubles—had a fine run of luck to-night—broke the bank, and bolted with all the cash. Just in the nick of time-off for Epsom to-morrow—double my bets upon the Derby, and if the thing comes off right, I'll give somebody a thousand or two to tie me up from playing again above five pounds stakes as long as I live. The best thing you ever heard in your life—a double to do. Ned C——-d having heard I had just received a few thousands, by the sale of the Yorkshire acres, planned it with Colonel T——- to introduce me to the new club, where a regular plant was to be made, by some of his myrmidons, to clear me out, by first letting me win a few thousands, when they were to pounce upon me, double the stakes, and finish me off in prime style, fleecing me out of every guinea—very good-trick and tie, you know, is fair play—and for this very honest service, my friend, the colonel, was to receive a commission, or per centage, in proportion to my losses: the very last man in the world that the old pike could have baited for in that way—the colonel's down a little, to be sure, but not so low as to turn confederate to a leg—so suppressed his indignation at the proposition, and lent himself to the scheme, informing me of the whole circumstances—well, all right—we determined to give the old one a benefit—dined with him to-day—a very snug party—devilish good dinner—superb wines—drank freely—punished his claret—and having knocked about Saint Hugh's bones{7}

until I was five thousand in pocket, politely took my leave, without giving the parties their revenge. Never saw a finer scene in the course of my life-such queer looks, and long faces, and smothered wailings when they found themselves done by a brace of gudgeons, whom they had calculated upon picking to the very bones! Come, old fellows, a toast: Here's Fishmonger's Hall, and may every suspected gudgeon prove a shark."

The bottle now circulated freely, and the open-hearted Rattle delighted us with the relation of some college anecdotes, which I shall reserve for a hearty laugh when we meet. The company continued to increase with the appearance of morning; and here might be seen the abandoned profligate, with his licentious female companion, completing the night's debauch by the free use of intoxicating liquors—the ruined spendthrift, fresh from the gaming-table, loudly calling for wine, to drown the remembrance of his folly, and abusing the drowsy waiter only to give utterance to his irritated feelings. In a snug corner might be seen a party of sober, quiet-looking gentlemen, taking their lobster and bucellas, whose first appearance would impress you with the belief of their respectability, but whom, upon inquiry, you would discover to be Greek banditti, retired hither to divide their ill gotten spoils. It was among a party of this description that Rattle pointed out a celebrated writer, whose lively style and accurate description of

7 Saint Hugh's bones, a cant phrase for dice.

men and manners display no common mind. Yet here he was seen associated with the most depraved of the human species—the gambler by profession, the common cheat! What wonder that such connexions should have compelled him for a time to become an exile to his country, and on his return involved him in a transaction that has ended in irretrievable ruin and disgrace? "By the honour of my ancestry," said Lionise, "yonder is that delectable creature, old Crony, the dinner many that is the most surprising animal we have yet found among the modern discoveries—polite to and point—always well dressed—keeps the best society—or, I should say, the best society keeps him: to an amazing fund

of the newest on dits and anecdotes of ton, always ready cut and dried, he joins a smattering of the classics, and chops logic with the learned that he may carve their more substantial fare gratis; has a memory tenacious as a chief judge on matter of invitation, and a stomach capacious as a city alderman in doing honour to the feast; pretends to be a connoisseur in wines, although he never possessed above one bottle at a time in his cellaret, I should think, in the whole course of his life; talks about works of art and virtu as if Sir Joshua Reynolds had been his nurse —Claude his intimate acquaintance—or Praxiteles his great great grandfather. The fellow affects a most dignified contempt for the canaille, because, in truth, they never invite him to dinner—is on the free list of all the theatres, from having formerly been freely hiss'd upon their boards—a retired tragedy king on a small pension, with a republican stomach, who still enacts the starved apothecary at home, from penury, and liberally crams his voracious paunch, stuffing like Father Paul, when at the table of others. With these habits, he has just managed to scrape together some sixty pounds per annum, upon which, by good management, he contrives to live like an emperor; for instance, he keeps a regular book of invitations, numbers his friends according to the days of the year, and divides and subdivides them in accordance with their habits and pursuits, so that an unexpected invitation requires a reference to his journal: if you invite him for Saturday next, he will turn to his tablets, apologise for a previous engagement, run his eye eagerly down the column for an occasional absentee, and then invite himself for some day in the ensuing week, to which your politeness cannot fail to accede. You will meet him in London, Brighton, Bath, Cheltenham, and Margate during the fashionable periods; at all of which places he has his stated number of dinner friends, where his presence is as regularly looked for as the appearance of the swallow. Among the play men he is useful as a looker on, to make one at the table when they are thin of customers, or to drink a young one into a proper state for plucking: in other society he coins compliments for the fair lady of the mansion, extols his host's taste and good fellowship at table, tells a smutty story to amuse the *bon vivants* in their cups, or recites a nursery rhyme to send the children

quietly to bed; and in this manner Crony manages to come in for a good dinner every day of his life. Call on him for a song, and he'll give you, what he calls, a free translation of a Latin ode, by old Walter de Mapes, Archdeacon of Oxford in the eleventh century, a true *gourmands* prayer —

1 Mihi est propositum in tabernâ mon.'
I'll try and hum you Crony's English version of the CANTILENA.

'I'll in a tavern end my days, midst boon companions merry,
Place at my lips a lusty flask replete with sparkling sherry,
That angels, hov'ring round, may cry, when I lie dead as door-nail,
'Rise, genial deacon, rise, and drink of the well of life eternal.'

'Various implements belong to ev'ry occupation;
Give me an haunch of venison—and a fig for inspiration!
Verses and odes without good cheer, I never could indite 'em;
Sure he who meagre, days devised is d——-d ad infinitum!

'Mysteries and prophetic truths, I never could unfold 'em
Without a flagon of good wine and a slice of cold ham;
But when I've drained my liquor out, and eat what's in the dish up,
Though I am but an arch-deacon, I can preach like an arch-bishop.'"

"A good orthodox ode," said Transit, "and admirably suited to the performer, who, after all, it must be allowed, is a very entertaining fellow, and well worthy of his dinner, from the additional amusement he affords. I remember meeting him in company with the late Lord

Coleraine,
the once celebrated Colonel George Hanger, when he related an anecdote
of the humorist, which his lordship freely admitted to be founded on
fact. As I have never seen it in print, or heard it related by any one
since, you shall have it instanter: It is well known that our present
laughter-loving monarch was, in earlier years, often surrounded, when in
private, by a coruscation of wit and talent, which included not only the
most distinguished persons in the state, but also some celebrated bon
vivants and amateur vocalists, among whom the names of the Duke of
Orleans, Earl of Derby, Charles James Fox, Richard Brinsley Sheridan,
the facetious poet lauréat to the celebrated Beefsteak club, Tom
Hewardine, Sir John Moore, Mr Brownlow, Captain Thompson, Bate Dudley,
Captain Morris, and Colonel George Hanger, formed the most conspicuous
characters at the princely anacreontic board. But

'Who would be grave—when wine can save
The heaviest soul from thinking,
And magic grapes give angel's shapes
To every girl we're drinking!'

It was on one of these festive occasions, when whim, and wit, and sparkling wine combined to render the festive scene the 'Feast of reason and the flow of soul,' that the Prince of Wales invited himself and his brother, the Duke of York, to dine with George Hanger. An honour so unlooked for, and one for which George was so little prepared (as he then resided in obscure lodgings near Soho-square), quite overpowered the Colonel, who, however, quickly recovering his surprise, assured his

royal highness of the very high sense he entertained of the honour intended him, but lamented it was not in his power to receive him, and his illustrious brother, in a manner suitable to their royal dignity. 'You only wish to save your viands, George,' said the prince: 'we shall certainly dine with you on the day appointed; and whether you reside on the first floor or the third, never mind—the feast will not be the less agreeable from the altitude of the apartment, or the plainness of the repast.' Thus encouraged, George was determined to indulge in a joke with his royal visitors. On the appointed day, the prince and duke arrived, and were shown up stairs to George's apartments, on the second floor, where a very tasteful banquet was set out, but more distinguished by neatness than splendour: after keeping his illustrious guests waiting a considerable period beyond the time agreed on, by way of sharpening their appetites, the prince good-humouredly inquired what he meant to give them for dinner?' Only one dish,' said George; 'but that one will, I flatter myself, be a novelty to my royal guests, and prove highly palatable.' 'And what may that be?' said the prince. 'The wing of a wool-bird,' replied the facetious colonel. It was in vain the prince and duke conjectured what this strange title could import, when George appeared before them with a tremendous large red baking dish, smoking hot, in which was supported a fine well-browned shoulder of mutton, dropping its rich gravy over some crisp potatoes. The prince and his brother enjoyed the joke amazingly, and they have since been heard to declare, they never ate a heartier meal in their life, or one (from its novelty to them in the state in which it was served up), which they have relished more. George had, however, reserved a *bonne bouche*, in a superb dessert and most exquisite wines, for which the prince had heard he was famous, and which was, perhaps, the principal incitement to the honour conferred."

After a night spent in the utmost hilarity, heightened by the vivacity and good-humour of my associates, to which might be added, the full gratification of my prevailing *penchant* for the observance of character, we were on the point of departing, when Transit, ever on the alert in search of variety, observed a figure whom (in his phrase) he had long

wished to book; in a few moments a sketch of this eccentric personage was before us. "That is the greatest original we have yet seen," said our friend Bob: "he is now in the honourable situation of croupier to one of the most notorious hells in the metropolis. This poor devil was once a master tailor of some respectability, until getting connected with a gang of sharpers, he was eventually fleeced of all his little property: his good-natured qualifications, and the harmless pleasantries with which he abounds, pointed him out as a very proper person to act as a confederate to the more wealthy legs; from a pigeon he became a bird of prey, was enlisted into the corps, and regularly initiated into all the diabolical mysteries of the black art. For some time he figured as a decoy upon the town, dressed in the first style of fashion, and driving an unusually fine horse and elegant Stanhope, until a circumstance, arising out of a joke played off upon him by his companions, when in a state of intoxication, made him so notorious, that his usefulness in that situation was entirely frustrated, and, consequently, he has since been employed within doors, in the more sacred mysteries of the Greek temple. The gentleman I mean is yonder, with the Joliffe tile and sharp indented countenance: his real name is B———; but he has now obtained the humorous cognomen of 'The subject' from having been, while in a state of inebriety, half stripped, put into a sack, and in this manner conveyed to the door of Mr. Brooks, the celebrated anatomist in Blenheim-street, by a hackney night-coachman, who was known to the party as the resurrection Jarvey. On his being deposited in this state at the lecturer's door, by honest Jehu, who offered him for sale, the surgeon proceeded to examine his subject, when, untying the sack, he discovered the man was breathing: 'Why, you scoundrel,' said the irritable anatomist, 'the man's not dead.' 'Not dead!' re-echoed coachee, laughing at the joke, 'Why, then, kill him when you want him!' The consequence of this frolic had, however, nearly proved more serious than the projectors anticipated: the anatomist, suspecting it was some trick to enter his house for burglarious purposes, gave the alarm, when Jarvey made his escape; but poor B———was secured, and

conveyed the next morning to Marlborough-street, where it required all the ingenuity of a celebrated Old Bailey solicitor to prevent his being committed for the attempt to rob a bonehouse."

After this anecdote, we all agreed to separate. Transit would fain have led us to the Covent-garden finish, which he describes as being unusually rich in character; but this was deferred until another night, when I shall introduce you to some new acquaintances.—Adieu. Lady Mary Oldstyle and the D'Almaine family are off to-morrow for Brighton, from which place expect some few descriptive sketches.

Horatio Heartly.

Page220

---

page221 (157K)

THE SPREAD,{1} OR WINE PARTY AT BRAZEN-NOSE.

"Hear, Momus, hoar! blithe sprite, whose dimpling cheek
Of quips, and cranks ironic, seems to speak,
Who lovest learned victims, and whose shrine
Groans with the weight of victims asinine.
Nod with assent! thy lemon juice infuse!
Though of male sex, I woo thee for a Muse."

A College Wine Party described—Singular Whim of Horace Eglantine—Meeting of the Oxford Crackademonians—Sketches of eccentric Characters, drawn from the Life—The Doctor's Daughter—An old Song—A Round of Sculls—Epitaphs on the Living and the Dead—Tom Tick, a College Tale—The Voyagers—Notes and Anecdotes.

A college wine party I could very well conceive from the specimen I had already of my companion's frolicsome humours, was not unlikely to produce some departure from college rules which might eventually involve me in *rustication, fine*, or *imposition*. To avoid it was impossible; it was the first invitation of an early friend, and must be obeyed. The anticipation of a bilious head-ache on the morrow, or perhaps a first appearance before, or lecture from, the vice-chancellor, principal, or proctor, made me somewhat tardy in my appearance at the *spread*. The butler was just marching a second

1 A spread. A wine party of from thirty to one hundred and twenty persons. The party who gives the spread generally invites all the under-graduates he is acquainted with; a dessert is ordered either from Jubber's, or Sadler's, for the number invited, for which he is charged at per head.

reinforcement of *black men, or heavy artillery* from the college magazine, across the quadrangle, for the use of the dignitaries' table; when I, a poor solitary *freshman*, advanced with sentimental awe and fearful stride beneath the arched entrance of Brazen-nose. Where Eglantine's rooms were situated I had no means of knowing, his card supplying only the name of his college; to make some inquiry would be necessary, but of whom, not a creature but what appeared much too busily employed, as they ran to and fro laden with wine and viands, to answer the interrogatories of a stranger. I was on the point of retreating to obtain the requisite information from the waiter at the Mitre, when old Mark Supple made his appearance, with "Your servant, sir: I have been in search of you at your inn, by command of Mr. Eglantine, *take notice*—who with a large party of friends are waiting your company to a *spread*." "A large party, Mark?" said I, suspecting there was some secret drama in rehearsal, in which I was to play a principal part. "A very large party, sir, and a very extraordinary one too, *take notice*—such a collection as I never saw before within the walls of a college—living curiosities, *take notice*—all the *comicals* of Oxford brought together,{2} and this 2 This adventure, strange as it may appear, actually occurred a short time since, when Mr. J*****n of Brazen-nose invited the characters here named to an entertainment in the College. Sir Richard Steele, when on a visit to Edinburgh, indulged in a similar freak: he made a splendid feast, and whilst the servants were wondering for what great personages it was intended, he sent them into the streets, to collect all the eccentrics, beggars, and poor people, that chance might throw in their way, and invite them to his house. A pretty large party being mustered, they were well plied with whiskey-punch and wine; when, forgetting their cares, and free from all restraint, they gave loose to every peculiarity of their respective characters. When the entertainment was over, Sir Richard declared, that besides the pleasure of filling so many hungry bellies, and enjoying an hour of rich amusement, he had gleaned from them humour enough to form a good comedy, or at least a farce.

is what Mr. Eglantine calls his *museum of character*, but which I should call a *regiment of caricatures, take notice*—but I heard him say, that he had invited them on purpose to surprise you; that he knew you was fond of eccentricity, and that he thought he had prepared a great treat. I only wish he may get rid of them as easily as he brought them there, for if the bull-dogs should gain scent of them there would be a pretty row, *take notice*." Mark's information, instead of producing the alarm he evidently anticipated, had completely dispelled all previous fears, and operated like the prologue to a rich comedy, from which I expected to derive considerable merriment: following, therefore, my conductor up one flight of stairs on the opposite side of the space from which I had entered, I found myself at the closed *oak* of my friend. "Mr. Eglantine is giving them a *chaunt*" said Mark, who had applied his ear to the key-hole of the door: "we must wait till the song is over, or you will be fined in a double bumper of *bishop*, for interrupting the *stave, take notice*." Curiosity prompted me to follow Mark's example, when I overheard Horace chanting part of an old satirical ballad on John Wilkes, to the tune of the Dragon of Wantley; commencing with—

And ballads I have heard rehearsed By harmonists itinerant, Who modern worthies celebrate, Yet scarcely make a dinner on't. Some of whom sprang from noble race, And some were in a pig-sty born, Dependent upon royal grace Or triple tree of Tyburn.

CHORUS. John Wilkes he was for Middlesex, They chose him knight of the shire: He made a fool of alderman Bull, And call'd parson Home a liar.

The moment silence was obtained, old Mark gave three distinct knocks at the door, when Horace himself appeared, and we were immediately admitted to the temple of the Muses; where, seated round a long table, appeared a variety of characters that would have rivalled (from description) the Beggars' Club in St. Giles's—the Covent-Garden Finish—or the once celebrated Peep o' day boys in Fleet-lane. At the upper end of the table were Tom Echo and Bob Transit, the first smoking his cigar, the second sketching the portraits of the motley group around him on the

back of his address cards; at the lower end of the room, on each side of the chair from which Eglantine had just risen to welcome me, sat little Dick Gradus, looking as knowing as an Old Bailey counsel dissecting a burglary case, and the honourable Lillyman Lionise, the Eton *exquisite*, looking as delicate and frightened as if his whole system of ethics was likely to be revolutionized by this night's entertainment. To such a society a formal introduction was of course deemed essential; and this favour Horace undertook by recommending me to the particular notice of the *crackademonians* (as he was pleased to designate the elegant assemblage by whom we were then surrounded), in the following oration: "Most noble *cracks*, and worthy cousin *trumps*—permit me to introduce a brother of the *togati, fresh* as a new-blown rose, and innocent as the lilies of St. Clement's. Be unto him, as ye have been to all gownsmen from the beginning, ever ready to promote his wishes, whether for spree or sport, in term or out of term—against the *Inquisition* and their *bull-dogs*—the town *raff* and the *bargees*—well *blunted or stiver cramped*—against *dun or don—nob or big wig*—so may you never want a bumper of *bishop*: and thus do I commend him to your merry keeping." "Full charges, boys," said Echo, "fill up their glasses, Count Dennett{3}; 3 Count Dennett, hair-dresser at Corpus and Oriel Colleges, a very eccentric man, who has saved considerable property; celebrated for making bishops' wigs, playing at cribbage, and psalm-singing.

Here's Brother Blackmantle of Brazen-nose." "A speech, a speech!" vociferated all the party. "Yes, worthy brother *cracks*," replied I, "you shall have a speech, the very acme of oratory; a brief speech, composed by no less a personage than the great Lexicographer himself, and always used by him on such occasions at the club in Ivy-lane. Here's all your healths, and *Esto perpétua*." "Bravo!" said Eglantine;" the boy improves. Now a toast, a university lass—come, boys, The Doctor's Daughter; and then a song from Crotchet C—ss."{4}

BURTON ALE.

AN ANCIENT OXFORD DITTY.

Of all the belles who Christ Church bless,
None's like the doctor's daughter{5};
Who hates affected squeamishness
Almost as much as water.
Unlike your modern dames, afraid
Of Bacchus's caresses;
She far exceeds the stoutest maid
Of excellent queen Bess's.

Hers were the days, says she, good lack,
The days to drink and munch in;
When butts of Burton, tuns of sack,
Wash'd down an ox for luncheon.
Confound your *nimpy-pimpy* lass,
Who faints and fumes at liquor;
Give me the girl that takes her glass
Like Moses and the vicar.

4 Mr. C—ss, otherwise Crotchet C—ss, bachelor of music, and organist of Christ Church College, St. John's College, and St. Mary's Church. An excellent musician, and a jolly companion: he published, some time since, a volume of chants.

5 A once celebrated university toast, with whose eccentricities we could fill a volume; but having received an intimation that it would be unpleasant to the lady's feelings, we gallantly forbear.

True emblem of immortal ale,
So famed in British lingo;
Stout, beady, and a little *stale*—
Long live the Burton stingo!

"A vulgar ditty, by my faith," said the exquisite, "in the true English style, all *fol de rol*, and a vile chorus to split the tympanum of one's auricular organs: do, for heaven's sake, Echo, let us have some *divertissement* of a less boisterous character." "Agreed," said Eglantine, winking at Echo; "we'll have a *round of sculls*. Every man shall sing a

song, write a poetical epitaph on his right hand companion, or drink off a double dose of rum booze."{6} "Then I shall be confoundedly *cut*," said Dick Gradus, "for I never yet could chant a stave or make a couplet in my life." "And I protest against a practice," said Lionise, "that has a tendency to trifle with one's *transitory tortures*." "No appeal from the chair," said Eglantine: "another bumper, boys; here's The Fair *Nuns of St. Clement's*." "To which I beg leave to add," said Echo, "by way of rider, their favourite pursuit, *The Study of the Fathers*." By the time these toasts had been duly honoured, some of the party displayed symptoms of being *moderately cut*, when Echo commenced by reciting his epitaph on his next friend, Bob Transit:—

Here rests a wag, whose pencil drew
Life's characters of varied hue,
Bob Transit—famed in humour's sphere
For many a transitory year.
Though dead, still in the "English Spy"
He'll live for ever to the eye.
Here uncle White{7} reclines in peace,
Secure from nephew and from niece.

6 Rum booze—Flip made of white or port wine, the yolks of eggs, sugar and nutmeg.

7 Uncle White, a venerable bed-maker of All Souls' College, eighty-three years of age; has been in the service of the college nearly seventy years: is always dressed in black, and wears very largo silver knee and shoe-buckles; his hair, which is milk-white, is in general tastefully curled: he is known "to, and called uncle by, every inhabitant of the university, and obtained the cog-nomen from his having an incredible number of nephews and nieces in Oxford. In appearance he somewhat resembles a clergyman of the old school.

Of All-Souls' he, alive or dead;
Of milk-white name, the milk-white head.
By Uncle White.

Here lies Billy Chadwell,{8}
Who perform'd the duties of a dad well.

BY BILLY CHADWELL.
Ye maggots, now's your time to crow:
Old Boggy Hastings{9} rests below.

BY BOGGY HASTINGS.
A grosser man ne'er mix'd with stones
Than lies beneath—'Tis Figgy Jones.{10}

BY FIGGY JONES.
Here Marquis Wickens{11} lies incrust,
In clay-cold consecrated dust:
No more he'll brew, or pastry bake;
His sun is set—himself a cake.

8 Billy Chadwell, of psalm-singing notoriety, since dead; would imitate syncope so admirably, as to deceive a whole room full of company—in an instant he would become pale, motionless, and ghastly as death; the action of his heart has even appeared to be diminished: his sham fits, if possible, exceeded his fainting. He was very quarrelsome when in his cups; and when he had aggravated any one to the utmost, to save himself from a severe beating would apparently fall into a most dreadful fit, which never failed to disarm his adversary of his rage, and to excite the compassion of every by-stander.

9 Old Boggy Hastings supplies members of the university and college servants who are anglers with worms and maggots.

10 Tommy J***s, alias Figgy Jones, an opulent grocer in the High-street, and a common-councilman in high favour with the lower orders of the freemen; a sporting character.

11 Marquis Wickens formerly a confectioner, and now a common brewer. He accumulated considerable property as a

confectioner, from placing his daughters, who were pretty genteel girls, behind his counter, where they attracted a great many gownsmen to the shop. No tradesman ever gained a fortune more rapidly than this man: as soon as he found himself inde-pendent of the university, he gave up his shop, bought the Sun Inn, built a brewhouse, and is now gaining as much money by selling beer as he formerly did by confectionery.

BY MARQUIS WICKENS.

Ye *roués* all, be sad and mute;
Who now shall cut the stylish suit?
Buck Sheffield's{12 }gone—Ye Oxford men,
Where shall ye meet his like again?

BY BUCK SHEFFIELD.

MacLean{13} or *Tackle*, which you will,
In quiet sleeps beneath this hill.
Ye anglers, bend with one accord;
The stranger is no more abroad.

BY MACLEAN.

Here rests a punster, Jemmy Wheeler{14}
In wit and whim a wholesale dealer;
Unbound by care, he others bound,
And now lies gathered underground.

12 Sheffield, better known by the name of Buck Sheffield, a master tailor and a member of the common council.

13 MacLean, an old bacchanalian Scotchman, better known by the name of Tackle: a tall thin man, who speaks the broad Scotch dialect; makes and mends fishing-tackle for members of the university; makes bows and arrows for those who belong to the Archery Society; is an indifferent musician, occasionally amuses under-graduates in their apartments by playing to them country dances and marches on the flute or violin. He published his Life a short time since, in a thin

octavo pamphlet, entitled "The Stranger Abroad, or The History of Myself," by MacLean.

14 Jemmy Wheeler of Magpie-lane, a bookbinder, of punning celebrity; has published two or three excellent versified puns in the Oxford Herald. He is a young man of good natural abilities,
but unfortunately applies them occasionally to a loose purpose.

BY JEMMY WHEELER.

A speedy-man, by nimble foe,
Lies buried in the earth below:
The Baron Perkins,{15} Mercury
To all the university.
Men of New College, mourn his fate,
Who *early* died by drinking *late*.

BY BARON PERKINS.

Ye Oxford *duns*, you're done at last;
Here Smiler W——d{16} is laid fast.
No more his *oak* ye need assail;
He's book'd inside a wooden jail.

BY SMILER W—— OF C—— COLLEGE.

A thing called exquisite rests here:
For human nature's sake I hope,
Without uncharitable trope,
'Twill ne'er among us more appear.

15 William Perkins, alias Baron Perkins, alias the Baron, a very jovial watchman of Holywell, the New College speedy-man,{*} and factotum to New College.

16 Mr. W——d, alias Smiler W——d, a commoner of ——. This gentleman is always laughing or smiling; is long-winded, and consequently pestered with *duns*, who are sometimes much chagrined by repeated disappointments; but let them be ever so crusty, he never fails in laughing them

into a good humour before they leave his room.

It was over Smiler's oak in——, that some wag had printed and stuck up the following notice:

Men traps and spring guns
Set here to catch *duns*.

* A *speedy-man* at New College is a person employed to take a letter to the master of Winchester school from the warden of New College, acquaint-ing him that a fellowship or scholarship is become vacant in the college, and requiring him to send forthwith the next senior boy. The speedy-man always performs his journey on foot, and within a given time.

BY LILLYMAN LIONISE.
Here rests a poet—heaven keep him quiet,
For when above he lived a life of riot;
Enjoy'd his joke, and drank his share of wine—
A mad wag he, one Horace Eglantine.{17}

The good old orthodox beverage now began to display its potent effects upon the heads and understandings of the party. All restraint being completely banished by the effect of the liquor, every one indulged in their characteristic eccentricities. Dick Gradus pleaded his utter incapability to sing or produce an impromptu rhyme, but was allowed to substitute a prose epitaph on the renowned school-master of Magdalen parish, Fatty T—b,{18} who lay snoring under the table. "It shall be read over him in lieu of burial service," said Echo. "Agreed, agreed," vociferated all the party; and Jemmy

17 This whim of tagging rhymes and epitaphs, adopted by Horace Eglantine, is of no mean authority. During the convivial administration of Lord North, when the ministerial dinners were composed of such men as the Lords Sandwich, Weymouth, Thurlow, Richard Rigby, &c, various pleasantries passed current for which the present time would be deemed too refined. Among others, it was the whim of the day to

call upon each member, after the cloth was drawn, to tag a rhyme to the name of his left hand neighbour. It was first proposed by Lord Sandwich, to raise a laugh against the facetious Lord North, who happened to sit next to a Mr. Mellagen, a name deemed incapable of a rhyme. Luckily, however, for Lord North, that gentleman had just informed him of an accident that had befallen him near the pump in Pall Mall; when, therefore, it came to his turn, he wrote the following distich:—

Oh! pity poor Mr. Mellagen,
Who walking along Pall Mall,
Hurt his foot when down he fell,
And fears he won't get well again.

18 Fatty T——, better known as the sixpenny schoolmaster: a little fat man, remarkable for his love of good living.

Jumps,{19} the parish clerk of Saint Peter's, was instantly mounted on a chair, at the head of the defunct schoolmaster, to recite the following whim:—

Epitaph on a Glutton.

Beneath this table lie the remains of Fatty T***;
Who more than performed the duties of
An excellent eater, an unparalleled drinker, and
A truly admirable sleeper.
His stomach was as disinterested
As his appetite was good; so that
His impartial tooth alike chewed
The mutton of the poor,and
The turtle of the rich.

19 James James, alias Jemmy Jumps, alias the Oxford Caleb Quotum, a stay-maker, and parish-clerk of Saint Peter le Bailey—plays the violin to parties on water excursions, attends public-house balls—is bellows-blower and factotum at the music-room—attends as porter to the Philharmonic and Oxford Choral Societies—is constable of the race-course

and race balls—a bill distributor and a deputy collector of poor rates—calls his wife his *solio*. He often amuses his companions at public-houses by reciting comic tales in verse. A woman who had lost a relative desired Jemmy Jumps to get a brick grave built. On digging up a piece of ground which had not been opened for many years, he discovered a very good brick grave, and, to his great joy, also discovered that its occupant had long since mouldered into dust. He cleaned the grave out, procured some reddle and water, brushed the bricks over with it, and informed the person that he had a most excellent *second-hand grave to sell as good as new*, and if she thought it would suit her poor departed friend, would let her have it at half the price of a new one: this was too good an offer to be rejected; but Jemmy found, on measuring the coffin, that his second-hand grave was too short, and consequently was obliged to dig the earth away from the end of the grave and beat the bricks in with a beetle, before it would admit its new tenant.

He was a zealous opposer of the Aqua-*arian* heresy,
A steady devourer of beef-steaks,
A stanch and devout advocate for *spiced bishop*,
A firm friend to Bill Holland's *double X*, and
An active disseminator of the bottle,
He was ever uneasy unless employed upon
The good things of this world; and
The interment of a *swiss* or lion,
Or the dissolution of a pasty,
Was his great delight.
He died
Full of drink and victuals,
In the undiminished enjoyment of his digestive faculties,
In the forty-fifth year of his appetite.
The collegians inscribed this memento,
In perpetual remembrance of
His *pieous* knife and fork.

"Very well for a *trencher* man," said Horace; "now we must have a recitation from Strasburg.{20} Come, you jolly old teacher of Hebrew, mount the rostrum, and "give us a taste of your quality." "Ay, or by heavens we'll baptize him with a bumper of bishop," said Echo. "For conscience sake, mishter Echo, conshider vat it is you're about; I can no more shpeek in English than I can turn Christian—I've drank so much of your red port to-day as voud make anoder Red Sea." "Ay, and you shall be drowned in it, you old *Sheenie*," said Tom, "if you don't give us a speech." "A speech, a speech!" resounded from all

{20} Strasburg, an eccentric Jew, who gave lessons in Hebrew to members of the university.

the yet living subjects of the party. "Veil, if I musht, I musht; but I musht do it by shubstitute then; my old friend, Mark Supple here, vill give you the history of Tom Tick." To this Echo assented, on account of the allusions it bore to the Albanians, some of whom were of the party. Old Mark, mounted on the chair at the upper end of the table, proceeded with the tale.

Page233

THE OXFORD RAKE'S PROGRESS.

Tom was a tailor's heir,
A dashing blade,
Whose sire in trade
Enough had made,
By cribbage, short skirts, and little capes,
Long bills, and items for buckram, tapes,
Buttons, twist, and small ware;
Which swell a bill out so delightfully,
Or perhaps I should say frightfully,
That is, if it related to myself.
Suffice it to be told
In wealth he roll'd,
And being a fellow of some spirit,
Set up his coach;
To 'scape reproach,
He put the tailor on the shelf,
And thought to make his boy a man of merit.
On old Etona's classic ground,
Tom's infant years in circling round
Were spent 'mid Greek and Latin;
The boy had parts both gay and bright,
A merry, mad, facetious sprite,
With heart as soft as satin.
For sport or spree Tom never lack'd;
A *con*{21} with all, his sock he crack'd
With *oppidan* or gownsman:
Could *smug* a sign, or quiz the *dame*,
Or row, or ride, or poach for game,
With *cads*, or Eton townsmen.
Tom's *admiral* design'd,
Most dads are blind

To youthful folly,
That Tom should be a man of learning,
To show his parent's great discerning,
A parson rich and jolly.
To Oxford Tom in due time went,
Upon degree D.D. intent,
But more intent on ruin:
A Freshman, steering for the *Port of Stuff's*,{22}
Round *Isle Matricula*, and *Isthmus of Grace*,
Intent on living well and little doing.
Here Tom came out a dashing blood,
Kept Doll at Woodstock, and a stud
For hunting, race, or tandem;
Could *bag* a proctor, *floor a raff*,
Or stifle e'en a *hull-dog's gaff*,
Get *bosky*, drive at random.

21 Eton phraseology—A friend.

22 Oxford phraseology—All these terms have been explained in an earlier part of the work.

ENLARGE TO FULL SIZE

Page 235

But long before the first term ended,
Tom was inform'd, unless he mended,
He'd better change his college.
Which said, the *Don* was hobbling to the shelf
Where college butler keeps his book of *Battell*;
Tom nimbly ran, erased his name himself,
To save the scandal of the students' prattle.
In Oxford, be it known, there is a place
Where all the mad wags in disgrace
Retire to improve their knowledge;
The town *raff* call it *Botany Bay*,

Its inmates *exiles, convicts*, and they say
Saint Alban takes the student refugees:
Here Tom, to 'scape *Point Non plus*, took his seat
After a *waste of ready*—found his feet
Safe on the shores of indolence and ease;
Here, 'mid choice spirits, in the *Isle of Flip*,
Dad's will, and *sapping*, valued not young *snip*;
Scapula, Homer, Lexicon, laid by,
Join'd the peep-of-day boys in full cry.{23}
A saving sire a sad son makes
This adage suits most modern rakes,

23 It was in the actual participation of these bacchanalian orgies, during the latter days of Dr. W——y, the former head of the Hall, when infirmities prevented his exercising the necessary watchful-ness over the buoyant spirits committed to his charge, that my friend Bob Transit and myself were initiated into the mysteries of the Albanians. The accompanying scene, so faithfully delineated by his humorous pencil, will be fresh in the recollection of the *choice spirits* who mingled in the joyous revelry. To particularise character would be to "betray the secrets of the prison-house," and is besides wholly unnecessary, every figure round the board being a portrait; kindred souls, whose merrie laughter-loving countenances and jovial propensities, will be readily recognised by every son of *Alma Mater* who was at Oxford during the last days of the *beaux esprits* of Alban Hall. (*See Plate*.) In justice to the learned Grecian who now presides, it should be told, that these scenes are altogether suppressed.

And Tom above all others.
I should have told before, he was an only child,
And therefore privileged to be gay and wild,
Having no brothers,
Whom his example might mislead
Into extravagance, or deed
Ridiculous and foolish.

Three tedious years in Oxford spent,
In midnight brawl and merriment,
Tom bid adieu to college,
To cassock-robe of orthodox,
To construe and decline—the box,
Supreme in stable knowledge;
To dash on all within the ring,
Bet high, play deep, or rioting,
At Long's to sport his figure
In honour's cause, some small affair
Give modern bucks a finish'd air,
Tom pull'd the fatal trigger.
He kill'd his friend—but then remark,
His friend had kill'd another spark,
So 'twas but trick and tie.
The cause of quarrel no one knew,
Not even Tom,—away he flew,
Till time and forms of law,
To fashionable vices blind,
Excuses for the guilty find,
Call murder a *faux pas*.
The tinsell'd coat next struck his pride,
How dashing in the Park to ride
A cornet of dragoons;
Upon a charger, thorough bred,
To show off with a high plumed head,
The gaze of Legs and Spoons;
To rein him up in all his paces,
Then splash the passing trav'lers' faces,
And spur and caper by;

Get drunk at mess, then sally out
To Lisle-street fair, or beat a scout,
Or black a waiter's eye.
Of all the clubs,—the Clippers, Screws,
The Fly-by-nights, Four Horse, and Blues,
The Daffy, Snugs, and Peep-o-day,
Tom's an elect; at all the Hells,

At Bolton-Row, with tip-top swells,
And Tat's men, deep he'd play.
His debts oft paid by Snyder's{24} pelf,
Who paid at last a debt himself,
Which all that live must pay.
Tom book'd{25} the old one snug inside,
Wore sables, look'd demure and sigh'd
Some few short hours away;
Till from the funeral return'd,
Then Tom with expectation burn'd
To hear his father's will:—
"Twice twenty thousand pounds in cash,"—
"That's prime," quoth Tom, "to cut a dash
"At races or a mill,"—
"All my leaseholds, house and plate,
My pictures and freehold estate,
I give my darling heir;
Not doubting but, as I in trade
By careful means this sum have made,
He'll double it with care."—
"Ay, that I will, I'll hit the nick,
Seven's the main,—here Ned and Dick
Bring down my blue and buff;
Take off the hatband, banish grief,
'Tis time to turn o'er a new leaf,
Sorrow's but idle stuff."
Fame, trumpet-tongued, Tom's wealth reports,
His name is blazon'd at the courts
Of Carlton and the Fives.
His equipage, his greys, his dress,
His polish'd self, so like *noblesse*,
"Is ruin's sure perquise."

24 Flash for tailor.

25 Screwed up in his coffin.

Beau Brummell's bow had not the grace,
Alvanly stood eclipsed in face,
The *Roués* all were mute,
So exquisite, so chaste, unique,
The mark for every Leg and Greek,
Who play the concave suit.{26}
At Almack's, paradise o' the West,
Tom's hand by prince and peer is press'd,
And fashion cries supreme.
His Op'ra box, and little quean,
To lounge, to see, and to be seen,
Makes life a pleasant dream.
Such dreams, alas! are transient light,
A glow of brightness and delight,
That wakes to years of pain.
Tom's round of pleasure soon was o'er,
And clam'rous *duns* assail the door
When credit's on the wane.
His riches pay his folly's price,
And vanish soon a sacrifice,
Then friendly comrades fly;
His ev'ry foible dragg'd to light,
And faults (unheeded) crowd in sight,
Asham'd to show his face.
Beset by tradesmen, lawyers, *bums*,{21}
He sinks where fashion never comes,
A wealthier takes his place.
Beat at all points, floor'd, and clean'd out,
Tom yet resolv'd to brave it out,

36 Cards cut in a peculiar manner, to enable the Leg to fleece his Pigeon securely.

27 "Persons employed by the sheriff to hunt and seize human prey: they are always bound in sureties for the due execution of their office, and thence are called *Bound Bailiff's*, which the common people have corrupted into a

much more homely ex-pression—*to wit, Bum-Bailiffs or Bums*."—l *Black Com*. 346.

If die he must, die game.
Some few months o'er, again he strays
'Midst scenes of former halcyon days,
On other projects bent;
No more ambitious of a name,
Or mere unprofitable fame,
On gain he's now intent,
To deal a flush, or cog a die,
Or plan a deep confed'racy
To pluck a pigeon bare.
Elected by the Legs a brother,
His plan is to entrap some other
In Greeting's fatal snare.
Here for a time his arts succeed,
But vice like his, it is decreed,
Can never triumph long:
A noble, who had been his prey,
Convey'd the well cogg'd bones away,
Exposed them to the throng.
Now blown, "his occupation's" o'er,
Indictments, actions, on him pour,
His ill got wealth must fly;
And faster than it came, the law
Can fraud's last ill got shilling draw,
Tom's pocket soon drain'd dry.
Again at sea, a wreck, struck down,
By fickle fortune and the town,
Without the means to bolt.
His days in bed, for fear of Bums,
At night among the Legs he comes,
Who gibe him for a dolt.
He's cut, and comrades, one by one,
Avoid him as they would a dun.
Here finishes our tale—
Tom Tick, the life, the soul, the whim

Of courts and fashion when in trim,
Is left—
WAITING FOR BAIL.

Page240

By the time old Mark Supple had finished his somewhat lengthy tale, the major part of the motley group of eccentrics who surrounded us were terribly cut: the garrulous organ of Jack Milburn was unable to articulate a word; *Goose* B——l, the gourmand, was crammed full, and looked, as he lay in the arms of Morpheus, like a fat citizen on the night of a lord mayor's dinner—a lump of inanimate mortality. In one corner lay a poor little Grecian, papa Chrysanthus Demetriades, whom Tom Echo had plied with bishop till he fell off his chair; Count Dennet was safely deposited beside him; and old Will Stewart,{28} the poacher, was just humming himself to sleep with the fag end of an old ballad as he sat upon the ground

28 Portraits of the three last-mentioned eccentrics will be found in page 245, sketched from the life.

resting his back against the defunct Grecian. A diminutive little cripple, Johnny Holloway, was sleeping between his legs, upon whose head Tom had fixed a wig of immense size, crowned with an opera hat and a fox's tail for a feather. "Now to bury the dead," said Eglantine; "let in the lads, Mark." "Now we shall have a little sport, old fellows," said Echo: "come, Transit, where are your paints and brushes?" In a minute the whole party were most industriously engaged in disfiguring the objects around us by painting their faces, some to resemble tattooing, while others were decorated with black eyes, huge mustachios, and different embellishments, until it would have been impossible for friend or relation to have recognised any one of their visages. This ceremony being completed, old Mark introduced a new collection of worthies, who had been previously instructed for the sport; these were, I found, no other than the well-known Oxford *cads*, Marston Will, Tom Webb, Harry Bell, and Dick Rymal,{29} all out and outers, as Echo reported, for a spree with the gown, who had been regaled at some neighbouring public house by Eglantine, to be in readiness for the wind-up of his eccentric

entertainment; to the pious care of these worthies were consigned the strange-looking mortals who surrounded us. The plan was, I found, to carry them out quietly between two men, deposit them in a cart which they had in waiting, and having taken them to the water-side, place them in a barge and send them drifting down the water in the night to Iffley, where their consternation on recovering the next morning and strange appearance would be sure to create a source of merriment both for the city and university. The instructions were most punctually obeyed, and the amusement the freak afterwards afforded the good people of Oxford will not very

29 Well-known sporting cads, who are always ready to do a good turn for the *togati*, either for sport or spree.

quickly be forgotten. Thus ended the spread—and now having taken more than my usual quantity of wine, and being withal fatigued by the varied amusements of the evening, I would fain have retired to rest: but this, I found, would be contrary to good fellowship, and not at all in accordance with *college principles*. "We must have a spree" said Echo, "by way of finish, the rum ones are all shipped off safely by this time—suppose we introduce Blackmantle to our *grandmamma*, and the pretty *Nuns* of St. Clement's." "Soho, my good fellows," said Transit; "we had better defer our visit in that direction until the night is more advanced. The old don{30} of——, remember, celebrates the Paphian mysteries in that quarter occasionally, and we may not always be able to *shirk* him as effectually as on the other evening, when Echo and myself were snugly enjoying a *tête-a-tête* with Maria B——and little Agnes S——{31}; we accidentally caught a glimpse of *old Morality* cautiously toddling after the pious Mrs. A—ms, *vide-licet* of arts,{32} a lady who has been regularly matriculated at this university, and taken up her degrees some years since. It was too rich a bit to lose, and although at the risk of discovery, I booked it immediately *eo instunti*. *'Exegi monumentum aere perennius*'—and here it is."

30 We all must reverence dons; and I'm about
To talk of dons—irreverently I doubt.
For many a priest, when sombre evening gray

Mantles the sky, o'er maudlin bridge will stray—
Forget his oaths, his office, and his fame,
And mix in company I will not name.

Aphrodisiacal Licenses.
31 Paphian divinities in high repute at Oxford.

32 Pretty much in the same sense, probably, in which Moore's gifted leman Fanny is by him designated Mistress of Arts.

And oh!—if a fellow like me
May confer a diploma of hearts,
With my lip thus I seal your degree,
My divine little Mistress of Arts.

For an account of Fan's proficiency in astronomy, ethics, (not the Nicomachean), and eloquence, see Moore's Epistles, vol. ii. p. 155.

Pge243

"An excellent likeness, i'faith, is it," said Eglantine; whose eyes twinkled like stars amid the wind-driven clouds, and whose half clipped words and unsteady motion sufficiently evinced that he had paid due attention to the old laws of potation. "There's nothing like the *cloth* for comfort, old fellows; remember what a man of Christ Church wrote to George Colman when he was studying for the law.

'Turn parson, Colman, that's the way to thrive;
Your parsons are the happiest men alive.
Judges, there are but twelve; and never more,
But stalls untold, and Bishops twenty-four.
Of pride and claret, sloth and venison full,
Yon prelate mark, right reverend and dull!
He ne'er, good man, need pensive vigils keep
To preach his audience once a week to sleep;
On rich preferment battens at his ease,
Nor sweats for tithes, as lawyers toil for fees.'

If Colman had turned parson he would have had a bishoprick long since, and rivalled that jolly old ancient Walter de Mapes. Then what an honour he would have been to the church; no drowsy epistles spun out in lengthened phrase,

> 'Like to the quondam student, named of yore,
> Who with Aristotle calmly choked a boar;'

but true orthodox wit: the real light of grace would have fallen from his lips and charmed the crowded aisle; the rich epigrammatic style, the true creed of the churchman; no fear of canting innovations or evangelical sceptics; but all would have proceeded harmoniously, ay, and piously too—for true piety consists not in purgation of the body, but in purity of mind. Then if we could but have witnessed Colman filling the chair in one of our common rooms, enlivening with his genius, wit, and social conversation the learned *dromedaries* of the Sanctum, and dispelling the habitual gloom of a College Hospitium, what chance would the sectarians of Wesley, or the infatuated followers even of that arch rhapsodist, Irving, have with the attractive eloquence and sound reasoning of true wit?" "Bravo! bravo!"vociferated the party. "An excellent defence of the church," said Echo, "for which Eglantine deserves to be inducted to a valuable benefice; suppose we adjourn before the college gates are closed, and install him under the Mitre." A proposition that met with a ready acquiescence from all present.{33}

> 33 The genius of wit, mirth, and social enjoyment, can never find more sincere worshippers than an Oxford wine-party seated round the festive board; here the sallies of youth, unchecked by care, the gaiety of hearts made glad with wine and revelry, the brilliant flashes of genius, and the eye beaming with delight, are found in the highest perfection. The merits of the society to which the youthful aspirant for fame and glory happens to belong often afford the embryo poet the theme of his song. Impromptu parodies on old and popular songs often add greatly to the enjoy-ment of the convivial party. The discipline of the university prohibits late hours; and the evenings devoted to enjoyment are not often disgraced by excess.

ENLARGE TO FULL SIZE

Page244

Page245

TOWN AND GOWN, AN OXFORD ROW.

Battle of the Togati and the Town-Raff—A Night-Scene in the High-Street, Oxford—Description of the Combatants—Attack of the Gunsmen upon the Mitre—Evolutions of the Assailants—Manoeuvres of the Proctors and Bull Dogs—Perilous Condition of Blackmantle and his associates, Eglantine, Echo, and Transit—Snug Retreat of Lionise—The High-Street after the Battle—Origin of the Argotiers, and Invention of Cant-phrases—History of the Intestine Wars and Civil Broils of Oxford, from the Time of Alfred—Origin of the late Strife—Ancient Ballad—Retreat of the Togati—Reflections of a Freshman—Black Matins, or the Effect of late Drinking upon early Risers—Visit to Golgotha, or the Place of Sculls—Lecture from the Big-Wigs—Tom Echo receives Sentence of Rustication.

ENLARGE TO FULL SIZE

Page247

The clocks of Oxford were echoing each other in proclaiming the hour of midnight, when Eglantine led the way by opening the door of his *hospitium* to descend into the quadrangle of Brazen-nose. "Steady, steady, old fellows," said Horace; "remember the don on the first-floor—hush, all be silent as the grave till you pass his oak." "Let us *row* him—let us fumigate the old fellow," said Echo; "this is the night of purification, lads—bring some pipes, and a little frankincense, Mark." And in this laudable enterprise of blowing asafoetida smoke through the don's key-hole the whole party were about to be instantly engaged, when an accidental slip of Eglantine's spoiled the joke. While in the act of remonstrating with his jovial companions on the dangerous

consequences attending detection, the scholar sustained a fall which left him suddenly deposited against the oak of the crabbed old Master of Arts, who inhabited rooms on the top of the lower staircase; fortunately, the dignitary had on that evening carried home more *liquor* than *learning* from the common room, and was at the time of the accident almost as sound asleep as the original founder. "There lies the domini of the feast," said Echo, "knocked down in true orthodox style by the bishop —follow your leader, boys; and take care of your craniums, or you may chance to get a few phreno-lo-lo-logi-cal bu-lps—I begin to feel that hard study has somewhat impaired my artic-tic-u-u-la-tion, but then I can always raise a per-pendic-dic-u-u-lar, you see—always good at mathemat-tics. D—n Aristotle, and the rest of the saints! say I: you see what comes of being logical." All of which exultation over poor Eglantine's disaster, Echo had the caution to make while steadying himself by keeping fast hold of one of the balustrades on the landing; which that arch wag Transit perceiving, managed to cut nearly through with a knife, and then putting his foot against it sent Tom suddenly oft in a flying leap after his companion, to the uproarious mirth of the whole party. By the time our two friends had recovered their legs, we were all in marching order for the Mitre; working in sinuosities along, for not one of the party could have moved at right angles to any given point, or have counted six street lamps without at least multiplying them to a dozen. In a word, they were ripe for any spree, full of frolic, and bent on mischief; witness the piling a huge load of coals against one man's door, screwing up the oak of another, and *milling the glaze* of a third, before we quitted the precincts of Brazen-nose, which we did separately, to escape observation from the Cerberus who guarded the portal.

It is in a college wine-party that the true character of your early associates are easily discoverable: out of the excesses of the table very often spring the truest impressions, the first, but indelible affection which links kindred spirits together in after-time, and cements with increasing years into the most inviolable friendship. Here the sallies of

youth, unchecked by care, or fettered by restraint, give loose to mirth and revelry; and the brilliancy of genius and the warm-hearted gaiety of pure delight are found in the highest perfection.

The blue light of heaven illumined the magnificent square of Radcliffe, when we passed from beneath the porch of Brazen-nose, and tipping with her silvery light the surrounding architecture, lent additional beauty to the solemn splendour of the scene. Sophisticated as my faculties certainly were by the copious libations and occurrences of the day, I could yet admire with reverential awe the imposing grandeur by which I was surrounded.

A wayward being from my infancy, not the least mark of my eccentricity is the peculiar humour in which I find myself when I have sacrificed too freely to the jolly god: unlike the major part of mankind, my temperament, instead of being invigorated and enlivened by the sparkling juice of the grape, loses its wonted nerve and elasticity; a sombre gloominess pervades the system, the pulse becomes nervous and languid, the spirits flagging and depressed, and the mind full of chimerical apprehensions and *ennui*. It was in this mood that Eglantine found me ruminating on the noble works before me, while resting against a part of the pile of Radcliffe library, contemplating the elegant crocketed pinnacles of All Souls, the delicately taper spire of St. Mary's, and the clustered enrichments and imperial canopies of masonry, and splendid traceries which every where strike the eye: all of which objects were rendered trebly impressive from the stillness of the night, and the flittering light by which they were illumined. I had enough of wine and frolic, and had hoped to have *shirked* the party and stolen quietly to my lodgings, there to indulge in my lucubrations on the scene I had witnessed, and note in my journal, according to my usual practice, the more prominent events of the day, when Horace commenced with—

"Where the devil, old fellow, have you been hiding yourself? I've been hunting you some time. A little *cut*, I suppose: never mind, my boy, you'll be better presently. Here's glorious sport on foot; don't you hear the war-cry?" At this moment a buzz of distant voices broke upon the ear

like the mingled shouts of an election tumult. "There they are, old fellow: come, buckle on your armour—we must try your mettle to-night. All the university are out—a glorious row—come along, no shirking—-the *togati* against the town raff—remember the sacred cause, my boy." And in this way, spite of all remonstrance, was I dragged through the lane and enlisted with the rest of my companions into a corps of university men who were just forming themselves in the High-street to repel the daring attack of the very scum of the city, who had ill-treated and beaten some gownsmen in the neighbourhood of St. Thomas's, and had the temerity to follow and assail them in their retreat to the High-street with every description of villanous epithet, and still more offensive and destructive missiles. "Stand fast there, old fellows," said Echo; who, although *devilishly cut*, seemed to be the leader of the division. "Where's old Mark Supple?" "Here I am sir, *take notice*" said the old scout, who appeared as active as an American rifleman. "Will Peake send us the bludgeons?" "He won't open his doors, sir, for anybody, *take notice*." "Then down with the Mitre, my hearties;" and instantly a rope was thrown across the *bishop's cap* by old Mark, and the tin sign, lamp, and all came tumbling into the street, smashed into a thousand pieces.

PEAKE (looking out of an upper window in his night-cap). Doey be quiet, and go along, for God's zake, gentlemen! I shall be *ruinated and discommoned* if I open my door to any body.

TOM ECHO. You infernal old fox-hunter! if you don't doff your knowledge bag and come to the door, we'll mill all your glaze, burst open your gates, and hamstring all your horses.

MRS. PEAKE (in her night-gown). Stand out of the way, Peake; let me speak to the gentlemen. Gentlemen, doey, gentlemen, consider my reputation, and the reputation of ray house. O dear, gentlemen, doey go somewhere else—we've no sticks here, I azzure ye, and we're all in bed. Doey go, gentlemen, pray do.

TRANSIT. Dame Peake, if you don't open your doors directly, we'll break them open, and unkennel that old bagg'd fox, your husband, and drink all the black strap in your cellar, and—and play the devil with the

maids.

MRS. PEAKE. Don'te say so, don'te say so, Mr. Transit; I know you to be a quiet, peaceable gentleman, and I am zure you will befriend me: doey persuade 'em to go away, pray do,

MARK SUPPLE. Dame Peake

MRS. PEAKE. Oh, Mr. Mark Supple, are you there I talk to the gentlemen, Mr. Mark, pray do.

MARK SUPPLE. It's no use, dame Peake; they won't be gammon'd, take notice. If you have any old broom-handles, throw 'em out directly, and if not, throw all the brooms you have in the house out of window—throw out all your sticks—throw Peake out. I'm for the gown, *take notice*. Down with the town! down with the town!

BILL MAGS. (The waiter, at a lower window.) Hist, hist, Mr. Echo; Mr. Eglantine, hist, hist; master's gone to the back of the house with all the sticks he can muster; and here's an old kitchen-chair you can break up and make bludgeons of (throwing the chair out of window), and here's the cook's rolling-pin, and I'll go and forage for more ammunition.

HORACE EGLANTINE. You're a right good fellow, Bill; and I'll pay you before I do your master; and the Brazen-nose men shall make your fortune.

TOM ECHO. But where's the academicals I sent old Captain Cook for 1 We shall be beating one another in the dark without caps and gowns.

CAPTAIN COOK. (A scout of Christ Church.) Here I be, zur. That old rogue, Dick Shirley, refuses to send any gowns; he says he has nothing but noblemen's gowns and gold tufts in his house.

THE HON. LILLYMAN LIONISE. By the honour of my ancestry, that fellow shall never draw another stitch for Christ Church as long as he lives. Come along, captain: by the honour of my ancestry, we'll uncase the old *snyder*; we'll have gowns, I warrant me, noble or not noble, gold tufts or no tufts. Come along, Cook.

In a few moments old Captain Cook and the exquisite returned loaded with gowns and caps, having got in at the window and completely cleared the tailor's shop of all his academicals, in spite of his threats or remonstrances. In the interim, old Mark Supple and Echo had succeeded in obtaining a supply of broom-handles and other weapons of defence; when the insignia of the university, the toga and cap, were soon distributed indiscriminately: the numbers of the university men increased every moment; and the yell of the town raff seemed to gain strength with every step as they approached the scene of action. Gown! gown! Town! town! were the only sounds heard in every direction; and the clamour and the tumult of voices were enough to shake the city with dismay. The authorities were by no means idle; but neither proctors or pro's, or marshal, or bull-dogs, or even deans, dons, and dignitaries, for such there were, who strained their every effort to quell the disturbance, were at all attended to, and many who came as peace-makers were compelled in their own defence to take an active part in the fray.

From the bottom of the High-street to the end of the corn-market, and across again through St. Aldate's to the old bridge, every where the more peaceable and respectable citizens might be seen popping their noddles out of window, and rubbing their half-closed eyes with affright, to learn the cause of the alarming strife.

Of the strong band of university men who rushed on eager for the coming fray, a number of them were fresh light-hearted Etonians and old Westminsters, who having just arrived to place themselves under the sacred banners of Academus, thought their honour and their courage both concerned in defending the *togati*: most of these youthful zealots had as usual, at the beginning of a term, been lodged in the different inns and houses of the city, and from having drank somewhat freely of the welcome cup with old schoolfellows and new friends, were just ripe for mischief, unheedful of the consequences or the cause.

On the other hand, the original fomenters of the strife had recruited their forces with herds of the lowest rabble gathered from the purlieus of their patron saints, St. Clement and St. Thomas, and the shores of the

Charwell,—the bargees, and butchers, and labourers, and scum of the suburbians: a huge conglomerated mass of thick sculls, and broad backs, and strengthy arms, and sturdy legs, and throats bawling for revenge, and hearts bursting with wrathful ire, rendered still more frantic and desperate by the magic influence of their accustomed war-whoop. These formed the base barbarian race of Oxford truands,{1} including every vile thing that passes under the generic name of raff. From college to college the mania spread with the rapidity of an epidemic wind; and scholars, students, and fellows were every where in motion: here a stout bachelor of arts might be seen knocking down the ancient Cerberus who opposed his passage; there the iron-bound college gates were forced open by the united power of the youthful inmates. In another quarter might be seen the heir of some noble family risking his neck in the headlong leap {2}; and near him, a party of the *togati* scaling the sacred battlements with as much energetic zeal as the ancient crusaders would have displayed against the ferocious Saracens.

1 The French *truands* were beggars, who under the pretence of asking alms committed the most atrocious crimes and excesses.

2 It was on one of these occasions that the celebrated Charles James Fox made that illustrious leap from the window of Hertford College.

Scouts flying in every direction to procure caps and gowns, and scholars dropping from towers and windows by bell-ropes and *sheet-ladders*; every countenance exhibiting as much ardour and frenzied zeal, as if the consuming elements of earth and fire threatened the demolition of the sacred city of Rhedycina.

It was on the spot where once stood the ancient conduit of Carfax, flanked on the one side by the venerable church of St. Martin and the colonnade of the old butter-market, and on the other by the town-hall, from the central point of which terminate, south, west, and north, St. Aldate's, the butcher-row, and the corn-market, that the scene exhibited its more substantial character. It was here the assailants first caught

sight of each other; and the yell, and noise, and deafening shouts became terrific. In a moment all was fury and confusion: in the onset the gown, confident and daring, had evidently the advantage, and the retiring raff fell back in dismay; while the advancing and victorious party laid about them with their quarter-staves, and knuckles drawing blood, or teeth, or cracking crowns at every blow, until they had driven them back to the end of the corn-market. It was now that the strong arm and still stronger science of the sturdy bachelors of Brazen-nose, and the square-built, athletic sons of Cambria, the Jones's of Jesus, proved themselves of sterling mettle, and bore the brunt of the battle with unexampled courage: at this instant a second reinforcement arriving from the canals and wharfs on the banks of the Isis, having forced their way by George-lane, brought timely assistance to the town raff, and enabled them again to rally and present so formidable an appearance, that the *togati* deemed it prudent to retreat upon their reserve, who were every moment accumulating in immense numbers in the High-street: to this spot the townsmen, exulting in their trifling advantage, had the temerity to follow and renew the conflict, and here they sustained the most signal defeat: for the men of Christ Church, and Pembroke, and St. Mary's Hall, and Oriel, and Corpus Christi, had united their forces in the rear; while the front of the gown had fallen back upon the effective Trinitarians, and Albanians, and Wadhamites, and men of Magdalen, who had by this time roused them from their monastic towers and cells to fight the holy war, and defend their classic brotherhood: nor was this all the advantages the gown had to boast of, for the *scouts*, ever true to their masters, had summoned the lads of the fancy, and Marston Will, and Harry Bell, and a host of out and outers, came up to the scratch, and floored many a *youkel* with their *bunch of fives*. It was at this period that the conflict assumed its most appalling feature, for the townsmen were completely hemmed into the centre, and fought with determined courage, presenting a hollow square, two fronts of which were fully engaged with the infuriated gown. Long and fearful was the struggle for mastery, and many and vain the attempts of the townsmen to retreat, until the old Oxford night coach, in its way up the High-street to the Star

Inn in the corn-market, was compelled to force its passage through the conflicting parties; when the bull-dogs and the constables, headed by marshal Holliday and old Jack Smith, united their forces, and following the vehicle, opened a passage into the very centre of the battle, where they had for some time to sustain the perilous attacks of oaths, and blows, and kicks from both parties, until having fairly wedged themselves between the combatants, they succeeded by threats and entreaties, and seizing a few of the ringleaders on both sides, to cause a dispersion, and restore by degrees the peace of the city.

It was, however, some hours before the struggle had completely subsided, a running fight being kept up by the various straggling parties in their retreat; and at intervals the fearful cry of Town and Gown would resound from some plebeian alley or murky lane as an unfortunate wight of the adverse faction was discovered stealing homewards, covered with mud and scars. Of my college friends and merry companions in the fray, Tom Echo alone remained visible, and he had (in his own phraseology) *dropped his sash*: according to Hudibras, he looked

```
"As men of inward light are wont
To turn their opticks in upon't;"
```

or, in plain English, had an *invisible* eye. The "*disjecta fragmenta*" of his academical robe presented a most pitiful appearance; it was of the ragged sort, like the *mendicula impluviata* of Plautus, and his under habiliments bore evident marks of his having bitten the dust (i.e. mud) beneath the ponderous arm of some heroic blacksmith or bargee; but yet he was lively, and what with blows and exertion, perfectly sobered. "What, Blackmantle? and alive, old fellow? Well clone, my hearty; I saw you set to with that fresh water devil from Charwell, the old Bargee, and a pretty milling you gave him. I had intended to have seconded you, but just as I was making up, a son of Vulcan let fly his sledge-hammer slap at my *smeller*, and stopped up one of my *oculars*, so I was obliged to turn to and finish him off; and when I had completed the job, you had bolted; not, however, without leaving your marks behind you. But where's Eglantine? where's Transit? where's the Honourable? By my soul the

roué can handle his *mauleys* well; I saw him floor one of the raff in very prime style. But come along, my hearty; we must walk over the field of battle and look after the wounded: I am desperately afraid that Eglantine is *booked inside*—saw him surrounded by the *bull-dogs*—made a desperate effort to rescue him—and had some difficulty to clear myself; but never mind, "tis the fortune of war,' and there's very good lodging in the castle. Surely there's Mark Supple with some one on his back. What, Mark, is that you?" "No, sir—yes, sir—I mean, sir, it's a gentleman of our college—O dearey me, I thought it had been a proctor or a bull-dog—for Heaven's sake, help, sir! here's Mr. Transit quite senseless, *take notice*—picked him up in a doorway in Lincoln-lane, bleeding like a pig, *take notice*.

O dear, O dear, what a night this has been! We shall all be sent to the castle, and perhaps transported for manslaughter. For Heaven's sake, Mr. Echo, help! bear his head up—take hold of his feet, Mr. Blackmantle, and I'll go before, and ring at Dr. Tuckwell's bell, *take notice*." In this way poor Transit was conveyed to the surgery, where, after cleansing him from the blood and dirt, and the application of some aromatics, he soon recovered, and happily had not sustained any very serious injury. From old Mark we learned that Eglantine was a captive to the bull-dogs, and safely deposited in the castle along with Marston Will, who had fought nobly in his defence: of Lionise we could gain no other tidings than that Mark had seen him at the end of the fray climbing up to the first floor window of a tradesman's house in the High-street, whose daughter it was well known he had a little intrigue with, and where, as we concluded, he had found a balsam for his wounds, and shelter for the night. It was nearly three o'clock when I regained my lodging and found Mags, the waiter of the Mitre, on the look-out for me: Echo had accompanied me home, and in our way we had picked up a wounded man of University College, who had suffered severely in the contest. It was worthy the pencil of a Hogarth to have depicted the appearance of the High-street after the contest, when we were cautiously perambulating from end to end in search of absent friends, and fearing at every step the approach of the proctors or their bull-dogs: the lamps

were almost all smashed, and the burners dangling to and fro with the wind, the greater part extinguished, or just emitting sufficient light to make night horrible. On the lamp-irons might be seen what at first sight was most appalling, the figure of some hero of the *togati* dangling by the neck, but which, on nearer approach, proved to be only the dismembered academical of some gentleman-commoner hung up as a trophy by the town raff. Broken windows and shutters torn from their hinges, and missiles of every description covering the ground, from the terrific Scotch paving-pebble torn up from the roads, to the spokes of coach-wheels, and the oaken batons, and fragments of lanterns belonging to the town watch, skirts of coats, and caps, and remnants of *togas* both silken and worsted, bespoke the quality of the heroes of the fray; while here and there a poor terrified wretch was exposing his addle head to the mildews of the night-damp, fearing a revival of the contest, or anxiously watching the return of husband, brother, father, or son.{3}

3 This picture of an Oxford row is not, as the general reader might imagine, the mere fiction of the novelist, but the true description of a contest which occurred some few years since; the leading features of which will be (although the names have been, except in one or two instances, studiously suppressed) easily recognised by many of the present sons of Alma Mater who shared in the perils and glory of the battle. To those who are strangers to the sacred city, and these casual effervescences of juvenile spirit, the admirable graphic view of the scene by my friend Bob Transit (see plate) will convey a very correct idea.

To the credit of the more respectable and wealthy class of Oxford citizens it should be told, they are now too sensible of their own interest, and, besides, too well-informed to mix with these civil disturbances; the lower orders, therefore, finding themselves unequal to the contest without their support, submit to the *togati*; and thus the civil wars that have raged in Oxford with very little interruption from the days of Alfred seem for the present extinguished.

On our arrival at the Mitre, poor Mrs. Peake, half frightened to death, was up and busy in administering to the sufferers various consolatory draughts composed of bishop, and flesh and blood{4} and *rumbooze*; while the chambermaids, and Peake, and the waiters were flying about the house with warm water, and basins, and towels, to the relief of the numerous applicants, who all seemed anxious to wash away the dirty remembrances of the disgusting scene.

Hitherto I had been so busily engaged in defending myself and preserving my friends, that I had not a moment for reflection. It has been well observed, that "place an Englishman in the field of battle, no matter what his political feelings, he will fight like a lion, by instinct, or the mere force of example;" so with the narrator of this contest. I had not, up to this time, the least knowledge of the original cause of the row. I have naturally an aversion to pugilistic contests and tumultuous sports, and yet I found by certain bruises, and bumps, and stains of blood, and stiffness of joints, and exhaustion, and the loss of my upper garment, which I had then only just discovered, that I must have borne a *pretty considerable*{5} part in the contest, and carried away no small share of victorious laurels, since I had escaped without any very visible demonstration of my adversaries' prowess; but for this I must acknowledge myself indebted to my late private tutor the Eton cad, Joe Cannon, whose fancy lectures on noseology, and the science of the milling system, had enabled me to

4 Brandy and port wine, half and half.

5 An Oxford phrase.

defend my bread-basket, cover up my peepers, and keep my nob out of chancery{6}: a merit that all

6 The use of a peculiar cant phraseology for different classes, it would appear, originated with the Argoliers, a species of French beggars or monkish impostors, who were notorious for every thing that was bad and infamous: these people assumed the form of a regular government, elected a king, established a fixed code of laws, and invented a

language peculiar to themselves, constructed probably by some of the debauched and licentious youths, who, abandoning their scholastic studies, associated with these vagabonds. In the poetical life of the French robber Cartouche, a humorous account is given of the origin of the word *Argot*; and the same author has also compiled a dictionary of the language then in use by these people, which is annexed to the work. Hannan, in his very singular work, published in 1566, entitled "A Caveat, or Warning for Common Cursitors (runners), vulgarly called Vagabones," has described a number of the words then in use, among what he humorously calls the "lued lousey language of these lewtering beskes and lasy lovrels." And it will be remembered that at that time many of the students of our universities were among these cursitors, as we find by an old statute of the xxii of Hen. VIII.; "that scholars at the universities begging without licence, were to be punished like common cursitors." The vagabonds of Spain are equally celebrated for their use of a peculiar slang or cant, as will be seen on reference to a very curious work of Rafael Frianoro, entitled" *Il Vagabondo, overo sferzo de bianti e Vagabondi*." *Viterbo*, 1620, 12mo. As also in those excellent novels, "Lazarillo do Tormes," and "Guzman de Alfarache." The *Romany* or gipsies' dialect is given with the history of that singular people by Mr. Grellman; an English translation of which was published in 1787, by Roper, in quarto: from those works, Grose principally compiled his "Lexicon Ballatronicum." In the present day we have many professors of slang, and in more ways than one, too many of cant; the greater part of whom are dull impostors, who rather invent strange terms to astonish the vulgar than adhere to the peculiar phrases of the persons they attempt to describe. It has long been matter of regret with the better order of English sporting men, that the pugilistic contests and turf events of the day are not written in plain English, "which all those who run might read," instead of being rendered almost unintelligible by being narrated in the language of beggars, thieves, and

pickpockets—a jargon as free from true wit as it is full of obscenity.

Keate's{7} learning would not have compensated for under the peculiar circumstances in which I was placed.

It was now that the mischief was done, and many a sound head was cracked, and many a courageous heart was smarting 'neath their wounds in the gloomy dungeons of the castle, or waiting in their rooms the probing instrument and plasters of Messrs. Wall, or Kidd, or Bourne, that a few of us, who had escaped tolerably well, and were seated round a bowl of bishop in the snug *sanctum sanctorum* of the Mitre, began to inquire of each other the origin of the fray. After a variety of conjectures and vague reports, each at variance with the other, and evidently deficient in the most remote connexion with the true cause of the strife, it was agreed to submit the question to the waiter, as a neutral observer, who assured us that the whole affair arose out of a trifling circumstance, originating with some mischievous boys, who, having watched two gownsmen into a cyprian temple in the neighbourhood of Saint Thomas, circulated a false report that they had carried thither the wives of two respectable mechanics. Without taking the trouble to inquire into the truth or falsehood of the accusation, the door was immediately beset; the old cry of Town and Gown vociferated in every direction; and the unfortunate wights compelled to seek their safety by an ignominious flight through a back door and over the meadows. The tumult once raised, it was not to be appeased without some victim, and for this purpose they thought proper to attack a party of the *togati*, who were returning home from a little private sport with a well-known fancy lecturer: the opportunity was a good one to show-off, a regular fight commenced, and the raff were floored in every direction, until their numbers increasing beyond all

7 The highly respected and learned head-master of Eton College.

comparison, the university men were compelled to raise the cry of Gown, and fly for succour and defence to the High-street: in this way had a few mischievous boys contrived to embroil the town and university in

one of the most severe intestine struggles ever remembered.

Page262

A true chronicle of ye bloodie fighte betweene the Clerkes of and Scholairs of Oxenforde, and the Townsmen of the Citie, who were crowdinge rounde the Easterne Gaite to see the Kinge enter in his progresse wostwarde.

Sir Gierke of Oxenforde, prepare Your robis riche, and noble cheere. Ye kinge with alle his courtlie trane Is spurring on your plaice to gane. And heere ye trumpet's merrie note, His neare approache proclaims, I wote; Ye doctors, proctors, scholairs, go, And fore youre sovereigne bend ye lowe. Now comes the kinge in grande arraie; And the scholairs presse alonge the waye, Till ye Easterne gaite was thronged so rounde, That passage coulde no where be founde. Then the sheriffe's men their upraised speares Did plye about the people's eares. And woe the day; the rabble route Their speares did breake like glasse aboute. Then the doctors, proctors, for the kinge, Most lustilie for roome did singe; But thoughe theye bawled out amaine, No passage throughe the crowde coulde gane. Ye Northern gownsmen, a bold race, Now swore they'd quicklie free the plaice; With stalwart gripe, and beadle's staffe Theye clefte the townsmen's sculls in half.

And now the wrathful rabble rave, And quick returne withe club and stave; And heades righte learn'd in classic lore Felt as they'd never felt before. Now fierce and bloody growes the fraye: In vaine the mayore and sheriffe praye For peace—to cool the townsmens' ire, Intreatie but impelles the fire. Downe with the Towne! the scholairs cry; Downe with the Gowne! the towne reply. Loud rattle the caps of the clerkes in aire, And the citizens many a sortie beare; And many a churchman fought his waye, Like a heroe in the bloodie fraye. And one right portlie father slewe Of rabble townsmen not a fewe. And now 'mid the battle's strife and din There came to the Easterne gate, The heralde of our lorde the kinge, With his merrie men all in state. "God help us!" quoth the courtlie childe, "What means this noise within? With joye the people have run wilde." And so he peeped him in, And throughe the wicker-gate he spied, And marvelled much thereat, The streets withe crimson current dyed, And

Towne and Gowne laide flat. Then he called his merrie men aloud, To bringe him a ladder straighte; The trumpet sounds—the warlike crowde In a moment forget theire hate. Up rise the wounded, down theire arms Both Towne and Gowne do lie; The kinge's approache ye people charmes, And alle looke merrilie. For howe'er Towne and Gowne may fighte, Yet bothe are true to ye kinge. So on bothe may learning and honour lighte, Let all men gailie singe.{1}

1 The above imitation of the style of the ancient ballad is founded on traditional circumstances said to have occurred when the pacific king James visited Oxford.—*Bernard Blackmantle*.

Intestine broils and civil wars of Oxford.—Anthony Wood, the faithful historian of Oxford, gives an account of a quarrel between the partisans of St. Guinbald and the residents of Oxford, in the days of Alfred, on his refounding the university, A.D. 886. After his death the continual inroads of the Danes kept the Oxonians in perpetual alarm, and in the year 979 they destroyed the town by fire, and repeated their outrage upon the new built town in 1002. Seven years after, Swein, the Danish leader, was repulsed by the inhabitants in a similar attempt, who took vengeance on their im-placable enemy by a general massacre on the feast of St. Brice. In the civil commotions under the Saxon prince, Oxford had again its full share of the evils of war. After the death of Harold, William the Conqueror was bravely opposed by the citizens in his attempt to enter Oxford, which effecting by force, he was so much exas-perated at their attachment to Harold, that he bestowed the government of the town on Robert de Oilgo, a Norman, with permission to build a castle to keep his Oxford subjects in awe. The disturbances during the reign of Stephen and his successor were frequent, and in the reign of John, A. D. 1209, an unfortunate occurrence threatened the entire destruction of Oxford as a seat of learning. A student, engaged in thoughtless diversion, killed a woman, and fled from justice. A band of citizens, with the mayor at their

head, surrounded the hall to which he belonged, and demanded the offender; on being informed of his absence, the lawless multitude seized three of the students, who were entirely unconnected with the transaction, and ob-tained an order from the weak king (whose dislike to the clergy is known), to put the innocent persons to death—an order which was but too promptly obeyed. The scholars, justly en-raged by this treatment, quitted Oxford, some to Cambridge and Reading, and others to Maidstone, in Kent. The offended students also applied to the Pope, who laid the city under an interdict and discharged all professors from teaching in it. This step completely humbled the citizens, who sent a deputation of the most respectable to wait on the Pope's legate (then at Westminster) to acknowledge their rashness and request mercy; the legate (Nicholas, Bishop of Tusculum,) granted their petition only on the most humiliating terms. The mayor and corporation were en-joined, by way of penance, to proceed annually, on the day dedicated to St. Nicholas, to all the parish churches bare-headed, with hempen halters round their necks, and whips in their hands, on their bare feet, and in their' shirts, and there pray the benefit of absolution from the priests, repeating the penitential psalms, and to pay a mark of silver per annum to the students of the hall peculiarly injured; in addition to which they were, on the recurrence of the same day, to entertain one hundred poor scholars "*honestis refectionibus*," the abbot of Evesham yearly paying sixteen shillings towards the festival expense A part of this ceremony, but without the degrading marks of it, is continued to this day. Henry III. occasionally resided at Oxford, and held there many parliaments and councils: in the reign of this king the university flourished to an unexampled degree, the number of students being estimated at fifteen thousand. Its popularity was about this time also greatly increased from the circumstance of not less than one thousand students quitting the learned institutions of Paris, and repairing to Oxford for instruction; but these foreigners introduced so dangerous a levity of manners, that

the Pope deemed it necessary to send his legate for the purpose of reforming " certain flagrant corruptions of the place." The legate was at first treated with much affected civility, but an occasion for quarrel being soon found, he would, in all probability, have been sacrificed upon the spot, had he not hidden himself in a belfry from the fury of the assailants. This tumult was, by the exercise of some strong measures, speedily appeased; but the number of students was at this period infinitely too great to preserve due subordination. They divided themselves into parties, among which the north and south countrymen were the most violent, and their quarrels harassing and perpetual. According to the rude temper of the age, these disputes were not settled by argument, but by dint of blows; and the peace of the city was in this way so often endangered, that the king thought it expedient to add to the civil power two aldermen and eight burgesses assistant, together with two bailiffs. From petty and intestine broils, the students appear to have acquired a disposition for political interference. When Prince Edward, returning from Paris, marched with an army towards Wales, coming to Oxford he was by the burghers refused admittance, "on occasion of the tumults now prevailing among the barons:" he quartered his soldiers in the adjacent villages, and "lodged himself that night in the royal palace of Magdalen," the next morning proceeding on his intended journey; but the scholars, who were shut in the town, being desirous to salute a prince whom they loved so much, first assembled round *Smith-gate*, and demanded to be let into the fields, which being refused by one of the bailiffs, they returned to their hostels for arms and broke open the gate, whereupon the mayor arrested many of them, and, on the chancellor's request, was so far from releasing them that he ordered the citizens to bring out their banners and display them in the midst of the street; and then embattling them, commanded a sudden onset on the rest of the scholars remaining in the town; and much blood-shed had been committed had not a scholar, by the sound of the school-bell in Saint Mary's church, given notice of the danger that

> threatened the students, then at dinner. On this alarm they straightways armed and went out, and in a tremendous conflict subdued and put the townsmen to flight. In consequence of this tumult, the king required the scholars to retire from the city during the time of holding his parliament; the chief part of the students accordingly repaired to Northampton, where, shortly after the insurgent barons had fortified themselves, on the king's laying siege to the place, the scholars, offended by their late removal, joined with the nobility, and repaired to arms under their own standard, behaving in the fight with conspicuous gallantry, and greatly increasing the wrath of the king; who, however, on the place being subdued, was restrained from pur-suing them to extremities, from prudential motives. As the kingdom became more settled, the disturbances were less frequent, and within the last century assumed the character of sportive rows rather than malicious feuds. On a recent lamentable occasion (now happily forgotten) the political feelings of the Gown and Town in some measure revived the spirit of the "olden time;" but since then Peace has waved her olive-branch over the city of Oxford, and perfect harmony, let us hope, will exist between Town and Gown for evermore.

The veil of night was more than half drawn, ere the youthful inmates of the Mitre retired to rest; and many of the party were compelled to put up with sorry accommodation, such was the influx of gownsmen who, shut out of lodging and college, had sought this refuge to wait the approaching morn;—a morn big with the fate of many a scholastic woe—of lectures and reprovals from tutors, and fines and impositions and denunciations from principals, of proctorial reports to the vice-chancellor, and examinations before the *big wigs*, and sentences of expulsion and rustication: coming evils which, by anticipation, kept many a man awake upon his pillow, spite of the perilous fatigue which weighed so heavy upon the exhausted frame. The freshman had little to fear: he could plead his ignorance of college rules, or escape notice altogether, from not having yet domiciled within the walls of a college.

Although I had little to expect from the apprehension of any of these troubles, as my person was, from my short residence, most likely unknown to any of the authorities—yet did Morpheus refuse his soporific balsam to the mind—I could not help thinking of my young and giddy companions, of the kind-hearted Eglantine, immured within the walls of a dungeon; of the noble-spirited Echo, maltreated and disfigured by the temporary loss of an eye; of the facetious Bob Transit, so bruised and exhausted, that a long illness might be expected; and, lastly, of our Eton sextile, the incomparable exquisite Lionise, who, if discovered in his dangerous frolic, would, perhaps, have to leap out of a first floor window at the risk of his neck, sustain an action for damages, and his expulsion from college at the same time. Little Dick Gradus, with his usual cunning, had shirked us at the commencement of hostilities; and the Honourable Mr. Sparkle had been carried home to his lodging, early in the fray, more overcome by hard drinking than hard fighting, and there safely put to bed by the indefatigable Mark Supple, to whose friendly zeal and more effective arm we were all much indebted. In this reflective mood, I had watched the retiring shadows of the night gradually disperse before the gray-eyed morn, and had just caught a glimpse of the golden streaks which illumine the face of day, when my o'er-wearied spirit sank to rest.

ENLARGE TO FULL SIZE

Page269

A little before seven o'clock I was awoke by Echo, who came into my room to borrow some clean linen, to enable him to attend chapel prayers at Christ Church. Judge my surprise when I perceived my one-eyed warrior completely restored to his full sight, and not the least appearance of any participation in the affair of the previous night. "What? you can't comprehend how I managed my black optic? hey, old fellow," said Echo; "you shall hear: knocked up Transit, and made him send for his colours, and paint it over—looks quite natural, don't it?—

defy the big wigs to find it out—and if I can but make all right by a sop to the old Cerberus at the gate, and *queer* the *prick bills* at chapel prayers, I hope to escape the *quick-sands of rustication*, and pass safely through the *creek of proctorial jeopardy*. If you're fond of fun, old fellow, jump up and view the Christ Church men proceeding to *black matins* this morning. After the Roysten hunt yesterday—the dinner at the Black Bear at Woodstock—and the *Town and Gown row* of last night, there will be a motley procession this morning, I'll bet a hundred." The opportunity was a rare one to view the effect of late drinking upon early risers (see Plate); slipping on my academicals, therefore, I accompanied my friend Tom to morning prayers,—a circumstance, as I have since been informed, which would have involved me in very serious disgrace, had the appearance of an *ex college* man at vespers attracted the notice of any of the big wigs. Fortunately, however, I escaped the prying eyes of authority, which, on these occasions, are sometimes as much under the dominion of Morpheus—and literally walk in their sleep from custom—as the young and inexperienced betray the influence of some more seductive charm. The very bell that called the drowsy student from his bed seemed to rise and fall in accordant sympathy with the lethargic humour that prevailed, tolling in slow and half-sounding notes scarcely audible beyond the college gates. The broken light, that shed its misty hue through the monastic aisle of painted windows and clustered columns, gave an increased appearance of drowsiness to the scene; while the chilling air of the morning nipped the young and dissolute, as it fell in hazy dews upon the bare-headed sons of *alma mater*, within many of whose bosoms the fires of the previous night's debauch were but scarce extinguished. Then came the lazy unwashed *scout*, crawling along the quadrangle, rubbing his heavy eyes, and cursing his hard fate to be thus compelled to give early notice to some slumbering student of the hour of seven, waking him from dreams of bliss, by thundering at his *oak* the summons to *black matins*. Now crept the youthful band along the avenue, and one by one the drowsy congregation stole through the Gothic ante-chamber that leads to Christ Church chapel, like unwilling victims to some pious sacrifice. Here a lengthened yawn proclaimed the want of rest, and near

a tremulous step and heavy half-closed eye was observed, pacing across the marble floor, with hand pressed to his *os frontis*, as if a thousand odd and sickly fantasies inhabited that chamber of the muses. Now two friends might be seen, supporting a third, whose ghastly aspect bespoke him fresh in the sacred mysteries of college parties and of Bacchus; but who had, nevertheless, undergone a tolerable seasoning on the previous night. There a jolly Nimrod, who had just cleared the college walls, and reached his rooms time enough to cover his hunting frock and boots with his academicals, was seen racing along, to 'scape the *prick bill's* report, with his round hunting cap in his hand, in lieu of the square tufted trencher of the schools. Night-caps thrown off in the entry—shoes and stockings tied in the aisle—a red slipper and the black jockey boot decorating one pair of legs was no uncommon sight; while on every side rushed forward the anxious group with gowns on one arm, or trailing after them, or loosely thrown around the shoulders to escape tribulation, with here and there a sentimental-looking personage of portly habit and solemn gait moving slowly on, filled up the motley picture. The prayers were, indeed, brief, and hurried through with a rapidity that, I dare say, is never complained of by the *togati*; but is certainly little calculated to impress the youthful mind with any serious respect for these relics of monkish custom, which, after all, must be considered more in the light of a punishment for those who are compelled to attend than any necessary or instructive service connected with the true interests of orthodoxy. In a quarter of an hour the whole group had dispersed to their respective rooms, and within the five minutes next ensuing, I should suppose, the greater part were again comfortably deposited beneath their bedclothes, snoozing away the time till ten or twelve, to make up for these inroads on the slumbers of the previous night. A few hours spent in my friend's rooms, lolling on the sofa, while the scout prepared breakfast, and Tom decorated his person, brought the awful hour of the morning, when all who had taken any very conspicuous share in the events of the previous night were likely to hear of their misdoings, and receive a summons to appear before the vice-chancellor in the Divinity school, better known by the name of *Golgotha*, or the place of skulls, (see Plate); where, on this

occasion, he was expected to meet the big wigs, to confer on some important measures necessary for the future peace and welfare of the university. The usual time had elapsed for these unpleasant visitations, and Echo was chuckling finely at his dexterity in evading the eye of authority, nor was I a little pleased to have escaped myself, when a single rap at the oak, not unlike the hard determined thump of an inflexible dun, in one moment revived all our worst apprehensions, and, unfortunately, with too much reason for the alarm. The proctors had marked poor Tom, and traced him out, and this visit was from one of their bull-dogs, bringing a summons for Echo to attend before the vice-chancellor and dignitaries. "What's to be done, old fellow?" said Echo; "I shall be expelled to a certainty—and, if I don't strike my own name off the books at the buttery hatch, shall be prevented making a retreat to Cam roads.—You're out of the scrape, that's clear, and that affords me some hope; for as you are fresh, your word will pass for something in extenuation, or arrest of judgment." After some little time spent in anticipating the charges likely to be brought against him, and arranging the best mode of defence, it was agreed that Echo should proceed forthwith to *Golgotha*, and there, with undaunted front, meet his accusers; while I was to proceed to Transit and Lionise, and having instructed them in the story we had planned, meet him at the *place of skulls*, fully prepared to establish, by the most incontrovertible and consistent evidence, that we were not the aggressors in the row. A little persuasion was necessary to convince both our friends that their presence would be essential to Echo's acquittal; they had too many just qualms, and fears, and prejudices of this inquisitorial court not to dread perhaps detection, and a severe reprimand themselves: having, however, succeeded in this point, we all three compared notes, and proceeded to where the vice-chancellor and certain heads of houses sat in solemn judgment on the trembling *togati*. Echo was already under examination; one of the *bull-dogs* had sworn particularly to Tom's being a most active leader in the fray of the previous night; and having, in the contest, suffered a complete disorganization of his lower jaw, with the total loss of sundry of his *front rails*, he took this opportunity of affixing the

honour of the deed to my unlucky friend, expecting, no doubt, a very handsome recompense would be awarded him by the court. Expostulation was in vain: Transit, Lionise, and myself were successively called in and examined very minutely, and although we all agreed to a letter in our story, and made a very clever defence of the culprit, we yet had the mortification to hear from little Dodd, who kept the door, and who is always best pleased when he can convey unpleasant tidings to the Gown, that Echo had received sentence of rustication for the remainder of the term; and that Eglantine, in consideration of the imprisonment he had already undergone, and some favourable circumstances in his case, was let off with a fine and imposition.

ENLARGE TO FULL SIZE

Page272th

Thus ended the row of the *Town and Gown*, as far as our party was personally concerned; but many of the members of the different colleges were equally unfortunate in meeting the heavy censures and judgments of authority. I have just taken possession of my *hospitium*, and set down with a determination *to fagg*; do, therefore, keep your promise, and enliven the dull routine of college studies with some account of the world at Brighton.

Bernard Blackmantle.

```
On what dread perils doth the youth adventure,
Who dares within the Fellows' Bog to enter.
```

Page273

Page274

THE STAGE COACH,

OR THE TRIP TO BRIGHTON.

Improvements in Travelling—Contrast of ancient and modern Conveyances and Coachmen—Project for a new Land Steam Carriage—The Inn-yard at the Golden Cross, Charing Cross—Mistakes of Pas-sengers—Variety of Characters—Advantages of the Box-seat—Obstructions on the Road—A Pull-up at the Elephant and Castle—Move on to Kensington Common—Hew Churches—Civic Villas at Brixton—Modern Taste in Architecture described-Arrival at Croydon; why not now the King's Road?—The Joliffe Hounds—A Hunting Leader—Anecdotes of the Horse, by Coachee—The new Tunnel at Reigate—The Baron's Chamber—The Golden Ball—the Silver Ball—and the Golden Calf—Entrance into Brighton.

That every age is an improved edition of the former I am not (recollecting the splendid relics of antiquity) prepared to admit; but that the present is particularly distinguished for discoveries in science, and vast improvements in mechanical arts, every accurate observer must allow: the *prodigious* inventions of late years cannot fail in due time of producing that perfectibility, the great consummation denominated the Millennium. Of all other improvements, perhaps the most conspicuous are in the powers of motion as connected with the mode and means of travelling. With what astonishment, were it possible to reanimate the clay-cold relics, would our ancestors survey the accelerated perfection to which coaching is brought in the present day! The journey from London to Brighton, for instance, was, half-a-century since, completed at great risk in twenty-four hours, over a rough road that threatened destruction at every turn; and required the most laborious exertion to reach the summit of precipices that are now, like a ruined spendthrift, cut through and through: the declivities too have disappeared, and from its level face, the whole country would appear to have undergone another

revolutionary change, even to the horses, harness, and the driver of the vehicle. In such a country as this, where a disposition to activity and a rambling propensity to seek their fortunes forms one of the most distinguishing characteristics, it was to be expected that travelling would be brought to great perfection; but the most sanguine in this particular could never have anticipated the rapidity with which we are now whirled from one end of the kingdom to the other; fifty-two miles in five hours and a quarter, five changes of horses, and the same coachman to whisk you back again to supper over the same ground, and within the limits of the same day. No *ruts or quarterings* now—all level as a bowling-green—half-bred blood cattle—bright brass harness—*minute and a half time* to change—and a well-bred gentlemanly fellow for a coachman, who amuses you with a volume of anecdotes, if you are fortunate enough to secure the box-seat, or touches his hat with the *congee* of a courtier, as he pockets your tributary shilling at parting. No necessity either for settling your worldly affairs, or taking an affectionate farewell of a long string of relations before starting; travelling being now brought to a security unparalleled, and letters patent having passed the great seal of England to ensure, by means of *safety coaches*, the lives of her rambling subjects. There requires but one other invention to render the whole perfect, and that, if we may believe the newspapers, is very near completion—a coach to go without horses: to this I beg leave to propose, the steam apparatus might be made applicable to all the purposes of a portable kitchen. The coachman, instead of being a good judge of horse-flesh, to be selected from a first rate London tavern for his proficiency in cooking, a known prime hand at decomposing a turtle; instead of a book of roads, in the inside pocket should be placed a copy of Mrs. Glasse on Cookery, or Dr. Kitchener on Culinaries; where the fore-boot now is might be constructed a glazed larder, filled with all the good things in season: then too the accommodation to invalids, the back seat of the coach, might be made applicable to all the purposes of a shampooing or vapour bath—no occasion for Molineux or his black rival Mahomed; book your patients inside back seat in London, wrap them up in blankets, and give directions to the cook to keep up a good steam

thermometer during the journey, 120°, and you may deliver them safe at Brighton, properly hashed and reduced for any further medical experiments. (See Engraving, p. 274.) The accommodation to fat citizens, and western *gourmands*, would be excellent, the very height of luxury and refinement—inhaling the salubrious breeze one moment, and gurgling down the glutinous calipash the next; no exactions of impudent waiters, or imposing landlords, or complaints of dying from hunger, or choking from the want of time to masticate; but every wish gratified and every sense employed. Then how jovial and pleasant it would appear to see perched up in front a John Bull-looking fellow in a snow-white jacket, with a night-cap and apron of the same, a carving-knife in a case by his side, and a poker in his hand to stir up the steam-furnace, or singe a highwayman's wig, should any one attack the coach; this indeed would be an improvement worthy of the age, and call forth the warmest and most grateful tributes of applause from all ranks in society. For myself, I have always endeavoured to read "men more than books," and have ever found an endless diversity of character, a never-failing source of study and amusement in a trip to a watering-place: perched on the top in summer, or pinched inside in winter of a stage-coach, here, at leisure and unknown, I can watch the varied groups of all nations as they roam about for profit or for pleasure, and note their varieties as they pass away like the retiring landscape, never perhaps to meet the eye again.

The excursion to Brighton was no sooner finally arranged, than declining the proffered seat in D'Almaine's travelling carriage, I packed up my portmanteau, and gave directions to my servant to book me outside at the Golden Cross, by the seven o'clock morning coach, for Brighton; taking care to secure the box-seat, by the payment of an extra shilling to the porter.

An inn-yard, particularly such a well-frequented one as the Golden Cross, Charing Cross, affords the greatest variety of character and entertainment to a humorist. Vehicles to all parts of the kingdom, and from the inscription on the Dover coaches, I might add to all parts of the world, *via Paris*. "Does that coach go the whole way to France?" said an

unsuspecting little piece of female simplicity to me, as I stood lolling on the steps at the coach-office door. "Certainly," replied I, unthinkingly. "O, then I suppose," said the speaker, "they have finished the projected chain-pier from Dover to Calais." "France and England united? nothing more impossible," quoth I, correcting the impression I had unintentionally created. "Are you going by the Brighton, mam?" "Yes, I be." "Can't *take* all that luggage." "Then you sha'n't _take_ me." "Don't wish to be __taken for a waggon-man." "No, but by Jasus, friend, you are a wag-on-her," said a merry-faced Hibernian, standing by. "Have you paid down the *dust*, mam?" inquired the last speaker. "I have paid for my place, sir," said the lady; "and I shall lose two, if I don't go." "Then by the powers, cookey, you had better pay for one and a half, and that will include luggage, and then you'll be a half gainer by the bargain." "What a cursed narrow hole this is for a decent-sized man to cram himself in at?" muttered an enormous bulky citizen, sticking half-way in the coach-door, and panting for breath from the violence of his exertions to drag his hind-quarters after him. "Take these hampers on the top, Jack," said the porter below to the man loading the coach, and quietly rested the baskets across the projecting *ultimatum* of the fat citizen (to the no little amusement of the bystanders), who through his legs vociferated, "I'll indict you, fellows; I'll be——if I don't, under Dick Martin's act." "It must be then, my jewel," said the waggish Hibernian, "for overloading a mule." "Do we take *the whole* of you to-day, sir?" said coachee, assisting to push him in. "What do you mean by *the whole*? I am only one man." "A master tailor," said coachee, aside, "he must be then, with the *pickings* of nine poor journeymen in his paunch." "Ish tere any room outshide te coach?" bawled out a black-headed little Israelite; "ve shall be all shmotered vithin, tish hot day; here are too peepels inshite, vat each might fill a coach by temselves." "All right—all right; take care of your heads, gemmen, going under the gateway; give the bearing rein of the near leader one twist more, and pole up the off wheeler a link or two. All right, Tom—all right—stand away from the horses' heads, there—ehewt, fee'e't!"—smack goes the whip, and away goes the Brighton Times like a Congreve rocket, filled with all manner of combustibles.

The box-seat has one considerable advantage—it exempts you from the inquisitive and oftentimes impertinent conversation of a mixed group of stage-coach passengers; in addition to which, if you are fond of driving, a foible of mine, I confess, it affords an opportunity for an extra lesson on the noble art of *handling the ribbons*, and at the same time puts you in possession of all the topographical, descriptive, and anecdotal matter relative to the resident gentry and the road.

The first two miles from the place of starting is generally occupied in clearing obstructions on the road, taking up old maids at their own houses, with pug-dogs, pattens, and parrots, or pert young misses at their papas' shop-doors; whose mammas take this opportunity of delaying a coach-load of people to display their maternal tenderness at parting, while the junior branches of the family hover round the vehicle, and assail your ears with lisping out their eternal "good b'yes," and the old hairless head of the family is seen slyly *tipping* coachee an extra shilling to take care of his darling girl. The Elephant and Castle produces another *pull-up*, and here a branch-coach brings a load of lumber from the city, which, while the porter is stowing away, gives time to exhibit the *lions* who are leaving London in every direction. King's Bench rulers with needy habiliments, and lingering looks, sighing for term-time and a *horse*,{1} on one side the road, and Jews, newsmen, and *touters*, on the other; who nearly *give away* their goods, if you believe them, for the good of the nation, or force you into a coach travelling in direct opposition to the road for which you have been booked, and in which your luggage may by such mischance happily precede you at least half a day. At length all again is declared right, the supervisor delivers his *way-bill*, and forward moves the coach, at a somewhat brisker pace, to Kennington Common. I shall not detain my readers here with a long dull account of the unfortunate rebels who suffered on this spot in 1745; but rather direct their attention to a neat Protestant church, which has recently been erected on the space between the two roads leading to Croydon and Sutton, the portico of which is in fine architectural taste, and the whole building a very great accommodation and distinguished ornament to the neighbourhood. About half a mile farther, on the rise of

Brixton hill, is another newly erected church, the portico in the style of a Greek temple, and in an equally commanding situation: from this to Croydon, ten miles, you have a tolerable specimen of civic taste in rural architecture.

On both sides of the road may be seen a variety of incongruous edifices, called villas and cottage *ornées*, peeping up in all the pride of a retired linen-draper, or the consequential authority of a man in office, in as many varied styles of architecture as of dispositions in the different proprietors, and all exhibiting (in their possessors' opinion) claims to the purest and most refined taste.

For example, the basement story is in the Chinese or Venetian style, the first floor in that of the florid Gothic, with tiles and a pediment *à-la-Nash*, at the Bank; a doorway with inclined jambs, and a hieroglyphic *à-la-Greek*: a gable-ended glass *lean to* on

1 A day-rule, so called.

one side, about big enough for a dog-kennel, is called a green-house, while a similar erection on the other affords retirement for the *tit* and tilbury; the door of which is always set wide open in fine weather, to display to passers-by the splendid equipage of the occupier. The parterre in front (green as the jaundiced eye of their less fortunate brother tradesmen) is enriched with some dozens of vermilion-coloured flower-pots mounted on a japanned verdigris frame, sending forth odoriferous, balmy, and enchanting gales to the grateful olfactory organs, from the half-withered stems of pining and consumptive geraniums; to complete the picture, two unique plaster casts of naked figures, the Apollo Belvidere and the Venus de Medici, at most a foot in altitude, are placed on clumsy wooden pedestals of three times that height before the parlour-windows, painted in a chaste flesh-colour, and guarded by a Whitechapel bull-cdog, who, like another Cerberus, sits growling at the gate to fright away the child of poverty, and insult the less wealthy pedestrian.

Happy country! where every man can consult his own taste, and build according to his own fancy, amalgamating in one structure all the known orders and varieties, Persian, Egyptian, Athenian, and European.

Croydon in 1573 contained the *archiepiscopal palace* of the celebrated Archbishop Parker, who, as well as his successor Whitgift, here had frequently the honour to entertain Queen Elizabeth and her court: the manor since the reign of William the Conqueror has belonged to the Archbishops of Canterbury. The church is a venerable structure, and the stately tower, embowered with woods and flanked by the Surrey hills, a most picturesque and commanding object; the interior contains some monuments of antiquity well worthy the attention of the curious. The town itself has little worthy of note except the hospital, founded by Archbishop Whitgift for a warder and twenty poor men and women, decayed housekeepers of Croyden and Lambeth: a very comfortable and well-endowed retirement.

"This was formerly the King's road," said coachee, "but the radicals having thought proper to insult his majesty on his passing through to Brighton during the affair of the late Queen, he has ever since gone by the way of Sutton: a circumstance that has at least operated to produce one christian virtue among the inhabitants, namely, that of humility; before this there was no *getting change* for a civil sentence from them."

To Merstham seven miles, the road winds through a bleak valley called Smithem Bottom, till recently the favourite resort of the cockney gunners for rabbit-shooting; but whether from the noise of their harmless double-barrel *Nocks*, or the more dreadful carnage of the Croydon poachers, these animals are now exceedingly scarce in this neighbourhood. Just as we came in sight of Merstham, the distant view halloo of the huntsman broke upon our ears, when the near-leader rising upon his haunches and neighing with delight at the inspiring sound, gave us to understand that he had not always been used to a life of drudgery, but in earlier times had most likely carried some daring Nimrod to the field, and bounded with fiery courage o'er hedge and gate, through dell and brake, outstripping the fleeting wind to gain the honour

of *the brush*. Ere we had gained the village, reynard and the whole field broke over the road in their scarlet frocks, and dogs and horses made a dash away for a steeple chase across the country, led by the worthy-hearted owner of the pack, the jolly fox-hunting Colonel, Hilton Jolliffe, whose residence caps the summit of the hill. From hence to Reigate, four miles farther, there was no circumstance or object of interest, if I except a very romantic tale coachee narrated of his hunting leader, who had of course been bred in the stud of royalty itself, and had since been the property of two or three sporting peers, when, having put out a _spavin_, during the last hunting season, he was sold for a ___machiner; but being since fired and turned out, he had come up all right, and was now, according to coachee's disinterested opinion, one of the best hunters in the kingdom. As I was not exactly the customer coachee was looking for, being at the time pretty well mounted, I thought it better to indulge him in the joke, particularly as any doubt on my part might have soured the whip, and made him sullen for the rest of the journey.

At Reigate a trifling accident happened to one of the springs of the coach, which detained us half an hour, and enabled me to pay a visit to the celebrated sand cavern, where, it is reported, the Barons met, during the reign of King John, to hold their councils and draw up that great *palladium* of English liberty, *Magna Charta*, which was afterwards signed at Runnymede.

There was something awful about this stupendous excavation that impressed me with solemn thoughtfulness; it lies about sixty feet from the surface of the earth, and is divided into three apartments with arched roofs, the farthest of which is designated the Barons' Chamber. Time flowed back upon my memory as I sat in the niches hewn out in the sides of the cavern, and meditation deep usurped my mind as I dwelt on the recollections of history; on the

```
"Majestic forms, and men of other times,
Retired to fan the patriotic fire,
Which, bursting forth at Runnymede,
With rays of glory lightened all the land!"
```

Near to the mouth of this cavern stands the remains of Holms Castle, celebrated in the history of the civil wars between Charles the First and his parliament; and on the site of an ancient monastic establishment, near to the spot, has been erected a handsome modern mansion called the Priory of Holmsdale, the name of the valley in which the town is situate. Returning to the inn I observed the new tunnel, which we had previously passed under, a recent work of great labour and expense, which saves a considerable distance in the approach to the town; it has been principally effected by a wealthy innkeeper, and certainly adds much to the advantage and beauty of the place. Coachee had now made all right, and his anxious passengers were again replaced in their former situations to proceed on our journey. The next stage, ten miles, to Crawley, a picturesque place, afforded little variety, if I except an immense elm which stands by the side of the road as you enter, and has a door in front to admit the curious into its hollow trunk. Our next post was Cuckfield, nine miles, where I did not discover any thing worthy of narration; from this to Brighton, twelve miles, coachee amused me with some anecdotes of persons whom we passed upon the road. A handsome chariot, with a most divine little creature in the inside, and a good-looking *roué*, with huge mustachios, first attracted my notice: "that is the golden Ball," said coachee, "and his new wife; he often *rolls down* this road for a day or two—spends his cash like an emperor—and before he was *tied up* used to tip pretty freely for *handling the ribbons*, but that's all up now, for *Mamsell* Mercandotti finds him better amusement. A gem-man who often comes down with me says his father was a slopseller in Ratcliffe Highway, and afterwards marrying the widow of Admiral Hughes, a rich old West India nabob, he left this young gemman the bulk of his property, and a very worthy fellow he is: but we've another rich fellow that's rather notorious at Brighton, which we distinguish by the name of the *silver Ball*, only he's a bit of a *screw*, and has lately got himself into a scrape about a pretty actress, from which circumstance they have changed his name to the *Foote Ball*. I suppose you guess where I am now," said coachee, tipping me one of his knowing winks. "Do you see that machine before us, a sort of cabriolet, with two horses drove in a

curricle bar? that is another *swell* who is very fond of Brighton, a Jew gentleman of the name of Solomon, whom the wags have made a Christian of by the new appellation of the *golden calf*; but his godfathers were never more out in their lives, for in *splitting a bob*, it's my opinion, he'd bother all Bevis Marks and the Stock Exchange into the bargain." In this way we trotted along, gathering good air and information at every step, until we were in sight of Brighton Downs, a long chain of hills, which appear on either side; with their undulating surfaces covered with the sweet herb wild thyme, and diversified by the numerous flocks of South-down sheep grazing on their loftiest summits. After winding through the romantic valley of Preston, the white-fronted houses and glazed bricks of Brighton break upon the sight, sparkling in the sun-beams, with a distant glimpse of the sea, appearing, at first sight, to rise above the town like a blue mountain in the distance: we entered the place along what is called the London Road, with a view of the Pavilion before us, the favourite abode of royalty, shooting its minaret towers and glass dome upwards in the most grotesque character, not unlike the representations of the Kremlin at Moscow; exciting, at the first glance, among the passengers, the most varied and amusing sallies of witticisms and conjectures.—Having procured a sketch of it from this view, I shall leave you to contemplate, while I retire to my inn and make the necessary arrangements for refreshment and future habitation.

By way of postscript, I enclose you a very entertaining scene I witnessed between D'Almaine and his wife the night previous to my journey: they are strange creatures; but you love eccentrics, and may be amused with this little drama, which formed the motive for my visit.

Horatio Heartly.

Page286

THE PROPOSITION.

Family Secrets—Female Tactics—How to carry the Point.

"It was ever thus, D'Almaine," said Lady Mary; "always hesitating between a natural liberality of disposition, and a cold, calculating, acquired parsimony, that has never increased our fortune in the sum of sixpence, or added in the slightest degree to our domestic comforts." "All the *prejudice of education*" said D'Almaine, good-humouredly; "my old uncle, the banker, to whose bounty we are both much indebted, my dear, early inculcated these notions of thrift into the brain of a certain lighthearted young gentleman, whose buoyant spirits sometimes led him a little beyond the *barrier of prudence*, and too often left him environed with difficulties in the *marshes of impediment*. 'Look before you leap,' was a wise saw of the old gentleman's; and 'be just before you're generous,' a proverb that never failed to accompany a temporary supply, or an additional demand upon his generosity."—"Hang your old uncle!" replied Lady Mary, pouting and trying to look ill-tempered in the face of Lord Henry's good-natured remonstrance,—"I never ask a favour for myself, or solicit you to take the recreation necessary to your own health and that of your family, but I am pestered with the revised musty maxims of your dead old uncle. He has been consigned to the earth these ten years, and if it were not for the ten thousand per annum he left us, ought long since to have shared the fate of his ancestry, whose names were never heard more of than the tributary tablet imparts to the eye of curiosity in a country church, and within whose limits all inquiry ends." "Gratitude, Lady Mary, if not respect for my feelings, should preserve that good man's name from reproach." Lord Henry's eye was unusually expressive—he continued:—"The coronet that graces your own soul-inspiring face would lack the lustre of its present brilliancy, but for the generous bequest of the old city banker, whose *plum* was the *sweetest windfall* that ever dropt into the empty purse of the poor possessor of an

ancient baronial title. The old battlements of Crackenbury have stood many a siege, 'tis true; but that formidable engine of modern warfare, the *catapulta* of the auctioneer, had, but for him, proved more destructive to its walls than the battering-ram and hoarse cannonades of ancient rebels."

When a woman is foiled at argument, she generally has recourse to finesse. Lady Mary had made up her mind to carry her point; finding therefore the right column of her vengeance turned by the smart attack of D'Almaine's raillery, she was determined to out-flank him with her whole park of well-appointed artillery, consisting of all those endearing, solicitous looks and expressions, that can melt the most obdurate heart, and command a victory over the most experienced general. It was in vain that Lord Henry urged the unusual heavy expenses of the season in town,—the four hundred paid for the box at the opera,—or the seven hundred for the greys and the new barouche,—the pending demand from Messrs. Rundell's for the new service of plate,—and the splendid alterations and additions just made to the old family hall,—with numerous other most provoking items which the old steward had conjured up, as if on purpose, to abridge the pleasures of Lady Mary's intended tour. "It was very *distressing*—she heartily wished there was no such thing as money in the world—it made people very miserable—they were a much happier couple, she contended, when they were merely Honourables, and lived upon a paltry two thousand and the expectancy—there never was any difficulty then about money transactions, and a proposition for a trip to a watering-place was always hailed with pleasure."—"True, Lady Mary; but then you forget we travelled in a stage coach, with your maid on the outside, while my man servant, with a led-horse, followed or preceded us. Then, we were content with lodgings on the West-cliff, and the use of a kitchen: now, we require a splendid establishment, must travel in our own chariot, occupy half a mews with our horses, and fill half a good-sized barrack with our servants. Then, we could live snug, accept an invitation to dinner with a commoner, and walk or ride about as we pleased, without being pointed at as *lions* or *raro aves* just broke loose from the great state aviary at St. James's."

"We shall scarcely be discovered," said Lady Mary, "among the stars that surround the regal planet."—"We shall be much mortified then," said Lord Henry, facetiously.—"You are very provoking, D'Almaine. I know your turf speculations have proved fortunate of late: I witnessed Sir Charles paying you a large sum the other morning; and I have good reason for thinking you have been successful at the club, for I have not heard your usual morning salutation to your valet, who generally on the occasion of your losses receives more checks than are payable at your bankers. You shall advance me a portion of your winnings, in return for which I promise you good health, good society, and, perhaps, if the stars *shoot rightly*, a good place for our second son. In these days of peace, the distaff can effect more than the field-marshal's baton."—"Always provided," said my sire (clapping his hand upon his *os frontis*), "that nothing else *shoots out* of such condescensions."

"But why has Brighton the preference as a watering place?" said Lord Henry: "the Isle of Wight is, in my opinion, more retired; Southampton more select; Tunbridge Wells more rural; and Worthing more social."—"True, D'Almaine; but I am not yet so old and woe-begone, so out of conceit with myself, or misanthropic with the world, to choose either the retired, the select, the rural, or the social. I love the bustle of society, enjoy the promenade on the Steyne, and the varied character that nightly fills the libraries; I read men, not books, and above all I enjoy the world of fashion. Where the King is, there is concentrated all that is delightful in society. Your retired dowagers and Opposition peers may congregate in rural retirement, and sigh with envy at the enchanting splendour of the court circle; those only who have felt its cheering influence can speak of its inspiring pleasures; and all who have participated in the elegant scene will laugh at the whispers of malignity and the innuendoes of disappointment, which are ever pregnant with some newly invented *on dit* of scandalous tendency, to libel a circle of whom they know nothing but by report; and that report, in nine instances out of ten, 'the weak invention of the enemy.'" "Bravo, Lady Mary; your spirited defence of the Pavilion party does honour to your heart, and displays as much good sense as honest feeling; but a little

interest, methinks, lurks about it for all that: I have not forgotten the honour we received on our last visit; and you, I can perceive, anticipate a renewal of the same gratifying condescension; so give James his instructions, and let him proceed to Brighton to-morrow to make the necessary arrangements for our arrival."

Thus ended the colloquy in the usual family manner, when well-bred men entertain something more than mere respect for their elegant and accomplished partners.

Page291

SKETCHES AT BRIGHTON.

The Pavilion Party—Interior described—Royal and Noble Anecdotes—King and Mathews.

I had preceded D'Almaine and the Countess only a few hours in my arrival at Brighton; you know the vivacity and enchanting humour which ever animates that little divinity, and will not therefore be surprised to hear, on her name being announced at the Pavilion, we were honoured with a royal invitation to an evening party. I had long sighed for an opportunity to view the interior of that eccentric building; but to have enjoyed such a treat, made doubly attractive by the presence of the King, reposing from the toils of state in his favourite retreat, and surrounded by the select circle of his private friends, was more than my most sanguine expectations could have led me to conjecture. Suspending, therefore, my curiosity until the morrow, relative to the Steyne, the beach, the libraries, and the characters, I made a desperate effort in embellishing, to look unusually stylish, and as usual, never succeeded so ill in my life. Our residence on the Grand Parade is scarcely a hundred yards from, and overlooks the Pavilion—a circumstance which had quite escaped my recollection; for with all the natural anxiety of a young and ardent mind, I had fully equipped myself before the Count had even thought of entering his dressing-room. Half-an-hour's lounge at the projecting window of our new habitation, on a tine summer's evening, gave me an opportunity of remarking the singular appearance the front of this building presents:

"If minarets, rising together, provoke
From the lips of the vulgar the old-fashioned joke—

'*De gustibus non est* (I think) *disputandum*'
The taste is plebeian that quizzes at random."

There is really something very romantic in the style of its architecture, and by no means inelegant; perhaps it is better suited for the peculiar situation of this marine palace than a more classical or accredited order would be. It has been likened, on its first appearance, to a chess-board; but, in my thinking, it more nearly resembles that soul-inspiring scene, the splendid banquet table, decorated in the best style of modern grandeur, and covered with the usual plate and glass enrichments: for instance, the central dome represents the water magnum, the towers right and left, with their pointed spires, champagne bottles, the square compartments on each side are exactly like the form of our fashionable liqueur stands, the clock tower resembles the centre ornament of a plateau, the various small spires so many enriched *candelabra*, the glass dome a superb dessert dish; but

"Don't expect, my dear boy, I can similies find
For a heap of similitudes so undefined.
And why should I censure tastes not my concern?
'Tis as well for the arts that all tastes have their turn."

If I had written for three hours on the subject, I could not have been more explicit; you have only to arrange the articles in the order enumerated, and you have a model of the upper part of the building before you. At nine o'clock we made our *entré* into the Pavilion, westward, passing through the vestibule and hall, when we entered one of the most superb apartments that art or fancy can devise, whether for richness of effect, decoration, and design: this is called the *Chinese Gallery*, one hundred and sixty-two feet in length by seventeen feet in breadth, and is divided into five compartments, the centre being illumined with a light of stained glass, on which is represented the God of Thunder, as described in the Chinese mythology, surrounded by the imperial five-clawed dragons, supporting pendent lanterns, ornamented with corresponding devices. The ceiling or cove is the colour of peach blossom; and a Chinese canopy is suspended round from the lower compartment with tassels, bells, &c.: the furniture and other decorations, such as cabinets, chimney-piece, trophies, and banners,

which are in the gallery, are all in strict accordance with the Chinese taste; while on every side the embellishments present twisted dragons, pagodas, and mythological devices of birds, flowers, insects, statues, formed from a yellow marble; and a rich collection of Oriental china. The extreme compartments north and south are occupied by chased brass staircases, the lateral ornaments of which are serpents, and the balusters resemble bamboo. In the north division is the *fum*{1} or Chinese bird of royalty: this gallery opens into the music room, an apartment forty-two feet square, with two recesses of ten feet each, and rising in height forty-one feet, to a dome thirty feet in diameter. The magnificence and imposing grandeur of effect surpasses all effort at detail. It presented a scene of enchantment which brought to recollection the florid descriptions, in the Persian Tales, of the palaces of the genii: the prevailing decoration is executed in green gold, and produces a most singularly splendid effect. On the walls are twelve highly finished paintings, views in China, principally near Pekin, imitative of the crimson japan.

1 The fum is said to be found in no part of the world but China. It is described as of most admirable beauty; and their absence for any time from the imperial city regarded as an omen of misfortune to the royal family. The emperor and mandarins have the semblance of these birds embroidered on their vestments.

The dome appears to be excavated out of a rock of solid gold, and is supported by an octagonal base, ornamented with the richest Chinese devices; at each angle of the room is a pagoda-tower, formed of the most costly materials in glass and china, with lamps attached; beneath the dome and base is a splendid canopy, supported by columns of crimson and gold, with twisted serpents of enormous size, and terrific expression surrounding them. A magnificent organ, by Sinclair, the largest and best in the kingdom, occupies the north recess, twenty feet in width, length, and height: there are two entrances to this room, one from the *Egyptian gallery*, and another from the yellow drawing-room, each under a rich canopy, supported by gold columns. A beautiful chimney-piece of white

statuary marble, and an immense mirror, with splendid draperies of blue, red, and yellow satin, rare china jars, and ornaments in ormolu, increase the dazzling brilliancy of the apartment. As this was my first appearance in the palace, the Countess, very considerately, proposed to Sir H——T——, who conducted us, that we should walk through the other public apartments, before we were ushered into the presence chamber—a proposition the good-natured equerry very readily complied with. Repassing, therefore, the whole length of the Chinese gallery, the southern extremity communicates with the *Royal Banqueting Room*, sixty feet in length, by forty-two in breadth: the walls are bounded at the height of twenty-three feet by a cornice, apparently inlaid with pearls and gold, from which spring four ecliptic arches, supported by golden columns, surmounted with a dome, rising to a height of forty-five feet, and constructed to represent an eastern sky; beneath which is seen spreading the broad umbrageous foliage of the luxuriant plantain, bearing its fruit and displaying, in all the progressive stages, the different varieties, from the early blossom to maturity: curious Chinese symbols are suspended from the trunk, and connect themselves with a grand lustre, rising to a height of thirty feet, and reflecting the most varied and magical effect, being multiplied by other lustres, in the several angles adjoining. The walls are decorated with groups of figures, nearly the size of life, portraying the costume of the higher classes of the Chinese; domestic episodes, painted on a ground of imitative pearl, richly wrought, in all the varied designs of Chinese mythology. The furniture is of the most costly description—rose-wood inlaid with mother-of-pearl, and enriched with *or molu* chasings of the most elegant design; the effect of which is admirably contrasted with the rich glossy jars of blue porcelain, of English manufacture, and magnificent brilliancy. Centrally, between these magnificent apartments, is the Rotunda or Saloon; an oblong interior of fifty-five feet in length, the decoration chaste and classical in the extreme, being simply white and gold, the enriched cornice being supported by columns and pilasters, and the whole decoration uniting coolness with simplicity. The passages to some of the minor apartments are unique in their style of embellishment, which

appears to be of polished white marble, but is, in fact, nothing but a superior Dutch tile, cemented smoothly, in plaster of Paris, and highly varnished. There are many other private and anterooms to the west of the Chinese gallery, the decorations of which are more simple, but in a corresponding style. We had now arrived at the *Yellow Room (see Plate*), where we understood his Majesty would receive his evening party.

ENLARGE TO FULL SIZE

Page296

The apartment is fifty-six feet in length, by twenty in breadth, and is hung round with a rich fluted drapery of yellow satin, suspended from the ceiling, and representing a magnificent Chinese tent, from the centre of which hangs a chandelier of the most splendid design, the light of which is diffused through painted glasses, resembling in shape and colour every variety of the tulip, exciting the greatest admiration. The chimney-piece is Chinese, the stove formed by *chimera* chased in *or molu*, the figures above being models or automatons, of nearly the size of life, dressed in splendid costume, occasionally moving their heads and arms. The furniture of the room is of a similar character to those already described, except the seats, which are ottomans of yellow velvet, the window draperies being of the same splendid material. It was in this truly royal apartment we had the honour of waiting the approach of his Majesty, who entered, at about a quarter before ten, apparently in the enjoyment of the most excellent health and highest spirits. He was preceded by Sir A. F. Barnard and Lord Francis Conyngham, the grooms in waiting, and entered with the Princess Augusta leaning on his arm, the left of her royal highness being supported by the Duke of York; the Marquis of Conyngham followed, leading in his Marchioness; and the beautiful and accomplished Lady Elizabeth honoured Sir William Knighton as her conductor. The old Earl of Arran came hobbling on his crutches, dreadfully afflicted with the gout. Sir C. Paget, that merry son of Neptune, with Sir E. Nagle, followed; the rear being brought up by the

fascinating Countess of Warwick and her ever constant earl. *(See Plate.)* Do not imagine, my dear Bernard, that I shall so far outrage the honourable feelings of a gentleman as to relate every word, look, or action, of this illustrious party, for the rude ear of eager curiosity. Those only who have witnessed the Monarch in private life, freed from the weight of state affairs, and necessary regal accompaniments, can form a correct judgment of the unaffected goodness of his heart; the easy affability, and pliant condescension, with which he can divest every one around him of any feeling of restraint—the uncommon sprightliness and vivacity he displays in conversation—the life and soul of all that is elegant and classical, and the willing participator and promoter of a good joke. Suffice it to say, the reception was flattering in the extreme, the entertainment conversational and highly intellectual. The moments flew so quickly, that I could have wished the hour of eleven, the period of the King's retiring, had been extended to the noontide of the morrow. But is this all, I think I can hear you say, this friend of my heart dares to repose with me on a subject so agreeable? No—you shall have a few *on dits*, but nothing touching on the scandalous; gleanings, from Sir E—— and Sir C ——, the jesters of our sovereign lord the King; but nothing that might excite a blush in the cheek of the lovely Countess, to whom I was indebted for the honour and delight I on that occasion experienced. Imprimis:—I know you are intimate with that inimitable child of whim, Charles Mathews. He is in high estimation with royalty, I assure you; and annually receives the King's command to deliver a selection from his popular entertainments before him—an amusement of which his Majesty speaks in terms of the warmest admiration. On the last occasion, a little *scena* occurred that must have been highly amusing; as it displays at once the kind recollections of the King, and his amiable disposition. As I had it from Sir C——, you may depend upon its authenticity. I shall denominate it the King at Home, or Mathews in Carlton Palace. *(See Plate.)*

ENLARGE TO FULL SIZE

Page298

Previous to Mathews leaving this country for America, he exhibited a selection from his popular entertainments, by command of his Majesty, at Carlton Palace.—A party of not more than six or eight persons were present, including the Princess Augusta and the Marchioness of Conyngham. During the entertainment (with which the King appeared much delighted), Mathews introduced his imitations of various performers on the British stage, and was proceeding with John Kemble in the Stranger, when he was interrupted by the King, who, in the most affable manner, observed that his general imitations were excellent, and such as no one who had ever seen the characters could fail to recognise; but he thought the comedian's portrait of John Kemble somewhat too boisterous.—"He is an old friend, and I might add, tutor of mine," observed his Majesty: "when I was Prince of Wales he often favoured me with his company. I will give you an imitation of John Kemble," said the good-humoured monarch. Mathews was electrified. The lords of the bed-chamber eyed each other with surprise. The King rose and prefaced his imitations by observing, "I once requested John Kemble to take a pinch of snuff with me, and for this purpose placed my box on the table before him, saying 'Kemble, oblige (obleege) me by taking a pinch of snuff' He took a pinch, and then addressed me thus:—(Here his Majesty assumed the peculiar carriage of Mr. Kemble.) 'I thank your Royal Highness for your snuff, but, in future, do extend your royal jaws a little wider, and say Oblige.'" The anecdote was given with the most powerful similitude to the actor's voice and manners, and had an astonishing effect on the party present. It is a circumstance equally worthy of the King and the scholar. Mathews, at the conclusion, requested permission to offer an original anecdote of Kemble, which had some affinity to the foregoing. Kemble had been for many years the intimate friend of the Earl of Aberdeen. On one occasion he had called on that nobleman during his morning's ride, and left Mrs. Kemble in the carriage at the door. John and the noble earl were closely engaged on some literary subject a very long time, while Mrs. Kemble was shivering in the carriage (it being very

cold weather). At length her patience being exhausted, she directed her servant to inform his master that she was waiting, and feared the cold weather would bring on an attack of the rheumatism. The fellow proceeded to the door of the earl's study, and delivered his message, leaving out the final letter in rheumatism.—This he had repeated three several times, by direction of his mistress, before he could obtain an answer. At length, Kemble, roused from his subject by the importunities of the servant, replied, somewhat petulantly, "Tell your mistress I shall not come, and, fellow, do you in future say '*tism*."

Among the party assembled on this occasion was the favoured son of Esculapius, Sir W—— K——, the secret of whose elevation to the highest confidence of royalty is one of those mysteries of the age which it is in vain to attempt to unravel, and which, perhaps, cannot be known to more than two persons in existence: great and irresistible, however, must that influence be, whether moral or physical, which could obtain such dominion over the mind as to throw into the shade the claims of rank and courtly *lions*, and place an humble disciple of Esculapius on the very summit of royal favour. Of his gentlemanly and amusing talents in society every one must speak in terms of the highest praise, and equally flattering are the reports of his medical skill; but many are the fleeting causes and conjectures assigned for his supremacy—reports which may not be written here, lest I assist in the courtly prattle of misrepresentation. Sir W—— was, I believe, the executor of an old and highly-favoured confidential secretary; might not *certain circumstances* arising out of that trust have paved the way to his elevation? If the intense merits of the individual have raised him to the dazzling height, the world cannot value them too highly, and sufficiently extol the discrimination of the first sovereign and first gentleman of the age who could discover and reward desert with such distinguished honour. But if his elevation is the result of any sacrifice of principle, or of any courtly intrigue to remove a once equally fortunate rival, and pave his path with gold, there are few who would envy the favoured minion: against such suspicion, however, we have the evidence of a life of honour, and the general estimation of society. Of his predecessor, and the causes for his

removal, I have heard some curious anecdotes, but these you shall have when we meet. A very good story is in circulation here among the court circle relative to the eccentric Lady C—— L——, and a young marchioness, who, spite of the remonstrances of her friends and the general good taste of the ladies in that particular, recently selected an old man for a husband, in preference to a choice of at least twenty young and titled, dashing *roués*: the whim and caprice of the former is notorious, while the life and animation of the little marchioness renders her the brightest star of attraction in the hemisphere of fashion. "I should like to see Billingsgate, amazingly," said the marchioness to her eccentric friend, while reading a humorous article on the subject in the Morning Chronicle. "It must be entertaining to hear the peculiar phraseology and observe the humorous vulgarities of these *naiades*, if one could do so *incog*." "And why not, my dear?" said Lady C——; "you know there never was a female Quixote in existence among the petticoat blue-stockings, from Lady Wortley Montague to Lady Morgan, who was more deeply affected with the Tom and Jerry *mania* than I am: leave all to me, and I'll answer for taking you there safely, enjoying the scene securely, and escaping without chance of detection." With Lady C—— a whim of this description is by no means unusual, and the necessary attendance of a confidential servant to protect, in case of danger, a very essential personage. To this Mercury, Lady C—— confided her plan; giving directions for the completion of it on the morning of the morrow, and instructing him to obtain disguises from his wife, who is an upper servant in the family, for the use of the ladies. John, although perfectly free from any alarm on account of Lady C——, should the whim become known, was not so easy in respect to the young and attractive marchioness, whose consort, should any thing unpleasant occur, John wisely calculated, might interfere to remove him from his situation. With this resolve he prudently communicated the ladies' intention to a confidential friend of the marquis, who, on receiving an intimation of their intentions, laughed at the whim, and determined to humour the joke, by attending the place, properly disguised, to watch at a distance the frolic of the ladies. The next morning, at the appointed hour, the

footman brought a hackney-coach to the door, and the ladies were quickly conveyed to the scene of action, followed (unknowingly) by the marquis and his friend. Here they amused themselves for some time in walking about and observing the bustle and variety of the, to them, very novel scene; soon, however, fatigued with the mobbing, thrusting, and filthiness, which is characteristic of the place, the marchioness was for returning, remarking to her friend that she had as yet heard none of that singular broad humour for which these nymphs of the fish-market were so celebrated. "Then you shall have a specimen directly," said Lady C ——, "if I can provoke it; only prepare your ethics and your ears for a slight shock; "and immediately approaching an old fresh-water dragon, who sat behind an adjoining stall, with a countenance spirited in the extreme, and glowing with all the beautiful varieties of the ultra-marine and vermilion, produced by the all-potent properties of Hodge's full-proof, she proceeded to cheapen the head and shoulders of a fine fish that lay in front of her, forcing her fingers under the gills, according to the approved custom of good housewives, to ascertain if it was fresh.

ENLARGE TO FULL SIZE

Page303

After a parley as to price, Lady C—— hinted that she doubted its being perfectly sweet: the very suspicion of vending an unsavoury article roused the old she-dragon at once into one of the most terrific passions imaginable, and directing all her ire against the ladies, she poured forth a volley of abuse fiery and appalling as the lava of a volcano, which concluded as follows.—"Not sweet, you ——," said the offended deity; "how can I answer for its sweetness, when you have been tickling his gills with your stinking paws 1 " *(See Plate.)* The marchioness retreated at the first burst of the storm, but Lady C——continued to provoke the old naiad of the shambles, till she had fully satisfied her humour. Again safely escorted home by the liveried Mercury, the ladies thought to have enjoyed their joke in perfect security; but what was their astonishment,

when on meeting the marquis and a select party at dinner, to find the identical fish served up at their own table, and the marquis amusing his friends by relating the whole circumstances of the frolic, as having occurred to two ladies of distinction during the laughter-loving days of Charles the Second. I need not animadvert upon the peculiar situation of the ladies, who, blushing through a crimson veil of the deepest hue, bore the raillery of the party assembled with as much good sense as good nature; acknowledging the frolic, and joining in the laugh the joke produced. Beneath, you have one of our facetious friend Bob Transit's humorous sketches of an incident said to have occurred near B—— H ——: in which an eccentric lady chose to call up the servants in the dead of the night, order out the carriage, and mounting the box herself, insisted upon giving the footman, who had been somewhat tardy in leaving his bed, a gentle airing in his shirt.

Page304

CHARACTERS ON THE BEACH AND STEYNE, BRIGHTON.

On Bathing and Bathers—Advantages of Shampooing—French Decency—Brighton Politeness—Sketches of Character—The Banker's Widow—Miss Jefferies—Mrs. F——l—Peter Paragraph, the London Correspondent—Jack Smith—The French Consul—Paphian Divinities—C—— L——, Esq.—Squeeze into the Libraries—The new Plunging Bath—Chain Pier—Cockney Comicalities—Royal Gardens—The Club House.

The next morning early I proceeded to the beach to enjoy the delightful and invigorating pleasure of sea-bathing. The clean pebble shore extending, as it does here, for a long distance beneath the east cliff, is a great advantage to those who, from indisposition or luxury, seek a dip in the ocean. One practice struck me as being a little objectionable, namely, the machines of the males and females being placed not only within sight of each other, but actually close alongside; by which circumstance, the sportive nymphs sometimes display more of nature's charms to the eager gaze of her wanton sons than befits me to tell, or decency to dwell on. I could not, however, with all the purity of my ethics, help envying a robust fellow who was assisting in clucking the dear unencumbered creatures under the rising wave.{1}

1 Some of the female bathers are very adventurous, and from the great drawback of water many accidents have occurred. I was much amused one morning with three sisters, in the machine adjoining mine, continually crying out to a male attendant "to push on, and not be afraid of the consequences; we can all swim well," said one of the Miss B——'s (well known as the *marine graces*). "But my machine a'n't water-tight," replied the bathing-man, "and if I trust it any farther in, I shall never be able to get it out

again." A Frenchman who came down to bathe with his wife and sister insisted upon using the same machine with the ladies; the bathing-women remonstrated, but *monsieur* retorted very fairly thus—"*Mon dieu I vat is dat vat you tell me about décence. Tromperie*—shall I no dip *mon femme a sour* myself vith quite as much *bienséance* as dat vulgar brute vat I see ducking de ladies yondere?"

The naiads of the deep are a strange race of mortals, half fish and half human, with a masculine coarseness of manner that, I am told, has been faithfully copied from their great original, the once celebrated Martha Gun. It is not unusual for these women to continue in the water up to their waists for four hours at a time, without suffering the least affection of cold or rheumatism, and living to a great age. A dingy empiric has invented a new system of *humbug* which is in great repute here, and is called *shampooing*; a sort of stewing alive by steam, sweetened by being forced through odoriferous herbs, and undergoing the pleasant sensation of being dabbed all the while with pads of flannels through holes in the wet blankets that surround you, until the cartilaginous substances of your joints are made as pliable as the ligaments of boiled calves' feet, your whole system relaxed and unnerved, and your trembling legs as useless in supporting your body as a pair of boots would be without the usual quantity of flesh and bone within them. The Steyne affords excellent subject for the study of character, and the pencil of the humorist; the walks round are paved with brick, which, when the thermometer is something above eighty-six in the shade (the case just now), is very like pacing your parched feet over the pantiles of a Turkish stove. There is, indeed, a grass-plot within the rails, but the luxury of walking upon it is reserved for the fishermen of the place exclusively, except on some extraordinary occasion, when the whole rabble of the town are let loose to annoy the visitants by puffing tobacco smoke in their faces, or jostling and insulting them with coarse ribaldry, until the genteel and decent are compelled to quit the promenade. I have had two or three such specimens of Brighton manners while staying here, and could only wish I had the assistance of about twenty of the *Oxford*togati,

Trinitarians, or Bachelors of Brazennose. I think we should hit upon some expedient to tame these brutes, and teach them civilized conduct—an Herculean labour which the town authorities seem afraid to attempt. The easy distance between this and the metropolis, with the great advantages of expeditious travelling, enable the multitudinous population of London to pour forth its motley groups, in greater variety than at any other watering place, Margate excepted, with, however, this difference in favour of the former, that the mixture had more of the sprinkling of fashion about them, here and there a name of note, a splendid equipage, or a dazzling star, to illumine the dull nomenclatures in the library books of the Johnson's, the Thomson's, the Brown's, and the Levi's. The last-mentioned fraternity congregate here in shoals, usurp all the best lodgings, at the windows of which they are to be seen soliciting notice, with their hooked noses, copper countenances, and inquisitive eyes, decked out in all the faded finery of Petticoat-lane, or Bevis Marks; while the heads of the houses of Israel run down on a Saturday, after the Stock Exchange closes, and often do as much business here on the Sabbath, in gambling speculations for the account day*, as they have done all the week before in London. Here, too, you have the felicity to meet your tailor in his tandem, your butcher on his* trotter*, your shoemaker in a* fly*, and your wine-merchant with his bit of blood, his girl, and tilbury, making a greater splash than yourself, and pleasantly pointing you out to observation as a long-winded one, a great gambler, or some other such gratuitous return for your ill-bestowed patronage. To amalgamate with such* canaille *is impossible—you are therefore driven into seclusion, or compelled to confine your visits and amusements to nearly the same circle you have just left London to be relieved from. Among the "observed" of the present time, the great star of attraction is the rich Banker's widow, who occupies the corner house of the Grand Parade, eclipsing in splendid equipages and attendants an Eastern nabob, or royalty itself. Good fortune threw old Crony in my way, just as I had caught a glimpse of the widow's cap: you know his dry sarcastic humour and tenacious memory, and perhaps I ought to add, my inquisitive*

disposition. From him I gleaned a sketch of the widow's history, adorned with a few comments, which gallantry to the fair sex will not allow me to repeat. She had just joined conversation with the Marquis of H——, who was attended by Jackson, the pugilist; an illustrious personage and a noble earl were on her left; while behind the jolie *dame, at a respectful distance, paced two liveried emblems of her deceased husband's bounty, clad in the sad habiliments of woe, and looking as merry as mutes at a rich man's funeral.* (See Plate.)

ENLARGE TO FULL SIZE

Page308

"She has the reputation of being very charitable," said I. "She has," responded Crony; "but the total neglect of poor Wewitzer, in the hour of penury and sickness, is no proof of her feeling, much less of her generosity. I have known her long," continued Crony, "from her earliest days of obscurity and indigence to these of unexampled prosperity, and I never could agree with common report in that particular." I dare say I looked at this moment very significantly; for Crony, without waiting my request, continued his history. "Her father was the gay and dissolute Jack Kinnear, well known in Dublin for his eccentricities about the time of the Rebellion, in which affair he made himself so conspicuous that he was compelled to expatriate, and fled to England by way of Liverpool; where his means soon failing, Jack, never at a loss, took up the profession of an actor, and succeeded admirably. His animated style and attractive person are still spoken of with delight by many of the old inhabitants of Carlisle, Rochdale, Kendal, and the neighbouring towns of Lancashire, where he first made his appearance in an itinerant company, then under the management of a man of the name of Bibby, and in whose house, under very peculiar circumstances, our heroine was born; but

'Merit and worth from no condition rise;
Act well your part—there all the honour lies.'

That little Harriet was a child of much promise there is no doubt, playing, in her mother's name, at a very early period, all the juvenile parts in Bibby's company with great *éclat* until she attained the age of eighteen, when her abilities procured her a situation to fill the first parts in genteel comedy in the theatres-royal Manchester and Liverpool. From this time her fame increased rapidly, which was not a little enhanced by her attractive person, and consequent number of admirers; for even among the cotton lords of Manchester a fine-grown, raven-locked, black-eyed brunette, arch, playful, and clever, could not fail to create sensations of desire: but at this time the affections of the lady were fixed on a son of Thespis, then a member of the same company, and to whom she was shortly afterwards betrothed; but the marriage, from some capricious cause or other, was never consummated: the actor, well-known as Scotch Grant, is now much reduced in life, and a member of one of the minor companies of the metropolis. On her quitting Liverpool, in 1794, she played at the Stafford theatre during the election contest, where, having the good-fortune to form an intimacy with the Hortons, a highly-respectable family then resident there, and great friends of Sheridan, they succeeded, on the return of that gentleman to parliament for the borough of Stafford, to obtain from him an engagement for our heroine at the theatre-royal Drury Lane, of which he was at that time proprietor. 'Brevity is the soul of wit,'" said Crony: "I shall not attempt to enumerate all the parts she played there; suffice it to say, she was successful, and became a great favourite with the public. It was here she first attracted the notice of the rich old banker, who having just discarded another actress, Mrs. M——r, whom he had kept some time, on account of an intimacy he discovered with the lady and P——e, the oboe player, he made certain propositions, accompanied with such liberal presents, that the fair yielded to the all-powerful influence, not of love, but gold; and having, through the interference of poor W——, secured to herself a settlement which made her independent for life, threw out the well-planned story of the lottery ticket, as a 'tub to the whale': a stratagem that, for some time, succeeded admirably, until a malicious wag belonging to the company undertook to solve the riddle of

her prosperity, by pretending to bet a wager of one hundred, that the lady had actually gained twenty thousand pounds by the lottery, and he would name the ticket: with this excuse, for what otherwise might have been deemed impertinent, he put the question, and out of the reply developed the whole affair. All London now rung with the splendour of her equipage, the extent of her charities, and the liberality of her conduct to an old actor and a young female friend, Miss S——n, who was invariably seen with her in public. Such was the notoriety of the intimacy, that the three married daughters of the banker, all persons of title and the highest respectability, thought it right to question their father, relative to the truth of the reports in circulation. Whatever might have been their apprehensions, their fears were quieted by the information, that the lady in question was a natural daughter, born previous to the alliance to which they owed their birth: this assurance not only induced the parties to admit her to their presence, but she was also introduced to, and became intimate with, the wife of the man to whom she owes her present good fortune. It was now, that, feeling herself secure, she displayed that capricious feeling which has since marked her character: poor W——r, her mentor and defender, was on some mere pretence abandoned, and a sturdy blustering fellow, in the same profession, substituted for the sincere adviser, the witty and agreeable companion: it was to R——d she sent a present of one thousand pounds, for a single ticket, on his benefit night. But her ambition had not yet attained its highest point: the banker's wife died, and our fortunate heroine was elected to her place while yet the clay-cold corse of her predecessor remained above ground; a circumstance, which brought down a heavy calamity on the clerical who performed the marriage rites,{2} but which was remedied by an annuity from the banker. From this period, the haughty bearing of the lady exceeded all bounds; the splendour of her establishment, the extravagance of her parties, and the munificence of her charities, trumpeted forth by that many-tongued oracle, the public press, eclipsed the brilliancy of the

2 Saturnine B——n, the author of 'the stage,' a Poem, on hearing the day after her marriage with the banker, a

> conversation relative to her age, said he was sure the party were all in error, as there could be no doubt the lady was on the previous night *under age*.

royal banquets, and outshone the greatest and wealthiest of the stars of fashion. About this time, her hitherto inseparable companion made a slip with a certain amorous manager; and such was the indignation of our moral heroine on the discovery, that she spurned the unfortunate from her for ever, and actually turned the offending spark out of doors herself, accompanying the act with a very unladylike demonstration of her vengeance. B——d, her most obsequious servant, died suddenly. Poor Dr. J—— A——s, who gave up a highly respectable and increasing practice, in Greek-street, Soho, as a physician, to attend, exclusively, on the 'geud auld mon' and his rib, met such a return for his kindness and attention, that he committed suicide. Her next friend, a Mr. G——n, a very handsome young man, who was induced to quit his situation in the bank for the office of private secretary, made a mistake one night, and eloped with the female confidante of the banker's wife, a crime for which the perpetrator could never hope to meet with forgiveness. It is not a little singular," said Crony, "that almost all her intimate acquaintances have, sooner or later, fallen into disrepute with their patroness, and felt how weak is the reliance upon the capricious and the wayward." On the death of the old banker, our heroine had so wheedled the dotard, that he left her, to the surprise of the world, the whole of his immense property, recommending only certain legacies, and leaving an honourable and high-minded family dependent upon her bountiful consideration. "I could relate some very extraordinary anecdotes arising out of that circumstance," said Crony; "but you must be content with one, farcical in the extreme, which fully displays the lady's affection for her former profession, and shows she is a perfect mistress of stage effect. On the removal of the shrivelled remains of the old dotard for interment, his affectionate rib accompanied the procession, and when they rested for the night at an inn on the road, guarded them in death as she had done in the close of life, by sleeping on a sofa in the same room. Cruel, cruel separation! what a scene for the revival of 'grief à la mode!' "But she is

unhappy with all her wealth," said the cynic. "Careless as some portion of our nobility are in their choice of companions for their sports or pleasures, they have yet too much consideration left of what is due to their rank, their wives, and daughters, not to hesitate before they receive ——. But never mind," said Crony; "you know the rest. You must have heard of a recent calamity which threatened the lady; and on which that mad wag, John Bull, let fly some cutting jokes. A very sagacious police magistrate, accompanied by one of his *indefatigables*, went to *inspect the premises*, accompanied by a gentleman of the faculty; but, after all their united efforts to unravel the mystery, it turned out a mere *scratch*, a very flat affair.

Page313

"I think," said Crony, "we have now arrived at the ultimatum of the widow's history, and may as well take a turn or two up the Steyne, to look out for other character. The ancient female you perceive yonder, leaning on her tall gold-headed cane, is Miss J——s, a maid of honour to the late Queen Charlotte, and the particular friend of Mrs. F——l: said to be the only one left out of eight persons, who accompanied two celebrated personages, many years since, in a stolen matrimonial speculation to Calais.

She is as highly respected as her friend Mrs. F——l is beloved here." "Who the deuce is that strange looking character yonder, enveloped in a boat-cloak, and muffled up to the eyes with a black handkerchief?" "That is a very important personage in a watering place, I assure you," replied Crony; "being no other than the celebrated Peter Paragraph, the London correspondent to the Morning Post, who involves, to use his own phrase, the whole hemisphere of fashion in his mystifications and reports: informs the readers of that paper how many rays of sunshine have exhilarated the Brightonians during the week, furnishes a correct journal of fogs, rains, storms, shipwrecks, and hazy mists; and, above all, announces the arrivals and departures, mixing up royal and noble fashionables and *kitchen stuff* in the same beautiful obscurity of diction. Peter was formerly a *friseur*; but has long since quitted the shaving and

cutting profession for the more profitable calling of collector of *on dits* and *puffs extraordinaire*. The swaggering broad-shouldered blade who follows near him, with a frontispiece like the red lion, is the well-known radical, Jack S——h, now agent to the French consul for this place, and the unsuccessful candidate for the *independent* borough of Shoreham." "A complete eccentric, by all my hopes of pleasure! Crony, who are those two dashing divinities, who come tripping along so lively yonder?" "Daughters of pleasure," replied the cynic; "a pair of justly celebrated paphians, west-end comets, who have come here, no doubt, with the double view of profit and amusement. The plump looking dame on the right, is Aug—ta C—ri, (otherwise lady H——e); so called after the P—n—ss A——a, her godmamma. Her father, old Ab—t, one of Q——n C——te's *original* German pages, brought up a large family in respectability, under the fostering protection of his royal mistress. Aug——ta, at the early age of fifteen, eloped from St. James's, on a matrimonial speculation with a young musician, Mr. An——y C——, (himself a boy of 18)! From such a union what could be expected? a mother at 16, and a neglected dishonoured wife, before she had counted many years of womanhood. If she fell an unresisting victim to the seduction which her youth, beauty, and musical talents attracted, '*her stars were more to blame than she*.' Let it be recorded, however, that her conduct as wife and mother was free from reproach, until a *depraved, unnatural* man (who by the way has since fled the country) set her the example of licentiousness.

"Amongst her earliest admirers, was the wealthy citizen, Mr. S—— M ——, a bon vivant, a *five-bottle* man (who has, not unaptly, been since nominated a representative in p——l for one of the *cinque ports*).

To this witty man's generous care she is indebted for an annuity, which, with common prudence, ought to secure her from want during her own life. On her departure from this lover, which proceeded entirely from her own caprice and restless extravagance, the vain Aug—ta launched at once into all the dangerous pleasures of a cyprian life. The court, the city, and the *'change*, paid homage to her charms. One high in

the r——l h——h——id wore her chains for many months; and it was probably more in the spirit of revenge for open neglect, than admiration of such a faded beau, that lady G—— B—— admitted the E—— of B——e to usurp the husband's place and privilege.

It is extraordinary that the circumstance just mentioned, which was notorious, was not brought forward in mitigation of the damages for the loss of conjugal joys; and which a jury of citizens, with a tender feeling for their own honour, valued at ten thousand pounds. My lord G—— B —— pocketed the injury and the ten thousand,; and his noble substitute has since made the 'amende honorable' to public morals, by uniting his destinies with an amiable woman, the daughter of a doctor of music, and a beauty of the sister country, who does honour to the rank to which she has been so unexpectedly elevated.

"Mrs. C——i had no acquaintance of her own sex in the world of gaiety but one; the beautiful, interesting, Mademoiselle St. M—g—te, then (1812 and 1813) in the zenith of her charms. The gentle Ad—l—de, whose sylph-like form, graceful movements, and highly polished manner, delighted all who knew her, formed a strange and striking contrast to the short, fat, bustling, salacious Aug—ta, whose boisterous bon-mots, and horse-laughical bursts, astonished rather than charmed. Both, however, found abundance of admirers to their several tastes. It was early in the spring of 1814 that the subject of this article had the good or evil fortune to attract the eye of a noble lord of some notoriety, who pounced on his plump prey with more of the amorous assurance of the bird of Jove than the cautious hoverings of the wary H—ke. Love like his admitted of no delay. Preliminaries were soon arranged, under the auspices of that experienced matron, Madame D'E—v—e, whose address, in this delicate negotiation, extorted from his lordship's generosity, besides a cheque on H——d and

G—bbs for a cool hundred, the payment of 'brother Martin's' old score, of long standing, for bed and board at Madame's house of business, little St. Martin's-street. The public have been amused with the ridiculous story of the mock marriage; but whatever were his faults or follies, and

he is since called to his account, his l—ds—p stands guiltless of this. 'Tis true, her 'ladyship' asserted, nay, we believe, swore as much; but she is known to possess such boundless imaginative faculties, that her nearest and dearest friends have never yet been able to detect her in the weakness of uttering a palpable truth. The assumption of the name and title arose out of a circumstance so strange, so ridiculous, and so unsavoury, that, with all our 'gusto' for fun, we must omit it: suffice it to say, that it originated in—what?—gentle reader—in a dose of physic!!! For further particulars, apply to Mrs. C——l, of the C—s—le S—t—h—ll. After this strange event, which imparted to her ladyship all the honours of the coronet, Mrs. C——i was to be seen in the park, from day to day; the envy of every less fortunate Dolly, and the horror of the few friends which folly left her lordly dupe. In this state of doubtful felicity her ladyship rolled on (for she almost lived in her carriage) for three years; when, alas! by some cruel caprice of love, or some detected intrigue, or from the holy scruples of his lordship's Reverend adviser, Padre Ambrosio, this connexion was suddenly dissolved at Paris; when Mrs. C ——, no longer acknowledged as my lady, was at an hour's notice packed off in the Dilly for Dover, and her jewels, in half the time, packed up in their casket and despatched to Lafitte's, in order to raise the ways and means for the peer and his ghostly confessor!

"Her ladyship's next attempt at notoriety was her grand masked ball at the Argyll rooms in 1818; an entertainment which, for elegant display and superior arrangement, did great credit to her taste, or to that of her broad-shouldered Milesian friend, to whom it is said the management of the whole was committed. The expense of this act of folly has been variously estimated; and the honour of defraying it gratuitously allotted to an illustrious commander, whose former weakness and culpability has been amply redeemed by years of truly r——l benevolence and public service. We can state, however, that neither the purse or person of the royal D——contributed to the *éclat* of the *fête*. An amorous Hebrew city clerk, who had long '*looked and loved*' at humble distance, taking advantage of his uncle's absence on the continent in a *diamond hunting* speculation, having left the immediate jewel of His soul, his cash, at

home, the enamoured youth seized the very 'nick o' time,' furnished half the funds for the night, for half a morning's conversation in Upper Y— street: her ladyship's indefatigable industry furnished the other moiety in a couple of days. A Mr. Z—ch—y contributed fifty, which coming to the ears of his sandy-haired lassie, his own paid forfeit of his folly, to their almost total abstraction from the thick head to which they project with asinine pride. Since this splash in the whirlpool of fashionable folly, her 'ladyship,' for she clings to the rank with all the tenacity of a fencible field officer, has lived in comparative retirement near E—dg—e R—d, nursing a bantling of the new era, and singing '*John Anderson my Joe*' to her now 'gude man;' only occasionally relapsing into former gaieties by a sly trip to Box Hill or Virginia Water with the grandson of a barber, a flush but gawky boy, who, forgetting that it is to the talents and judicial virtues of his honoured sire he owes his elevation, rejects that proud and wholesome example; and, by his arrogance and vanity, excites pity for the father and contempt for the son. Her ladyship, who by her own confession has been 'just nine and twenty' for the last ten years, may still boast of her conquests. Her amour with the *yellow dwarf* of G—vs—r P—e is too good to be lost. They are followed by one, who, time was, would have chased them round the Steyne and into cover with all the spirit of a true sportsman; but his days of revelry are past,—that is the celebrated *roué*, C—— L——, a '*trifle light as air,*' yet in nature's spite a very ultra in the pursuit of gallantry. To record the number of frail fair ones to whose charms he owned ephemeral homage would fill a volume. The wantons wife whose vices sunk her from the drawing-room to the lobby; the{4} kitchen wench, whose pretty face and lewd ambition raised her to it; the romance bewildered{5} Miss, and the rude unlettered {6} villager, the hardened drunken profligate, and the timid half-ruined victim (the almost infant Jenny!) have all in turn tasted his bounty and his wine, have each been honoured with a page in his trifles: of his caresses he wisely was more chary. Which of the frail sisterhood has not had a ride in G—— L——'s worn out in the service 1 and which in its day might be

said to roll mechanically from C——L——to C——s-s—t, with almost instinctive precision. But his days of poesy and nights of folly are now past!

Honest C——has taken the hint from nature, and retired, at once, from the republics of Venus and of letters. A kind, a generous, and a susceptible heart like his must long ere this have found, in the arms of an amiable wife, those unfading and honourable joys which, reflection must convince him, were not to be extracted from those foul and polluted sources from whence he sought and drew a short-lived pleasure."

You know Crony's affection for a good dinner, and will not therefore be surprised that I had the honour of his company this day; but i'faith he deserved his reward for the cheerfulness and amusement with which he contrived to kill time.

3 Lady B——e.

4 Mrs. H——y.

5 Louisa V——e.

6 Mrs. S—d—s.

7 Mrs. S—mm—ns.

In the evening it was proposed to visit the libraries; but as these places of public resort are not always eligible for the appearance of a star, Crony and myself were despatched first to reconnoitre and report to the Countess our opinions of the assembled group. The association of society has perhaps undergone a greater change in England within the last thirty years than any other of our peculiar characteristics; at least, I should guess so from Crony's descriptions of the persons who formerly honoured the libraries with their presence; but whose names (if they now condescend to subscribe) are entered in a separate book, that they may not be defiled by appearing in the same column with the plebeian host of the three nations who form the united family of Great Britain. "Ay, sir," said Crony, with a sigh that bespoke the bitterness of reflection,

"I remember when this spot (Luccombe's library) was the resort of all the beauty and brilliancy that once illumined the hemisphere of Calton palace,—the satellites of the heir apparent, the brave, the witty, and the gay,—the soul-inspiring, mirthful band, whose talents gave a splendid lustre to the orb of royalty, far surpassing the most costly jewel in his princely coronet. But they are gone, struck to the earth by the desolating hand of the avenger Death, and have left no traces of their genius upon the minds of their successors."

Of the motley assemblage which now surrounds us it would be difficult to attempt a picture. The pencil of a Cruikshank or a Rowlandson might indeed convey some idea; but all weaker hands would find the subject overpowering. A mob of manufacturers, melting hot, elbowing one another into ill-humour, by their anxiety to teach their offspring the fashionable vice of gaming; giving the pretty innocents a taste for *loo*, which generally ends in *loo*-sening what little purity of principle the prejudice of education has left upon their intellect. In our more fashionable *hells*, wine and choice *liqueurs* are the stimulants to vice; here, the seduction consists in the strumming of an ill-toned piano, to the squeaking of some poor discordant whom poverty compels to public exposure; and who, generally being of the softer sex, pity protects from the severity of critical remark. I need not say our report to the Dalmaines was unfavourable; and the divine little countess, frustrated in her intentions of honouring the libraries with her presence, determined upon promenading up the West Cliff, attended by old Crony and myself. The bright-eyed goddess of the night emitted a ray of more than usual brilliancy, and o'er the blue waters of the deep spread forth a silvery and refulgent lustre, that lent a charm of magical inspiration to the rippling waves. For what of nature's mighty works can more delight, than

```
'—Circling ocean, when the swell
By zephyrs borne from off the main,
Heaves to the breeze, and sinks again?'
```

The deep murmuring of the hollow surge as it rolls over the pebble beach, the fresh current of saline air that braces and invigorates, and the uninterrupted view of the watery expanse, are attractions of delight and

contemplation which are nowhere to be enjoyed in greater perfection than at Brighton. The serenity of the evening induced us to pass the barrier of the chain-pier, and bend our steps towards the projecting extremity of that ingenious structure. An old Welsh harper was touching his instrument with more than usual skill for an itinerant professor, while the plaintive notes of the air he tuned accorded with the solemnity of the surrounding scene. "I could pass an evening here," said the countess, in a somewhat contemplative mood, "in the society of kindred spirits, with more delightful gratification than among the giddy throng who meet at Almack's." Crony bowed to the ground, overpowered by the compliment; while your humble servant, less obsequious, but equally conscious of the flattering honour, advanced my left foot sideways, drew up my right longitudinally, and touched my beaver with a *congée*, that convinced me I had not forgotten the early instructions of our old Eton posture-master, the all-accomplished Signor Angelo. "A __wery hextonishing vurk, this here pier," said a fat, little squab of a citizen, sideling up to Crony like a full-grown porpoise; "*wery hexpensive*, and *wery huseless, I thinks*" continued the intruder. Crony reared his crest in silent indignation, while his visage betokened an approaching storm; but a significant look from the countess gave him the hint that some amusement might be derived from the *animal*; who, without understanding the contempt he excited, proceeded—"*Vun* of the new *bubble* companies' *specks, I supposes, vat old daddy Boreas vill blow avay sum night in a hurrikin*. It puts me *wery* much in mind of a two bottle man." "Why so?" said Crony. "Bekause it's only half seas *hover*." This little civic *jeu d'esprit* made his peace with us by producing a hearty laugh, in which he did not fail to join in unison. "But are you aware of the usefulness and national importance of the projector's plans? said Crony. "Not I," responded the citizen: "I hates all projections of breweries, bridges, buildings, and boring companies, from the Golden-lane speck to the Vaterloo; from thence up to the new street, and down to the tunnel under the Thames, vich my banker, Sir William Curtis, says, is the greatest bore in London." "But humanity, sir," said Crony, "has, I hope, some influence with you; and this undertaking is intended not only for

the healthful pleasure of the Brighton visitors, but for the convenience of vessels in distress, and the landing of passengers in bad weather." "Ay, there it is,—that's hexactly vat I thought; to help our rich people more easily out of the country, and bring a set of poor half-starved foreigners in: vy, I'm told it's to be carried right across the channel in time, and then the few good ones ve have left vill be marching off to the enemy." This conceit amused the countess exceedingly, and was followed by many other equally strange expressions and conjectures; among which, Crony contrived to persuade him that great amusement was to be derived in bobbing for mackerel and turbot with the line: a pleasure combining so much of profit in expectancy that the old citizen was, at last, induced to admit the utility of the chain-pier.

Retracing our steps towards the Steyne, we had one more good laugh at our companion's credulity, who expressed great anxiety to know what the huge wheel was intended for, which is at the corner by the barrier, and throws up water for the use of the town; but which, Crony very promptly assured him, was the grand action of the improved roasting apparatus at the York hotel. We now bade farewell to our amusing companion, and proceeded to view the new plunging bath at the bottom of East-street, built in the form of an amphitheatre, and surrounded by dressing-rooms, with a fountain in the centre, from which a continued supply of salt-water is obtained. The advantages may be great in bad weather; but to my mind there is nothing like the open sea, particularly as confined water is always additionally cold. On our arrival at home, a parcel from London brought the enclosed from Tom Echo, upon whom the sentence of rustication has, I fear, been productive of fresh follies.

ENLARGE TO FULL SIZE

Page323

Dear Heartily,

Having cut college for a *bolt* to the *village*,{8} I expected to have found you in the *bay of condolence*,{9} but hear you left your *moorings* lately

8 London, so called at Oxford.

9 The consolation afforded by friends when *plucked* or rusticated.

to *waste the ready* among the *sharks* at Brighton. Though not quite at *point nonplus*, I am very near the *united kingdoms* of *Sans Souci and Sans Sixsous*,{10} and shall bring to, and wait for company, in the province of Bacchus. I have only just quitted *Æager Haven*, and been very near the *Wall*{11}; have sustained another dreadful fire from *Convocation Castle*,{12} which had nigh shattered my *fore-lights*, and was very near being *blown up* in attempting to pass the *Long Hope*.{13} If you wish to save an old Etonian from *east jeopardy*,{14} set sail directly, and tow me out of the *river Tick* into the *region of rejoicing*; then will we get *bosky* together, sing old songs, tell merry tales, and *spree* and *sport* on the *states of Independency*.

Yours truly,

The *Oxford rustic*,

London.

TOM ECHO.

P. S. I should not have cut so suddenly, but joined Bob Transit and Eglantine in giving two of the old big wigs a flying leap t'other evening, as they left Christ Church Hall, in return for rusticating me:—to escape suspicion, broke away by the mail. I know your affection for a good joke, so induced Bob to book it, and let me have the sketch, which I here enclose.

10 Riddance of cares, and, ultimately, of sixpences.

11 The depot of invalids; Dr. Wall being a celebrated surgeon, whose skill is proverbial in the cure of the Headington or Bagley fever. For a view of poor Tom during his suffering—*(see plate by Bob Transit.)*

12 The House of Convocation in Oxford, when the twenty-five heads of Colleges and the masters meet to transact and investigate university affairs.

13 The symbol of long expectation in studying for a degree.

14 Terrors of anticipation. The remaining phrases have all been explained in an earlier part of the Work.

Page325

Mad as the D'Almaine's must think me for obeying such a summons, I have just bade them adieu, and am off to-morrow, by the earliest coach, for London. The only place I have omitted to notice, in my sketches of Brighton, is the Club House on the Steyne Parade, where a few *old rooks* congregate, to keep a sharp look-out for an unsuspecting *green one*, or a wealthy *pigeon*, who, if once *netted*, seldom succeeds in quitting the trap without being plucked of a few of his feathers. The greatest improvement to a place barren of foliage and the agreeable retirement of overshadowed walks, is the Royal Gardens, on the level at the extremity of the town, in a line with the Steyne enclosures as you enter from the London road. The taste, variety, and accommodation displayed in this elegant place of amusement, renders it certainly the most attractive of public gardens, while the arrangements are calculated to gratify all classes of society without the danger of too crowded an assemblage. Let us see you when term ends; and in the interim expect a long account of sprees and sports in the village.

Horatio Heartly.

Page326

METROPOLITAN SKETCHES.

Heartly, Echo, and Transit start for a Spree—Scenes by Daylight, Starlight, and Gaslight—Black Mon-day at Tattersall's—The first Meeting after the Great St. Leger—Heroes of the Turf paying and receiving—Dinner at Fishmongers' Hall—Com-mittee of Greeks—The Affair of the Cogged Dice—A regular Break-down—Rules for the New Club—The Daffy Club, or a musical Muster of the Fancy: striking Portraits—Counting the Stars—Covent Garden, what it was, and what it is—The Finish—Anecdotes of Characters—The Hall of Infamy, alias the Covent Garden Hell.

Of all the scenes where rich and varied character is to be found in the metropolis and its environs, none can exceed that emporium for sharps and flats, famed Tattersall's, whether for buying a good horse, betting a round sum, or, in the sporting phrase, learning how to make the best of every thing. "Shall we take a *tooddle* up to Hyde-park corner?" said Echo; "this is the settling day for all bets made upon the great Doncaster St. Léger, when the *swells book up*, and the knowing ones *draw* their *bussel*:—*Black* Monday, as Sir John Lade terms it, when the event has not come off right." "A noble opportunity," replied Transit, "for a picture of turf curiosities. Come, Heartly, throw philosophy aside, and let us set forth for a day's enjoyment, and then to finish with a night of frolic. An occasional spree is as necessary to the relaxation of the mind, as exercise is to ensure health. The true secret to make life pleasant, and study profitable, is to be able to throw off our cares as we do our morning gowns, and, when we sally forth to the world, derive fresh spirit, vigour, and information from cheerful companions, good air, and new objects. High 'Change among the heroes of the turf presents ample food for the humorist; while the strange contrast of character and countenance affords the man of, feeling and discernment subject for amusement and

future contemplation." It was in the midst of one of the most numerous meetings ever remembered at Tattersall's, when Barefoot won the race, contrary to the general expectation of the knowing ones, that we made our *entré*. With Echo every sporting character was better known than his college tutor, and not a few kept an eye upon the boy, with hopes, no doubt, of hereafter benefiting by his inexperience, when, having got the whip-hand of his juvenile restrictions, he starts forth to the world a man of fashion and consequence, with an unencumbered property of fifteen thousand per annum, besides expectancies. "Here's a game of chess for you, Transit," said Echo; "why, every move upon the board is a character, and not one but what is worth booking. Observe the arch slyness of the jockey yonder, ear-wigging his patron, a young blood of the fancy, into a *good thing*; particularising all the capabilities and qualities of the different horses named, and making the event (in his own estimation) as *sure as the Bank of England*:—how finely contrasted with the easy indifference of the dignified sportsman near him, who leaves all to chance, spite of the significant nods and winks from a regular *artiste* near him, who never suffers him to make a bet out of the ring, if it is possible to prevent him, by throwing in a little suspicion, in order that he and his friends may have the plucking of their victim exclusively. The portly-looking man in the left-hand corner *(see plate)* is Mr. Tanfield, one of the greatest betting men on the turf; who can lose and pay twenty thousand without moving a muscle, and pocket the like sum without indulging in a smile; always steady as old Time, and never giving away a chance, but carefully keeping his eye upon Cocker (i. e. his book), to see how the odds stand, and working away by that system which is well understood under the term management. In front of him is the sporting Earl of Sefton, and that highly-esteemed son of Nimrod, Colonel Hilton Joliffe,—men of the strictest probity, and hence often appointed referees on matters in dispute.

ENLARGE TO FULL SIZE

Page329

Lawyer L——, and little Wise-man, are settling their differences with *bluff* Bland, who carries all his bets in his memory till he reaches home, because a book upon the spot would be useless. In the right-hand corner, just in front of old General B——n, is John Gully, once the pugilist, but now a man of considerable property, which has been principally acquired by his knowledge of calculation, and strict attention to honourable conduct: there are few men on the turf more respected, and very few among those who keep *betting* books whose conduct will command the same approbation. The old beau in the corner is Sir Lumley S——n, who, without the means to bet much, still loves to linger near the scene of former extravagance." "A good disciple of Lavater," said Transit, "might tell the good or ill fortunes of those around him, by a slight observance of their countenances. See that merry-looking, ruby-faced fellow just leaving the door of the subscription-room: can any body doubt that he has *come off all right*?—or who would dispute that yon pallid-cheeked gentleman, with a long face and quivering lip, betrays, by the agitation of his nerves, the extent of his sufferings? The peer with a solemn visage tears out his last check, turns upon his heel, whistles a tune, and sets against the gross amount of his losses another mortgage of the family acres, or a *post obit* upon some expectancy: the regular sporting man, the out and outer, turns to his book—

> 'For there he finds, *no matter who has won*,{1}
> Whichever animal, or mare, or colt;
> Nay, though each horse that started for't should bolt,
> Or all at once fall lame, or die, or stray,
> He yet must pocket hundreds by the day.'"

Two or three amusing scenes took place among those who wanted, and those who had nothing to give, but yet were too honourable to *levant*: many exhibited outward and visible signs of inward grief. A man of metal dropped his last sovereign with a sigh, but chafed a little about false reports of chaunting up a losing horse, doing the *thing neatly*, keeping the secret, and other such like delicate innuendoes, which

among sporting men pass current, provided the losers pay promptly. Several, who had gone beyond their depth, were recommended to the consideration of the humane, in hopes that time might yet bring them about. We had now passed more than two hours among the motley group, when Tom, having exchanged the time o'day with most of his sporting friends, proposed an adjournment to *Fishmongers' Hall*, or, as he prefaced it, with a visit to the New Club in St. James's-street; to which resort of Greeks and gudgeons we immediately proceeded.

ENLARGE TO FULL SIZE

Page331

We had just turned the corner of St. James's-street, and were preparing to ascend the steps which lead to the New Club, as Crockford's establishment is termed, when old Crony accosted me.

1 To all but betting men, this must appear impossible; but management is every thing; and with a knowledge of the secret, according to turf logic, it is one hundred to one against calculation, and, by turf mathematics, five hundred to one against any event coming right upon the square. In the sporting phrase, 'turf men never back any thing to win;' they have no favourites, unless there is a X; and their common practice is to accommodate all, by taking the odds, till betting is reduced to a *certainty*.

He had it seems come off by the Brighton ten o'clock coach, and was now, "according to his usual custom i' the afternoon," on the look-out for an *invite* to a good dinner and a bottle. As I knew he would prove an agreeable, if not a very useful companion in our present enterprise, I did not hesitate to present him to Echo and Transit, who, upon my very flattering introduction, received him graciously; although Bob hinted he was rather *too old* for a *play-fellow*, and Echo whispered me to keep a *sharp lookout*, as he strongly suspected he was a *staff officer* of the *new Greek corps of Sappers and Miners*. In London you can neither rob nor be robbed genteelly without a formal introduction: how Echo had

contrived it I know not, but we were very politely ushered into the grand club-room, a splendid apartment of considerable extent, with a bow-window in front, exactly facing White's.

To speak correctly of the elegance and taste displayed in the decorations and furniture, not omitting the costly sideboard of richly-chased plate, I can only say it rivalled any thing I had ever before witnessed, and was calculated to impress the young mind with the most extravagant ideas of the wealth and magnificence of the members or *committee*. The Honourable Mr. B——, one of the brothers of the Earl of R——, was the *procureur* to whom, I found, we were indebted, for the present *honour*—a gay man, of some fashionable notoriety, whose fortune is said to have suffered severely by his attachment to the *orthodox orgies* at the once celebrated Gothic Hall, when Parson John Ambrose used to officiate as the presiding minister. "Here he is a member of the committee," said Crony, "and, with his brother and the old Lord F——, the Marquis H——, Colonel C——, and the Earl of G——, forms the *secret directory* of the New Club, which is considered almost as good a thing as a Mexican mine; for, if report speaks truly, the amount of the profits in the last season exceeded one hundred thousand pounds, after payment of expenses." A sudden crash in the street at this moment drew the attention of all to the window, where an accident presented a very ominous warning to those within *(see plate)*. "A regular break down," said Echo. "*Floored*" said Transit, "*but not much the matter*." "I beg your pardon, sir," said a wry-mouthed portly-looking gentleman, who stood next to Bob; "it is a very *awkward* circumstance to have occurred just here: I'll bet ten to one it spoils all the *play* to-night; and if any of those newspaper fellows get to hear of it, *Fishmongers' Hall* and its members will figure in print again to-morrow;" and with that he bustled off to the street to assist in re-producing a *move* with all possible celerity. "Who the deuce was the queer-looking *cawker*?" we all at once inquired of Crony. "What, gentlemen! not know the director-general, the accomplished commander-in-chief, the thrice-renowned Cocker Crockford? (so named from his admirable tact at calculation): why, I thought every one who had witnessed a horse-race, or a boxing-match,

or betted a guinea at Tattersall's, must have known the *director*, who has been a notorious character among the sporting circles for the last thirty years: and, if truth be told, is not the worst of a bad lot. About five-and-twenty years since I remember him," said Crony, "keeping a snug little fishmonger's shop, at the corner of Essex-street, in the Strand, where I have often betted a guinea with him on a trotting match, for he was then fond of *the thing*, and attended the races and fights in company with old Jerry Cloves, the lighterman, who is now as well *breeched* as himself. It is a very extraordinary fact," continued Crony, "and one which certainly excites suspicion, that almost all those who have made large fortunes by the turf or play are men of obscure origin, who, but a few years since, were not worth a guinea, while those by whom they have risen are now reduced to beggary." How many representatives of noble houses, and splendid patrimonies, handed down with increasing care from generation, to generation, have been ruined and dissipated by this pernicious vice! —the gay and inexperienced nipped in the very bud of life, and plunged into irretrievable misery—while the high-spirited and the noble-minded victims to false honour, too often seek a refuge from despair in the grave of the suicide! Such were the reflections that oppressed my mind while contemplating the scene before me: I was, however, roused from my reverie by Crony's continuation of the *director's* history. "He bears the character of an honourable man," said our Mentor, "among the play world, and has the credit of being scrupulously particular in all matters of play and pay. For the fashion of his manners, they might be much improved, certainly; but for generosity and a kind action, there are very few among the *Greeks* who excel the old fishmonger. He was formerly associated with T—l-r and others in the French Hazard Bank, at Watier's Club House, corner of Bolton-row; but T—l-r, having purchased the house without the knowledge of his partners, wanted so many exclusive advantages for himself, that the director withdrew, just in time to save himself from the obloquy of an affair which occurred shortly afterwards, in which certain persons were charged with using false dice. The complainant, a young sprig of fashion, seized the *unhallowed bones*, and bore them off in triumph to a stick

shop in the neighbourhood; where, for some time afterwards, they were exhibited to the gaze of many a fashionable dupe. The circumstance produced more than one good effect—it prevented a return of any disposition to play on the part of the detector, and closed the house for ever since." After the dinner, which was served up in a princely style, we were invited by the Honourable to view the upper apartment, called the Grand Saloon, a true picture of which accompanies this, from the pencil of my friend, Bob Transit, and into which he has contrived to introduce the affair of the cogged dice *(see plate)*, a licence always allowable to poets and painters in the union of time and place. The characters here will speak for themselves.

ENLARGE TO FULL SIZE

Page335

They are all sketches from the life, and as like the originals as the reflection of their persons would be in a looking-glass. By the frequenters of such places they will be immediately recognised; while to the uninitiated the family cognomen is of little consequence, and is omitted, as it might give pain to worthy bosoms who are not yet irrecoverably lost. By the strict rules of *Fishmongers' Hall*, the members of Brookes', White's, Boodle's, the Cocoa Tree, Alfred and Travellers' clubs only are admissible; but this restriction is not always enforced, particularly where there is a chance of a *good bite*. The principal game played here is French Hazard, the director and friends supplying the bank, the premium for which, with what the box-money produces, forms no inconsiderable source of profit. It is ridiculous to suppose any unfair practices are ever resorted to in the general game; in a mixed company they would be easily detected, and must end in the ruin of the house: but the chances of the game, calculation, and superior play, give proficients every advantage, and should teach the inexperienced caution. "It is heart-rending," said Crony, whom I had smuggled into one corner of the room, for the purpose of enjoying his remarks free from observation, "to

observe the progress of the unfortunate votaries to this destructive vice, as they gradually proceed through the various stages of its seductive influence. The young and thoughtless are delighted with the fascination of the scene: to the more profligate sensualist it affords an opportunity of enjoying the choicest *liqueurs*, coffee, and wines, free of expense; and, although he may have no money to lose himself, he can do the house a *good turn*, by introducing some *pigeon* who has *just come out*; and he is therefore always a welcome visitor. At Crockford's, all games where the aid of mechanism would be necessary are cautiously avoided, not from any moral dislike to *Rouge et Noir or Roulette*, but from the apprehension of an occasional visit from the police, and the danger attending the discovery of such apparatus, which, from its bulk, cannot easily be concealed. In the space of an hour Echo had lost all the money he possessed, and had given his I O U for a very considerable sum; although frequently urged to desist by Transit, who, with all his love of life and frolic, is yet a decided enemy to gaming. One excess generally leads to another. From Tattersall's we had passed to Crockford's; and on quitting the latter it was proposed we should visit Tom Belcher's, the Castle Tavern, Holborn, particularly as on this night there was a weekly musical muster of the *fancy*, yclept the *Daffy Club*; a scene rich in promise for the pencil of our friend Bob, of sporting information to Echo, and full of characteristic subject for the observation of the English Spy—of that eccentric being, of whom, I hope, I may continue to sing '*esto perpétua*!'

```
Life is, with him, a golden dream,
A milky way, where all's serene.
Wit's treasured stores his humour wait,—
His volume, man in every state,—
From grave to gay, from rich to poor,
From gilded dome to rustic door.
Through all degrees life's varied page,
He shows the manners of the age.
```

The Daffy Club presents to the eye of a calm observer a fund of entertainment; to the merry mad-wag who is fond of *life*, blowing his *steamer*, and drinking *blue ruin*, until all is blue before him, a source of infinite amusement; the convivial finds his antidote to the rubs and jeers of this world in a rum chaunt; while the out and outer may here open his mag-azine of tooth-powder, cause a grand explosion, and never fear to meet a broadside in return. The knowing cove finds his account in looking out for the green ones, and the greens find their head sometimes a little heavier, and their pockets lighter, by an accidental rencontre with the fancy. To see the place in perfection, a stranger should choose the night previous to some important mill, when our host of the Castle plays second, and all the lads are mustered to *stump up* their blunt, or to catch the important *whisper* where the *scene of action* is likely to be (for there is always due caution used in the disclosure), to take a peep at the pugilists present, and trot off as well satisfied as if he had partaken of a splendid banquet with the Great Mogul.

The long room is neatly fitted up, and lighted with gas; and the numerous sporting subjects, elegantly framed and glazed, have rather an imposing effect upon the entrance of the visitor, and among which may be recognised animated likenesses of the late renowned Jem Belcher, and his daring competitor (that inordinate glutton) Burke. The fine whole-length portrait of Mr. Jackson stands between those of the Champion and Tom Belcher; the father of the present race of boxers, old Joe Ward; the Jew phenomenon, Dutch Sam; Bob Gregson, in water colours, by the late John Emery, of Covent Garden theatre; the scientific contest between Humphreys and Mendoza; also the battle between Crib and Jem Belcher; a finely executed portrait of the late tremendous Molineux; portraits of Gulley, Randall, Harmer, Turner, Painter, Tom Owen, and Scroggins, with a variety of other subjects connected with the turf, chase, &c, including a good likeness of the dog Trusty, the champion of the canine race in fifty battles, and the favourite animal of Jem Belcher, the gift of Lord Camelford—the whole forming a characteristic trait of the sporting world. The long table, or the ring, as it is facetiously termed, is where the *old slanders* generally perch

themselves to receive the visits of the swells, and give each other the office relative to passing events: and what set of men are better able to speak of society in all its various ramifications, from the cabinet-counsellor to the *cosey costermonger*? Jemmy Soares, the president, must be considered a *downy one*; having served five apprenticeships to the office of sheriffs representative, and is as good a fellow in his way as ever *tapped a shy one* upon the shoulder-joint, or let fly a *ca sa* at your goods and chattels. Lucky Bob is a fellow of another stamp, "a *nation good vice*" as ever was attached to the house of *Brunswick*. Then comes our host, a civil, well-behaved man, without any of the exterior appearance of the ruffian, or perhaps I should say of his profession, and with all the good-natured qualifications for a peaceable citizen, and an obliging, merry landlord: next to him you will perceive the *immortal typo*, the all-accomplished Pierce Egan; an eccentric in his way, both in manner and person, but not deficient in that peculiar species of wit which fits him for the high office of historian of the ring. The ironical praise of Blackwood he has the good sense to turn to a right account, laughs at their satire, and pretends to believe it is all meant in *right-down earnest* approbation of his extraordinary merits. For a long while after his great instructor's neglect of his friends, Pierce kept undisturbed possession of the throne; but recently competitors have shown themselves in the field *well found* in all particulars, and carrying such witty and weighty ammunition wherewithal, that they more than threaten "to push the hero from his stool."{1} Tom 1 The editors of the Annals of Sporting, and Bell's Life in London, are both fellows of infinite wit.

Spring, who is fond of *cocking* as well as fighting, is seen with his bag in the right-hand corner, chaffing with the Duck-lane doss man; while Lawyer L——e, a true sportsman, whether for the turf or chase, is betting the odds with brother Adey, Greek against Greek. Behind them are seen the heroes Scroggins and Turner; and at the opposite end of the table, a Wake-ful one, but a grosser man than either, and something of the *levanter*: the bald-headed stag on his right goes by the quaint cognomen of the *Japan oracle*, from the retentive memory he possesses on all

sporting and pugilistic events. The old waiter is a picture every frequenter will recognise, and the smoking a dozer no unusual bit of a spree. Here, my dear Bernard, you have before you a true portrait of the celebrated Daffy{2} Club, done from the life by our

2 The great lexicographer of the fancy gives the following definition of the word Daffy. The phrase was coined at the mint of the Fancy, and has since passed current without ever being overhauled as queer. The Colossus of Literature, after all his nous and acute researches to explain the synonyms of the English language, does not appear to have been down to the interpretation of Daffy; nor indeed does Bailey or Sheridan seem at all fly to it; and even slang Grose has no touch of its extensive signification. The squeamish Fair One who takes it on the sly, merely to cure the vapours, politely names it to her friends as White Wine. The Swell chaffs it as Blue Ruin, to elevate his notions. The Laundress loves dearly a drain of Ould Tom, from its strength to comfort her inside. The drag Fiddler can toss off a quartern of Max without making a wry mug. The Costermonger illumines his ideas with a flash of lightning.' The hoarse Cyprian owes her existence to copious draughts of Jacky. The Link-boy and Mud Larks, in joining their browns together, are for some Stark Naked. And the Out and Outers, from the addition of bitters to it, in order to sharpen up a dissipated and damaged Victualling Office, cannot take any thing but Fuller's Earth. Much it should seem, therefore, depends upon a name; and as a soft sound is at all times pleasing to the listener—to have denominated this Sporting Society the Gin Club would not only have proved barbarous to the ear, but the vulgarity of the chant might have deprived it of many of its elegant friends. It is a subject, however, which it must be admitted has a good deal of Taste belonging to it—and as a Sporting Man would be nothing if he was not flash, the Daffy Club meet under the above title.

mutual friend, Bob Transit (see plate), in closing my account of which I have only to say, we were not disappointed in our search after variety, and came away high in spirits, and perfectly satisfied with the good-humour and social intercourse of our eccentric associates.

ENLARGE TO FULL SIZE

Page339

The sad, the sober, and the sentimental were all gone to roost, before our merry trio sallied forth from the Castle Tavern, ripe for any sport or spree. Of all the bucks in this buckish age, your London buck is the only true fellow of spirit; with him life never begins too early, or finishes too late; how many of the west-end *roués* ride twenty miles out, in a cold morning, to meet the hounds, and after a hard day's run mount their hack and ride twenty miles home to have the pleasure of enjoying their own fire-side, or of relating the hair-breadth perils and escapes they have encountered, to their less active associates at Long's or Stevens's, the Cider Cellar, or the Coal-hole! The general introduction of gas throws too clear a light upon many dark transactions and midnight frolics to allow the repetition of the scenes of former times: here and there to be sure an odd nook, or a dark cranny, is yet left unenlightened; but the leading streets of the metropolis are, for the most part, too well illuminated to allow the *spreeish* or the *sprightly* to carry on their jokes in security, or bolt away with safety when a charley thinks proper to set his *child a crying*.{3} We had crossed the road, in the direction of Chancery-lane, expecting to have met with a hackney *rattler*, but not one was to be found upon the stand, when Bob espied the broad *tilt* of a *jarvey perched* upon his *shop-board*, and impelling along, with no little labour of the whip, a pair of *anatomies*, whose external appearance showed they

3 Springing his rattle.

had benefited very little by the opening of the ports for oats, or the digestive operation of the new corn-bill. "Hired, old Jarvey?" said Echo, fixing himself in the road before the fiery charioteer. "No, but tired, young Davey," replied the dragsman. "Take a fare to Covent Garden?" "Not if I knows it," was the knowing reply; "so stir your stumps, my tight one, or I shall drive over you." "You had better take us," said Transit. "I tell you I won't; I am a day man, going home, and I don't take night jobs." "But I tell you, you must," said Echo; "so round with your drag, and we'll make your last day a long day, and give you the benefit of resurrection into the bargain." "Why, look ye, my jolly masters, if you're up to a lark of that 'ere sort, take care you don't get a floorer; I've got a rum customer inside what I'm giving a lift to for love—only Josh Hudson, the miller; and if he should chance to wake, I think he'll be for dusting some of your jackets." "What, my friend Josh inside?" vociferated Echo, "then it's all right: go it, my hearties; mount the box one on each hand, and make him drive us to the Finish—while I settle the matter with the inside passenger." Josh, who had all this time been taking *forty winks*, while on his road to his crony Belcher's, soon recognised his patron, Echo; and jarvey, finding that all remonstrance was useless, thought it better to make a "virtue of necessity;" so turning his machine to the right about, he, in due time, deposited us in the purlieus of Covent Garden. The hoarse note of the drowsy night-guard reverberated through the long aisle of the now-forsaken piazzas, as the trembling flame of the parish lamp, flittering in its half-exhausted jet, proclaimed the approach of day; the heavy rumbling of the gardeners' carts, laden with vegetables for the ensuing market, alone disturbed the quiet of the adjoining streets. In a dark angle might be seen the houseless wanderer, or the abandoned profligate, gathered up like a lump of rags in a corner, and shivering with the nipping air. The gloom which surrounded us had, for a moment, chilled the wild exuberance of my companions' mirth; and it is more than probable we should have suspended our visit to the *Finish*, at least for that night, had not the jocund note of some uproarious Bacchanalian assailed our ears with the well-known college chant of old Walter de Mapes, "*Mihi est propositum*

in tabernâ mori," which being given in G major, was re-echoed from one end to the other of the arched piazza: at a little distance we perceived the jovial singer reeling forwards, or rather working his way, from right to left, in sinuosities, along, or according to nautical phrase, upon __tack and half tack, bearing up to windward, in habiliments black as a crow, with the exception of his neckcloth and under vest; but judge our surprise and delight, when, upon nearer approach, we discovered the *bon vivant* to be no other than our old friend Crony, who had been sacrificing to the jolly god with those choice spirits the members of the Beefsteak Club,{4} who meet in a room built expressly

4 This Club, which may boast among its members some of the most distinguished names of the age, including royalty itself, owed its origin to the talents of those celebrated artists Richards and Loutherbourg, whose scenic performances were in those days often exhibited to a select number of the nobility and gentry, patrons of the drama and the arts, in the painting-room of the theatre, previous to their being displayed to the public. It was on one of those occasions that some noblemen surprised the artist cooking his beef-steak for luncheon in his painting-room, and kindly partaking of the *déjeuné à la fourchette*, with him, suggested and established the Beef-steak Club, which was originally, and up to the time of the fire, held in an apart-ment over the old Theatre Royal, Covent Garden; but since that period the members have been accommodated by Mr. Arnold, who built the present room expressly for their use. In page 216 of this work, allusion will be found by name to some of the brilliant wits who graced this festive board, and gave a lustre to the feast. In the old place of meeting the identical gridiron on which Richards and Loutherbourg operated was to be seen attached to the ceiling, emblematical of the origin of the society, which may now be considered as the only relic left of that social intercourse which formerly existed in so many shapes between those who were distinguished for their noble birth and wealth, and the poorer, but equally illustrious, of the

children of Genius. It would be an act of injustice to the present race of scenic artists to close this note without acknowledging their more than equal merits to their predecessors: the Grieves (father and sons), Phillips, Marinari, Wilson, Tomkins, and Stanfield, are all names of high talent; but the novelty of their art has, from its general cultivation, lost much of this peculiar attraction.

for them over the audience part of the English Opera House. The ruby glow of the old boy's countenance shone like an omen of the merry humour of his mind. "What, out for a spree, boys, or just bailed from the watch-house, which is it? the alpha or omega, for they generally follow one another?" "Then you are in time for the *equivoque*, Crony," said Echo; "so enlist him, Transit;" and without more ceremony, Crony was marched off, __vi et armis, to the _Finish_, a coffee-house in James-street, Covent Garden, where the *peep-o'-day boys* and *family men* meet to conclude the night's debauch *(see plate)*; "*Video meliora proboque, Détériora sequoi*;" you will exclaim, and 'tis granted; but

"*Lusus animo debent aliquando dari,*
Ad cogitandum melior ut red eat sibi,"

says Phodrus, and be the poet's apology mine, for I am neither afraid or ashamed to confess myself an admirer of life in all its variegated lights and shadows, deriving my amusement from the great source of knowledge, the study of that eccentric volume—man. The new police act has, in some measure, abated the extent of these nuisances, the low coffee-shops of the metropolis, which were, for the greater part, little better than a rendezvous for thieves of every description, depots both for the plunder and the plunderer; where, if an unthinking or profligate victim once entered, he seldom came out without experiencing treatment which operated like a severe lesson, that would leave its moral upon his mind as long as he continued an inhabitant of the terrestrial world.

ENLARGE TO FULL SIZE

Page343

The attempt to describe the party around us baffled even the descriptive powers of old Crony; some few, indeed, were known to the man of the world as reputed sharpers,—fellows who are always to be found lingering about houses of such resort, to catch the inexperienced; when, having sacrificed their victim either by gambling, cheating, or swindling, they divide the profits with the keeper of the house, without whose assistance they could not hope to arrive at the necessary information, or be enabled to continue their frauds with impunity; but, thus protected, they have a ready witness at hand to speak to their character, without the suspicion of his being a confederate in their villany. Here might be seen the woman of pleasure, lost to every sense of her sex's shame, consuming the remaining portion of the night by a wasteful expenditure of her ill-acquired gains upon some abandoned profligate, bearing, indeed, the outward form of man, but presenting a most degrading spectacle—a wretch so lost to all sense of honour and manhood as meanly to subsist on the wages of prostitution. One or two characters I must not omit: observe the fair Cyprian with the ermine tippet, seated on the right of a well-known *billiard sharp*, who made his escape from Dublin for having dived a little too deep into the pockets of his brother emeralders; here he passes for a swell, and has abandoned his former profession for the more honest union of callings, a pimp and playman, in other words, a finished *Greek*. The lady was the *chère amie* of the unfortunate youth Hayward (designated as the modern Macheath), who suffered an ignominious death. He was betrayed and sold to the officers by this very woman, upon whom he had lavished the earnings of his infamy, when endeavouring to secrete himself from the searching eye of justice. The unhappy female on the other side was early in life seduced by the once celebrated Lord B——, by whose title, to his lasting infamy, she is still known: what she might have been, but for his arts, reflection too often compels her to acknowledge, when sober and sinking under her load of misery; at other times she has recourse to liquor to drown her complicated misfortunes; when wild and infuriated, she more nearly resembles a demon than a woman, spreading forth terror and destruction upon all around; in this state she is often brought

to the police-office, where the humanity of the magistrates, softened perhaps by a recollection of her wrongs, generally operates to procure for her some very trifling and lenient sentence.{5}

5 THE LIFE OF A WOMAN OF THE TOWN.

Ah! what avails how once appear'd the fair,
When from gay equipage she falls obscure?

In vain she moves her livid lips in prayer;
What man so mean to recollect the poor?

From place to place, by unfee'd bailiffs drove,
As fainting fawns from thirsty bloodhounds fly;

See the sad remnants of unhallow'd love
In prisons perish, or on dunghills die.

Pimps and dependents once her beauties praised,
And on those beauties, vermin-like, they fed;

From wretchedness the crew her bounty raised,
When by her spoils enrich'd—deny her bread.

Through street to street she wends, as want betides,
Like Shore's sad wife, in winter's dismal hours;

The bleak winds piercing her unnourish'd sides,
Her houseless head dripping with drizzy showers.

Sickly she strolls amidst the miry lane,
While streaming spouts dash on her unclothed neck;

By famine pinch'd, pinch'd by disease-bred pain,
Contrition's portrait, and rash beauty's wreck.

We had now passed from the first receptacle to an inner and more elegant apartment, where we could be accommodated with suitable refreshments, wine, spirits, or, in fact, any thing we pleased to order and

were disposed to pay for; a practice at most of these early coffee-houses, as they are denominated. The company in this room were, as far as appearances went, of rather a better order; but an event soon occurred which convinced us that their morality was perhaps more exceptionable than the motley group which filled the outer chamber. A bevy of damsels were singing, flirting, and drinking, to amuse their companions,—when all at once the doors were forced open, and in rushed three of the principal officers of Bow-street, the indefatigable Bishop, the determined Smith, and the resolute Ruthven (see plate), all armed and prepared for some dreadful encounter: in an instant their followers had possessed themselves of the doors—flight, therefore, was in vain; and Bob Transit, in attempting it, narrowly escaped an awkward crack on the crania from old Jack Townshend, who being past active service, was posted at the entrance with the beak himself, to do garrison duty.

ENLARGE TO FULL SIZE

Page345

"*The traps! the traps!*" vociferated some one in the adjoining room; "*Douse the glims! stash it—stash it!*" was the general exclamation in ours: but before the party could effect their purpose, the principals were in safe custody: and the reader (i.e. pocket-book) containing all the stolen property, preserved from the flames by the wary eye and prompt arm of the *indefatigable* Bishop. Before any one was allowed to depart the room, a general muster and search took place, in which poor Bob Transit felt most awkward, as some voluptuous sketches found in his pocket called forth

She dies; sad outcast! heart-broke by remorse;
Pale, stretch'd against th' inhospitable doors;
While gathering gossips taunt the flesh less corse,
And thank their gods *that they were never w—res!*

the severe animadversion of his worship, the beak, who lamented that such fine talent should be thus immorally applied: with this brief lecture, and a caution for the future, we were allowed to escape; while almost all the rest, male and female, were marched off to an adjoining watch-house, to abide the public examination and fiat of the morrow. Of all the party, old Crony was the most sensibly affected by the late rencontre; twenty bottles of soda-water could not have produced a more important change. His conversation and appearance had, in an instant, recovered their wonted steadiness; and before we were half across the market, Crony was moralizing upon the dangers of the scene from which we had so recently and fortunately escaped. But hearts young and buoyant as ours, when lighted up by the fire of enterprise, and provoked to action by potent charges of the grape, were not to be dashed by one repulse, or compelled to beat a retreat at the first brush with a reconnoitring party; we had sallied forth in pursuit of a spree, and frolic we were determined upon,

"While misty night, with silent pace,
Steals gradual o'er the wanton chase."

There is something very romantic in prowling the streets of the metropolis at midnight, in quest of adventure; at least, so my companions insisted, and I had embarked too deeply in the night's debauch to moralize upon its consequences. How many a sober-looking face demure when morning dawns would blush to meet the accusing spirit of the night, dressed out in all the fantasies of whim and eccentricity with which the rosy god of midnight revelry clothes his laughter-loving bacchanals—

"While sleep attendant at her drowsy fane,
Parent of ease, envelopes all your train!"

The lamentations of old Crony brought to mind the complaints of honest Jack Falstaff against his associates. "There is no truth in villanous man!" said our monitor. "I remember when a gentleman might have reeled round the environs of Covent Garden, in and out of every establishment, from the Bedford to Mother Butlers, without having his pleasures broken in upon by the irruptions of Bow-street mohawks, or

his person endangered by any association he chose to mix with; but we are returning to the times of the *Roundheads* and the *Puritans; cant,* vile hypocritical *cant*, has bitten the ear of authority, and the great officers of the state are infected with the Jesuitical mania.

```
'Man is a ship that sails with adverse winds,
And has no haven till he land at death.
Then, when he thinks his hands fast grasp the bank,
Conies a rude billow betwixt him and safety,
And beats him back into the deep again.'"
```

"I subscribe to none of their fooleries," said I; "for I am of the true orthodox—love my king, my girl, my friend, and my bottle: a truce with all their raven croakings; they would overload mortality, and press our shoulders with too great a weight of dismal miseries. But come, my boys, we who have free souls, let us to the banquet, while yet Sol's fiery charioteer lies sleeping at his eastern palace in the lap of Thetis—let us chant carols of mirth to old Jove or bully Mars; and, like chaste votaries, perform our orgies at the shrine of Venus, ere yet Aurora tears aside the curtain that conceals our revels." In this way we rallied our cameleon-selves, until we again found shelter from the dews of night in Carpenter's coffee-house; a small, but well-conducted place, standing at the east end of the market, which opens between two and three o'clock in the morning, for the accommodation of those who are hourly arriving with waggon loads of vegetable commodities. Here, over a bottle of mulled port, Crony gave us the history of what Covent Garden used to be, when the eminent, the eccentric, and the notorious in every walk of life, were to be found nightly indulging their festivities within its famous precincts. "Covent Garden," said Crony, once so celebrated for its clubs of wits and convents of fine women, is grown as dull as *modern Athens*, and its ladies of pleasure almost as vulgar as Scotch landladies; formerly, the first beauties of the time assembled every evening under the Piazzas, and promenaded for hours to the soft notes of the dulcet lute, and the silver tongues of amorous and persuasive beaus; then the gay scene partook of the splendour of a Venetian carnival, and such beauties as the Kitten, Peggy Yates, Sally Hall the brunette, Betsy Careless, and the lively Mrs.

Stewart, graced the merry throng, with a hundred more, equally famed, whose names are enrolled in the cabinet of Love's votaries. Then there was a celebrated house in Charles-street, called the *field of blood*, where the droll fellows of the time used nightly to resort, and throw down whole regiments of *black* artillery; and then at Tom or Moll King's, a coffee-house so called, which stood in the centre of Covent Garden market, at midnight might be found the bucks, bloods, demireps, and choice spirits of London, associated with the most elegant and fascinating Cyprians, congregated with every species of human kind that intemperance, idleness, necessity, or curiosity could assemble together. There you might see Tom King enter as rough as a Bridewell whipper, roaring down the long room and rousing all the sleepers, thrusting them and all who had empty glasses out of his house, setting everything to rights,—when in would roll three or four jolly fellows, claret-cosey, and in three minutes put it all into uproar again; playing all sorts of mad pranks, until the guests in the long room were at battle-royal together; for in those days pugilistic encounters were equally common as with the present times, owing to the celebrity of Broughton and his amphitheatre, where the science of boxing was publicly taught. Then was the Spiller's Head in Clare-market, in great vogue for the nightly assemblage of the wits; there might be seen Hogarth, and Betterton the actor, and Dr. Garth, and Charles Churchill, the first of English satirists, and the arch politician, Wilkes, and the gay Duke of Wharton, and witty Morley, the author of Joe Miller, and Walker, the celebrated Macheath, and the well-known Bab Selby, the oyster-woman, and Fig, the boxer, and old Corins, the clerical attorney.—All "hail, fellow, well met."{6} And a friend of mine has in his possession a most extraordinary picture of Hogarth's, on this subject, which has never yet been engraved from. It is called St. James's Day, or the first day of oysters, and represents the interior of the Spiller's Head in Clare-market, as it then appeared. The principal figures are the gay and dissolute Duke of Wharton, for whom the well-known Bab Selby, the oyster-wench, is opening oysters; Spiller is standing at her back, patting her shoulder; the figure sitting smoking by the side of the duke is a portrait of Morley, the author of Joe Miller; and the man

standing behind is a portrait of the well-known attendant on the duke's drunken frolics, Fig, the brother of Fig, the boxer: the person drinking at the bar is Corins, called the parson-attorney, from his habit of dressing in clerical attire; the two persons sitting at the table represent portraits of the celebrated Dr. Garth, and Betterton, the actor; the figures, also, of Walker, the celebrated Macheath, and Lavinia Fenton, the highly-reputed Polly, afterwards Duchess of Bolton, may be recognised in the back-ground.

The circumstances of this picture having escaped the notice of the biographer of Hogarth is by no means singular. Mr. Halls, one of the magistrates at Bow-street, has, among other choice specimens by Hogarth, the lost picture of the Harlot's Progress; the subject telling her fortune by the tea-grounds in her cup, admirably characteristic of the artist and his story. In my own collection I have the original picture of the Fish-Women of Calais, with a view of the market-place, painted on the spot, and as little known as the others to which I have alluded. There are, no doubt, many other equally clever performances of Hogarth's prolific pencil which are not generally known to the public, or have not yet been engraved. in the same neighbourhood, in Russel-court, at the old Cheshire Cheese, the inimitable but dissolute Tom Brown wrote many of his cleverest essays. Then too commenced the midnight revelries and notoriety of the Cider Cellar, in Maiden-lane, when Sim Sloper, Bob Washington, Jemmy Tas well, Totty Wright, and Harry Hatzell, led the way for a whole regiment more of frolic-making beings who, like Falstaff, were not only, witty themselves, but the cause of keeping it alive in others: to these succeeded Porson the Grecian, Captain Thompson, Tom Hewerdine, Sir John Moore, Mr. Edwin, Mr. Woodfall, Mr. Brownlow, Captain Morris, and a host of other highly-gifted men, the first lyrical and political writers of the day,—who frequented the Cider Cellar after the meetings of the *Anacreontic, beefsteak*, and *humbug* clubs then held in the neighbourhood, to taste the parting bowl and swear eternal friendship. In later times, Her Majesty the Queen of Bohemia{7} raised her standard in Tavistock-row, Covent Garden, where she held a midnight court for the wits;

superintended by the renowned daughter of Hibernia, and maid of honour to her majesty, the facetious Mother Butler—the ever-constant supporter of Richard Brinsley Sheridan, esquire, and a leading feature in all the memorable Westminster elections of the last fifty years. How many jovial nights have I passed and jolly fellows have I met in the snug *sanctum sanctorum!* a little *crib*, as the *fishmongers* would call it, with an entrance through the bar, and into which none were ever permitted to enter without a formal introduction and the gracious permission of the hostess. Among those who were thus specially privileged, and had the honour of the *entré*, were the reporters for the morning papers, the leading members of the *eccentrics*, the actors and musicians of the two Theatres Royal, merry members of both Houses of

7 The sign of the house.

Parliament, and mad wags of every country who had any established claim to the kindred feelings of genius. Such were the frequenters of the Finish. Here, poor Tom Sheridan, with a comic gravity that set discretion at defiance, would let fly some of his brilliant drolleries at the *improvisatore*, Theodore Hook; who, lacking nothing of his opponent's wit, would quickly return his tire with the sharp encounter of a satiric epigram or a brace of puns, planted with the most happy effect upon the weak side of his adversary's merriment. There too might be seen the wayward and the talented George Cook, gentlemanly in conduct, and full of anecdote when sober, but ever captious and uproarious in his cups. Then might be heard a strange encounter of expressions between the queen of Covent Garden and the voluptuary, Lord Barrymore,{8} seconded by his brother, the pious Augustus. In one corner might be seen poor Dermody, the poet, shivering with wretchedness, and Mother Butler pleading his cause with a generous feeling that does honour to her heart, collecting for him a temporary supply which, alas! his imprudence generally dissipated with the morrow. Here, George Sutton Manners,{9} and Peter Finnerty,{10} and James Brownly,{11} inspired by frequent potations of the real

8 Designated Cripplegate and Newgate.

9 The relative of the present Archbishop of Canterbury, and then editor of the Satirist magazine.

10 Peter Finnerty was a reporter on the Chronicle. The history of Finnerty's political persecutions in his own country (Ireland), and afterwards in this, are interwoven with our history. The firmness and honesty of his mind had endeared him to a very large circle of patriot friends. He was eloquent, but impetuous, his ideas appearing to flow too fast for delivery. With all the natural warmth of his country, he had a heart of sterling gold. Finnerty died in 1822, very shortly after his friend Perry.

11 James Brownly, formerly a reporter on the Times; of whom Sheridan said, hearing him speak, that his situation ought to have been in the body of the House of Commons, instead of the gallery. Brownly possessed very rare natural talents, was originally an upholsterer in Catherine-street, Strand, and by dint of application acquired a very correct knowledge of the tine arts: he was particularly skilled in architecture and heraldry. In addition to his extraordinary powers as an orator, he was a most elegant critic, and a very amiable man. He died in 1822, much regretted by all who knew him.

Rocrea whiskey, would hold forth in powerful contention, until mine hostess of the *Finish*{12} would put an end to the debate; and the irritation it would sometimes engender, by disencumbering herself of a few of her Milesian monosyllables. Then would bounce into the room, Felix M'Carthy, the very cream of comicalities, and the warm-hearted James Hay ne, and Frank Phippen, and Michael Nugent, and the eloquent David Power, and memory Middleton, and father Proby, just to sip an emulsion after the close of their labours in reporting a long debate in the House of Commons. Here, too, I remember to have seen for the first time in my life, the wayward Byron, with the light of genius beaming in his noble countenance, and an eye brilliant and expressive as the evening star; the rich juice of the Tuscan grape had diffused an unusual

glow over his features, and inspired him with a playful animation, that but rarely illumined the misanthropic gloominess of his too sensitive mind. An histrionic star alike distinguished for talent and eccentricity accompanied him—the gallant, gay Lothario, Kean. But I should consume the remnant of the night to retrace more of the fading recollections of the *Finish*. That it was a scene where prudence did not always preside, is true; but there was a rich union of talent and character always to be found within its circle, that

> 12 Mother Butler, the queen of Covent-garden, for many years kept the celebrated Finish, where, if shut out of your lodging, you might take shelter till morning, very often in the very best of company. The house has, since she left it, been shut up through the suspension of its licence. Mother Butler was a witty, generous-hearted, and very extraordinary woman. She is, I believe, still living, and in good circumstances.

prevented any very violent outrage upon propriety or decorum. In the present day, there is nothing like it—the Phoenix,{13} Offley's,{14} the Coal-hole,{15} and what yet remains of the dismembered Eccentrics,{16} bears no comparison to the ripe drolleries and

> 13 A society established at the Wrekin tavern in Broad-court, in imitation of the celebrated club at Brazennose College, Oxford, and of whom I purpose to take some notice hereafter.
>
> 14 The Burton ale rooms; frequented by baby bucks, black-legs and half-pay officers.
>
> 15 A tavern in Fountain-court, Strand, kept by the poet Rhodes; celebrated for the Saturday ordinary.
>
> 16 In the room, where of old the Eccentrics {*} met; When mortals were Brilliants, and fond of a whet, And *Hecate* environ'd all London in jet. Where Adolphus, and Shorri',{**} and famed Charley Fox, With a hundred good whigs led by Alderman Cox, Put their names in the books, and

their cash in the box; Where perpetual Whittle,{***} facetiously grand, On the president's throne each night took his stand, With his three-curly wig, and his hammer in hand: Then Brownly, with eloquence florid and clear, Pour'd a torrent of metaphor into the ear, With well-rounded periods, and satire severe. Here too Peter Finnerty, Erin's own child, Impetuous, frolicsome, witty, and wild, With many a tale has our reason beguiled: Then wit was triumphant, and night after night Was the morn usher'd in with a flood of delight.

* The Eccentrics, a club principally composed of persons connected with the press or the drama, originally established at the Swan, in Chandos-street, Covent-garden, under the name of the Brilliants, and afterwards removed to the Sutherland Arms, in May's-buildings, St. Martin's-lane;—here, for many years, it continued the resort of some of the first wits of the time; the chair was seldom taken till the theatres were over, and rarely vacated till between four and five in the morning.

** Sheridan, Charles Fox, Adolphus, and many of the most eminent men now at the bar, were members or occasional frequenters.

*** James Whittle, Esq., of Fleet-street, (or, as he was more generally denominated, the facetious Jemmy Whittle, of the respectable firm of Laurie and Whittle, booksellers and publishers) was for some years perpetual president of the society, and by his quaint manners, and good-humoured sociality, added much to the felicity of the scene—he is but recently dead.

pleasant witticisms which sparkled forth in endless variety among the choice spirits who frequented the *sanctum sanctorum* of the *old Finish*. "There is yet, however, one more place worthy of notice," said Crony; "not for any amusement we shall derive from its frequenters, but, simply, that it is the most notorious place in London." Thither it was agreed we

should adjourn; for Crony's description of *Madame and Messieurs* the *Conducteurs* was quite sufficient to produce excitement in the young and ardent minds by which he was then surrounded. I shall not pollute this work by a repetition of the circumstances connected with this place, as detailed by old Crony, lest humanity should start back with horror and disgust at the bare mention, and charity endeavour to throw discredit on the true, but black recital. The specious pretence of selling shell-fish and oysters is a mere trap for the inexperienced, as every description of expensive wines, liqueurs, coffee, and costly suppers are in more general request, and the wanton extravagance exhibited within its vortex is enough to strike the uninitiated and the moralist with the most appalling sentiments of horror and dismay. Yet within this *saloon (see plate)* did we enter, at four o'clock in the morning, to view the depravity of human nature, and watch the operation of licentiousness upon the young and thoughtless.

ENLARGE TO FULL SIZE

Page354

A Newgate turnkey would, no doubt, recognize many old acquaintances; in the special hope of which, Bob Transit has faithfully delineated some of the most conspicuous characters, as they appeared on that occasion, lending their hearty assistance in the general scene of maddening uproar. It was past five o'clock in the morning ere we quitted this den of dreadful depravity, heartily tired out by the night's adventures, yet solacing ourselves with the reflection that we had seen much and suffered little either in respect to our purses or our persons.

VISIT TO WESTMINSTER HALL.

Worthies thereof—Legal Sketches of the Long Robe—The Maiden Brief—An awkward Recognition—Visit to Banco Regis—Surrey Collegians giving a Lift to a Limb of the Late, "Thus far shalt thou go and no farther"—Park Rangers—Visit to the Life Academy—R—A—ys of Genius reflecting on the true line of Beauty—Arrival of Bernard Black-mantle in London—Reads his Play and Farce in the Green Rooms of the two Theatres Royal, Drury Lane and Covent Garden—Sketches of Theatrical Character—The City Ball at the Mansion House—The Squeeze—Civic Characters—Return to Alma Mater—The Wind-up—Term ends.

A note from Dick Gradus invited Echo and myself to hear his opening speech in Westminster Hall. "I have received my *maiden brief*" writes the young counsel, "and shall be happy if you will be present at my first attempt, when, like a true *amicus curio*, the presence of an old school-fellow will inspire confidence, and point out what may strike him as defective in my style." "We will all go," said Transit; "Echo will be amused by the oratory of the bar, and I shall employ my pencil to advantage in taking notes, not of *short hand*, but of *long heads*, and still *longer faces*." The confusion created by the building of the new courts at Westminster has literally choked up, for a time, that noble specimen of Gothic architecture—the ancient hall; the King's Bench sittings are therefore temporarily held in the Sessions House, a small, but rather compact octangular building, on the right of Parliament-street. Hither we hasted, at nine o'clock in the morning, to take a view of the court, judges, and counsel, and congratulate our friend Gradus on his *entrée*. It has been said, that the only profession in this country where talents can insure success, is the law. If by this is meant talents of a popular kind, the power of giving effect to comprehensive views of justice and the

bonds of society, a command of language, and a faculty of bringing to bear upon one point all the resources of intellect and knowledge, they are mistaken; they speak from former experience, and not from present observation: they are thinking of the days of a Mingay or an Erskine, not of those of a Marryat or a Scarlett; of the time when juries were wrought upon by the united influence of zeal and talent, not when they are governed by *precedents and practice*; when men were allowed to feel a little, as well as think a great deal; when the now common phrase of possessing the *ear of the court* was not understood, and the tactician and the bully were unknown to the bar. It is asserted, that one-fifth of the causes that come before our courts are decided upon mere matters of form, without the slightest reference to their merits. Every student for the bar must now place himself under some special pleader, and go through all the complicated drudgery of the office of one of these underlings, before he can hope to fill a higher walk; general principles, and enlarged notions of law and justice, are smothered in laborious and absurd technicalities; the enervated mind becomes shackled, until the natural vigour of the intellect is so reduced, as to make its bondage cease to seem burdensome. Dick, with a confidence in his own powers, has avoided this degrading preparation; it is only two months since he was first called to the bar, and with a knowledge of his father's influence and property added to his own talents, he hopes to make a stand in court, previous to his being transplanted to the Commons House of Parliament.

A tolerable correct estimate may be formed of the popularity of the judges, by observing the varied bearings of respect evinced towards them upon their entrance into court. Mr. Justice Best came first, bending nearly double under a painful infirmity, and was received by a cold and ceremonious rising of the bar. To him succeeded his brother Holroyd, a learned but not a very brilliant lawyer, and another partial acknowledgment of the counsel was observable. Then entered the Chief Justice, Sir Charles Abbot, with more of dignity in his carriage than either of the preceding, and a countenance finely expressive of serenity and comprehensive faculties: his welcome was of a more general, and, I may add, genial nature; for his judicial virtues have much endeared him

to the profession and the public. But the universal acknowledgment of the bar, the jury, and the reporters for the public press, who generally occupy the students' box, was reserved for Mr. Justice Bayley; upon whose entrance, all in court appeared to rise with one accord to pay a tribute of respect to this very distinguished, just, and learned man. All this might have been accidental, you will say; but it was in such strict accordance with my own feelings and popular opinion besides, that, however invidious it may appear, I cannot resist the placing it upon record. To return to the Chief Justice: he is considered a man of strong and piercing intellect, penetrating at once to the bottom of a cause, when others, even the counsel, are very often only upon the surface; his intuition in this respect is proverbial, and hence much of the valuable time of the court is saved upon preliminary or immaterial points. Added to which, he is an excellent lawyer, shrewd, clear, and forcible in his delivery, very firm in his judgments, and mild in his language; with a patient command of temper, and continued appearance of good-humour, that adds much to his dignity, and increases public veneration. That he has been the architect of his own elevation is much to be applauded; and it is equally honourable to the state to acknowledge, that he is more indebted to his great talents and his legal knowledge for his present situation than to any personal influence of great interest{1}: of him it may be justly said, he hath

"A piercing wit quite void of ostentation; high-erected thoughts seated in a heart of courtesy; an eloquence as sweet in the uttering, as slow to come to the uttering."

Sir P. Sidney's Arcadia.

It was Dick Gradus's good-luck to be opposed to Scarlett in a case of libel, where the latter was for the defendant. "Of all men else at the bar, I know of no one whom I so much wish to encounter," said Gradus. His irritable temper, negligence in reading his briefs, and consummate ignorance{2} in any thing beyond term-reports, renders him an easy conquest to a quiet, learned, and comprehensive mind. The two former

are qualifications Gradus possesses in a very superior degree, and he proved he was in no wise deficient in his opponent's great requisite; I suppose we must call it confidence; but another phrase would be more significant. Scarlett is a great tactician; and in defending his client, never hesitates to take

1 We hear that an allusion in page 359 of this work has been supposed to relate to a near relative of the respected Chief Justice: if it bears any similitude, it is the effect of accident alone; the portrait being drawn for another and a very different person, as the reference to altitude might have shown.

2 See the castigation he received in the Courier of Friday. Dec. 10, 1824, for his total ignorance of the common terms of art.

"——that trick of courts to wear
Silk at the cost of flattery."

James Shirley's Poems.

what I should consider the most unfair, as they are ungentlemanly advantages. But there

"be they that use men's writings like brute beasts, to make them draw which way they list."

T. Nash's Lenten Stuff, 1599.

His great success and immense practice at the bar is more owing to the scarcity of silk-gowns{3} than the profundity of his talents. The perpetual simper that plays upon his ruby countenance, when finessing with a jury, has, no doubt, its artful effect; although it is as foreign to the true feelings of the man, as the malicious grin of the malignant satirist would be to generosity and true genius. Of his oratory, the *aureum flumen orationis* is certainly not his; and, if he begins a sentence well, he seldom arrives at the conclusion on the same level: he is always most happy in a reply, when he can trick his adversary by making an abusive

speech, and calling no witnesses to prove his assertions. Our friend Gradus obtained a verdict, and after it the congratulations of the court and bar, with whom Scarlett is, from his superciliousness, no great favourite. Owen Feltham, in his Resolves, well says, that "arrogance is a weed that ever grows upon a dunghill."{4} The contrast between Scarlett and his great opponent, Mr. Serjeant Copley,

3 Generally speaking, the management of two-thirds of the business of the court is entrusted to *four silk-gowns*, and about twice as many *worsted* robes behind the bar.

4 An Impromptu written in the Court of King's Bench during a recent trial for libel.

The Learned Pig.

"My learned Friend," the showman cries;
The pig assents—the showman lies;
So counsel oft address a brother
In flattering lie to one another;
Calling their friend some legal varlet,
Who lies, and bullies, till he's Scarlett.

the present Attorney-General, is a strong proof of the truth of this quotation. To a systematic and profound knowledge of the law, this gentleman unites a mind richly stored with all the advantages of a liberal education and extensive reading, not merely confined to the dry pursuit in which he is engaged, but branching forth into the most luxuriant and highly-cultivated fields of science and the arts. On this account, he shines with peculiar brightness at *Nisi Prius*; and is as much above the former in the powers of his mind and splendour of his oratory, as he is superior to the presumptuousness of Scarlett's vulgarity. Mr. Marryat is said to possess an excellent knowledge of the heavy business of his profession; and it must be admitted, that his full, round, heavy-looking countenance, and still heavier attempts at wit and humour, admirably suit the man to his peculiar manner: after all, he is a most persevering counsel; not deficient in good sense, and always distinguished by great

zeal for his client's interests. Mr. Gurney is a steady, pains-taking advocate, considered by the profession as a tolerable criminal lawyer, but never affecting any very learned arguments in affairs of principles or precedents. In addressing a jury, he is both perspicuous and convincing; but far too candid and gentlemanly in his practice to contend with the trickery of Scarlett.—Mr. Common-Serjeant Denman is a man fitted by nature for the law. I never saw a more judicial-looking countenance in my life; there is a sedate gravity about it, both "stern and mild," firm without fierceness, and severe without austerity:—he appears thoughtful, penetrating, and serene, yet not by any means devoid of feeling and expression:—deeply read in the learning of his profession, he is yet much better than a mere lawyer; for his speeches and manners must convince his hearers that he is an accomplished gentleman. Of Brougham, it may be justly said,

——" his delights
Are dolphin-like; they show his back above
The elements he lives in:"

his voice, manner, and personal appearance, are not the happiest; but the gigantic powers of his mind, and the energy of his unconquerable spirit, rise superior to these defects. His style of speaking is marked by a nervous freedom of the most convincing character; he aims little at refinement, and labours more to make himself intelligible than elegant. In zeal for his clients, no man is more indefatigable; and he always appears to dart forward with an undaunted resolution to overcome and accomplish. But here I must stop sketching characters, and refer you to a very able representation of the court, the bar, and jury, by our friend Transit, in which are accurate likenesses of all I have previously named, and also of the following worthies, Messrs. Raine, Pollock, Ashworth, Courtney, Starkie, Williams, Parke, Rotch, Piatt, Patterson, Raper, Browne, Lawrence, and Whately, to which are added some whom—

"God forbid me if I slander them with the title of learned, for generally they are not."—Nash's Lenten Stuff, 1599.

ENLARGE TO FULL SIZE

We were just clearing the steps of the court house, when a jolly-looking, knowing sort of fellow, begged permission to speak to Echo. A crimson flush o'erspread Tom's countenance in a moment. Transit, who was down, as he phrased it, tipped me a wink; and although I had never before seen either of the professional brothers-in-law, John Doe and Richard Roe, the smart jockey-boots, short stick, sturdy appearance, and taking manners of the worthy, convinced me at once, that our new acquaintance was one or other of those well-known personages: to be brief, poor Tom was arrested for a large sum by a Bond-street hotel-keeper, who had trusted him somewhat too long.

Arrangement by bail was impossible: this was a proceeding on a judgment; and with as little ceremony, and as much *sang froid* as he would have entered a theatre, poor Tom was placed inside a hackney coach, accompanied by the aforesaid personage and his man, and drove off in apparent good spirits for the King's Bench Prison, where Transit and myself promised to attend him on the morrow, employing the mean time in attempting to free him from durance vile. It was about twelve at noon of the next day, when Transit and myself, accompanied by Tom's creditor and his solicitor, traversed over Waterloo Bridge, and bent our steps towards the abode of our incarcerated friend.

> "The winds of March, with many a sudden gust,
> About Saint George's Fields had raised the dust;
> And stirr'd the massive bars that stand beneath
> The spikes, that wags call *Justice Abbot's teeth*."

The first glimpse of the Obelisk convinced us we had entered the confines of *Abbot's Park*, as the rules are generally termed, for here Bob recognised two or three among the sauntering rangers, whose habiliments bore evidence of their once fashionable notoriety;

> "And still they seem'd, though shorn of many a ray,
> Not less than some arch dandy in decay."

"A very pretty *bit of true life*," said Bob; and out came the sketch book to note them down, which, as we loitered forward, was effected in his usual rapid manner, portraying one or two well-known characters; but for their cognomens, misfortune claims exemption:—to them we say,

"Thou seest thou neither art mark'd out or named,
And therefore only to thyself art shamed."
J. Withers's Abuses strict and whipt.

Page363

To be brief, we found Echo, by the aid of the crier, safely tiled in at ten in twelve, happy to all appearance, and perfectly domiciled, with two other equally fresh associates. The creditor and his solicitor chose to wait the issue of our proposition in the lobby; a precaution, as I afterwards found, to be essentially necessary to their own safety; for,

"He whom just laws imprison still is free
Beyond the proudest slaves of tyranny."

Although I must confess the exhibition we had of *freedom in Banco Regis* was rather a rough specimen; a poor little limb of the law, who had formerly been a leg himself, had, like other great lawyers, ratted, and commenced a furious warfare upon some old cronies, for divers penalties and perjuries, arising out of Greek prosecutions: too eager to draw the blunt, he had been inveigled into the interior of the prison, and there, after undergoing a most delightful pumping upon, was *rough-dried* by being tossed in a blanket (see plate).

ENLARGE TO FULL SIZE

Page364

This entertainment we had the honour of witnessing from Echo's room window; and unless the Marshal and his officers had interfered, I know not what might have been the result. A very few words sufficed to convince Tom of the necessity of yielding to his creditor's wishes. A letter of licence was immediately produced and signed, and the gay-hearted

Echo left once more at liberty to wing his flight wherever his fancy might direct. On our road home, it was no trifling amusement to hear him relate

```
"The customs of the place,
The manners of its mingled populace,
The lavish waste, the riot, and excess,
Neighbour'd by famine, and the worst distress;
The decent few, that keep their own respect,
And the contagion of the place reject;
The many, who, when once the lobby's pass'd,
Away for ever all decorum cast,
And think the walls too solid and too high,
To let the world behold their infamy."
```

Ever on the alert for novelty, we hopped into and dined at the Coal Hole Tavern in the Strand, certainly one of the best and cheapest ordinaries in London, and the society not of the meanest. Rhodes himself is a punster and a poet, sings a good song, and sells the best of wine; and what renders mine host more estimable, is the superior manners of the man. Here was congregated together a mixed, but truly merry company, composed of actors, authors, reporters, clerks in public departments, and half-pay officers, full of whim, wit, and eccentricity, which, when the mantling bowl had circulated, did often "set the table in a roar." In the evening, Transit proposed to us a visit to the Life Academy, Somerset House, where he was an admitted student; but on trying the experiment, was not able to effect our introduction: you must therefore be content with his sketch of the *true sublime*, in which he has contrived to introduce the portraits of several well-known academicians *(see plate)*.

Page365

Thus far Horatio Heartly had written, when the unexpected appearance of Bernard Blackmantle in London cut short the thread of his narrative. "Where now, mad-cap?" said the sincere friend of his heart: "what unaccountable circumstance can have brought you to the village in term and out of vacation?" "A very uncommon affair, indeed,

for a young author, I assure you: I have had the good fortune to receive a notice from the managers of the two Theatres Royal, that my play is accepted at Covent Garden, and my farce at Drury Lane, and am come up post-haste to read them in the green rooms to-morrow, and take the town by storm before the end of the next month." "It is a dangerous experiment," said Horatio. "I know it," replied the fearless Bernard; "but he who fears danger will never march on to fortune or to victory. I am sure I have a sincere friend in Charles Kemble, if managerial influence can ensure the success of my play; and I have cast my farce so strong, that even with all Elliston's mismanagement, it cannot well fail of making a hit. *Nil desperandum* is my motto; so a truce with your friendly forebodings of doubts, and fears, and critics' *scratches*; for I am determined 'to seek the bubble reputation even in the cannon's mouth.'" Thus ended the colloquy, and on the morning of the morrow Bernard was introduced, in due form, to the *dramatis personæ* of the Theatre Royal, Covent Garden (see plate).

ENLARGE TO FULL SIZE

Page366

There is as much difference between the rival companies of the two patent theatres as there is between the habits and conduct of the managers: in Covent Garden, the gentlemanly manners of Charles Kemble, and his amiable desire to make all happy around him, has imparted something of a kindred feeling to the performers; and hence, assisted by the friendly ancient Fawcett, the whole of the establishment has all the united family feeling of a little commonwealth, struggling to secure its independence and popularity. Here Bernard's reception was every thing a young author could wish: kind attention from the company, and considerative hints for the improvement of his play, accompanied with the good wishes of all for its success, left an impression of gratitude upon the mind of the young author, that gave fresh inspiration to his talents, and increased his confidence in his own abilities. At Drury Lane

the case was far otherwise; and the want of that friendly attention which distinguished the rival company proved very embarrassing to the early buddings of dramatic genius. Perhaps a slight sketch of the scene might not prove uninstructive to young authors, or fail in its intended effect upon old actors. Reader, imagine Bernard Blackmantle, an enthusiastic and eccentric child of Genius, seated at the green-room table, reading his musical farce to the surrounding company, and then judge what must be the effect of the following little scene.

PROGRAMME.

Bernard Blackmantle reading; Mr. Elliston speaking to Spring, the box-office keeper; and Mr. Winston in a passion, at the door, with the master carpenter; Mr. Knight favouring the Author with a few new ideas; and the whole company engaged in the most amusing way, making side speeches to one another (see plate).

DOWTON. 'Gad, renounce me—little valorous—d——d annoying, (*looking at his watch*)—these long rehearsals always spoil my Vauxhall dinner—More hints to the Author—better keep them for his next piece.

MUNDEN (sputtering). My wigs and eyes—Dowton's a better part than mine; I'll have a fit of the gout, on purpose to get out of it—that's what I will.

KNIGHT (to the Author). My dear boy, it strikes me that it might be much improved. (Aside) Got an idea; but can't let him have it for nothing.

HARLEY (to Elliston). If this piece succeeds, it can't be played every night—let Fitz. understudy it—don't breakfast on beef-steaks, now. If you wish to enjoy health—live at Pimlico—take a run in the parks—and read Abernethy on constitutional origin.

TERRY (to Mrs. Orger). It's a remarkable thing that the manager should allow these d——d interruptions. If it was my piece, I would not suffer it—that's my opinion.

WALLACE (to himself). What a little discontented mortal that is!—it's the best part in the piece, and he wishes it made still better.

ELLISTON (awakening). Silence there, gentlemen, or it will be impossible to settle this important point—and my property will, in consequence, be much deteriorated. (Enter Boy with brandy and water.) Proceed, sir—(to Author, after a sip)—Very spirited indeed.

ENLARGE TO FULL SIZE

Enter Sam. Spring, touching his hat.

SPRING. Underline a special desire, sir, next week? Elliston. No, Sam., I fear our special desires are nearly threadbare.

Prompter's boy calling in at the door. Mr. Octavius Clarke would be glad to speak with Mr. Elliston.

ELLISTON. He be d——d! Silence that noise between Messrs. Winston and Bunn—and turn out Waterloo Tom.

MADAME VESTRIS. My dear Elliston, do you mean to keep us here all day?

ELLISTON (whispering). I had rather keep you all night, madame.

SHERWIN (to G. Smith). I wish it may be true that one of our comedians is going to the other house; I shall then stand some chance for a little good business—at present I have only two decent parts to my back.

LISTON (as stiff as a poker). If I pass an opinion, I must have an increase of salary; I never unbend on these occasions.

MRS. ORGER (to the author). This part is not so good as Sally Mags. I must take my friend's opinion in the city.

MISS STEPHENS (laughing). I shall only sing one stanza of this ballad —it's too sentimental.

MISS SMITHSON (aside, but loud enough for the manager to hear). Ton my honour, Mr. Elliston never casts me any thing but the sentimental dolls and *la la* ladies.

G— SMITH (in a full bass voice). Nor me any thing but the rough cottagers and banditti men; but, never mind, my bass solo will do the trick.

GATTIE (yawning). I wish it was twelve o'clock, for I'm half asleep, and I've made a vow never to take snuff before twelve; if you don't believe me, ask Mrs. G. After the hit I made in Monsieur Tonson, it's d—d hard they don't write more Frenchmen.

MADAME VESTRIS. Mr. Author, can't you make this a breeches part?—I shall be *all abroad* in petticoats.

BERNARD BLACKMANTLE. I should wish to be *at home* with Madame Vestris.

MRS. HARLOWE. Really, Mr. Author, this part of mine is a mere clod's wife—nothing like so good as Dame Ashfield. Could not you introduce a supper-scene?

At length silence is once more obtained; the author finishes his task, and retires from the *Green-room* looking as blue as Megrim, and feeling as fretful as the renowned Sir Plagiary. Of the success or failure of the two productions, I shall speak in the next volume; when I propose to give the first night of a new play, with sketches of some of the critical characters who usually attend. In the evening, Transit, Echo, and Heartly enlisted me for the Lord Mayor's ball at the Mansion House—a most delightful squeeze; and, it being during Waithman's mayoralty, abounding with lots of character for my friend Bob; to whose facetious pencil, I must at present leave the scene (see plate); intending to be more particular in my civic descriptions, should I have the honour of dining with the Corporation next year in their Guildhall.

ENLARGE TO FULL SIZE

Page369a

The wind-up of the term rendered it essentially necessary that I should return to Oxford with all possible expedition, as my absence at such a time, if discovered, might involve me in some unpleasant feeling with the big wigs. Hither I arrived, in due time to save a lecture, and receive an invitation to spend a few weeks in the ensuing year at Cambridge, where

my kind friend Horace Eglantine has entered himself of Trinity; and by the way of inducement, has transmitted the characteristic sketch of the notorious Jemmy Gordon playing off one of his mad pranks upon the big wigs of Peter-House, (see plate) the particulars of which, will, with more propriety, come into my sketches at Cambridge.

ENLARGE TO FULL SIZE

Page369b

We are here all bustle—Scouts packing up and posting off to the coach-offices with luggage—securing places for students, and afterwards clearing places for themselves—Oxford Duns on the sharp look-out for shy-ones, and pretty girls whimpering at the loss of their lovers—Dons and Big wigs promising themselves temporal pleasures, and their ladies reviling the mantua-makers for not having used sufficient expedition—some taking their last farewell of *alma mater*, and others sighing to behold the joyous faces of affectionate kindred and early friends. Long bills, and still *longer* promises passing currently—and the High-street exhibiting a scene of general confusion, until the last coach rattles over Magdalen bridge, and Oxford tradesmen close their *oaks*.

Bernard Blackmantle.

Page370

TERM ENDS.

Page371

ILLUSTRATIONS IN THE ENGLISH SPY.

to face page

I.

A SHORT SET-TO AT LONG'S HOTEL; OR, STOPFORD NOT GETTING THE BEST OF IT. 14

II.

COURTIERS CAROUSING IN A CADGER'S KEN. 28

III.

THE WAKE; OR, TEDDY O'RAFFERTY'S LAST APPEARANCE. A Scene in the Holy Land. 30

IV.

THE CYPRIAN'S BALL AT THE ARGYLL ROOM. 42

V.

JOHN LISTON AND THE LAMBKINS; OR, THE CITIZEN'S TREAT. 57

VI.

THE GREAT ACTOR; OR, MR PUNCH IN ALL HIS

GLORY. 62

Amusements of the lower orders. Scene in Leicester-fields.

VII.

COLLEGE GHOSTS. 66

A Frolic of the Westminster Blacks. A Scene in Dean's Yard.

VIII.

THE MARIGOLD FAMILY ON A PARTY OF PLEA-SURE; OR, THE EFFECT OF A STORM IN THE LITTLE BAY OF BISCAY, otherwise, CHELSEA REACH. 68

Hints to Fresh Water Sailors, the Alderman and family running foul of the Safety. A bit of Fun for the Westminster Scholars. How to make Ducks and Geese swim after they are cooked. Calamities of a Cit's Water Party to Richmond.

IX.

THE EPPING HUNT ON EASTER MONDAY; OR, COCKNEY COMICALITIES IN FULL CHASE. 73

Lots of Characters and Lots of Accidents, Runaways and Fly-aways, No Goes and Out and Outers, the Flask and the Foolish, Gibs, Spavins, Millers and Trumpeters. The Stag against the Field. Bob Transit's Excursion with the Nacker man.

X.

THE TEA-POT ROW AT HARROW; OR, THE BATTLE OF HOG LANE. 81

Harrow boys making a smash among the Crockery, a Scene Sketched from the Life, dedicated to the Sons of Noblemen and Gentlemen participators in the Sport.

XI.

THE CIT'S SUNDAY ORDINARY AT THE GATE HOUSE, HIGHGATE; OR, EVERY HOG TO HIS OWN APPLE. 89

Another Trip with the Marigold Family. Specimens of Gormandizing. Inhabitants of Cockayne ruralizing. Cits and their Cubs. Cutting Capers, a scramble for a Dinner.

XII.

BULLS AND BEARS IN HIGH BUSTLE; OR, BILLY WRIGHT'S PONY MADE A MEMBER OF THE STOCK EXCHANGE. 124

Interior view of the Money Market. Portraits of well-known Stock Brokers. A Scene Sketched from the Life.

XIII.

THE PROMENADE AT COWES. 162

With Portraits of noble Commanders and Members of the Royal Yacht Club.

XIV.

THE RETURN TO PORT.

184

Sailors Carousing, or a Jollification on board the Piranga.

XV.

POINT STREET, PORTSMOUTH.

188

Chairing the Cockswain. British Tars and their Girls in high Glee.

XVI.

EVENING AND IN HIGH SPIRITS, A SCENE AT

LONG'S HOTEL, BOND-STREET.

192

Well-known Roués and their Satellites. Portraits from the Life, including the Pea Green Hayne, Tom Best, Lord W. Lennox, Colonel Berkeley, Mr. Jackson, White Headed Bob, Hudson the Tobacconist, John Long, &c. &c.

XVII.

MORNING, AND IN LOW SPIRITS, A LOCK UP
SCENE IN A SPONGING HOUSE, CAREY STREET.—
A BIT OF GOOD TRUTH.

206

For Particulars, see Work; or inquire of Fat Radford, the Domini of the Domxts.

XVIII.

THE HOUSE OF LORDS IN HIGH DEBATE.
210

Sketched at the time when II. R. H. the Duke of York was making his celebrated Speech upon the Catholic Question. Portraits of the Dukes of York, Gloucester, Wellington, Devonshire, Marquesses of Anglesea and Hertford, Earls of Liverpool, Grey, Westmorland, Bathurst, Eldon, and Pomfret, Lords Holland, King, Ellenborough, &c. &c. and the whole Bench of Bishops.

XIX.

THE POINT OF HONOUR DECIDED; OR, THE LEADEN

ARGUMENTS OF A LOVE AFFAIR.
214

View in Hyde Park. Tom Echo engaged in an affair of honour. A Chapter on Duelling.

XX.
THE GREAT SUBSCRIPTION ROOM AT BROOKES'S.
217

Opposition Members engaged upon Hazardous Points. Portraits of the Great and the Little well-known Parliamentary Characters.

XXI.

THE EVENING IN THE CIRCULAR ROOM; OR, A

SQUEEZE AT CARLTON PALACE.
219

Exquisites and Elegantes making their way to the Presence Chamber. Portraits of Stars of Note and Ton, Blue Ribands and Red Ribands, Army and Navy.

XXII.
THE HIGH STREET, CHELTENHAM.
222

Well-known characters among the Chelts.

XXIII.
GOING OUT.
226

A View of Berkeley Hunt Kennel.

XXIV.
THE ROYAL WELLS AT CHELTENHAM; OR, SPASMODIC AFFECTIONS FROM SPA WATERS.
245
Chronic Affections and Cramp Comicalities.

XXV.

THE BAG-MEN'S BANQUET.
248

A View of the Commercial Room at the Bell Inn, Cheltenham. Portraits of well-known Travellers.

XXVI.

THE OAKLAND COTTAGES, CHELTENHAM; OR, FOX HUNTERS AND THEIR FAVOURITES, A TIT BIT, DONE FROM THE LIFE.
268

Dedicated to the Members of the Berkeley Hunt.

XXVII.

DONCASTER RACE COURSE DURING THE GREAT

ST. LEGER RACE, 1825.
269

Well-known Heroes of the Turf. Legs and Loungers.

XXVIII.

THE COMICAL PROCESSION FROM GLOUCESTER

TO BERKELEY.
288

XXIX.

THE POST OFFICE, BRISTOL.
293

Arrival of the London Mail. Lots of News, and New Characters. Portraits of well-known Bristolians.

XXX.
FANCY BALL AT THE UPPER ROOMS, BATH.
302

XXXI.
THE PUMP ROOM, BATH.
311

Visitors taking a sip with King Bladud.

XXXII.

THE OLD BEAU AND FALSE BELLE; OR, MR. B.

AND MISS L.
316

A Bath Story.

XXXIII.
THE PUBLIC BATHS AT BATH; OR, STEWING

ALIVE.
320

Bernard BlackmantlE and Bob Transit taking a Dip with King Bladud. Union of the Sexes. Welsh Wigs and Decency. No Swimming or Plunging allowed.

XXXIV.

MILSOM STREET AND BOND STREET, OR BATH

SWELLS.
326

Well-known Characters at the Court of King Bladud.

XXXV.

THE BUFF CLUB AT THE PIG AND WHISTLE,

AVON STREET, BATH.
332

A Bit of Real Life in the Territories of old King Bladud.

XXXVI.

THE BOWLING ALLEY AT WORCESTER; OR, THE

WELL-KNOWN CHARACTERS OF THE HAND AND GLOVE CLUB.
335

ENGRAVINGS ON WOOD.

1. The Gate House, Highgate, Citizens toiling up the Hill to the Sunday Ordinary
109

2. A Lame Duck waddling out of the Stock Exchange
139

3. The Dandy Candy Man, a Cheltenham Vignette
283

4. The Floating Harbour and Welsh Back, Bristol.
292

5. Bath Market-place, with Portraits of the celebrated Orange Women
295

6. The Sporting Club at the Castle Tavern. Portraits of Choice Spirits
300

7. The Battle of the Chairs
306

8. Vignette. Portraits of Blackmantle the English Spy, and Transit
343

THE ENGLISH SPY.

Nor rank, nor order, nor condition,
Imperial, lowly, or patrician,
Shall, when they see this volume, cry,
"The satirist has pass'd us by:"
But, with good humour, view our page
Depict the manners of the age.
Vide Work.

INTRODUCTION TO THE SECOND VOLUME.

BERNARD BLACKMANTLE TO THE PUBLIC.

"The Muse's office was by Heaven design'd
To please, improve, instruct, reform mankind."
—Churchill.

Readers!—friends, I may say, for your flattering support has enabled me to continue my Sketches of Society to a second volume with that prospect of advantage to all concerned which makes labour delightful—accept this fresh offering of an eccentric, but grateful mind, to that shrine where alone he feels he owes any submission—the tribunal of Public Opinion. In starting for the goal of my ambition, the prize of your approbation, I have purposely avoided the beaten track of other periodical writers, choosing for my subjects scenes and characters of real life, transactions of our own times, *characteristic, satirical, and humorous*, confined to no particular place, and carefully avoiding every thing like personal ill-nature or party feeling. My associates, the Artists and Publishers, are not less anxious than myself to acknowledge their gratitude; and we intend to prove, by our united endeavours, how highly we appreciate the extensive patronage we have already obtained.

BERNARD BLACKMANTLE,

page004 (28K)

page005 (100K)

ODE, CONGRATULATORY AND ADVISIORY,

TO BERNARD BLACKMANTLE, ESQ.

ON THE COMPLETION OF HIS FIRST VOLUME OF THE SPY.

"I smell a rat."—Book of Common Parlance.

"More sinned against than sinning."—William Shakspeare.

"The very *Spy* o' the time."—Ibid.

Well done, my lad, you've run on strong
Amidst the bustle of life's throng,
Nor thrown a *spavin* yet;
You've gone at score, your pace has told;
I hope, my boy, your wind will hold—
You've others yet to fret.

You've told the town that you are *fly* To cant, and rant, and trickery;
And that whene'er you doze,
Like Bristol men, you never keep
But one eye closed—so you can tweak
E'en then a scoundrel's nose.

Pull up, and rinse your mouth a bit;
It is hot work, this race of wit,
And sets the bellows piping;
Next Vol. you'll grind *the flats* again,
And file the *sharps* unto the grain,
Their very stomachs griping.

But why, good Bernard, do you dream
That we Reviewers scorn the cream{1}

Arising from your jokes?
Upon my soul, we love some fun
As well as any 'neath the sun,
Although we fight in cloaks.

Heav'n help thee, boy, we are not they
Who only go to damn a play,
And cackle in the pit;
Like good Sir William Curtis{2} we
Can laugh at *nous* and drollery,
Though of ourselves 'twere writ.

Was yours but sky blue milk and water,
We'd hand you over to the slaughter
Of cow committee-men{3};
For butterflies, and "such small deer,"
Are much beneath our potent spear—
The sharp gray goose-wing'd pen.

1 See my friend Bernard's *cracker* to the reviewers in No. 12, a perfect fifth of November bit of *firework*, I can assure you, good people. But it won't go off with me without a brand from the bonfire in return. "Bear this bear all."

2 Have you ever dared the "salt sea ocean," my readers, with the alderman admiral? If not, know that he has as pretty a collection of caricatures in his cabin, and all against his own sweet self, as need be wished to heal sea-sickness. Is not this magnanimity? I think so. The baronet is really "a worthy gentleman."

3 Vide advertisements of "Alderney Milk Company." What company shall we keep next, my masters? Mining companies, or steam brick companies, or washing companies? How many of them will be in the suds anon? Pshaw! throw physic to the projectors—I prefer strong beer well hopped.

But yours we feel is sterner stuff,

And though perchance *too much in huff*,
More natural you will swear;
It really shows such game and pluck,
That we could take with you "pot luck,"
And deem it decent fare.

But, 'pon our *conscience*, bonny lad,
(We've got *some*, boy), it is too bad
So fiercely to show fight;
Gadzooks, 'tis time when comes the foe
To strip and sport a word and blow,
My dear pugnacious wight!

'Tis very wise, T own, to pull
Fast by the horns some butting bull,
When 'gainst yourself he flies;
But to attack that sturdy beast,
When he's no thoughts on you to feast,
Is very *otherwise*.

But we'll forgive your paper balls,
Which on our jackets hurtless falls,

Like hail upon a tower:
Pray put wet blankets on your ire;
Really, good sir, we've no desire
To blight so smart a flower.

Well, then, I see no reason why
There should be war, good Mister Spy
So, faith! we'll be allies;
And if we must have fights and frays,
We'll shoot at pride and poppinjays,

And folly as it flies.
There's field enough for both to *beat*
Employment for our hands, eyes, feet,
To mark the quarry down,

Black game and white game a full crop,
Fine birds, fine feathers for to lop,
In country and in town.

New city *specs*, new west-end rigs,
New gas-blown boots, new steam-curl'd wigs,
New fashionable schools,
New dandies, and new Bond-street dons,
And new intrigues, and new crim cons,
New companies of fools.{4}

Maria Foote and Edmund Kean,
The "lions" just now of the scene,
Shall yield to newer fun;
For all our wonders at the best
Are cast off for a newer vest,
After a nine days' run.

Old beaux at Bath, manoeuvring belles,
And pump-room puppies, Melsom swells,
And Mr. *Heaviside*,{5}
And Cheltenham carders,{6} every *runt*,

4 See note 3, page 6.

5 Mr. Heaviside, the polite M. C. of Bath. He has the finest cauliflower head of hair I over remember; but it covers a world of wit, for all that, and therefore however it may appear, it certainly is not the heavy side of him.

6 Cards, cards, cards, nothing but cards from "rosy morn to dewy eve" at the town of Cheltenham. Whist, with the sun shining upon their sovereigns, one would think a sovereign remedy for their waste of the blessed day—*écarte*, whilst the blue sky is mocking the blue countenances of your thirty pound losers in as many seconds. Is it not marvellous? Fathers, husbands, men who profess to belong to the Church. By Jupiter! instead of founding the new university they talk

about, they had better make it for the pupilage of perpetual card-players, and let them take their degrees by the cleverness in odd tricks, or their ability in shuffling. "No offence, Gregory." "No wonder they have their decrepit ones, their ranters."

The playhouse, Berkeley, and "the hunt,"
With Marshall{7} by their side.

All these and more I should be loth
To let escape from one or both,
So saddle for next heat:
The bell is rung, the course is cleared,
Mount on your hobby, "nought afear'd,"
Black-jacket can't be beat.

"Dum *spiro* spero" shout, and ride
Till you have 'scalp'd old Folly's hide,
And none a kiss will waft her;
Bind all the fools in your new book,
That "I spy!" may lay my hook,
And d—n them nicely after.

An Honest Reviewer.{8}

Given at my friend, "Sir John Barleycorn's"
Chambers, Tavistock, Covent Garden, this the
19th, day of February, 1825, "almost at odds
with morning."

7 Mr. Marshall, the M. C. of Cheltenham. "Wear him in your heart's core, Horatio." I knew him well, a "fellow of infinite jest." A long reign and a merry one to him.

8 My anonymous friend will perceive that I estimate his wit and talent quite as much as his honesty: had he not been such a *rara avis* he would have been consigned to the "tomb of all the Capulets."

CYTHEREAN BEAUTIES.

"The trav'ller, if he chance to stray,
May turn uncensured to his way;
Polluted streams again are pure,
And deepest wounds admit a cure;
But woman no redemption knows—
The wounds of honour never close."
—Moore.

Tremble not, ye fair daughters of chastity! frown not, ye moralists! as your eyes rest upon the significant title to our chapter, lest we should sacrifice to curiosity the blush of virtue. We are painters of real life in all its varieties, but our colouring shall not be over-charged, or our characters out of keeping. The glare of profligacy shall be softened down or so neutralized as not to offend the most delicate feelings. In sketching the reigning beauties of the time, we shall endeavour to indulge the lovers of variety without sacrificing the fair fame of individuals, or attempting to make vice respectable. Pleasure is our pursuit, but we are accompanied up the flowery ascent by Contemplation and Reflection, two monitors that shrink back, like sensitive plants, as the thorns press upon them through the ambrosial beds of new-blown roses. In our record of the daughters of Pleasure, we shall only notice those who are distinguished as *belles of ton—stars* of the first magnitude in the hemisphere of Fashion; and of these the reader may say, with one or two exceptions, they "come like shadows, so depart." We would rather excite sympathy and pity for the unfortunate, than by detailing all we know produce the opposite feelings of obloquy and detestation.

"Unhappy sex! when beauty is your snare,
Exposed to trials, made too frail to bear."

Then, oh! ye daughters of celestial Virtue, point not the scoffing glance at these, her truant children, as ye pass them by—but pity, and afford them a gleam of cheerful hope: so shall ye merit the protection of Him

whose chief attribute is charity and universal benevolence. And ye, lords of the creation! commiserate their misfortunes, which owe their origin to the baseness of the seducer, and the natural depravity of your own sex.

LADIES OF DISTINCTION,

"DANS LE PARTERRE DES IMPURES."

"Simplex sigillum veri."

"Nought is there under heav'n's wide hollowness
That moves more dear, compassion of the mind,
Than beauty brought t' unworthy wretchedness."

If ever there was a fellow formed by nature to captivate and conquer the heart of lovely woman, it is that arch-looking, light-hearted Apollo, Horace Eglantine, with his soul-enlivening conversational talents, his scraps of poetry, and puns, and fashionable anecdote; his chivalrous form and noble carriage, joined to a mirth-inspiring countenance and soft languishing blue eye, which sets half the delicate bosoms that surround him palpitating between hope and fear; then a glance at his well-shaped leg, or the fascination of an elegant compliment, smilingly overleaping a pearly fence of more than usual whiteness and regularity, fixes the fair one's doom; while the young rogue, triumphing in his success, turns on his heel and plays off another battery on the next pretty susceptible piece of enchanting simplicity that accident may throw into his way. "Who is that attractive star before whose influential light he at present seems to bow with adoration?" "A *fallen one*," said Crony, to whom the question was addressed, as he rode up the drive in Hyde Park, towards Cumberland-gate, accompanied by Bernard Blackmantle. "A *fallen one*" reiterated the Oxonian—"Impossible!" "Why, I have marked the fair daughter of Fashion myself for the last fortnight constantly in the drive with one of the most superb equipages among the *ton* of the day." "True," responded Crony, "and might have done so for any time these three years." In London these daughters of Pleasure are like physicians

travelling about to destroy in all sorts of ways, some on foot, others on horseback, and the more finished lolling in their carriages, ogling and attracting by the witchery of bright eyes; the latter may, however, very easily be known, by the usual absence of all armorial bearings upon the panel, the chariot elegant and in the newest fashion, generally dark-coloured, and lined with crimson to cast a rich glow upon the occupant, and the servants in plain frock liveries, with a cockade, of course, to imply their mistresses have *seen service*. I know but of one who sports any heraldic ornament, and that is the female Giovanni, who has the very appropriate crest of a serpent coiled, and preparing to spring upon its prey, *à la Cavendish*. The *elegante* in the dark *vis*, to whom our friend Horace is paying court, is the *ci-devant* Lady Ros—b—y, otherwise Clara W——.

By the peer she has a son, and from the plebeian a pension of two hundred pounds per annum: her origin, like most of the frail sisterhood, is very obscure; but Clara certainly possesses talents of the first order, and evinces a generosity of disposition to her sisters and family that is deserving of commendation. In person, she is plump and well-shaped, but of short stature, with a fine dark eye and raven locks that give considerable effect to an otherwise interesting countenance. A few years since she had a penchant for the stage, and played repeatedly at one of the minor theatres, under the name of "The Lady;" a character Clara can, when she pleases, support with unusual *gaieté*: instance her splendid parties in Manchester-street, Manchester-square, where I have seen a coruscation of beauties assembled together that must have made great havoc in their time among the hearts of the young, the gay, and the generous. Like most of her society, Clara has no idea of prudence, and hence to escape some pressing importunities, she levanted for a short time to Scotland, but has since, by the liberal advances of her present delusive, been enabled to quit the interested apprehensions of the *Dun* family. The swaggering belle in the green pelisse yonder, on the *pavé*, is the celebrated courtezan, Mrs. St*pf**d, of Curzon-street, May-fair. How she acquired her present cognomen I know not, unless it was for her

stopping accomplishment in the polite science of pugilism and modern patter, in both of which she is a finished proficient, as poor John D———, a dashing savoury chemist, can vouch for.

On a certain night, she followed this unfaithful swain, placing herself (unknown to him) behind his carriage, to the house of a rival sister of Cytherea, Mrs. St**h**e, and there enforced, by divers potent means, due submission to the laws of Constancy and Love; but as such compulsory measures were not in *good taste* with the *protector's* feelings, the contract was soon void, and the lady once more liberated to choose another and another swain, with a pension of two hundred pounds per annum, and a well-furnished house into the bargain. She was formerly, and when first she came out, the *chère amie* of Tom B——-, who had, in spite of his science recently, in a short affair at Long's hotel, not much the Best of it. (See plate).

ENLARGE TO FULL SIZE

Page015

[Please click on any of the Color Plates to enlarge them to full size]

From him she bolted, and enlisted with an officer of the nineteenth Lancers; but not liking the house of Montague, she obtained the Grant of a furlough, and has since indulged in a plurality of lovers, without much attention to size, age, persons, or professions. Of her talent in love affairs, we have given some specimens; and her courage in war can never be doubted after the formidable attack she recently made upon General Sir John D***e, returning through Hounslow from a review, from which *rencontre* she has obtained the appropriate appellation of the *Brazen Bellona*. A pretty round face, dark hair, and fine bushy eyebrows, are no mean attractions; independent of which the lady is always upon good terms with herself. The *belle whip* driving the cabriolet, with a chestnut horse and four white legs, is the *Edgeware Diana* Mrs. S***h, at present

engaged in a partnership affair, in the foreign line, with two citizens, Messrs O. R. and S.; the peepholes at the side of her machine imply more than mere curiosity, and are said to have been invented by General Ogle, for the use of the ladies when on active service. The beautiful little Water Lily in the chocolate-coloured chariot, with a languishing blue eye and alabaster skin, is Mrs. Ha****y, otherwise K**d***k, of Gr—n-street, a great favourite with all who know her, from the elegance of her manners and the attractions of her person (being perfect symmetry); at present she is under the *special protection* of a city stave merchant, and has the *reputation* of being very sincere in her attachments.

"You must have been a desperate fellow in your time, Crony," said I, "among the belles of this class, or you could never have become so familiar with their history." "It is the fashion," replied the veteran, "to understand these matters; among the *bons vivants* of the present day a fellow would be suspected of *chastity*, or regarded as *uncivilized*, who could not run through the history of the reigning beauties of the times, descanting upon their various charms with poetical fervor, or illuminating, as he proceeds, with some choice anecdotes of the *Paphian divinities*, their protectors and propensities; and to do the fair *Citherians* justice, they are not much behindhand with us in that respect, for the whole conversation of the sisterhood turns upon the figure, fortune, genius, or generosity of the admiring beaux. To a young and ardent mind, just emerging from scholastic discipline, with feelings uncontaminated by fashionable levities, and a purse equal to all pleasurable purposes, a correct knowledge of the mysteries of the *Citherian principles of astronomy* may be of the most essential consequence, not less in protecting his *morals and health* than in the preservation of life and fortune. One half the duels, suicides, and *fashionable bankruptcies* spring from this polluted source. The stars of this order rise and fall in estimation, become fixed planets or meteors of the most enchanting brilliancy, in proportion not to the grace of modesty, or the fascination of personal beauty, but to the notoriety and number of their amours, and the peerless dignity of their plurality of lovers.

"Place the goddess of Love on the pedestal of Chastity, in the sacred recesses of the grove of Health, veiled by virgin Innocence, and robed in celestial Purity, and who among the *cameleon* race of fashionable *roués* would incur the charge of *Vandalism*, or turn aside to pay devotion at her shrine? but let the salacious deity of Impurity mount the car of Profligacy, and drive forth in all the glare of crimson and gold, and a thousand devotees are ready to sacrifice their honour upon her profligate altars, or chain themselves to her chariot wheels as willing slaves to worship and adore."

"Let us take another turn up the drive," said I, "for I am willing to confess myself much interested in this *new system of astronomy*, and perhaps we may discover a few more of the *terrestrial planets*, and observe the *stars* that move around their frail orbits." "I must first make you acquainted with the signs of the *Paphian zodiac*," said Crony; "for every one of these attractions have their peculiar and appropriate fashionable appellations. I have already introduced you to the *Bang Bantum*, Mrs Bertram; the *London Leda*, Moll Raffles; the *Spanish Nun*, St. Margurite; the *Sparrow Hawk*, Augusta C****e{1}; the *Golden*

1 See vol. i.

Pippin, Mrs. C.; the *White Crow*, Clara W****; the *Brazen Bellona*, Mrs. St**f**d; the *Edgeware Diana*, Mrs. S**th; and the *Water Lily Symmeterian*, Ha**l*y—*all planets* of the first order, carriage curiosities. Let us now proceed to make further observations. The *jolie* dame yonder, in the phaeton, drawn by two fine bays, is called the *White Doe*, from her first deer protector; and although somewhat on the decline, she is yet an exhibit of no mean attraction, and a lady of fortune. Thanks to the liberality of an old hewer of stone, and the talismanic powers of the *golden Ball*, deserted by her last swain since his marriage, she now reclines upon the velvet cushion of Independence, enjoying in the Kilburn retreat, her *otium cum dignitate*, secure from the rude winds of adversity, and in the occasional society of a few old friends. The lovely Thais in the brown chariot, with a fine Roman countenance, dark hair, and sparkling eyes, is the favourite elect of a well-known whig member;

here she passes by the name of the *Comic Muse*, the first letter of which will also answer for the leading initial of her theatrical cognomen. Her, private history is well-known to every son of *old Etona* who has taken a *toodle* over Windsor-bridge on a market-day within the last fifteen years, her parents being market gardeners in the neighbourhood; and her two unmarried sisters, both fine girls, are equally celebrated with the Bath orange-women for the neatness of their dress and comeliness of their persons. There is a sprightliness and good-humour about the *Comic Muse* that turns aside the shafts of ill-nature; and had she made her selection more in accordance with propriety, and her own age, she might have escaped our notice; but, alas!" said Crony, "she forgets that

```
'The rose's age is but a day;
Its bloom, the pledge of its decay,
Sweet in scent, in colour bright,
It blooms at morn and fades at night.
```

At this moment a dashing little horsewoman trotted by in great style, followed by a servant in blue and gold livery; her bust was perfection itself, but studded with the oddest pair of *ogles* in the world, and Crony assured me (report said) her person was supported by the shortest pair of legs, for an adult, in Christendom. "That is the *queen* of the *dandysettes*," said my old friend, "Sophia, Selina, or, as she is more generally denominated, *Galloping* W****y, from a *long Pole*, who settled the interest of five thousand upon her for her natural life; she is since said to have married her groom, with, however, this prudent stipulation, that he is still to ride behind her in public, and answer all demands in *propria persona*. She is constantly to be seen at all masquerades, and may be easily known by her utter contempt for the incumbrance of decent costume." "How d'ye do? How d'ye do?" said a most elegant creature, stretching forth her delicate white kid-covered arm over the *fenêtre* of Lord Hxxxxxxx*h's *vis à vis*. "Ah! *bon jour, ma chère amie*," said old Crony, waving his hand and making one of his best bows in return. "You are a happy dog," said I, "old fellow, to be upon such pleasant terms with that divinity. No plebeian blood there, I should think: a peeress, I perceive, by the coronet on the panels." "*A peine*

cognoist, ou la femme et le melon," responded Crony, "you shall hear. Among the *ton* she passes by the name of Vestina the Titan, from her being such a finished tactician in the campaigns of Venus;. her ordinary appellation is Mrs. St—h—pe: whether this be a *nom de guerre or a nom de terre*, I shall not pretend to decide; if we admit that *la chose est toute*, *et que la nom n'y fait rien*, the rest is of no consequence. It would be an intricate task to unravel the family web of our fashionable frail ones, although that of many frail fashionables stands high in heraldry. The lady in question, although in 'the sear o' the leaf,' is yet in high request; 'fat, fair, and forty' shall I say?

Alas! that would have been more suitable ten years since; but, *n'importe*, she has the science to conceal the ravages of time, and is yet considered attractive. No one better understands the art of intrigue; and she is, moreover, a travelled dame, not deficient in intellect, full of anecdote; and as *conjugation and declension* go hand in hand with some men of taste, she has risen into notice when others usually decline. A sporting colonel is said to have formerly contributed largely to her comforts, and her tact in matters of business is notorious; about two hundred per annum she derived from the Stock Exchange, and her present *peerless protector* no doubt subscribes liberally. To be brief, Laura has money in the funds, a splendid house, carriage, gives her grand parties, and lives proportionably expensive and elegant; yet with all this she has taken care that the age of gold may succeed to the age of brass, that the retirement of her latter days may not be overclouded by the storms of adversity. She had two sisters, both gay, who formerly figured on the *pavé*, Sarah and Louisa; but of late they have disappeared, report says, to *conjugate* in private. Turn your eyes towards the promenade," said Crony, "and observe that constellation of beauties, three in number, who move along *le verd gazon*: they are denominated the *Red Rose*, the *Moss Rose*, and the *Cabbage Rose*. The first is Rose Co*l**d, a dashing belle, who has long figured in high life; her first appearance was in company with Lord William F***g***ld, by whom she has a child living; from thence we trace her to the protection of another peer, Lord Ty*****], and from him gradually declining to the rich

relative of a northern baronet, sportive little Jack R*****n, whose favourite *lauda finem* she continued for some time; but as the law engrossed rather too much of her protector's affairs, so the fair engrossed rather too much of the law; whether she has yet given up practice in the King's Bench I cannot determine, but her appearance here signifies that she will accept a fee from any side; Rose has long since lost every tint of the maiden's blush, and is now in the full blow of her beauty and maturity, but certainly not without considerable personal attractions; with some her *nom de guerre* is *Rosa longa*, and a wag of the day says, that Rose is a beauty in *spite of her teeth*. The *Moss Rose* has recently changed her cognomen with her residence, and is now Mrs. F**, of Beaumout-street; she was never esteemed a *planet*, and may be now said to have sunk into a star of the second order, a little *twinkling light*, useful to assist elderly gentlemen in finding their way to the Paphian temple. The *Cabbage Rose* is one of your vulgar beauties, ripe as a peach, and rich in countenance as the ruby: if she has never figured away with the peerage, she has yet the credit of being entitled to *three balls* on her coronet, and an *old uncle* to support them: she has lately taken a snug box in Park-place, Regent's-park, and lives in very good style. The belle in the brown chariot, gray horses, and blue liveries is now the lady of a baronet, and one of three *graceless graces*, the Elxxxxx's, who, because their father kept a livery stable, must needs all go to *rack*: she has a large family living by Mr. V*l*b***s, whom she left for the honour of her present connexion. That she is married to the baronet, there is no doubt; and it is but justice to add, she is one among the many instances of such compromises in fashionable life who are admitted into society upon sufferance, and falls into the class of demi-respectables. Among the park beaux she is known by the appellation of the *Doldrums* her two sisters have been missing some time, and it is said are now rusticating in Paris." My friend Eglantine had evidently fled away with the white crow, and the fashionables were rapidly decreasing in the drive, when Crony, whose scent of dinner hour is as staunch as that of an old pointer at game, gave evident symptoms of his inclination to masticate. "We must take another opportunity to finish our lecture on

the principles of *Citherian astronomy*," said the old beau, "for as yet we are not half through the list of constellations. I have a great desire to introduce you to Harriette Wilson and her sisters, whose true history will prove very entertaining, particularly as the fair writer has altogether omitted the genuine anecdotes of herself and family in her recently published memoirs." At dinner we were joined by Horace Eglantine and Bob Transit, from the first of whom we learned, that a grand fancy ball was to take place at the Argyll Rooms in the course of the ensuing week, under the immediate direction of four fashionable impures, and at the expense of General Trinket, a broad-shouldered Milesian, who having made a considerable sum by the commissariat service, had returned home to spend his Peninsular pennies among the Paphian dames of the metropolis. For this entertainment we resolved to obtain tickets, and as the ci-devant lady H***e was to be patroness, Crony assured us there would be no difficulty in that respect, added to which, he there promised to finish his sketches of the Citherian beauties of the metropolis, and afford my friend Transit an opportunity of sketching certain portraits both of Paphians and their paramours.

Page021

THE WAKE;

OR,

TEDDY O'RAFFERTY'S LAST APPEARANCE. A SCENE IN THE HOLY LAND.

'Twas at Teddy O'Rafferty's wake,
Just to comfort ould Judy, his wife,
The lads of the hod had a frake.
And kept the thing up to the life.
There was Father O'Donahoo, Mr. Delany,
Pat Murphy the doctor, that rebel O'Shaney,
Young Terence, a nate little knight o' the hod,
And that great dust O'Sullivan just out o' quod;
Then Florence the piper, no music is riper,
To all the sweet cratures with emerald fatures
Who came to drink health to the dead.
Not Bryan Baroo had a louder shaloo
When he gave up his breath, to that tythe hunter death,
Than the howl over Teddy's cowld head:
'Twas enough to have rais'd up a saint.
All the darlings with whiskey so faint,
And the lads full of fight, had a glorious night,
When ould Teddy was wak'd in his shed.
—Original.

He who has not travelled in Ireland should never presume to offer an opinion upon its natives. It is not from the wealthy absentees, who since the union have abandoned their countrymen to wretchedness, for the advancement of their own ambitious views, that we can form a judgment of the exalted Irish: nor is it from the lowly race, who driven forth by starving penury, crowd our more prosperous shores, that we can justly estimate the true character of the peasantry of that unhappy country. The Memoirs of Captain Rock may have done something towards

removing the national prejudices of Englishmen; while the frequent and continued agitation of that important question, the Emancipation of the Catholics, has roused a spirit of inquiry in every worthy bosom that will much advantage the oppressed, and, eventually, diffuse a more general and generous feeling towards the Irish throughout civilized Europe. I have been led into this strain of contemplation, by observing the ridiculous folly and wasteful expenditure of the nobility and fashionables of Great Britain; who, neglecting their starving tenantry and kindred friends, crowd to the shores of France and Italy in search of scenery and variety, without having the slightest knowledge of the romantic beauties and delightful landscapes, which abound in the three kingdoms of the Rose, the Shamrock, and the Thistle. How much good might be done by the examples of a few illustrious, noble, and wealthy individuals, making annual visits to Ireland and Scotland! what a field does it afford for true enjoyment! how superior, in most instances, the accommodations and security; and how little, if at all inferior, to the scenic attractions of foreign countries. Then too the gratification of observing the progress of improvement in the lower classes, of administering to their wants, and consoling with them under their patient sufferings from oppressive laws, rendered perhaps painfully necessary by the political temperature of the times or the unforgiving suspicions of the past. But I am becoming sentimental when I ought to be humorous, contemplative when I should be characteristic, and seriously sententious when I ought to be playfully satirical. Forgive me, gentle reader, if from the collapse of the spirit, I have for a moment turned aside from the natural gaiety of my style, to give utterance to the warm feelings of an eccentric but generous heart. But, *allons* to the wake.

"Plaze ye'r honor," said Barney O'Finn (my groom of the chambers), "may I be *axing* a holiday to-night?" "It will be very inconvenient, Barney; but———" "But, your honor's not the jontleman to refuse a small trate o' the sort," said Barney, anticipating the conclusion of my objection. There was some thing unusually anxious about the style of the poor fellow's request that made me hesitate in the refusal. "It's not myself that would be craving the favor, but a poor dead cousin o' mine,

heaven rest his sowl!" "And how can the granting of such a request benefit your departed relation, Barney?" quoth I, not a little puzzled by the strangeness of the application. "Sure, that's mighty *dare* of comprehension, your honor. Teddy O'Rafferty was my own mother's brother's son, and devil o' like o' him there was in all Kilgobbin: we went to ould Father O'Rourke's school together when we were spalpeens, and ate our *praters* and butter-milk out o' the same platter; many's the scrape we've been in together: bad luck to the ould schoolmaster, for he flogged all the *larning* out o' poor Teddy, and all the liking for't out of Barney O'Finn, that's myself, your honor—so one dark night we took advantage of the moon, and having joined partnership in property put it all into a Limerick silk handkerchief, with which we made the best of our way to Dublin, travelling stage arter stage by the ould-fashioned conveyance, Pat Adam's ten-toed machine. Many's the drap we got on the road to drive away care. All the wide world before us, and all the fine family estate behind,—pigs, poultry, and relations,—divil a tenpenny did we ever touch since. It's not your honor that will be angry to hear a few family misfortins," said Barney, hesitating to proceed with his narration, "Give me my hat, fellow," said I, "and don't torture me with your nonsense."— "May be it an't nonsense your honor means?" "And why not, sirrah?"—"Bekase it's not in your nature to spake light o' the dead." Up to this point, my attention had been divided between the Morning Chronicle which lay upon my breakfast table, and Barney's comical relation; a glance at the narrator, however, as he finished the last sentence, convinced me that I ought to have treated him with more feeling. He was holding my hat towards me, when the pearly drop of affliction burst uncontrollably forth, and hung on the side of the beaver, like a sparkling crystal gem loosed from the cavern's roof, to rest upon the jasper stone beneath. I would have given up my Mastership of Arts to have recalled that word nonsense: I was so touched with the poor fellow's pathos.—" Shall I tell your onor the *partikilars*?" "Ay, do, Barney, proceed."—"Well, your onor, we worked our way to London togither—haymaking and harvesting: 'Taste fashions the man' was a saw of ould Father O'Rourke's; 'though divil a taste had he, but for draining

the whiskey bottle and bating the boys, bad luck to his mimory! 'Is it yourself?' said I, to young squire O'Sullivan, from Scullanabogue, whom good fortune threw in my way the very first day I was in London. —'Troth, and it is, Barney,' said he: 'What brings you to the sate of government?' 'I'm seeking sarvice and fortune, your onor,' said I. 'Come your ways, then, my darling,' said he; and, without more to do, he made me his *locum tenens*, first clerk, messenger, and man of all work to a Maynooth Milesian. There was onor enough in all conscience for me, only it was not vary profitable. For, altho' my master followed the law, the law wouldn't follow him, and he'd rather more bags than briefs:—the consequence was, I had more banyan days than the man in the wilderness. Divil a'care, I got a character by my conduct, and a good place when I left him, as your govonor can testify. As for poor Teddy, divil a partikle of taste had he for fashionable life, but a mighty pratty notion of the arts, so he turned operative arkitekt; engaged himself to a layer of bricks, and skipped nimbly up and down a five story ladder with a long-tailed box upon his shoulder—pace be to his ashes! He was rather too fond of the *crature*—many's the slip he had for his life—one minute breaking a jest, and the next breaking a joint; till there wasn't a sound limb to his body. Arrah, sure, it was all the same to Teddy—only last Monday, he was more elevated than usual, for he had just reached the top of the steeple of one of the new churches with a three gallon can of beer upon his *knowledge-box*, and, perhaps a little too much of the *crature* inside o! it. 'Shout, Teddy, to the honour of the saint,' said the foreman of the works (for they had just completed the job). Poor Teddy's religion got the better of his understanding, for in shouting long life to the dedicatory saint, he lost his own—missed his footing, and pitched over the scaffold like an odd chimney-pot in a high wind, and came down smash to the bottom with a head as flat as a bump. Divil a word has he ever spake since; for when they picked him up, he was dead as a Dublin bay herring—and now he lies in his cabin in Dyot-street, St. Giles, as stiff as a poker,—and to-night, your onor, we are going to *wake* him, poor sowl! to smoke a pipe, and spake an *horashon* over his corpse before we put him dacently to bed with the shovel. Then, there's his poor widow

left childless, and divil a rap to buy paraters wid—bad luck to the eye that wouldn't drap a tear to his mimory, and cowld be the heart that refuses to comfort his widow!" Here poor Barney could no longer restrain his feelings, and having concluded the family history, blubbered outright. It was a strange mixture of the ludicrous and the sorrowful; but told with such an artless simplicity and genuine traits of feeling, that I would have defied the most volatile to have felt uninterested with the speaker. "You shall go, by all means, Barney," said I: "and here is a trifle to comfort the poor widow with." "The blessings of the whole calendar full on your onor!" responded the grateful Irishman. What a scene, thought I, for the pencil of my friend Bob Transit!"Could a stranger visit the place," I inquired, without molestation or the charge of impertinence, Barney?" "Divil a charge, your onor; and as to impertinence, a wake's like a house-warming, where every guest is welcome." With this assurance, I apprised Barney of my intention to gratify curiosity, and to bring a friend with me; carefully noted down the direction, and left the grateful fellow to pursue his course.

The absurdities of funeral ceremonies have hitherto triumphed over the advances of civilization, and in many countries are still continued with almost as much affected solemnity and ridiculous parade as distinguished the early processions of the Pagans, Heathens, and Druids. The honours bestowed upon the dead may inculcate a good moral lesson upon the minds of the living, and teach them so to act in this life that their cold remains may deserve the after-exordium of their friends; but, in most instances, funeral pomp has more of worldly vanity in it than true respect, and it is no unusual circumstance in the meaner ranks of life, for the survivors to abridge their own comforts by a wasteful expenditure and useless parade, with which they think to honour the memory of the dead. The Egyptians carry this folly perhaps to the most absurd degree; their catacombs and splendid tombs far outrivalling the habitations of their princes, together with their expensive mode of embalming, are with us matters of curiosity, and often induce a sacrilegious transfer of some distinguished mummy to the museums of the connoisseur. The Athenians, Greeks, and Romans, had each their

peculiar funeral ceremonies in the exhumation, sacrifices, and orations performed on such occasions; and much of the present customs of the Romish church are, no doubt, derivable from and to be traced to these last-mentioned nations. In the present times, no race of people are more superstitious in their veneration for the ancient customs of their country and funeral rites, than the lower orders of the Irish, and that folly is often carried to a greater height during their domicile in this country than when residing at home.

It was about nine o'clock at night when Eglantine, Transit, and myself sallied forth to St. Giles's in search of the wake, or, as Bob called it, on a crusade to the holy land. Formerly, such a visit would have been attended with great danger to the parties making the attempt, from the number of desperate characters who inhabited the back-slums lying in the rear of Broad-street: where used to be congregated together, the most notorious thieves, beggars, and bunters of the metropolis, amalgamated with the poverty and wretchedness of every country, but more particularly the lower classes of Irish, who still continue to exist in great numbers in the neighbourhood. Here was formerly held in a night-cellar, the celebrated Beggars' Club, at which the dissolute Lord Barrymore and Colonel George Hanger, afterwards Lord Coleraine, are said to have often officiated as president and vice-president, attended by their profligate companions, and surrounded by the most extraordinary characters of the times; the portraits and biography of whom may be seen in Smith's 'Vagabondiana,' a very clever and highly entertaining work. It was on this spot that George Parker collected his materials for 'Life's Painter of Variegated Characters,' and among its varieties, that Grose and others obtained the flash and patter which form the cream of their humorous works. Formerly, the Beggars' ordinary, held in a cellar was a scene worthy of the pencil of a Hogarth or a Cruikshank; notorious impostors, professional paupers, ballad-singers, and blind fiddlers might here be witnessed carousing on the profits of mistaken charity, and laughing in their cups at the credulity of mankind; but the police have now disturbed their nightly orgies, and the Mendicant Society ruined their lucrative calling. The long table, where the trenchers consisted of so

many round holes turned out in the plank, and the knives, forks, spoons, candle-sticks, and fire-irons all chained to their separate places, is no longer to be seen. The night-cellar yet exists, where the wretched obtain a temporary lodging and straw bed at twopence per head; but the Augean stable has been cleansed of much of its former impurities, and scarce a vestige remains of the disgusting depravity of former times.

ENLARGE TO FULL SIZE

Page029

A little way up Dyot-street, on the right hand from Holborn, we perceived the gateway to which Barney had directed me, and passing under it into a court filled with tottering tenements of the most wretched appearance, we were soon attracted to the spot we sought, by the clamour of voices apparently singing and vociferating together. The faithful Barney was ready posted at the door to receive us, and had evidently prepared the company to show more than usual respect. An old building or shed adjoining the deceased's residence, which had been used for a carpenter's shop, was converted for the occasion from its general purpose to a melancholy hall of mourning. At one end of this place was the corpse of the deceased, visible to every person from its being placed on a bed in a sitting posture, beneath a tester of ragged check-furniture; large sheets of white linen were spread around the walls in lieu of tapestries, and covered with various devices wrought into fantastic images of flowers, angels, and seraphim. A large, fresh-gathered posy in the bosom of the deceased had a most striking effect, when contrasted with the pallidness of death; over the lower parts of the corpse was spread a counterpane, covered with roses, marigolds, and sweet-smelling flowers; whilst on his breast reposed the cross, emblematical of the dead man's faith; and on a table opposite, at the extreme end, stood an image of our Redeemer, before which burned four tall lights in massive candlesticks, lent by the priest upon such occasions to give additional solemnity to the scene. There is something very awful

in the contemplation of death, from which not even the strongest mind can altogether divest itself. But at a *wake* the solemn gloom which generally pervades the chamber of a lifeless corpse is partially removed by the appearance of the friends of the deceased arranged around, drinking, singing, and smoking tobacco in profusion. Still there was something unusually impressive in observing the poor widow of O'Rafferty, seated at the feet of her deceased lord with an infant in her arms, and all the appearance of a heart heavily charged with despondency and grief. An old Irishwoman, seated at the side of the bed, was making the most violent gesticulations, and audibly calling upon the spirit of the departed "to see how they onor'd his mimory," raising the cross before her, while two or three others came up to the head, uttered a short prayer, and then sat down to drink his sowl out of purgation. (See Plate.)

ENLARGE TO FULL SIZE

Page030

But the most extraordinary part of the ceremony was the *howl*, or oration spoken over the dead man by a rough-looking, broad-shouldered Emeralder, who descanted upon his virtues as if he had been an hero of the first magnitude, and invoked every saint in the calendar to free the departed from perdition. For some time decorum was pretty well preserved; but on my friends Bob Transit and Horace Eglantine sending Barney out for a whole gallon of whiskey, and a proportionate quantity of pipes and tobacco, the dull scene of silent meditation gave way to sports and spree, more accordant with their feelings; and the kindred of the deceased were too familiar with such amusements to consider them in any degree disrespectful. There is a volatile something in the Irish character that strongly partakes of the frivolity of our Gallic neighbours; and it is from this feature that we often find them gay amidst the most appalling wants, and humorous even in the sight of cold mortality. A song was soon proposed, and many a ludicrous stave sung, as the

inspiring cup made the circle of the company. "Luke Caffary's Kilmainham Minit," an old flash chant, and "The Night before Larry was stretched," were among the most favourite ditties of the night. A verse from the last may serve to show their *peculiar* character.

"The night before Larry was stretch'd,

The boys they all paid him a visit;
And bit in their sacks too they fetch'd,

They sweated their duds till they riz it.
For Larry was always the lad,

When a friend was condemn'd to the squeezer.
But he'd fence all the foss that he had

To help a poor friend to a sneezer,
And moisten his sowl before he died."

Ere eleven o'clock had arrived, the copious potations of whiskey and strong beer, joined to the fumes of the tobacco, had caused a powerful alteration in the demeanor of the assembled group, who now became most indecorously vociferous. "By the powers of Poll Kelly!" said the raw-boned fellow who had howled the lament over the corpse, "I'd be arter making love to the widow mysel', only it mightn't be altogether dacent before Teddy's put out o' the way." "You make love to the widow!" responded the smart-looking Florence M'Carthy; "to the divil I pitch you, you bouncing bogtrotter! it's myself alone that will have that onor, bekase Teddy O'Rafferty wished me to take his wife as a legacy. 'It's all I've got, Mr. Florence,' said he to me one day, 'to lave behind for the redemption of the small trifle I owe you.'" "It aint the like o' either of you that will be arter bamboozling my cousin, Mrs. Judy O'Rafferty, into a blind bargain," said Barney O'Finn; in whose noddle the whiskey began to fumigate with the most valorous effect. "You're a noble-spirited fellow, Barney," said Horace Eglantine, who was using his best exertions to produce a *row*. "At them again, Barney, and tell them their conduct is most indecent." Thus stimulated and prompted, Barney was not tardy in

re-echoing the charge; which, as might have been expected, produced an instantaneous explosion and general battle. In two minutes the company were thrown into the most appalling scene of confusion—chairs and tables upset, bludgeons, pewter pots, pipes, glasses, and other missiles flying about in all directions, until broken heads and shins were as plentiful as black eyes, and there was no lack of either—women screaming and children crying, making distress more horrible. In this state of affairs, Bob Transit had climbed up and perched himself upon a beam to make observations; while the original fomenter of the strife, that mad wag Eglantine, had with myself made our escape through an aperture into the next house, and having secured our persons from violence were enabled to become calm observers of the affray, by peeping through the breach by which we had entered. In the violence of the struggle, poor Teddy O'Rafferty was doomed to experience another upset before his remains were consigned to the tomb; for just at the moment that a posse of watchmen and night-constables arrived to put an end to the broil, such was the panic of the assailants that in rushing towards the bed to conceal themselves from the *charlies*, they tumbled poor Teddy head over heels to the floor of his shed, leaving his head's antipodes sticking up where his head should have been; a circumstance that more than any thing else contributed to appease the inflamed passions of the group, who, shocked at the sacrilegious insult they had committed, immediately sounded a parley, and united to reinstate poor Teddy O'Rafferty in his former situation. This was the signal for Horace and myself to proceed round to the front door, and pretending we were strangers excited by curiosity, succeeded, by a little well-timed flattery and a small trifle to drink our good healths, in freeing the assailants from all the horrors of a watch-house, and eventually of restoring peace and unanimity. It was now past midnight; leaving therefore poor Barney O'Finn to attend mass, and pay the last sad tribute to his departed relative, on the morning of the morrow we once more bent our steps towards home, laughing as we went at the strange recollections of the wake, the row, and last appearance of Teddy O'Rafferty.{1}

REQUIESCAT IN PACE.

1 As the reader might not think this story complete without gome account of the concluding ceremonies, I have ascertained from Barney that his cousin Teddy was quietly borne on the shoulders of his friends to the church of St. Paneras, where he was safely deposited with his mother-earth, a bit of a bull, by the by; and after the mourners had made three circles round his ashes, and finished the ceremony by a most delightful howl and prayers said over the crossed spades, they all retired peaceably home, moderately laden with the juice of the *crature*.

THE CYPRIAN'S BALL,

OR

Sketches of Characters

AT THE VENETIAN CARNIVAL.

Scene.—Argyll Rooms.

"Hymen ushers the lady Astrea,

```
The jest took hold of Latona the cold,
Ceres the brown, with bright Cytherea,
Thetis the wanton, Bellona the bold;
Shame-faced Aurora
With witty Pandora,
And Maia with Flora did company bear;"
(And many 'tis stated
Went there to be mated,
Who all their lives have been hunting the fair. )
```

Blackmantle, Transit, Eglantine, and Crony's Visit to the Venetian Carnival—Exhibits—Their Char-acters drawn from the Life—General Trinket, the M.C.—Crony's singidar Anecdote of the great Earl of Chesterfield, and Origin of the Debouchettes—The Omissions in the Wilson Memoirs supplied—Biographical Reminiscences of the Amiable Mrs. Debouchette—Harriette and lier Sisters—Amy—Mary—Fanny—Julia—Sophia—Charlotte and Louisa—Paphians and their Paramours—Peers and Plebeians—The Bang Bantam—London Leda—Spanish Nun—Sparrow Hawk—Golden Pippin—White Crow—Brazen Bellona—Edgeware Diana

Water Lily—White Doe—Comic Muse—Queen of the Dansysettes—Vestina the Titan—The Red Rose—Moss Rose and Cabbage Rose—The Doldrum Stars of Erin—Wren of Paradise—Queen of the Amazons—Old Pomona—Venus Mendicant—Venus

Callypiga—Goddess of the Golden Locks—Mocking Bird—Net Perdita—Napoleon Venus—Red Swan—Black Swan—Blue-eyed Luna—Tartar Sultana The Bit of Rue—Brompton Ceres—Celestina Conway—Lucy Bertram—Water Wagtail—Tops and Bottoms—The Pretenders—The Old Story—Lady of the Priory—Little White Morose—Queen of Trumps—Giovanni the Syren, with Ileal Names "unexed—Original Portraits and Anecdotes of the Dukes of M———and D———, Marquisses II——— and II ——, Earls W———, F———, and C———, Lords P———, A———, M———, and N———, llonourables B———c, L———s, and F———s—General Trinket—Colonel Caxon—Messrs. II—b—h, R———, D———, and B———, and other Innumerables.

It was during the fashionable season of the year 1818, when Augusta Corri, *ci-devant* Lady Hawke,{1} shone forth under her newly-acquired title a planet of the first order, that a few amorous noblemen and wealthy dissolutes, ever on the *qui vive* for novelty, projected and sanctioned the celebrated Venetian carnival given at the Argyll-rooms under the patronage of her ladyship and four other equally celebrated courtezans. Of course, the female invitations were confined exclusively to the sisterhood, but restricted to the planets and stars of Cytherea, the carriage curiosities, and fair impures of the most dashing order and notoriety; and never were the revels of Terpsichore kept up with more spirit, or graced with a more choice collection of beautiful, ripe, and wanton fair ones.

1 In page 315 of our first volume we have given a brief biographical sketch of her ladyship and her amours.

Nor was there any lack of distinguished personages of the other sex; almost all the leading *roués* of the day being present, from Lord p******** Tom B***, including many of the highest note in the peerage, court calendar, and army list. The elegance and superior arrangement of this Cytherean *fête* was in the most exquisite taste; and such was the number of applications for admissions, and the reported splendour of the preparations, that great influence in a certain court was necessary to insure a safe passport into the territories of the Paphian goddess. The

enormous expense of this act of folly has been estimated at upwards of two thousand pounds; and many are the dupes who have been named as bearing proportions of the same, from a royal duke to a Hebrew star of some magnitude in the city; but truth will out, and the ingenuity of her ladyship in raising the wind has never been disputed, if it has ever been equalled, by any of her fair associates. The honour of the arrangement and a good portion of the expense were, undoubtedly, borne by a broad-shouldered Milesian commissary-general, who has since figured among the ton under the quaint cognomen of General Trinket, from his penchant for filling his pockets with a variety of cheap baubles, for the purpose of making presents to his numerous Dulcineas; a trifling extravagance, which joined to his attachment to *rouge et noir* has since consigned him to durance vile. The general is, however, certainly a fellow of some address, and, as a master of the ceremonies, deserves due credit for the superior genius he on that occasion displayed.

During dinner, Crony had been telling us a curious anecdote of the great Earl of Chesterfield and Miss Debouchette, the grandmother of the celebrated courtezans, Harriette Wilson and sisters. "At one of the places of public entertainment at the Hague, a very beautiful girl of the name of Debouchette, who acted as *limonadière*, had attracted the notice of a party of English noblemen, who were all equally anxious to obtain so fair a prize. Intreaties, promises of large settlements, and every species of lure that the intriguers could invent, had been attempted and played off without the slightest success; the fair *limonadière* was proof against all their arts. In this state of affairs arrived the then elegant and accomplished Earl of Chesterfield, certainly one of the most attractive and finished men of his time, but, without doubt, equally dissipated, and notorious for the number of his amours. Whenever a charming girl in the humbler walks of life becomes the star of noble attraction and the reigning toast among the *roués* of the day, her destruction may be considered almost inevitable. The amorous beaux naturally inflame the ardour of each other's desires by their admiration of the general object of excitement; until the honour of possessing such a treasure becomes a matter of heroism, a prize for which the young and gay will perform the

most unaccountable prodigies, and, like the chivalrous knights of old, sacrifice health, fortune, and eventually life, to bear away in triumph the fair conqueror of hearts. Such was the situation of Miss Debouchette, when the Earl of Chesterfield, whose passions had been unusually inflamed by the current reports of the lady's beauty, found himself upon inspection that her attractions were irresistible, but that it would require no unusual skill to break down and conquer the prudence and good sense with which superior education had guarded the mind of the fair *limonadière*. To a man of gallantry, obstacles of the most imposing import are mere chimeras, and readily fall before the ardour of his impetuosity; 'faint heart never won fair lady,' is an ancient but trite proverb, that always encourages the devotee. The earl had made a large bet that he would carry off the lady. In England, among the retiring and the most modest of creation's lovely daughters, his success in intrigues had become proverbial; yet, for a long time, was he completely foiled by the fair Debouchette. No specious pretences, nor the flattering attentions of the most polished man in Europe, could induce the lady to depart from the paths of prudence and of virtue; every artifice to lure her into the snare of the seducer had been tried and found ineffectual, and his lordship was about to retire discomfited and disgraced from the scene of his amorous follies, with a loss of some thousands, the result of his rashness and impetuosity, when an artifice suggested itself to the fertile brain of his foreign valet, who was an experienced tactician in the wars of Venus. This was to ascertain, if possible, in what part of the mansion the lady slept; to be provided with a carriage and four horses, and in the dead of the night, with the assistance of two ruffians, to raise a large sheet before her window dipt in spirits, which being lighted would burn furiously, and then raising the cry of fire, the fair occupant would, of course, endeavour to escape; when the lover would have nothing more to do than watch his opportunity, seize her person, and conveying it to the carriage in waiting, drive off secure in his victory. The scheme was put in practice, and succeeded to the full extent of the projector's wishes; but the affair, which made considerable noise at the time, and was the subject of some official remonstrances, had nearly ended in a more

serious manner. The brother of the lady was an officer in the army, and both the descendants of a poor but ancient family; the indignity offered to his name, and the seduction of his sister, called forth the retributive feelings of a just revenge; he sought out the offender, challenged him, but gave him the option of redeeming his sister's honour and his own by marriage. Alas! that was impossible; the earl was already engaged. A meeting took place, when, reflection and good sense having recovered their influence over the mind of the dissipated lover, he offered every atonement in his power, professed a most unlimited regard for the lady, suggested that his destruction would leave her, in her then peculiar state, exposed to indigence, proposed to protect her, and settle an annuity of two hundred pounds per annum upon her for her life; and thus circumstanced the brother acceded, and the affair was, by this interposition of the seconds, amicably arranged. There are those yet living who remember the fair *limonadière* first coming to this country, and they bear testimony to her superior attractions. The lady lived for some years in a state of close retirement, under the protection of the noble earl, in the neighbourhood of Chelsea, and the issue of that connexion was a natural son, Mr. Debouchette, whom report states to be the father of Harriette Wilson and her sisters.

> 'Ere man's corruptions made him wretched, he
> Was born most noble, who was born most free.'
> —Otway.

So thought young Debouchette; for a more wild and giddy fellow.in early life has seldom figured among the medium order of society. Whether the mother of the Cyprians was really honoured with the ceremony of the ritual, I have no means of knowing," said Crony; "but I well remember the lady, before these her beauteous daughters had trodden the slippery paths of pleasure: there was a something about her that is undefinable in language, but conveys to the mind impressions of no very pure principles of morality; a roving eye, salacious person, and swaggering carriage, with a most inviting condescension, always particularized the elder silk-stocking grafter of Chelsea, while yet the fair offspring of her house were lisping infants, innocent and beautiful as

playful lambs. Debouchette himself was a right jolly fellow, careless of domestic happiness, and very fond of his bottle; and indeed that was excusable, as during a long period of his life he was concerned in the wine trade. To the conduct and instructions of the mother the daughters are indebted for their present share of notoriety, with all the attendant infamy that attaches itself to Harriette and her sisters:—and this perhaps is the reason why Mrs. Rochford, alias Harriette Wilson, so liberally eulogises, in her Memoirs, a parent whose purity of principle is so much in accordance with the exquisite delicacy of her accomplished daughter. As the girls grew up, they were employed, Amy and Harriette, at their mother's occupation, the grafting of silk stockings, while the junior branches of the family were operative clear starchers, as the old board over the parlour window used to signify, which Brummel would facetiously translate into getters up of fine linen, when Petersham did him the honour of driving him past the door, that he might give his opinion upon the rising merits of the family, who, like fragrant exotics, were always placed at the window by their judicious parent, to excite the attention of the curious. But, allons" said Crony, "we shall be late at the carnival, and I would not miss the treat of such an assemblage for the honour of knighthood."

A very few minutes brought Transit, Eglantine, Crony, and myself, within the vortex of this most seductive scene. Waltzing was the order of the night—

> "Endearing waltz! to thy more melting tune
> Bow Irish jig and ancient rigadoon;
> Scotch reels avaunt! and country dance forego
> Your future claims to each fantastic toe.
> Waltz—Waltz alone both legs and arms demands,
> Liberal of feet and lavish of her hands.
> Hands, which may freely range in public sight,
> Where ne'er before—but—pray 'put out the light.'"

A coruscation of bright eyes and beauteous forms shed a halo of delight around, that must have warmed the cyprian's ball the heart and animated the pulse of the coldest stoic in Christendom. The specious M.

C, General O'M***a, introduced us in his best style, quickly bowing each of us into the graces of some fascinating fair, than whom

> "Not Cleopatra on her galley's deck
> Display'd so much of leg or more of neck."

For myself, I had the special honour of being engaged to the Honourable Mrs. J— C******y, otherwise Padden, who, whatever may have been her origin,{2} has certainly acquired the ease and elegance of

> 2 Mrs. Padden is said to have been originally a servant-maid at Plymouth, and the victim of early seduction. When very young,

coming to London with her infant in search of a Captain D——- in the D————e Militia, her first but inconstant swain, chance threw her in her abandoned condition into the way of Colonel C——-, who was much interested by her tale of sorrow, and more perhaps by her then lovely person, to obtain possession of which, he took a house for her, furnished it, and (as the phrase is) *set her up*. How long the duke's *aide-de-camp* continued the favourite lover is not of any consequence; but both parties are known to have been capricious in *affaires de cour*. Her next acknowledged protector was the light-hearted George D——-d, then a great gun in the fashionable world: to him succeeded an *amorous thane*, the Irish Earl of F——-e; and when his lordship, satiated by possession, withdrew his eccentric countenance, Lord Mo—f—d succeeded to the vacant couch. The Venetian masquerade is said to have produced a long carnival to this *belle brunette*, who seldom kept *Lent*; and who hero met, for the first time, a now noble Marquess, then Lord Y————, to whose liberality she was for some time indebted for a very splendid establishment; but the precarious existence of such connexions is proverbial, and Mrs. Padden has certainly had her share of fatal experience. Her next paramour was a diamond of the first water, but no star, a certain dashing jeweller, Mr. C——-, whose charmer she continued only until kind fortune threw in her way her present constant Jack. With the hoy-day of the blood, the fickleness of the heart ceases; and Mrs. Padden is now in the "sear o' the leaf," and somewhat *passée* with the town. It does therefore display good judgment in the lady to

endeavour, by every attention and correct conduct, to preserve an attachment that has now existed for some considerable time. Indeed it is hardly possible to find a more conversational or attractive woman, or one less free from the vulgarity which usually accompanies ladies of her caste. With this fair I danced a waltz, and then danced off to my friend Crony, who had been excused a display of agility on the score of age, and from whom I anticipated some interesting anecdotes of the surrounding stars. (See Plate.)

ENLARGE TO FULL SIZE

Page042

The Montagues, five sisters, all fine women, and celebrated as the stars of Erin, shone forth on this occasion with no diminished ray of their accustomed brilliancy; Mrs. Drummond, otherwise H—n Dr—y Ba—y, Me—t—o, or Bulkly, the last being the only legal *cognomen* of the fair, led the way, followed by Maria Cross, otherwise Latouche, Matilda Chatterton, Isabella Cummins, and Amelia Hamilton, all ladies of high character in the court of Cytherea, whose amours, were I to attempt them, would exceed in volumes, if not in interest, the chronicles of their native isle. Among the most interesting of the fairy group was the beautiful Louisa Rowley, since married to Lord L**c**les, and that charming little rosebud, the captivating Josephine, who, although a mere child, was introduced under the special protection of the celebrated Mr. B***, who has since been completely duped by the little *intriguante*, as also was hep second lover Lord p********? who succeeded in the lady's favour afterwards; but from whom she fled to Lord H****t, since whose death, an event which occurred in Paris, I hear she has reformed, and is now following the example of an elder sister, by preparing herself for the stage. "Who is that dashing looking brunette in the turban, that is just entering the room?" inquired Transit, who appeared to be mightily taken with the fair incognita. "That lady, with the mahogany skin and *piquant* appearance, is the favourite mistress of the poor Duke of Ma**b****h,"

responded Crony, "and is no other than the celebrated Poll——-Pshaw! everybody has heard of the Queen of the Amazons, a title given to the lady, in honour, as I suppose, of his grace's fighting ancestor. Poll is said to be a great voluptuary; but at any rate she cannot be very extravagant, that is, if she draws all her resources from her protector's present purse. Do you observe that *jolie dame* yonder sitting under the orchestra? that is the well-known Nelly Mansell, of Crawford-street, called the *old Pomona*, from the richness of her *first fruits*. Nelly has managed her affairs with no trifling share of prudence, and although in the decline of life, she is by no means in declining circumstances. H**re the banker married her niece, and the aunt's cash-account is said to be a very comfortable expectancy.

The *elegante* waltzing so *luxuriantly* with H——— B——— H——— is the lovely Emma Richardson, sometime since called Standish or Davison, a Cytherean of the very first order, and the sister planet to the equally charming Ellen Hanbury, otherwise Bl——g——-ve, constellations of the utmost brilliancy, very uncertain in their appearance, and equally so, if report speaks truth, in their attachment to either Jupiter, Mars, Vulcan, or Apollo. The first is denominated *Venus Mendicant*, from her always pleading poverty to her suitors, and thus artfully increasing their generosity towards her. Sister Ellen has obtained the appellation of *Venus Callipyga*, from her elegant form and generally half-draped appearance in public. Do you perceive the swarthy amazon waddling along yonder, whom the old Earl of W——-d appears to be eyeing with no little anticipation of delight? that is a lady with a very ancient and most fish-like flavor, odoriferous in person as the oily female Esquimaux, or the more *fragrant* feminine inhabitants of Russian Tartary and the Crimea; she has with some of her admirers obtained the name of *Dolly Drinkwater*, from her known dislike to any thing *stronger* than pure French Brandy. Her present travelling cognomen is Mrs. Sp**c*r, otherwise *Black Moll*; and a wag of the day, who is rather notorious for the variety of his taste, has recently insisted upon re-christening her by the *attractive nom de guerre* of *Nux Vomica*. The little goddess of the golden locks, dancing with a well-known *roué*, is

Fanny My*rs, a very efficient partner in the dance, and if report be true not less engaging in the sacred mysteries of Cytherea." It would fill the ample page to relate the varied anecdote with which Crony illustrated, as he proceeded to describe the Scyllo and Charybdes of the unwary and the gay; who in their voyage through life are lured by the syrens of sweet voice, and the Pyrrhas of sweet lip, the Cleopatras of modern times, the conquerors of hearts, and the voluptuous rioters in pleasurable excesses, of those of whom Byron has sung,—

"Round all the confines of the yielding waist,
The strangest hand may wander undisplaced.
* * *
Till some might marvel with the modest Turk,
If 'nothing follows all this palming work.'"

To draw all the portraits who figured in the fascinating scene of gay delight would be a task of almost equal magnitude with the Herculean labours, and one which in attempting, I fear some of my readers may censure me for already dwelling too long upon: but let them remember, I am a professed painter of real life, not the inventor or promoter of these delectable *nocte Attici* and depraved orgies; that in faithfully narrating scenes and describing character, the object of the author and artist is to show up vice in all its native deformity; that being known, it may be avoided, and being exposed, despised. But I must crave permission to extend my notice of the Cythereans to a few more characters, ere yet the mirth-inspiring notes of the band have ceased to vibrate, or the graceful fair ones to trip it lightly on fantastic toe; this done, I shall perhaps take a peep into the supper-room, drink Champagne, and pick the wing of a chicken while I whisper a few soft syllables into the ear of the nearest *elegante*; and then—gentle reader, start not—then——-

"The breast thus *publicly* resign'd to man
In *private* may resist him—if it can."

But here the curtain shall drop upon all the fairy sirens who lead the young heart captive in their silken chains; and the *daughters of pleasure* and the *sons of profligacy* may practise the mysteries of Cytherea in

private, undisturbed by the pen of the satirist or the pencil of the humorist.

"The scandalizing group in close conference in the left-hand corner, behind Lord William Lenox and another dashing ensign in the guards, is composed," said Crony, "of Mrs. Nixon, the *ci-devant* Mrs. Baring, Nugent's old.flame, Mrs. Christopher Harrison, the two sisters, Mesdames Gardner and Peters, and the well-known Kitty Stock, all minor constellations, mostly on the decline, and hence full of envious jealousy at the attention paid by the beaux to the more attractive charms of the newly discovered planets, the younger sisterhood of the convent." "If we could but get near enough to overhear their conversation," said Transit, "we should, no doubt, obtain possession of a few rich anecdotes of the Paphians and their paramours." "I have already enough of the latter," said I, "to fill a dozen albums, without descending to the meanness of becoming a listener. Amorous follies are the least censurable of the sins of men, when they are confined to professed courtezans. The heartless conduct of the systematic seducer demands indignation; but the trifling peccadillos of the sons of fortune and the stars of fashion may be passed by, without any serious personal exposure, since *time, cash, and constitution are the three practising physicians* who generally effect a radical cure, without the aid of the satirist. But come, Crony, you must give us the *nom de guerre* of the last-mentioned belles: you have hitherto distinguished all the Cythereans by some eccentric appellation; let us therefore have the list complete." "By all means, gentlemen," replied the old beau: "if I must stand godfather to the whole fraternity of Cyprians, I think I ought, at least, to have free access to every convent in Christendom; but I must refer to my tablets, for I keep a regular entry of all the new appearances, or I should never remember half their designations. Mrs. N———has the harmonious appellation of the *mocking bird*, from her silly habit of repeating every word you address to her. Mrs. B———is called the *New Perdita*, from a royal conquest she once made, but which we have only her own authority for believing; at any rate, she is known to be fond of a *New-gent*, and the title may on that account be fairly her own. Mrs. C——-H——— has the

honour of being distinguished by the appropriate name of the *Napoleon Venus*, from the similarity of her contour with the countenance of that great man.

The two sisters, Mesdames G———and P———, are well known by the flattering distinctions of the red and the black Swan, from the colour of their hair and the stateliness of their carriage; and Kitty Stock has the poetical cognomen of *blue-eyed Lima*. Now, you have nearly the whole vocabulary of love's votaries," said old Crony; "and be sure, young gentlemen, you profit by the precepts of experience; for not one of these frail fair ones but in her time has made as many conquests as Wellington, and caused perhaps as much devastation among the sons of men as any hero in the world. But a new light breaks in upon us," said Crony, "in the person of Mrs. Simmons, the *Tartar sultana*, whom you may observe conversing with Lords H———d and P——-m in the centre of the room. Poor N—g—nt the cyprian's ball will long remember her prowess in battle, when the strength of her passion had nearly brought matters to a point, and that not a very tender one; but the swain cut the affair in good time, or might have been cruelly cut himself. Messrs. H—h and R—s—w could also give some affecting descriptions of the Tartar sultana's rage when armed with jealousy or resentment. Her residence, No. 30, B—k—r-street, has long been celebrated as the three x x x; a name probably given to it by some spark who found the sultana three times more cross than even common report had stated her to be." The night was now fast wearing away, when Crony again directed our attention to the right-hand corner of the room, where, just under the orchestra, appeared the elder sister of the notorious Harriette Wilson seated, and in close conversation with the Milesian M. C, O'M————a, who, according to his usual custom, was dispensing his entertaining anecdotes of all his acquaintance who graced the present scene. "That is Amy Campbell, otherwise Sydenham, &e., &c, but now legally Bochsa, of whom Harriette has since told so many agreeable stories relative to the black puddings and Argyle; however, considerable suspicion attaches itself to Harriette's anecdotes of her elder sister, particularly as she herself admits they were not very good friends, and Harriette never

would forgive Amy for seducing the Duke of Argyle from his allegiance to her. Mrs. Campbell was for some years the favourite sultana of his grace, and has a son by him, a fine boy, now about twelve years of age, who goes by the family name, and for whose support the kind-hearted duke allows the mother a very handsome annuity. Amy is certainly a woman of considerable talent; a good musician, as might have been expected from her attachment to the harpist, and an excellent linguist, speaking the French, Spanish, and Italian languages with the greatest fluency. In her person she begins to exhibit the ravages of time, is somewhat *embonpoint*, with dark hair and fine eyes, but rather of the keen order of countenance than the agreeable; and report says, that the Signior composer, amid his plurality of wives, never found a more difficult task to preserve the equilibrium of domestic harmony.

By the side of this fair one, arm in arm with a well-known bookseller, you may perceive Harriette Kochforte, alias Wilson, who, according to her own account, has had as many amours as the Grand Seignor can boast wives, and with just as little of affection in the *affaires de cour* as his sublime highness, only with something more of publicity. Harriette gives the honour of her introduction into the mysteries of Cytherea to the Earl of Craven; but it is well known that a certain dashing solicitor's clerk then living in the neighbourhood of Chelsea, and near her amiable mamma's residence, first engrossed, her attention, and by whom she exhibited increasing symptoms of affection, which being properly engrafted on the person of the fair stockinger, in due time required a release from a practitioner of another profession; an innocent affair that now lies buried deep in an odd corner at the old churchyard at Chelsea, without a monumental stone or epitaph to point out the early virtues of the fair Cytherean. To this limb of the law succeeded the Honourable Be—1—y C———n, who was then too volatile and capricious to pay his devotions at any particular shrine for more than a week together. It was this cold neglect of the honourable's that has, perhaps, secured him from mention in her Memoirs; since Harriette never speaks of her beaux without giving the reader to suppose they were desperately in love with herself: then there was more of the dignified in an affair with an earl,

and Madame Harriette has a great notion of preserving her consequence, although, it must be confessed, she has latterly shown the most perfect indifference to the preservation of character. The the cyprian's ball circumstance which first gave Miss Wilson her great notoriety was the affair with the young Marquis of Worcester, then just *come out*, and a willing captive to her artful wiles. So successfully did she inveigle her noble swain, and so completely environ his heart, that in the fulness of his boyish adoration of the fair Cytherean, he executed in her favour a certain promise in writing, not a promise to pay, for that might have been of no consequence, nor a promise of settlement, nor a promise to protect, nothing so unsettled,—nothing less did the fair intriguante obtain than a full, clear, and definite promise of marriage, with a sufficient penalty thereunto attached to make the matter alarming and complete, with every appearance on his part to ratify the contract. In this state of things, information reached his Grace of B—f—t of his noble heir's intention, who not much relishing the intended honour, or perhaps doubting the permanency of his son's passion (for to question the purity of the lady was impossible), entered into a negotiation with Harriette, by which, on condition of her resigning the promise and pledging herself never to see the Marquis more on familiar terms, this disinterested woman was to receive eight hundred pounds per annum—so anxious was his grace to prevent a mes-alliance in his family. But, alas for Harriette! jealousy for once got the better of her love of gain; her pride was wounded to see a sister flirting with her affianced lord, and in a moment of irritation, she in a most unequivocal manner publicly asserted her right to his person: the gallant yielded, the bond was __null and void, the *promise burnt*, his grace relieved from the payment of eight hundred pounds per annum, and his son the Marquis, profiting by past experience, not so green as to renew the former obligation.

"My intention is not to pirate the lady's memoirs, and so rob her of the fair gain of her professional experience," said Crony, when I mentioned these circumstances to him afterwards; "I only mean to supply certain trifling omissions in the biography of Harriette and her family, which the fair narrator has very modestly suppressed. It is but a few months since,

that passing accidentally into Warwick-court, Holborn, to call upon an old friend, a navy lieutenant on half-pay, I thought I recognised the well-known superlative wig of the dandy Rochforte, thrust longitudinally forward from beneath the sash of a two pair of stairs window.—Can it be possible? thought I: and then again, I asked myself, why not? for the last time I saw him he was rusticating in Surrey, beating the balls about in *Banco Regis*; from which black place he did not escape without a little white-washing: however, he's a full Colonel of some unknown corps of South American Independents for all that, and was once in his life, although for a very short time, a full Cornet, in Lincoln Stanhope's regiment, the 17th dragoons, I think it was, and has never clipped his mustachios since, one would imagine, by their length and ferocious appearance. To be brief, I had scarcely placed my glass into the orifice before my imperfect vision, when Harriette appeared at the adjoining window, and instantly recognizing an old acquaintance, invited me up stairs. 'Times are a little changed,' said she, 'Mr. Crony, since last we met:' 'True, madam,' I responded; and then to cheer the belle a little, I added, 'but not persons, I perceive, for you are looking as young and as attractive as ever.' The compliment did not seem to please the Colonel in the wig, who turned round, looked frowningly, and then twirled the dexter side of his lip wing into a perfect circle. It is not possible that this thing can affect jealousy of such a woman as Harriette? thought I: so proceeded with our conversation: and he shortly resumed his polite amusement of spitting upon the children who were playing marbles beneath his window. 'I am really married to that monster, yonder,' said she, in an under tone: 'How do you like my choice?' 'I am not old enough in the gentleman's acquaintance to hazard an opinion on his merits,' quoth I; 'but you are a woman of experience, belle Harriette, and should be a good judge of male bipeds, although I cannot say much in favour of your military taste.' 'And you was always a *quiz*, Crony,' retorted belle Harriette: 'remember my sister Mary, who is now Mrs. Bochsa,{3} how you used to annoy her about her gaudy style of dressing, when we used to foot it at Chelsea:—but I 3 There were in all eight sisters of the Debouchettes, and three brothers; but only one of the latter is living. Of

the girls, Amy is now Mrs. Bochsa; Mary, married to a nephew of Sir Richard Bo****hs, a great Irish contractor; Harriette, actually married to Cornet Rochforte; Fanny expired in the *holy keeping* of the present Marquis of H——-; Sophia has been raised to the peerage, by the style and title of Lady B——-k, and by her subsequent conduct well deserves her elevation; Julia, an affectionate girl, clung to the house of Coventry through poor Tom's days of adversity, and died early, leaving some unprotected orphans; Charlotte and Louisa, younger sisters, the first now about eighteen and very beautiful, although a little lame, have been educated and brought up by their elder sister, the Baroness, and are by her intended for the church—vestals for Hymen's altar: at any rate, I hope they will escape the *sacrifices of Cytherea*. Harriette is now about forty years of age: she was, when at her zenith, always celebrated rather for her tact in love affairs, and her talent at invention, than the soft engaging qualifications of the frail fair, which fascinate the eye and lead the heart captive with delight: her conversational powers were admirable; but her temper was outrageous, with a natural inclination to the satirical:—to sum up her merits at once, she was what a *connoisseur* would have called a bold fine woman, rather than an engaging handsome one—more of the English Bellona than the *Venus de Medici*. Crony's account of the Round Room and belle Harriette's first views of publishing are, I have since learned, strictly correct. There is not a person mentioned in her Memoirs, or scarcely one of any note in the Court-guide, of whom she has at any time had the slightest knowledge, that have not been applied to repeatedly within the last three years, and received threats of exposure to compel them to submit to extortion. want your assistance.' Egad, I dare say, I looked rather comical at this moment, for in truth I was somewhat alarmed at the last phrase. Harriette burst into a loud fit of laughter; the Colonel drew in his elegant wig, and deigned a smile; while I, involuntarily forcing my hand into the pocket of my inexpressibles, carefully drove the few sovereigns I had up into one corner, fearing the belle Harriette had a mighty notion of laying strong siege to them: in this, however, I was agreeably disappointed; for recovering herself, she acknowledged she had perceived my

embarrassment, but assured me I need be under no alarm on this occasion, as, at present, she only wanted to borrow a few—ideas: what a relief the last short word afforded! 'I have been writing some sketches of my life,' said she, 'and am going to publish: give me your opinion, Crony, upon its merits;' and without more ceremony, she thrust a little packet of papers into my hand, headed 'Sketches in the Round Room at the Opera House;' in which all the characters of the Opera frequenters were tolerably well drawn, nor was the dialogue deficient in spirit; but the titles were all fictitious—such as my Lord Red Head, for the Marquess of H——-d, Lord Pensiveham, for P———m, and so on to the end of the chapter. Having glanced through the contents, I recommended her to Colburn, as the universal speculator in paper and print; but his highness is playing *magnifico*, à la Murray, in his new mansion, it would seem; for he, as I have since learned, refused to publish. At length, after trying Allman and others, belle Harriette hit upon Stockdale, who having made some bad hits in his time, thought a little *courtesanish* scandal could not make bad worse. Under his superintendence real names were substituted for the fictitious; and it is said, that the choice notes of the lady are interwoven and extended, connected and illustrated, by the same elegant Apollo who used to write love letters for Mary Ann, and love epistles to half a thousand, including Bang and the Bantum, in the dark refectory of the celebrated mother Wood, the Lady of the Priory, or Lisle-street Convent." "If such is the case, 'how are the mighty fallen!'" said I.———But let us return to the ball-room. As the night advanced, a few more stars made their appearance in the firmament of beauty; among these, Crony pointed out some of the demirespectables, attracted thither either by curiosity or the force of old habit: among these was Charles Wy—h—m's bit of rue, that herb of grace, the once beautiful Mrs. Ho—g—s, since closely connected with the whiskered Lord P——-, to whose brother, the Honourable F———g, her daughter, the elegant Miss W————n, had the good fortune to be early married. In the same group appeared another star of no mean attraction, the Honourable Mrs. L——-g, whose present husband underwent the ordeal of a crim. con. trial to obtain her person. 'Par nobile fratum,' the world may well say of the

brothers, P——— and L——-g; while F————y, with all his eccentricities, has the credit of being a very good husband. Three little affected mortals, the Misses St—ts, Crony introduced by the name of the pretenders, from the assumed modesty and great secrecy with which they carry on their amours. '*Pas à pas on va bien loin*,' says the old French proverb, and rightly too," remarked our ancient; "for if you boys had not brought me here, I should never have known the extent of my experience, or have attempted to calculate the number of my female acquaintances." In the supper-room, which opened at four o'clock in the morning, Waud had spread forth a banquet every way worthy the occasion: a profuse display of the choicest viands of the season and delicacies of the most costly character graced the splendid board, where the rich juice of the grape, and the inviting ripeness of the dessert, were only equalled by the voluptuous votaries who surrounded the repast. It was now that ceremony and the cold restraint of well regulated society were banished, by the free circulation of the glass. The eye of love shot forth the electric flash which animates the heart of young desire, lip met lip, and the soft cheek of violet beauty pressed the stubble down of manliness. Then, while the snowy orbs of nature undisguised heaved like old ocean with a circling swell, the amorous lover palmed the melting fair, and led her forth to where shame-faced Aurora, with her virgin gray, the blue-eyed herald of the golden morn, might hope in vain to draw aside the curtain and penetrate the mysteries of Cytherea. And now, gentle reader, be ye of the hardy sex, who dare the glories of the healthful chase and haunt the peopled stream of gay delight—or of that lovely race, from which alone man's earthly joys arise, the soft-skinned conquerors of hearts—be ye prudes or stoics, chaste as virgin gold, or cold as alpine snow—confess that I have strictly kept my promise here, nor strayed aside in all my wanderings among the daughters of pleasure, to give pain to worthy bosoms or offend the ear of nicest modesty. Pity for the unfortunate, and respect for the feelings of the relatives of the vicious and the dissolute, has prevented the insertion of many anecdotes, with which Crony illustrated his sketches of character. Enough, it is presumed, has been done to show vice in all its native deformity, without wounding the ear

by one immoral or indelicate expression. For the unhappy fair ones who form the principal portraits, it should be remembered they have been selected from those only who are notorious, as belles of the first order, stars of fashion, and if not something indebted to fortune they would have escaped enrolment here. When beauty and poverty are allied, it must too often fall a victim to the eager eye of roving lust; for, even to the titled profligate, beauty, when arrayed in a simple garb of spotless chastity, seems

> "—Fairer she
> In innocence and homespun vestments spread,
> Than if cerulean sapphires at her ears
> Shone pendent, or a precious diamond cross
> Heaved gently on her panting bosom white.

But let the frail remember, that the allurements of wealth and the blandishments of equipage fall off with possession and satiety; to the force of novelty succeeds the baseness of desertion. For a short time, the fallen one is fed like the silk-worm upon the fragrant mulberry leaf, and when she has spun her yellow web of silken attraction, sinks into decay, a common chrysalis, shakes her trembling and emaciated wings in hopeless agony, and then flutters and droops, till death steps in and relieves her from an accumulation of miseries, ere yet the transient summer of youth has passed over her devoted head.

Bernard Blackmantle.

Page055

THE PHILOSOPHY OF LAUGHTER;

OR, MR PUNCH IN ALL HIS GLORY.

Thoughts on the Philosophy of Laughter—Bernard Blackmantle in Search of a Wife—First Visit to the Marigold Family—Sketches of the Alderman, his Lady, and Daughter—Anecdote of John Liston, and the Citizen's Dinner Party—Of the Immortal Mr. Punch—Some Account of the Great Actor—A Street Scene, sketched from the Life—The Wooden Drama—The True Sublime.

ENLARGE TO FULL SIZE

Page056

You may sing of old Thespis, who first in a cart,
To the jolly god Bacchus enacted a part;
Miss Thalia, or Mrs. Melpomene praise,
Or to light-heel'd Terpsichore offer your lays.
But pray what are these, bind them all in a bunch,
Compared to the acting of Signor Punch?
Of Garrick, or Palmer, or Kemble, or Cooke,
Your moderns may whine, or on each write a book;
Or Mathews, or Munden, or Fawcett, suppose
They could once lead the town as they pleased by the nose;
A fig for such actors! tied all in a bunch,
Mere mortals compared to old deified Punch.
Not Chester can charm us, nor Foote with her smile,
Like the first blush of summer, our bosoms beguile,
Half so well, or so merrily drive caro away,
As old Punch with his Judy in amorous play.

Kean, Young, and Macready, though thought very good,
Have heads, it is true, but then they're not of wood.

Be ye ever so dull, full of spleen or ennui,
Mighty Punch can enliven your spirits with glee.
Not honest Jack Harley, or Liston's rum mug
Can produce half the fun of his juggity-jug:
For a right hearty laugh, tie thorn all in a bunch,
Not an actor among them like Signor Punch.

—Bernard Blackmantle.

It was the advice of the prophet Tiresias to Menippus, who had travelled over the terrestrial globe fend descended into the infernal regions in search of content, to be merry and wise;

"To laugh at all the busy farce of state,
Employ the vacant hour in mirth and jest."

"The merrier the heart the longer the life," says Burton in his Anatomy of Melancholy. Mirth is the principal of the three Salernitan doctors, Dr. Merryman, Dr. Diet, and Dr. Quiet. The nepenthes of Homer, the bowl of Retenus, and the girdle of Venus, are only the ancient types of liveliness and mirth, by the free use of which the mind is dispossessed of dulness, and the cankerworm of care destroyed. Seneca calls the happiness of wealth bracteata félicitas, tinfoiled happiness, and infelix félicitas, an unhappy felicity. A poor man drinks out of a wooden dish, and eats his hearty meal with a wooden spoon; while the rich man, with a languid appetite, picks his dainties with a silver fork from plates of gold—but, in auro bibitur venenum; the one rinds health and happiness in his pottered jug, while the other sips disease and poison from his jewelled cup. A good laugh is worth a guinea, (to him who can afford to pay for it) at any time; but it is best enjoyed when it comes gratuitously and unexpectedly, and breaks in upon us like the radiant beams of a summer sun forcing its way through the misty veil of an inland fog.

I had been paying a morning visit to a wealthy citizen, Mr. Alderman Marigold, and family, at the express desire of my father, who had previously introduced me for the purpose of fixing my—affection —tush

—no, my attention, to the very weighty merits of Miss Biddy Marigold, spinster; a spoiled child, without personal, but with very powerful attractions to a poor Colebs. Two hours' hard fighting with the alderman had just enabled me to retreat from the persecution of being compelled to give an opinion upon the numerous bubble companies of the time, without understanding more than the title of either; to this succeeded the tiresome pertinacity of Mrs. Marigold's questions relative to the movements, ondits, and fashionable frivolities westward, until, fairly wearied out and disgusted, I sat down a lion exhausted, in the window seat, heartily wishing myself like Liston{1} safe out of purgatory; when the sound

1 John Liston, the comedian, is in private life not less conspicuous for finished pleasantry and superior manners than he is on the stage for broad humour; but nothing can offend the actor more than an invitation given merely in the expectation of his displaying at table some of his professional excellences. John had, on one occasion, accepted an invitation to dine with a wealthy citizen en famille; the repast over—the wine had circulated—a snug friend proposed the health of Mr. Liston; and John returned thanks with as much dignity as a minister of state eating white bait at Blackwall with the worshipful company of fishmongers. Then came the amiable civilities of the lady of the mansion, evidently intended to ingratiate herself with the actor, the better to secure his assent to her request, but not a muscle of the comedian gave the least encouragement. The little citizens, who were huddled round their mamma, and had been staring at the actor in anxious expectation, were growing very impatient. The eldest boy had already recited young Norval's speech to Lady Douglas, by way of prologue; but the actor still continued mute, never for a moment unbending to the smirking encourage-ment of his hostess, or the jolly laugh-exciting reminiscences of his ruby-faced host; as, for instance, "Lord, Mr. Liston, what a funny figure you looked t'other night in Moll Flaggon!" or, "How you made thorn laugh in Tony Lumpkin! and then what a

fright you was in Mrs. Cheshire. Couldn't you give us a touch just now?" "Ay, do, Mr. Liston, pray do," vociferated a dozen tongues at once, including mamma, the little misses and mastery. "The children have been kept up two hours later than usual on purpose," said the lady mother. "Ay, come, my good fellow," reiterated the cit, "take another glass, and then give us some-thing funny to amuse the young ones." This was the finishing blow to Liston's offended dignity—to be invited to dinner by a fat fleshmonger, merely to amuse his uncultivated cubs, was too much for the nervous system of the comedian to bear; but how to retreat?" I have it," thought John, "by the cut direct;" rising and bowing, therefore, to the company, as if intending to yield to their entreaties, he begged permission to retire to make some little arrangement in his dress, to personate Vanish; when, leaving them in the most anxious expectation for more than half an hour, on ringing the bell, they learned from the servant that Mr. Liston had suddenly Vanished by the street-door, and was, of course, never seen in that direction more.

of a cracked trumpet in the street arrested my attention. "I vonder vat that ere hinstrument can mean, my dear!" said Mrs. Alderman Marigold, (advancing to the window with eager curiosity). "It's wery likely some fire company's men marching to a bean-feast, or a freemason's funeral obscenities," replied the alderman. When another blast greeted our ears with a few notes of "See the Conquering Hero comes," "La, mamma," whined out Miss Biddy Marigold, "I declare, it's that filthy fellow Punch coming afore our vindow vith his imperence; I prognosticated how it voud be, ven the alderman patronised him last veek by throwing avay a whole shilling upon his fooleries." "You've no taste for fun, Biddy," replied the alderman; at the same time making his daughter and myself a substitute for crutches, by resting a hand upon each shoulder. "I never laid out a shilling better in the whole course of my life. A good laugh beats all the French medicine, and drives the gout out at the great toe. I mean to pension Mr. Punch at a shilling a veek to squeak before my vindow of a Saturday, in preference to paying six guineas for a box to hear all that outlandish squeaking at the hopera." "La, pa, how

ungenteel!" said Miss Biddy; "I declare you're bringing quite a new-sense to all the square, vat vith your hurdy-gurdy vonien, French true-baw-dears, and barrel organ-grinders, nobody has no peace not at all in the neighbourhood." During this elegant colloquy, the immortal Mr. Punch had reared his chequered theatre upon the pavement opposite, the confederate showman had concealed himself beneath the woollen drapery, and the Italian comedian had just commenced his merry note of preparation by squeaking some of those little snatches of tunes, which act with talismanic power upon the locomotive faculties of all the peripatetics within hearing, attracting everybody to the travelling stage, young and old, gentle and simple; all the crowd seem as if magic chained them to the spot, and each face exhibits as much anxiety, and the mind, no doubt, anticipates as much or more delight, than if they were assembled to see Charles Kemble, Young, and Macready, all three acting in one fine tragedy. There is something so indescribably odd and ridiculous about the whole paraphernalia of Mr. Punch, that we are irresistibly compelled to acknowledge the superiority of the lignum vito Roscius over the histrionic corps of mere flesh and blood. The eccentricity of this immortal personage, his foreign, funny dialogue, the whim and strange conceit exhibited in his wooden drama, the gratuitous display, and the unrestricted laugh he affords—all combine to make Mr. Punch the most popular performer in the world. Of Italian origin, he has been so long domiciled in England, that he may now be considered naturalized by common consent. Indeed, I much question, if a greater misfortune could befall the country, than the removal or suppression of Mr. Punch and his laugh-provoking drolleries:—it would be considered a national calamity; but Mirth protect us from such a terrible mishap! Another sound from an old cracked trumpet, something resembling a few notes of "Arm, Arm, ye Brave," and an accompaniment by the great actor himself of a few more "tut, tut, tutura, lura, lu's," in his own original style, have now raised excitement to the highest pitch of expectation. The half inflated lungs of the alderman expand by anticipation, and his full foggy breathings upon the window-glass have already compelled me more than once to use my handkerchief to clear

away the mist. The assembled group waiting the commencement of his adventures, now demands my notice. What a scene for my friend Transit! I shall endeavour to depict it for him. The steady looking old gentleman in the fire-shovel clerical castor, how sagaciously he leers round about him to see if he is likely to be recognised! not a countenance to whom he is known; he smiles with self-complacency at the treat he is about to enjoy; plants himself in a respectable doorway, for three reasons; first, the advantage from the rise of the step increasing his altitude; second, the security of his pockets from attacks behind; and third, the pretence, should any Goth to whom he is known, observe him enjoying the scene, that he is just about to enter the house, and has merely been detained there by accident. Excellent apologist!—how ridiculous!—Excessive delicacy, avaunt! give me a glorious laugh, and "throw (affectation) to the dogs; I'll have none of it." Now the farce begins: up starts the immortal hero himself, and makes his bow; a simultaneous display of "broad grins" welcomes his felicitous entrée; and for a few seconds the scene resembles the appearance of a popular election candidate, Sir Francis Burdett, or his colleague, little Cam Hobhouse, on the hustings in Covent Garden; nothing is heard but one deafening shout of clamorous approbation. Observe the butcher's boy has stopped his horse to witness the fun, spite of the despairing cook who waits the promised joint; and the jolly lamp-lighter, laughing hysterically on the top of his ladder, is pouring the oil from his can down the backs and into the pockets of the passengers beneath, instead of recruiting the parish-lamp, while the sufferers are too much interested in the exhibition to feel the trickling of the greasy fluid. The baker, careless of the expectant owner's hot dinner, laughs away the time until the pie is quite cold; and the blushing little servant-maid is exercising two faculties at once, enjoying the frolics of Signor Punch, and inventing some plausible excuse for her delay upon an expeditious errand. How closely the weather-beaten tar yonder clasps his girl's waist! every amorous joke of Signor Punch tells admirably with him; till, between laughing and pressing, Poll is at last compelled to cry out for breath, when Jack only squeezes her the closer, and with a roaring laugh vociferates, "My

toplights! what the devil will that fellow Punch do next, Poll?" The milkman grins unheedful of the cur who is helping himself from out his pail; and even the heavy-laden porter, sweating under a load of merchandise, heaves up his shoulders with laughter, until the ponderous bale of goods shakes in the air like a rocking-stone. (See Plate.) Inimitable actor! glorious Signor Punch! show me among the whole of the dramatis persona in the patent or provincial theatres, a single performer who can compete with the mighty wooden Roscius.

ENLARGE TO FULL SIZE

Page062

The alderman's eulogium on Mr. Punch was superlatively good. "I love a comedy, Mr. Blackmantle," said he, "better than a tragedy, because it makes one laugh; and next to good eating, a hearty laugh is most desirable. Then I love a farce still better than a comedy, because that is more provokingly merry, or broader as the critics have it; then, sir, a pantomime beats both comedy and farce hollow; there's such lots of fun and shouts of laughter to be enjoyed in that from the beginning to the end. But, sir, there's one performance that eclipses all these, tragedy, comedy, farce, and pantomime put together, and that is Mister Punch—for a right-down, jolly, split-my-side burst of laughter, he's the fellow; name me any actor or author that can excite the risibilities of the multitude, or please all ages, orders, and conditions, like the squeaking pipe and mad waggeries of that immortal, merry-faced itinerant. If any man will tell me that he possesses genius, or the mellow affections, and that he can pass Punch,

'Nor cast one longing, lingering look behind;'

then, I say, that man's made of 'impenetrable stuff;' and, being too wise for whimsicality, is too phlegmatic for genius, and too crabbed for mellowness." Mark, what a set of merry open-faced rogues surround Punch, who peeps down at them as cunningly as "a magpie peeping into

a marrow bone; "—how luxuriantly they laugh, or stand with their eyes and mouths equally distended, staring at the minikin effigy of fun and phantasy; thinking, no doubt,

"He bin the greatest wight on earth."

And, certainly, he has not his equal, as a positive, dogmatic, knock-me-down argument-monger; a dare devil; an embodied phantasmagoria, or frisky infatuation. I have often thought that Punch might be converted to profitable use, by being made a speaking Pasquin; and, properly instructed, might hold up his restless quarter staff, in terrorem, over the heads of all public outragers of decency; and by opening the eyes of the million, who flock to his orations, enlighten them, at least, as much as many greater folks, who make more noise than he, and who, like him, often get laughed at, without being conscious that they are the subjects of merriment. The very name of our old friend Punch inspires us in our social moments. What other actor has been commemorated by the potential cup? is not the sacred bowl of friendship dedicated to the wooden hero? would you forget the world, its cares, vexations, and anxieties, sip of the mantling, mirth-inspiring cordial, and all within is jollity and gay delight.

"For Punch cures the gout, the cholic, and the phthisic,
And it is to every man the very best of physic."

Honest, kind-hearted Punch! I could write a volume in thy praise, and then, I fear, I should leave half thy merits untold. Thou art worth a hundred of the fashionable kickshaws that are daily palmed upon us to be admired; and thy good-humoured efforts to please at the expense of a broken pate can never be sufficiently praised.

But now the curtain rises, and Mr. Punch steals from behind his two-foot drapery: the very tip of his arched nose is the prologue to a merry play; he makes his bow to the multitude, and salutes them with all the familiarity of an old acquaintance. What a glorious reception does he meet with from an admiring audience! And now his adventures commence—his "dear Judy," the partner of his life, by turns experiences

all the capricious effects of love and war. What a true picture of the storms of life!—how admirable an essay on matrimonial felicity! Then his alternate uxoriousness to the lady, and his fondlings of that pretty "kretur" with the family countenance; his chivalrous exploits on horseback, and mimic capering round the lists of his chequered tilt-yard; his unhappy differences with the partner of his bosom, and her lamentable catastrophe; the fracas with the sheriff's substitute; and his interview with that incomprehensible personage, the knight of the sable countenance, who salutes him with the portentous address of "schalabala! schalabala! schalabala!" his successive perils and encounters with the ghost of the martyred Judy; and, after his combat with the great enemy of mankind, the devil himself, "propria Marte" his temporary triumph; and, finally, his defeat by a greater man than old Lucifer, the renowned Mr. John Ketch. Talk of modern dramas, indeed! —show me any of your Dimonds, Reynolds, Dibdins, or Crolys that can compare with Punchiana, in the unities of time, place, costume, and action, intricate and interesting plot, situations provokingly comical and effective, and a catastrophe the most appallingly surprising and agreeable. Then his combats aux batons are superior even to Bradley and Blanchard; but the ne plus ultra of his exploits, the cream of all his comicalities, the grand event, is the ingenious trick by which Mr. Punch, when about to suffer on the scaffold, disposes of the executioner, and frees himself from purgatory, by persuading the unsuspecting hangman, merely for the sake of instruction to an uninitiated culprit, to try his own head in the noose: Punch, of course, seizes the perilous moment—runs him up to the top of the fatal beam—Mr. John Ketch hangs suspended in the air—Punch shouts a glorious triumph—all the world backs him in his conquest—the old cracked trumpet sounds to victory—the showman's hat has made the transit of the circle, and returns half-filled with the voluntary copper contributions of the happy audience. The alderman drops his tributary shilling, while his fat sides shake with laughter; even Mrs. Marigold and the amiable Miss Biddy have become victims to the vulgar inspiration, and are laughing as heartily as if they were enjoying the grimaces of the first of buffos, Signor Ambrogetti. And now the

curtain falls, and the busy group disperse their several ways, chuckling with delight over the recollections of the mad waggeries of immortal Mr. Punch.

```
All hail! thou first great mimic chief,
Physician to the mind's relief;
Thrice hail! most potent Punch.
Not Momus' self, should he appear,
Could dim the lustre of thy sphere;
So hail! all hail! great Punch.
```

Bernard Blackmantle.

Page066

THE WESTMINSTER SCHOLAR.

Reminiscences of former Times—Lamentations of Old Crony—Ancient Sports and Sprees—Modern Im-provements—Hints to Builders and Buyers—Some Account of the School and its Worthies—Recollections of old Schoolfellows—Sketches of Character—The Living and the Dead.

"Fast by, an old but noble fabric stands,
No vulgar work, but raised by princely hands;
Which, grateful to Eliza's memory, pays,
In living monuments, an endless praise."

From a poem by a Westminster Scholar, written during Dr. Friend's Mastership, in 1699.

ENLARGE TO FULL SIZE

Page067

"What say you to a stroll through *Thorney Island*,{1} this morning?" said old Crony, with whom I had been taking a *déjeuné à la fourchette*; "you have indulged your readers with all the whims and eccentricities of Eton and of Oxford, and, in common justice, you must not pass by the *Westminster blacks*."{2} Crony had, I learned, been a foundation scholar during the mastership of Dr. Samuel Smith; when the poet Churchill, Robert Lloyd, (the son of the under-master) Bonnel Thornton, George Colman the elder, Richard Cumberland, and a host of other highly-gifted names, were associated within the precincts of the abbey cloisters. Our way towards

1 The abbey ground, so called by the monkish writers; but, since Busby's time, more significantly designated by the

scholars *Birch Island.—Vide Tidier.*

2 Black——s from Westminster; ruff—s from Winchester; and gentlemen from Eton.—*Old Cambridge Proverb.*

Westminster from the Surrey side of Vauxhall bridge, where Crony had taken up his abode, lay through the scene of his earliest recollections; and, not even Crockery himself could have been more pathetic in his lamentations over the improvements of modern times. "Here," said Crony, placing himself upon the rising ground which commands an uninterrupted view of the bank, right and left, and fronts the new road to Chelsea, and, the Grosvenor property; "here, in my boyish days, used the Westminster scholars to congregate for sports and sprees. Many a juvenile frolic have I been engaged in beneath the shadowy willows that then o'ercanopied the margin of old father Thames; but they are almost all destroyed, and with them disappears the fondest recollections of my youth. Upwards, near yonder frail tenement which is now fast mouldering into decay, lived the beautiful gardener's daughter, the flower of Millbank, whose charms for a long time excited the admiration of many a noble name, ay, and inspired many a noble strain too, and produced a chivalrous rivalry among the young and generous hearts who were then of Westminster. Close to that spot all matches on the water were determined; and beneath yon penthouse, many a jovial cup have I partook of with the contending parties, when the aquatic sports were over, in the evening's cool retirement, or seated on the benches which then filled up the space between the trees in front of Watermans' Hall, as the little public house then used to be called. About half a mile above was the favourite bathing-place; and just over the water below Lambeth palace, yet may be seen Doo's house, where, from time immemorial, the Westminster boys had been supplied with funnies, skiffs, wherries, and sailing-boats. The old mill which formerly stood on the right-hand of the river, and from which the place derived its name, has now entirely disappeared; and in lieu of the green fields and pleasant walks with which this part of the suburbs abounded, we have now a number of square brick-dust tubs, miscalled cottages *ornée*, and a

strange-looking Turkish sort of a prison called a Penitentiary, which from being judiciously placed in a swamp is rendered completely uninhabitable. Cumberland-gardens, on the opposite side, was, in former times, in great vogue; here the cits used to rusticate on a summer's evening, coming up the water in shoals to show their dexterity in rowing, and daring the dangers of the watery element to *blow a cloud* in the fresh air, and ruralise upon the 'margin of old father Thames.'

ENLARGE TO FULL SIZE

Page069

But where can the Westminster boys of the present day look for amusements? there's no snug spot now for a dog-tight or a badger-bait. Earl Grosvenor has converted all the green lanes into Macadamised roads, and covered the turf with new brick tenements. No taking a pleasant toodle with a friend now along the sequestered banks, or shooting a few sparrows or fieldfares in the neighbourhood of the *five chimnies*{3} not a space to be found free from the encroachments of modern speculators, or big enough for a bowling alley or a cricket match. Tothill-fields have altogether disappeared; and the wand of old Merlin would appear to have waved over and dispersed the most trifling vestiges and recollections of the past. A truce with your improvements!" said Crony, combating my attempt to harmonise his feelings; "tell me what increases the lover's boldness and the maiden's tenderness more than the fresh and fragrant air, the green herbage, and the quiet privacy of retired spots, where all nature yields a delightful inspiration to the mind. There where the lovers find delight, the student finds repose, secluded from the busy haunts of men, and yet able, by a few strides, to mingle again at pleasure with the world, the man of

3 Since called the Five-fields, Chelsea; and a favourite resort of the Westminster scholars of that time, but now built upon.

contemplation turns aside to consult his favourite theme, and having run out his present stock of thoughtful meditation, wheels him round, and finds himself one of the busy group again.{4} As we advance

4 The Rogent's-park, formerly called Marylebone, is an improve-ment of this nature. It was originally a park, and had a royal palace in it, where, I believe, Queen Elizabeth occasionally resided. It was disbarked by Oliver Cromwell, who settled it on Colonel Thomas Harrison's regiment of dragoons for their pay; but at the restoration of Charles II. it passed into the hands of other possessors; from which time it has descended through different proprietors, till, at length, it has reverted to the Crown, by whose public spirit a magnificent park is secured to the inhabitants of London. The expense of its planting, &c. must have been enormous; but money cannot be better laid out than on purposes of this lasting benefit and national ornament.

The plan and size of the park is in every respect worthy of the nation. It is larger than Hyde-park, St. James's, and the Greenpark together; and the trees planted in it about twelve years ago have already become umbrageous. The water is very extensive. As you are rowed on it, the variety of views you come upon is admirable: sometimes you are in a narrow stream, closely overhung by the branches of trees; presently you open upon a wide sheet of water, like a lake, with swans sunning themselves on its bosom; by and by your boat floats near the edge of a smooth lawn fronting one of the villas; and then again you catch the perspective of a range of superb edifices, the elevation of which is contrived to have the effect of one palace. The park, in fact, is now belted with groups of these mansions, entirely excluding all sight of the streets. Those that are finished, give a satisfactory earnest of the splendid spirit in which the whole is to be accomplished. There will be nothing like it in Europe. The villas in the interior of the park are planted out from the view of each other, so that the inhabitant of each seems, in his prospect, to be the sole

lord of the surround-ing picturesque scenery.

In the centre of the park there is a circular plantation of im-mense circumference, and in the interior of this you are in a perfect Arcadia. The mind cannot conceive any thing more hushed, more sylvan, more entirely removed from the slightest evidence of proximity to a town. Nothing is audible there except the songs of birds and the rustling of leaves. Kensington gardens, beautiful as they are, have no seclusion so perfect as this.

in life we cling still closer to the recollections of our infancy; the cheerful man loves to dwell over the scenes and frolics of his boyish days; and we are stricken to the very heart by the removal or change of these pleasant localities; the loss of an old servant, an old building, or an old tree, is felt like the loss of an old friend. The paths, and fields, and rambles of our infancy are endeared to us by the fondest and the purest feelings of the mind; we lose sight of our increasing infirmities, as we retrace the joyous mementos of the past, and gain new vigour as we recall the fleeting fancies and pleasant vagaries of our earliest days. I am one of those," continued Crony, "who am doomed to deplore the destructive advances of what generally goes by the name of improvement; and yet, I am not insensible to the great and praiseworthy efforts of the sovereign to increase the splendour of the capital westward; but leave me a few of the green fields and hedgerow walks which used to encircle the metropolis, or, in a short space, the first stage from home will only be half-way out of London. A humorous writer of the day observes, that 'the rage for building fills every pleasant outlet with bricks, mortar,rubbish,and eternal scaffold-poles, which, whether you walk east, west, north, or south, seem to be running after you. I heard a gentleman say, the other day, that he was sure a resident of the suburbs could scarcely lie down after dinner, and take a nap, without finding, when he awoke, that a new row of buildings had started up since he closed his eyes. It is certainly astonishing: one would think the builders used magic, or steam at least, and it would be curious to ask those gentlemen in what part of the neighbouring counties they intend

London should end. Not content with separate streets, squares, and rows, they are actually the founders of new towns, which in the space of a few months become finished and inhabited. The precincts of London have more the appearance of a newly-discovered colony than the suburbs of an ancient city.{5} And what, sir, will be the pleasant consequences of all this to posterity? Instead of having houses built to encumber the earth for a century or two, it is ten to one but they disencumber the mortgagee, by falling down with a terrible crash during the first half life, and, perhaps, burying a host of persons in their ruins. Mere paste-board palaces are the structures of the present times, composed of lath and plaster, and Parker's cement, a few coloured bricks, a fanciful viranda, and a balcony, embellished within by the *décorateur*, and stuccoed or whitewashed without, to give them a light appearance, and hide the defects of an ignorant architect or an unskilful builder; while a very few years introduces the occupant to all the delightful sensations of cracked walls, swagged floors, bulged fronts, sinking roofs, leaking gutters, inadequate drains, and other innumerable ills, the effects of an originally bad constitution, which dispels any thing like the hopes of a reversionary interest, and clearly proves that without a renovation equal to resurrection, both the building and the occupant are very likely to fall victims to a rapid consumption." In this way did Crony contrive to beguile the time, until we found ourselves entering the arena in front of the Dean's house, Westminster. "Here, alone," said my old friend, "the hand of the innovator has not been permitted to intrude; this spot remains unpolluted; but, for the neighbourhood, alas!" sighed Crony, "that is changed indeed. The tavern in Union-street,

5 For instance: in what a very short time back were the Bays-water-fields, there is now a populous district, called by the inhabitants "Moscow;" and at the foot of Primrose-hill we are amazed by coming upon a large complication of streets, &c. under the name of "Portland Town." The rustic and primaeval meadows of Kilburn are also filling with raw buildings and incipient roads; to say nothing of the charming neighbourhood of St. John's Wood Farm, and other spots nearer town.

where Charles Churchill, and Lloyd, and Bonnel Thornton used to meet and mix wit, and whim, and strong potation, has sunk into a common pot-house, and is wholly neglected by the scholars of the present time: not that they are a whit more moral than their predecessors, but, professing to be more refined, they are now to be found at the Tavistock, or the Hummums, at Long's, or Steven's; more polished in their pleasures, but more expensive in their pursuits."

ENLARGE TO FULL SIZE

Page73

As we approached the centre of Dean's-yard, Crony's visage evidently grew more sentimental; the curved lips of the cynic straightened to an expression of kindlier feeling, and ere we had arrived at the school-door, the old eccentric had mellowed down into a generous contemplatist. "Ay," said Crony, "on this spot, Mr. Black mantle, half a century ago, was I, a light-hearted child of whim, as you are now, associated with some of the greatest names that have since figured in the history of our times, many of whom are now sleeping in their tombs beneath a weight of worldly honours, while some few have left a nobler and a surer monument to exalt them with posterity, the well-earned tribute of a nation's gratitude, the never-fading fame which attaches itself to good works and great actions. Among the few families of my time who might be styled "*magni nominis*' in college, were the Finches, the Drummonds, (arch-bishop's sons), and the Markhams. Tom Steele{6} was on the foundation also, and had much fame in playing Davus. The Hothams{7} were considered among the lucky hits of Westminster; the Byngs{8} thought not as lucky as they should have been. Mr. Drake{9}

6 A descendant of the celebrated Sir Richard Steele, the associate of Addison in the Spectator, Tatler, Crisis, &c.

7 Sir Henry and Sir William Hotham, admirals in the British navy.

8 Viscount Torrington, a rear-admiral of the blue.

9 Thomas Tyrwhitt Drake, Esq., (I believe) member for Agmondesham, Bucks.

of Amersham was one of the best scholars of his time; for a particular act of beneficence, two guineas given out of his private pocket-money to a poor sufferer by a fire, Dr. Smith gave him a public reward of some books. Lord Carmarthen{10} here came to the title, on the death of his eldest brother. Here too he found the Jacksons, and what was more, the Jacksons{11} found him. Lord Foley had, during his stay here, two narrow escapes for his life, once being nearly drowned in the Thames, and secondly, by a hack-horse running away with him: the last incident was truly ominous of the noble lord's favourite, but unfortunate pursuits{12}. Sir John St. Aubyn is here said to have formed his attachments with several established characters in the commercial world, as Mr. Beckett, and others; which afterwards proved of the highest consequence to his pursuits and success in life. Lord Bulkley had the credit of being one of the handsomest and best-humoured boys of his time, and so he continued through life. Michael Angelo Taylor{13} was remarkable for his close application, under his tutor Hume, and the tutor as remarkable for application to him.

Hatton, junior. Lawyers, if not always good scholars, generally are something better; with much strong practical sense, and a variety of all that "makes a ready man; "Hatton was all this, both as to scholarship, and the pertinent application of it. Though a nephew of Lord Mansfield, and bred up under his auspices, he was not more remarkable than his brother George for the love of bullion. His abilities were great, and they would have been greatly thought of, had he been personally less locomotive. "Ah, ah," said his uncle, "you'll never prosper till you learn to stay in a place." He replied, "O never fear, sir, do but get me a place; and I'll learn of you to stay in it."

10 The present Duke of Leeds.

11 Dr. Cyril Jackson, afterwards sub-preceptor to his Majesty, George the Fourth, and since canon of Christ Church, Oxford. He refused the primacy of Ireland; was an excellent governor of his college, and died universally respected at Fulpham, in Sussex, in 1819. Dr. William Jackson, his brother, who was Bishop of Oxford, was also Regius Professor of Greek to that university; he died in 1815.

12 His lordship's attachment to the turf is as notorious as his undeviating practice of the purest principles of honour. It will not excite surprise, that such conduct has not been in such pursuits successful.

13 The member for Durham.

Lord Deerhurst (now Earl of Coventry) had then, as now, very quick parts, and early insight into beautiful composition. Whatever good thing he met with, he was always ready with an immediate parallel; Latin, Greek, or from honesty into English, nothing came amiss to him. He had a quick sense of the ridiculous; and could scout a character at all absurd and suspicious, with as much pleasant scurrility as a gentleman need have.

Banks always made his own exercises, as his exercises have since made him. He was a diligent and good boy; and though an early arithmetician, and fond of numbers, he was as soon distinguished for very honourable indifference to number one.

Douglas (now, I believe, Marquis of Queensberry) was remarkable for the worst penmanship in the school, and the economy of last moments; till then he seldom thought of an exercise. His favourite exercise was in Tothill-fields; from whence returning once very late, he instantly conceived and executed some verses, that were the best of his day. On another day, he was as prompt, and thought to have been more lucky than before; when, lo, the next morning he was flogged! for the exercise was so ill written, that it was not legible even by himself.

Lord Maiden was remarkable for his powers of engaging, and he then, as since, made some engagements, which might as well have been let alone. He made an early promise of all he has since performed. He was very fond of dramatic entertainments, and he enacted much; was accounted a good actor; so was his crony, Jack Wilson, so well known at Mrs. Hobart's, &c., for his fal de ral tit and for his duets with Lady Craven, Lady A. Foley, &c, &c.

Lord MANSFIELD, then William Murray, here began his career. When at school, he was not remarkable for personal courage, or for mental bravery; though one of the stoutest boys of his standing, he was often beat by boys a year or two below him; and though then acute and voluble, his opinions were suppressed and retracted before minds less powerful but more intrepid than his own. Of his money allowance he was always so good a manager, that he could lend to him who was in need. The famous exercise which Niçois made such a rout about, was in praise of abundance: an English theme on this thesis, from Horace—

"*Dulce est de magno tollore acervo.* "

He was in college; and no man on earth could conjecture that in his own *acervo* there would ever be aggrandizement, such as it has since occurred.

Lord Stormont at school began his knack of oral imitations, and when a child, could speak quite as well as afterwards; after his uncle, the disgusting pronunciation of the letter o then too infected his language; he made it come to the ear like an a. Humorously glancing at this affectation, Onslow or Stanhope said "Murray's horse is an ass."

Markham, the Archbishop of York, made an early display of classical taste, and the diligent cultivation of it. Some of his school exercises are extant, and show more than a promise of that refinement and exactness, which afterwards distinguished his performances at Christ Church. The Latin version of the fragment of Simonides, as beautiful as any thing in the whole range of poetical imitation, though published in the Oxford Lachrymo as Mr. Bournes, is known to be written by Mr. Markham.

At school, too, Markham's conversation had a particularity known to distinguish it. War was his favourite topic, and caught, perhaps, from the worthy major, his father, and from his crony Webb, afterwards the general. It was apparent upon all occasions; when he was to choose his reading as a private study, in the sixth form, Cæsar was his first book; and so continuing through most of his leisure time addicted to this sort of inquiry, the archbishop was afterwards able to talk war with any soldier in England. But, indeed, what is there he could not talk equal to any competitor? To the Archbishop Markham, and through him to Westminster, attach the credit of the good scholarship of the present king. This is little less than a credit to the country.

The Marquis of Stafford had fame for his English exercises; and after saying this of his Wednesday nights' themes, let it also be noted, that he had fame for other exercises of old England. He could ride, run, row, and bat better than most of his comtemporaries; in his potations, too, he was rather deep; but though deep, yet clear; and though gentle, yet not dull. At once a most jolly fellow, and the most magnificent of his time,—and so "*ab incepto processerit*."

The Duke of Dorset, then Sackville, (since dead) was good-humoured, manly, frank, and passionately fond of various school exercises; as billiards, at the alehouse in Union-street, (then perhaps a tavern) and *double-fives* between the two walls at the school-door. For Tothill-fields fame as to cricket, he was yet more renowned: there he was the champion of the town-boys against those in college; and in the great annual match, he had an innings that might have lasted till the time Baccelli *run him out*, had not the other side given up the game.

As to the school itself, there it was easy to catch him out; though such was his address, that he was seldom caught out. When he was in school, really few boys were there to better purpose; he made several good prose exercises both in English and Latin; and, what is rare for a boy of rank, with but small aid from the tutor.

At school, he shot and rowed pretty well; and as he could not always pay for his boat in specie, somebody proposed a barter of *Tothill-fields game*; but he had a soul above it, and what was more, at his elbow another soul, saying, *Carpamus dulcia*, and of my dressing. That friend was

Lord Edward Bentinck, whose culinary fame began on the sparrows and fieldfares knocked down about the Five Chimnies and Jenny's whim. At a bill of fare, and the science how dinner should be put before him, he was then, as since, unrivalled; yet more to his good memorial, he knew how a dinner should be put before other people. For one day, as he was beginning to revel in a surreptitious banquet in the Bowling-alley, his share of the mess Lord Edward gave to the relief of want, which then happened to be wandering by the window.—"This praise shall last."

Old Elwes, the late member for Berks, may occur, on the mention of want wandering by, though, notwithstanding appearance, he suffered nobody about him to be in such wants as himself. Penurious, perhaps, on small objects; in those which are greater, he was certainly liberal almost to prodigality. The hoarding principle might be strong in him, but in the conduct of it he was often generous, always easy. No man in England probably lost more money in large sums, for want of asking for it: for small money, as in farthings to street beggary, few men probably have lost less. What he had not sufficiently cultivated, was the habit of letting money easily go. So far, he was the reverse of Charles the Second; for on greater occasions, again I say it, he seemed to own the act under the ennobling impulse of systematic generosity, expanding equally in self-denial, and in social sympathy. He was among the most dispassionate and tender-tempered men alive; and, considering all things, it might be reasonable to allot him the meed of meekness upon earth, and of that virtue which seeketh not her own reward.

His ruling passion was the love of ease.

The beginnings of all this were more or less discernible at school, where Lord Mansfield gave him the nick-name of Jack Meggot.

His other little particularities were the best running and walking in the school, and the commencement of his fame for riding, which, in the well-known trials in the Swiss Academy, outdid all competition. Worsley, of the Board of Works, alone divided the palm; he rode more gracefully. Elwes was by far the boldest rider.

The Duke of Portland (who died in 1809) was among the *delicciæ* of each form at Westminster, in all that appertained to temper, the tenderness and warmth of feeling, suavity of approach, and the whole passive power of pleasing. Thus much internal worth, tempered with but little of those showy powers which dazzle and seduce, gave early promise that he would escape all intriguing politics, and never degrade himself by the projects of party; for a party-man must always be comparatively mean, even on a scale of vicious dignity; in violence, subordinate to the ruffian; in chicane, below a common town-sharper.

He had, happily, no talents for party; he was better used by nature. He seemed formed for the kindliest offices of life; to appreciate the worth, and establish the dignity of domestic duties; to exemplify the hardest tasks of friendship and affinity; to display each hospitable charm.

All that he afterwards did for Chace Price, and Lord Eduard, appeared as a flower in its bud, in Dean's-yard and Tothill-fields, with the fruit-woman under the Gateway, and the coffee-house then opposite.

In his school-exercises, fame is not remembered to have followed any but his Wednesday evening themes: some of them were incomparably the best of the standing. In the rest of the school business, said the master to him one day, "you just keep on this side whipping."

His smaller habits were none remarkable, except that his diet was rather more blameable in the article of wine. A little too early; a little too much.

This, probably, more than any hereditary taint, made him, in immediate manhood, a martyr to the gout.

Against this, his ancestor's nostrum was tried in vain; the disease would not yield, till it was overborne by abstinence, which, to the praise of the duke's temper, he began and continued, with a splendour of

resolution not any where exceeded.

The duke had been long estranged from all animal food but fish, and every fermented liquor. According to the old Latin distich, the poetry of a water-drinker is said to be short-lived, and not fit to live: was this proverbial doom extended to what was not poetry, it might be checked by the prose of the Duke of Portland. Most of his common letters were among the models of epistolary correspondence.

The Duke of Beaufort{14} exhibited at school more of the rudiments of a country gentleman, than the rudiments of Busby; he knew a horse practically, while other boys took it only from description in Virgil.

Stare loco nescit, was however his motto; and through all the demesnes adjacent to his little reign, on the water, and in the water, he was well; on horseback he was yet better; and to ride, or tie, on foot, or on horseback, no boy of his time was more ready at every good turn. He loved his friend; and, such were the engaging powers of his very frank and pleasant manner, his friends all loved him.

Some encumbrances, *solito de more* of all boys, with the coffee-house, for jellies, fruit, &c, left when he left school, he afterwards discharged with singular éclat.

In regard to scholarship, he was by no means wanting; though it must be owned, he wanted always to be better strangers with them. Like many other boys, he knew much more than he was aware of; for he had as much aversion to the Greek Epigrams, as the best critic could have; and in Terence, as he could find nothing to laugh, Lloyd often raised an opposite emotion. Lloyd, had he lived to this time, would have taken Terence as a main ingredient in his enjoyments. So benevolent is nature to fit the feelings of man to his destiny.

M'Donald, afterwards Solicitor General, was in college, and had then about him much that was remarkable for good value.

The different ranks in college are rather arduous trials of temper; and he that can escape without imputation through them, and be, as it is called, a junior without meanness, and a senior without obduracy, exhibits much early promise, both as to talents and virtue.

This early promise was M 'Donald's. He was well-respected in either rank, and he deserved it; for he obeyed the time, without being time-serving; he commanded, as one not forgetting what it was to obey.

Par negotiis, neque supra, characterised his scholarship.

14 Died in 1803.

He had in every form sufficiency, and sometimes eminence. He had more facility in Greek than most boys; his English exercises were conspicuous for language and neatness of turn.

He was a very uncorrupt boy, and his manners were rather elevated; yet it is not remembered that he lost popularity even with the worst boys in the school; the whole secret of which was *specie minus quam vi*. He was better than he seemed. There was no pride, no offending wish at seclusion.

Though not so remarkable for book knowledge as his brother Sir James, who thus, indeed, was nothing less than a prodigy, yet was M'Donald extremely well and very variously read. In miscellaneous information, far more accomplished than any boy of his time.

Markham, the master, had a high opinion of him; and once, in the midst of strong and favourable prognostics, said, "There was nothing against him but what was for him; rank and connections, and the too probable event of thence advancing into life too forward and too early."

Markham spoke with much sagacity. The *rosa sera* is the thing, for safe and spreading efflorescence. Well as the wreath might be about M'Donald's brow, it had probably been better, if gathered less eagerly, if put on later.

Cock Langford was the son of the auctioneer—

And there never was an inheritance of qualities like it. He would have made as good an auctioneer as his father; a better could not bo.

Cock Langford, so called, from the other auctioneer Cock, very early in the school discovered great talents for ways and means; and, by private contract, could do business as much and as well as his father.

His exercises were not noted for any excess of merit, or the want of it. He certainly had parts, if they had been put in their proper direction: that was trade. In that he might have been conspicuously useful.

As he was in college, and nothing loath in any occasion that led to notice, in spite of a lisp in his speech, he played Davus in the Phormio; which he opened with singidar absurdity, as the four first words terminate in the letter s, which he, from the imperfection in his speech, could not help mangling.

From the patronage of Lord Orford, Mr. Langford had one of the best livings in Norfolk, £1000 a year; and afterwards, I understand, very well exemplified the useful and honourable duties of a clergyman resident on his benefice.

Hamilton. Every thing is the creature of accident; as that works upon time and place, so are the vicissitudes which follow; vicissitudes that reach through the whole allotment of man, even to the charm of character, and the qualities which produce it.

Physically speaking, human nature can redress itself of climate, can generate warmth in high latitudes, and cold at the equator; but in respect to mind and manners, from the law of latitude there is no appeal. Man, like the plants that grow for him, has a proper sky and soil: with them to flourish, without them to fade; through either kingdom, vegetable and moral, in situations that are aquatic, the alpine nature cannot live.

All this applies to Hamilton wasting himself at Westminster. "Wild nature's vigour working at his root;"

his situation should have been accordingly; where he might have spread wide and struck deep.

With more than boyish aptitudes and abilities, he should not thus have been lost among boys. His incessant intrepidity, his restless curiosity, his undertaking spirit, all indicated early maturity; all should have led to pursuits, if not better, at least of more pith and moment than the mere mechanism of dead language!

This by Hamilton (disdaining as a business what as an amusement perhaps might have delighted him) was deemed a dead letter, and as such, neglected; while he bestowed himself on other mechanism, presenting more material objects to the mind.

ENLARGE TO FULL SIZE

Page081

Exercises out of school took place of exercises within. Not that like Sackville or Hawkins, he had a ball at every leisure moment in his hand; but, preferably to fives or cricket, he would amuse himself in mechanical pursuits; little in themselves, but great as to what they might have been convertible.

In the fourth form, he produced a red shoe of his own making. And though he never made a pocket watch, and probably might mar many, yet all the interior machinery he knew and could name. The whole movement he took to pieces, and replaced.

The man who is to find out the longitude, cannot have beginnings; better than these. Count Bruhl, since Madge's death, the best watch-maker of his time, did not raise more early wonder.

Besides this, Hamilton was to be found in every daring oddity. Lords Burlington and Kent, in all their rage for porticos, were nothing to him in a rage for pediments.

For often has the morning caught him scaling the high pediments of the school-door, and at peril of Ins life clambering down, opening the door within, before the boy who kept the gate could come with the key. His evenings set upon no less perils; in pranks with gunpowder; in leaping from unusual heights into the Thames. As a practical geographer of London, and Heaven only knows how many miles round it, omniscient Jackson himself could not know more.

All this, surely, was intrinsically right, wrong only in its direction. Had he been sent to Woolwich, he might have come out, if not a rival of the Duke of Richmond, then master of the ordnance, at least a first-rate engineer. In economical arts and improvements, nothing less than national, he might have been the Duke of Bridgewater of Ireland. Had the sea been his profession, Lord Mulgrave might have been less alone in the rare union of science and enterprise.

But all this capability of usefulness and fair fame, was brought to nought by the obstinate absurdity of the people about him; nothing could wean them from Westminster. His grandfather Roan, or Rohan, an old man who saved much money in Rathbone-place, and spent but little of it every evening at Slaughter's coffee-house, holding out large promise to property, so became absolute; and absolute nonsense was his conduct to his grandson. He persevered in the school; where, if a boy disaffects book-knowledge, his books are only bought and sold. And after Westminster, when the old man died, as if solicitous that every thing about his grave, but poppy and mandragora, should grow downwards, his will declared his grandson the heir, but not to inherit till he graduated at Cambridge.

To Cambridge therefore he went; where having pursued his studies, as it is called, in a ratio inverse and descending, he might have gone on from bad to worse; and so, as many do, putting a grave face upon it, he might have had his degree. But his animal spirits, and love of bustle, could not go off thus undistinguished; and so, after coolly attempting to throw a tutor into the Cam—after shaking all Cambridge from its propriety by a night's frolic, in which he climbed the sign-posts, and changed the principal signs, he was rusticated; till the good-humour of the university returning, he was re-admitted, and enabled to satisfy his grandfather's will!

After that, he behaved with much gallantry in America; and with good address in that very disagreeable affair, the contested marriage of his sister with Mr. Beresford the clergyman.

Indeed, through the intercourse of private life he was very amiable. The same suavity of speech, courteous attentions, and general good-nature, he had when a boy, continued and improved: good qualities the more to be prized, as the less probable, from his bold and eager temper, from the turbulence of his wishes, and the hurry of his pursuits.

Jekyl had in part, when a boy, the same happy qualities which afterwards distinguished him so entirely: in his economy of time, in his arts of arranging life, and distributing it exactly, between what was pleasant and what was grave.

With vigorous powers and fair pursuits, the doing one thing at a time is the mode to do every thing. Had Jekyl no other excellence than this, I could not be surprised when he became attorney-general.

"When you got into the place of your ancestor, Sir Joseph," said the tutor of Jekyl to him, "let this be your motto:

Et properare loco, et Cesare."

"Jekyl," said Mrs. Hobart one day, struck with the same address and exactness, "do you know, if you were a painter, Poussin would be nothing to you in the balance of a scene."

Several of his English exercises, and his verses, will not easily be forgotten. And it will be remembered also, in a laughable way, that he was as mischievous as a gentleman need be; the mobbing a vulgar, the hoaxing a quiz, all the dialect of the Thames below Chelsea-reach, and the whole reach of every thing, pleasant but wrong, which the school statutes put out of reach, but what are the practice of the wits, and of every gentleman who would live by the statutes. All these were among Jekyl's early peculiarities, and raised his fame very high for spirit and cleverness.

"So sweet and voluble was his discourse."

He was very popular among all the boys of his time. And he had a knack yet more gratifying, of recommending himself to the sisters and cousins of the boys he visited.

And he well held up in theory what he afterwards exemplified in fact. For in one of the best themes of the time on this subject,

"*Non formosus erat, sod erat facundus Ulysses,*"

he was much distinguished.

"But the grave has closed upon most of the gay spirits of my earlier time," said Crony; "and I alone remain the sad historian. Yonder porch leads to the dormitory and school-room.{15}

'There Busby's awful picture decks the place,
Shining where once he shone a living grace.'

15 This school was founded by Queen Elizabeth in 1560, for the education of forty boys, denominated king's scholars from the royalty of their founders; besides which, the nobility and gentry send their sons thither for instruction, so that this establishment vies with Eton in celebrity and respectability. The school is not endowed with lands and possessions specifically appropriated to its own maintenance, but is attached to the general foundation of the collegiate church of Westminster, as far as relates to the support of the king's scholars. It is under the care of the dean and chapter of Westminster, conjointly with the dean of Christ Church, Oxford, and the master of Trinity, Cambridge, respect-ing the election of scholars to their respective colleges. The foundation scholars sleep in the dormitory, a building erected from the design and under the superintendence of the celebrated Earl of Burlington, in the reign of George the First; and in this place the annual theatrical exhibitions take place; the scenery and arrangements having been contrived under the direction of Mr. Garrick, were presented by Archbishop Markham, the former master of the school. The king's scholars are distin-guished from the town-boys, or independents, by a gown, cap, and college waistcoat; they have their dinner in the hall, but seldom take any other meal in college; they pay for education and accommodation as the town-boys; eight of them are generally elected at the end of the fourth year to the

> colleges above-named; they have studentships at Oxford, and scholarships at Cambridge; the former worth from forty to sixty pounds per annum, but the latter of small beneficial consideration. The scholars propose themselves for the foundation by challenge, and contend with each other in Latin and Greek every day for eight weeks successively, when the eight at the head of the number are chosen according to vacancies. This contest occasions the king's scholarships to be much sought after, as it becomes the ground-work of reputation, and incites desire to excel. There are four boys who are called Bishop's boys, from their being established by Williams, Bishop of Lincoln; they have a gratuitous education, and a small allowance which is suffered to accumulate till the period of their admission into St. John's College, Cambridge; they are distinguished by wearing a purple gown, and are nominated by the dean and head-master.

What a cloud of recollections, studded with bright and variegated lights, passes before my inward vision! Stars of eminence in every branch of learning, science, and public duties, who received their education within those walls; old Westminsters, whose fame will last as long as old England's records, and who shall doubt that will be to the end of time? Here grew into manhood and renown the Lord Burleigh, King, Bishop of London, the poet Cowley, the great Dryden, Charles Montague, Earl of Halifax, Dr. South, Matthew Prior, the tragedian Rowe, Bishop Hooper, Kennet, Bishop of Peterborough, Dr. Friend, the physician, King, Archbishop of Dublin, the philosopher Locke, Atterbury, Bishop of Rochester, Bourne, the Latin poet, Hawkins Browne, Boyle, Earl of Cork and Orrery, Carteret, Earl of Granville, Charles Churchill, the English satirist, Frank Nicholls, the anatomist, Gibbon, the historian, George Colman, Bonnel Thornton, the great Earl of Mansfield, Clayton Mordaunt Cracherode, Richard Cumberland, the poet Cowper. These are only a few of the great names which occur to me at this moment; but here is enough to immortalize the memory of the old Westminsters."

ON FEASTERS AND FEASTING.

On the Attachment of the Moderns to Good Eating and Drinking—Its Consequences and Operation upon Society—Different Description of Dinner Parties—Royal—Noble—Parliamentary—Clerical—Methodistical—Charitable—Theatrical—Legal—Parochial—Literary—Commercial and Civil Gourmands—Sketches at a Side-table, by Bernard Blackmantle.

"There are, while human miseries abound,
A thousand ways to waste superfluous wealth,
Without one fool or flatterer at your board,
Without one hour of sickness or disgust."
—Armstrong.

In such esteem is good eating held by the moderns, that the only way in which Englishmen think they can celebrate any important event, or effect any charitable purpose, is by a good dinner. From the palace to the pot-house, the same affection for good eating and drinking pervades all classes of mankind. The sovereign, when he would graciously condescend to bestow on any individual some mark of his special favour, invites him to the royal banquet, seats him *tête-à-tête* with the most polished prince in Europe; by this act of royal notice exalts him in the public eye, and by the suavity and elegance of his manners rivets his affections and secures his zeal for the remainder of his life. The ministers too have their state dinners, where all important questions are considered before they are submitted to the grand council of the nation. The bishops dine in holy conclave to benefit Christianity, and moralize over Champagne on the immorality of mankind. The judges dine with the lord chancellor on the first day of term, and try their powers of mastication before they proceed to try the merits of their fellow citizens' causes. A lawyer must eat his way to the bar, labouring most voraciously

through his commons dinners in the Temple or Lincoln's Inn Halls, before he has any chance of success in common law, common pleas, or common causes in the court of King's Bench or Chancery. The Speaker's parliamentary dinners are splendid spreads for poor senators; but sometimes the feast is infested with rats, whom his majesty's royal rat-catcher immediately cages, and contrives, by the aid of a blue or red ribband, to render extremely useful and docile. Your orthodox ministers dine on tithes, turtle, and Easter offerings, until they become as sleek as their own velvet cushions, and eke from charity to mankind almost as red in the face from the ruby tint of red port, and the sorrowful recollections of sin and death. The methodist and sectarians have their pious love feasts—bachelor's fare, bread and butter and kisses, with a dram of comfort at parting, I suppose. The deaf, the dumb, the lame, the blind, all have their annual charitable dinnerings; and even the Actor's Fund is almost entirely dependent on the fund of amusement they contrive to offer to their friends at their annual fund dinner. The church-wardens dine upon a child, and the overseers too often upon the mite extorted from the poor. Even modern literature is held in thraldom by the banquetings of modern booksellers and publishers, who by this method contrive to cram the critics with their crudities, and direct the operation of their servile pens in the cutting up of poor authors. At the Publisher's Club, held at the Albion, Dr. Kitchener and Will Jerdau rule the roast; here these worthies may be heard commenting with profound critical consistency on culinaries and the classics, gurgling down heavy potations of black strap, and making still heavier remarks upon black letter bibliomania, until all the party are found labouring "*Dare pondus idonea fumo*," or, in the language of Cicero, it may be justly said of them, "*Damnant quod non intelligent*." The magnifico Murray has his merry meetings, where new books are made palatable to certain tastes by sumptuous feastings, and a choice supply of old wines. Colburn brings his books into notice by first bringing his dinner *coteries* into close conclave; and Longman's monthly melange of authors and critics is a literary statute dinner, where every guest is looking out for a liberal engagement.

ENLARGE TO FULL SIZE

Page089

Even the booksellers themselves feast one another before they buy and sell; and a trade sale, without a trade dinner to precede it, would be a very poor concern indeed. Fire companies and water companies, bubble companies and banking companies, all must be united and consolidated by a good dinner company. Your fat citizen, with a paunch that will scarce allow him to pass through the side avenue of Temple Bar, marks his feast days upon his sheet almanack, as a lawyer marks his term list with a double dash, thus =, and shakes in his easy chair like a sack of blubber as lie recapitulates the names of all the glorious good things of which he has partaken at the annual civic banquet at Fishmonger's Hall, or the Bible Association dinner at the City of London Tavern: at the mention of white bait, his lips smack together with joy, and he lisps out instinctively Blackwall: talk of a rump steak and Dolly's, his eyes grow wild with delight; and just hint at the fine green fat of a fresh killed turtle dressed at Birch's, and his whole soul's in arms for a corporation dinner. Reader, I have been led into this strain of thinking by an excursion I am about to make with Alderman Marigold and family, to enjoy the pleasures of a Sunday ordinary in the suburbs of the metropolis; an old fashioned custom that is now fast giving way to modern notions of refinement, and is therefore the more worthy of characteristic record.

Bernard Blackmantle.

Page89b

A SUNDAY RAMBLE TO HIGHGATE,

OR, THE CITS ORDINARY.

Bernard Blackmantle's first Excursion with the Marigold Family—Lucubrations of the Alderman on the Alterations of the Times—Sketches and Recollections on the Road—The Past and the Present—Arrival at the Gate House, Highgate—The Cit's Ordinary—Traits of Character—The Water Drinker, the Vegetable Eater, and the Punster—Tom Cornish, the Gourmand—Anecdote of old Tattersall and his Beef Eater—Young Tat. and the Turnpike Man.

"May I never be merry more," said the alderman, "if we don't go a Maying on Sunday next, and you must accompany us, Master Blackmantle: I always make a country excursion once a year, to wit, on the first Sunday in May, when we join a very jolly party at the Gate House, Highgate, and partake of an excellent ordinary."

"I thought, Pa, you would have given up that vulgar custom when we removed westward, and you were elected alderman of the ward of Cheap."

"Ay," said Mrs. Marigold, "if you wish to act politely to your wife and daughter write to the Star and Garter at Richmond, or the Toy at Hampton Court, and order a choice dinner beforehand for a select party; then we should be thought something of, and be able to dine in comfort, without being *scrowged* up in a corner by a Leadenhall landlady, or elbowed out of every mouthful by a Smithfield salesman."

"There it is, Mr. Blackmantle, that's the evil of a man having a few pounds more in his purse than his neighbours—it makes him miserable with his family at home, and prevents him associating with old friends

abroad. If you marry my Biddy, make these conditions with her—to dispense with all Mrs. Marigold's maxims on modern manners, and be at liberty to smoke your pipe where, and with whom you please."

"I declare, Pa, one would imagine you wished Mr. Blackmantle to lose all his manners directly after marriage, and all respect for his intended bride beforehand."

"Nothing of the sort, Miss Sharpwit; but, ever since I made the last fortunate contract, you and your mother have contracted a most determined dislike to every thing social and comfortable—haven't I cut the Coger's Society in Bride Lane, and the Glee Club at the Ram in Smithfield? don't I restrain myself to one visit a week to the Jolly Old Scugs{1} Society in Abchurch Lane? haven't I declined the chair of the Free and Easy Johns, and given up my command in the Lumber Troop? —are these no sacrifices? is it nothing to have converted my ancestors' large estate in Thames Street into warehouses, and emigrated westward to be confined in one of your kickshaw cages in Tavistock Square? Don't I keep a chariot and a chaise for your comfort, and consent to be crammed up in a corner at a concert party to hear some foreign stuff I don't understand? Plague take your drives in Hyde Park and promenades in Kensington Gardens! give me the society where I can eat, drink, laugh, joke, and smoke

1 Blue coat boys. The others are all well-known anacreontic meetings held in the city.

as I like, without being obliged to watch every word and action, as if my tongue was a traitor to my head, and my stomach a tyrant of self-destruction."

The alderman's remonstrance was delivered with so much energy and good temper, that there was no withstanding his argument; a hearty laugh, at the conclusion, from Miss Biddy and myself, accompanied by an ejaculation of "Poor man, how ill you are used!" from his lady, restored all to good-humour, and obtained the "*quid pro quo*," a consent on their parts to yield to old customs, and, for once in a way, to allow the alderman to have a day of his own. The next morning early an open

barouche received our party, the coachman being particularly cautioned not to drive too fast, to afford the alderman an opportunity of *luxuriating* upon the reminiscences of olden time.

As the carriage rolled down the hill turning out of the New Road the alderman was particularly eloquent in pointing out and describing the once celebrated tea gardens, Bagnigge Wells.

"In my young days, sir, this place was the great resort of city elegance and fashion, and divided the town with Vauxhall. Here you might see on a Sunday afternoon, or other evenings, two thirds of the corporation promenading with their wives and daughters; then there was a fine organ in the splendid large room, which played for the entertainment of the company, and such crowds of beautiful women, and gay fellows in embroidered suits and lace ruffles, all powdered and perfumed like a nosegay, with elegant cocked hats and swords in their sides; then there were such rural walks to make love in, take tea or cyder, and smoke a pipe; you know, Mrs. Marigold, you and I have had many a pleasant hour in those gardens during our courting days, when the little naked Cupid used to sit astride of a swan, and the water spouted from its beak as high as the monument; then the grotto was so delightful and natural as life, and the little bridge, and the gold fish hopping about underneath it, made it quite like a terrestrial paradise{2}; but about that time Dr. Whitfield and the Countess of Huntingdon undertook to save the souls of all the sinners, and erected a psalm-singing shop in Tottenham Court Road, where they assembled the pious, and made wry faces at the publicans and sinners, until they managed to turn the heads without turning the hearts of a great number of his majesty's liege subjects, and by the aid of cant and hypocrisy, caused the orthodox religion of the land to be nearly abandoned; but we are beginning to be more enlightened, Mr. Blackmantle, and Understand these *trading* missionaries and *Bible merchants* much better than they could wish us to have done. Then, sir, the Pantheon, in Spa Fields, was a favourite place of resort for the bucks and gay ladies of the time; and Sadler's Wells and Islington Spa were then in high repute for their mineral waters. At White Conduit House the

Jews and Jewesses of the metropolis held their carnival, and city apprentices used to congregate at Dobney's bowling-green, afterwards named, in compliment to Garrick's Stratford procession, the Jubilee tea-gardens; those were the times to grow rich, Mr. Blackmantle, when half-a-crown would cover the day's expenditure of five persons, and behave liberally too."—In our way through Islington, the alderman pointed out to us the place as formerly celebrated for a weekly consumption of cakes and ale; and as we passed through Holloway, informed us that it was in former time equally notorious for its cheese-cakes, the fame of which attracted vast numbers on

2 Upon reference to an old print of Bagnigge Wells, I find the alderman's description of the place to be a very faithful portrait. The Pantheon is still standing, but converted into a methodist chapel.

the Sunday, who, having satiated themselves with pastry, would continue their rambles to the adjacent places of Hornsey Wood House, Colney Hatch, and Highgate, returning by the way of Hampstead to town.

The topographical reminiscences of the alderman were illustrated as we proceeded by the occasional sallies of Mrs. Marigold's satire: "she could not but regret the depravity of the times, that enabled low shop-keepers and servants to dress equal to their betters: it is now quite impossible to enjoy society and be comfortable in public, without being associated with your tallow-chandler, or your butcher, or take a pleasant drive out of town, without meeting your linen-draper, or your tailor, better mounted or in a more fashionable equipage than yourself."

"All for the good of trade," said the alderman: "it would be very hard indeed if those who enable others to cut a dash all the week could not make a splash themselves on a Sunday; besides, my dear, it's a matter of business now-a-days: many of your kickshaw tradesmen west of Temple Bar find it as necessary to consult *appearances* in the park and watch the *new come outs*, as I do to watch the stock market: if they find their customers there in good feather and high repute, they venture to cover another leaf in their ledger; but if, on the contrary, they appear shy, only

show of a Sunday, and are cut by the nobs, why then they understand it's high time to close the account, and it's very well for them if they are ever able to *strike a balance*."

At the conclusion of this colloquy, we had arrived at the Gate House, Highgate, just in time to hear the landlord proclaim that dinner was that moment about to be served up: the civic rank of the alderman did not fail to obtain its due share of servile attention from Boniface, who undertook to escort our party into the room, and having announced the consequence of his guests, placed the alderman and his family at the head of the table.

I have somewhere read, "there is as much valour expected in feasting as in fighting; "and if any one doubts the truth of the axiom, let him try with a hungry stomach to gratify the cravings of nature at a crowded ordinary—or imagine a well disposed group of twenty persons, all in high appetite and "eager for the fray" sitting down to a repast scantily prepared for just half the number, and crammed into a narrow room, where the waiters are of necessity obliged to wipe every dish against your back, or deposit a portion of gravy in your pocket, to say nothing of the sauce with which a remonstrance is sure to fill both your ears. Most of the company present upon this occasion appeared to have the organs of destructiveness to an extraordinary degree, and mine host of the Gate House, who is considered an excellent physiognomist, looked on with trembling and disastrous countenance, as he marked the eager anxiety of the expectant *gourmands* sharpening their knives, and spreading their napkins, at the shrine of Sensuality, exhibiting the most voracious symptoms of desire to commence the work of demolition.

A small tureen of mock turtle was half lost on its entrance, by being upset over the leg of a dancing-master, who capered about the room to double quick time, from the effects of a severe scalding; on which the alderman (with a wink) observed, that the gentleman had no doubt caused many a *calf s head to dance* about in his time, and now he had met with a rich return. "I'll bring an action against the landlord for the carelessness of his waiter." "You had better not," said the alderman.

"Why not, sir?" replied the smarting son of Terpsichore. "Because you have only *one leg to stand on*." This sally produced a general laugh, and restored all to good humour. On the appearance of a fine cod's head and shoulders, the rosy gills of Marigold seemed to extend with extatic delight; while a dozen voices assailed him at once with "I'll take fish, if you please." "Ay, but you don't take me for a fag: if you please, gentlemen, I shall help the ladies first, then myself and friend, and afterwards you may divide the *omnium and scrip* just as you please."

"What a strange animal!" whispered the dancing master to his next neighbour, an old conveyancer. "Yes, sir," replied the man of law, "a city shark, I think, that will swallow all our share of the fish."

"Don't you think, Mr. Alderman," said a lusty lady on the opposite side of the table, "the fish is rather *high*?"

"No, ma'ain, it's my opinion," (looking at the fragments) "the company will find it rather low."

"Ay, but I mean, Mr. Alderman, it's not so *fresh* as it might be."

"Why the head did whisper to me, ma'am, that he had not been at sea these ten days; only I thought it rude to repeat what was told me in confidence, and I'm not fond of *fresh things* myself, am I, Mrs. Marigold? Shall I help you to a little fowl, ma'am, a wing, or a merry thought?"

"Egad! Mr. Alderman, you are always ready to assist the company with the latter."

"Yes, ma'am, always happy to help the ladies to a __tit bit: shall I send you the *recorder's nose*? Bless my heart, how warm it is! Here, Joe, hang my wig behind me, and place that calf's-head before me." (See Plate.)

"Very sorry, ma'am, very sorry indeed," said Mr. Deputy Flambeau to the lady next him, whose silk dress he had just bespattered all over; "could not have supposed this little pig had so much gravy in him," as Lady Macbeth says.

"I wish you'd turn that ere nasty thing right round, Mr. Deputy," growled out a city costermonger, "'cause my wife's quite alarmed for her *grose* de Naples."

"Not towards me, if you please, Mr. Deputy," simpered out Miss Marigold, "because thereby hangs a tail, i.e. (tale)."

"That's my Biddy's ultimatum," said the alderman; "she never makes more than one good joke a day."

"If they are all as good as the last, they deserve the benefit of frequent resurrection, alderman."

"Why so, Mr. Blackmantle?"

"Because they will have the merit of being very funny upon a very grave subject—*jeu d'esprits* upon our latter end."

"Could you make room for three more gentlemen?" said the waiter, ushering in three woe-begone knights of the trencher, who, having heard the fatal clock strike when at the bottom of the hill, and knowing the punctuality of the house, had toiled upwards with breathless anxiety to be present at the first attack, and arrived at the end of the second course, *just in time to be too late*. "Confound all clocks and clockmakers! set my watch by Bishopsgate church, and made sure I was a quarter too fast." "Very sorry, gentlemen, very sorry, indeed," said Boniface; "nothing left that is eatable—not a chop or a steak in the house; but there is an excellent ordinary at the Spaniards, about a mile further down the lane; always half an hour later than ours." "Ay, it's a grievous affair, landlord; but howsomdever, if there's nothing to eat, why we must go: we meant to have done you justice to-day—but never mind, we'll be in time for you another Sunday, old gentleman, depend upon it; "and with this significant promise the three *hungarians* departed, not a little disappointed.

"Those three men are no ordinary customers," said our host; "they have done us the honour to dine here *before*, and what is more, of leaving nothing *behind*; one of them is the celebrated Yorkshireman, Tom Cornish, whom General Picton pitted against a Hanoverian glutton to eat for a fortnight, and found, at the end of a week, that he was a

whole bullock, besides twelve quartern loaves, and half a barrel of beer, ahead of his antagonist; and if the Hanoverian had not given up, Tom would have eaten the rations of a whole company. His father is said to have been equally gluttonous and penurious, and could eat any given quantity: this person once dining with a member of the Society of Friends, who was also a scion of Elwes' school, after having eat enough for four moderate visitors, re-helped himself, exclaiming, 'You see it's cut and come again with me! 'to which the sectarian gravely replied, 'Friend, cut again thou may'st, but come again thou never shalt.'"

"Ay, that's a very good joke, landlord," said the alderman; "but you know I am up to your jokes: you think these long stories will save your mutton, but there you're wrong—they only give time to take breath; so bring in the sirloin and the saddle of mutton, waiter; and when we've done dinner I'll tell you an anecdote of old Tattersall and his beef-eater, which occurred at this house in a former landlord's time. Come, Mr. Blackmantle, let me send you a slice of the sirloin, and tell us what you think of good eating."

"That the wit of modern times directs all its rage *ad gulam*; and the only inducement to study is *erudito luxu*, to please the palate, and satisfy the stomach. Even my friend Ebony, the northern light, has cast off the anchorite, and sings thus jollily:

'The science of eating is old,
Its antiquity no man can doubt:
Though Adam was squeamish, we're told,
Eve soon found a *dainty bit* out.'

"We talk of the degeneracy of the moderns, as if men now-a-days were in every respect inferior to their ancestors; but I maintain, and challenge contradiction, that there are many stout rubicund gentlemen in this metropolis that might be backed for eating or drinking with any Bacchanalian or masticator since the days of Adam himself. What was *Offellius Bibulus*, the Roman parasite, or *Silenus Ebrius*, or *Milo*, who could knock down an ox, and eat him up directly afterwards, compared to Tom Cornish, or Richardson the oyster eater?{3} or what are all these opposed to the Oxonian, who, a short time since, went to the Swan at

Bedford, and ordered dinner? a goose being brought, he hacked it in a style at which Mrs. Glass would have fainted; indeed so wretched was the mutilated anatomy, in appearance, from bad carving, that, being perfectly ashamed of it, he seized the moment when some poor mendicant implored his charity at the window, deposited the remains of the goose in his apron, rang the bell, and asked for his bill: the waiter gazed a moment at the empty dish, and then rushing to the landlord, exclaimed, 'Oh! measter, measter, the gentleman eat the goose, bones and all!' and the worthies of Bedford believe the wondrous tale to this day."

To return to Tom Cornish, our host informed us his extraordinary powers of mastication were well known, and dreaded by all the tavern-keeping fraternity who had Sunday ordinaries within ten miles round London, with some of whom he was a regular annuitant, receiving a trifle once a year, in lieu of giving them a *benefit*, as he terms the filling of his voracious paunch. A story is told of his father, who is said to have kept a very scanty table, that dining one Saturday with

3 In 1762, says Evelyn in his Diary, "one Richardson, amongst other feats, performed the following: taking a live coal on his tongue, he put on it a raw oyster; the coal was blown on with a bellows, till it flamed in his mouth, and so remained till the oyster gaped, and was quite boiled." Certainly the most simple of all cooking apparatus.

his son at an ordinary in Cambridge, he whispered in his ear, "Tom, you must eat for to-day and to-morrow." "O yes," retorted the half-starved lad, "but I han't eaten for yesterday, and the day before yet, father." In short, Tom makes but one hearty meal in a week, and that one might serve a troop of infantry to digest. The squalling of an infant at the lower end of the room, whose papa was vainly endeavouring to pacify the young gourmand with huge spoonfuls of mock-turtle, drew forth an observation from the alderman, that had well nigh disturbed the entire arrangement of the table, and broke up the harmony of the scene "with most admired disorder;" for on the head of the Marigold family likening the youngster's noise to a chamber organ, and quaintly observing that

they always had music during dinner at Fishmongers' Hall, the lady mother of the infant, a jolly dame, who happened to be engaged in the shell fish line, took the allusion immediately to herself, and commenced such a furious attack upon the alderman as proved her having been regularly matriculated at the college in Thames Street.

When the storm subsided the ladies had vanished, and the alderman moved an adjournment to what he termed the *snuggery*, a pleasant little room on the first floor, which commanded a delightful prospect over the adjacent country. Here we were joined by three eccentric friends of the Marigold family, who came on the special invitation of the alderman, Mr. Peter Pendragon, a celebrated city punster, Mr. Philotus Wantley, a vegetable dieter, and Mr. Galen Cornaro, an abominator of wine, and a dyspeptic follower of Kitchener and Abernethy—a trio of singularities that would afford excellent materials for my friend Richard Peake, the dramatist, in mixing up a new *monopolylogue* for that facetious child of whim and wit, the inimitable Charles Mathews. Our first story, while the wine was decantering, proceeded from the alderman, who having been driven from the dinner table somewhat abruptly by the amiable *caro sposa* of the fish-merchant, had failed in giving us his promised anecdote of old Tattersall and his beef-eater. "I have dined with him often in this house," said the alderman, "in my earlier days, and a pleasant, jovial, kindhearted fellow he was, one who would ride a long race to be present at a good joke, and never so happy as when he could trot a landlord, or knock down an argument monger with his own weapons. The former host of the Gate House was a bit of a screw, and old Tat knew this; so calling in one day, as if by accident, Tat sat him down to a cold round of beef, by way of luncheon, and having taken some half ounce of the meat, with a few pickles, requested to know what he had to pay for his eating. 'Three shillings, sir,' said the waiter. 'Three devils!' ejaculated Tat, with strong symptoms of surprise, for in those days three shillings would have nearly purchased the whole round: 'send in your master.' In walks the host, and Tat renewed his question, receiving in reply a reiteration of the demand, but accompanied with this explanation, that peck high or peck low, it was all the same price: 'in short, sir,' said the host, 'I keep this

house, and I mean the house should keep me, and the only way I find to insure that is to make the short stomachs pay for the long ones.' 'Very well,' said Tat, paying the demand, 'I shall remember this, and bring a friend to dine with you another day.' At this time Tat had in his employ a fellow called Oxford Will, notorious for his excessive gluttony, a very famine breeder, who had won several matches by eating for a wager, and who had obtained the appellation of Tattersall's beef-eater. This fellow Tat dressed in decent style, and fixing him by his side in the chaise, drove up to the Gate House on a Sunday to dine at the ordinary, taking care to be in excellent time, and making a previous appointment with a few friends to enjoy the joke. At dinner Will was, by arrangement, placed in the chair, and being well instructed and prepared for execution, was ably supported by Tat and his friends: the host, too, who was in excellent humour, quite pleased to see such a numerous and respectable party, apologised repeatedly, observing that he would have provided more abundantly had he known of the intended honour: in this way all things proceeded very pleasantly with the first course, Will not caring to make any very wonderful display of his masticatory prowess with either of the *unsubstantials*, fish or soup; but when a fine *aitch-bone* of beef came before the gourmand, he stuck his fork into the centre, and, unheedful of the ravenous solicitations of those around him requesting a slice, proceeded to demolish the whole joint, with as much celerity as the hyena would the harmless rabbit: the company stared with astonishment; the landlord, to whom the waiters had communicated the fact, entered the room in breathless haste; and on observing the empty dish, and hearing Will direct the waiter to take away the bone and bring him a clean plate, was apparently thunder-struck: but how much was his astonishment increased upon perceiving Will help himself to a fine young turkey, stuffed with sausages, which he proceeded to dissect with anatomical ability, and by this time the company understanding the joke, he was allowed uninterruptedly to deposit it in his immense capacious receptacle, denominated by old Tat the *fathomless vacuum*. Hitherto the company had been so completely electrified by the extra-ordinary powers of the glutton, that astonishment had for a short time suspended

the activity of appetite, as one great operation of nature will oftentimes paralyze the lesser affections of the body; but, as Will became satisfied, the remainder of the party, stimulated by certain compunctious visitings of nature, called cravings of the stomach, gave evident symptoms of a very opposite nature: in vain the landlord stated his inability to produce more viands, he had no other provisions in the house, it was the sabbath-day, and the butchers' shops were shut, not a chop or a steak could be had: here Will feigned to join his affliction with the rest—he could have enjoyed a little snack more, by way of finish. This was the climax; the party, according to previous agreement, determined to proceed to the next inn to obtain a dinner; the landlord's remonstrance was perfectly nugatory; they all departed, leaving Tat and his man to settle with the infuriated host; and when the bill was brought in they refused to pay one sixpence more than the usual demand of three shillings each, repeating the landlord's own words, that peck high or peck low, it was all the same price."

With the first glass of wine came the inspiring toast of "The Ladies," to which Mr. Philotus Wantley demurred, not on account of the sex, for he could assure us he was a fervent admirer, but having studied the wise maxims of Pythagoras, and being a disciple of the Brahma school, abominators of flesh and strong liquors, he hoped to be excused, by drinking the ladies in *aqua pura*.—" Water is a monstrous drink for Christians!" said the alderman, "the sure precursor of coughs, colds, consumptions, agues, dropsies, pleurisies, and spleen. I never knew a water-drinker in my life that was ever a fellow of any spirit, mere morbid anatomies, starvelings and hypochondriacs: your water-drinkers never die of old age, but melancholy."—"Right, right, alderman," said Mr. Pendragon; "a cup of generous wine is, in my opinion, excellent physic; it makes a man lean, and reduces him to friendly dependence on every thing that bars his way: sometimes it is a little grating to his feelings, to be sure, but it generally passes off with an hic-cup. According to Galen, sir, the waters of *Astracan* breed worms in those who taste them; those of *Verduri*, the fairest river in Macedonia, make the cattle who drink of them black, while those of Peleca, in Thessaly, turn every thing white;

and Bodine states that the stuttering of the families of Aquatania, about Labden, is entirely owing to their being water-drinkers: a man might as well drink of the river Styx as the river Thames, '*Stygio monstrum conforme paludi*,' a monstrous drink, thickened by the decomposition of dead Christians and dead brutes, and purified by the odoriferous introduction of gas water and puddle water, joined to a pleasant and healthy amalgamation of all the impurities of the common sewers.

```
'As nothing goes in so thick,
And nothing comes out so thin,
It must follow, of course,
That no-thing can be worse,
As the dregs are all left within.'"
```

"Very well, Mr. Pendragon, very well, indeed," said Mr. Galen Cornaro, an eccentric of the same school, but not equally averse to wine; "'temperance is a bridle of gold; and he who uses it rightly is more like a god than a man.' I have no objection to a cup of generous wine, provided nature requires it—but 'simple diet,' says Pliny, 'is best;' for many dishes bring many diseases. Do you know John Abernethy, sir? he is the *manus dei* of my idolatry. 'What ought I to drink?' inquired a friend of mine of the surgeon. 'What do you give your horse, sir?' was the question in reply. 'Water.' 'Then drink water,' said Abernethy. After this my friend was afraid to put the question of eatables, lest the doctor should have directed him to live on oats. 'Your modern good fellows,' continued John, 'are only ambitious of rivalling a brewer's horse; who after all will carry more liquor than the best of them.' 'What is good to assist a weak digestion?' said another patient. 'Weak food and warm clothing,' was the reply; 'not, however, forgetting my *blue pill*.' When you have dined well, sleep well: wrap yourself up in a warm watch-coat, and imitate your dog by basking yourself at full length before the fire; these are a few of the Abernethy maxims for dyspeptic patients." I had heard much of this celebrated man, and was desirous of gleaning some more anecdotes of his peculiarities. With this view I laid siege to Mr. Galen Cornaro, who appeared to be well acquainted with the whims of the practitioner. "I remember, sir," said my informant, "a very good fellow of the name of

Elliot, a bass-singer at the concerts and theatres of the metropolis; a man very much resembling John Abernethy in person, and still more so in manner; one who under a rough exterior carried as warm a heart as ever throbbed within the human bosom. Elliot had fallen ill of the jaundice, and having imbibed a very strong dislike to the name of doctor, whether musical or medical, refused the solicitations of his friends to receive a visit from any one of the faculty; to this eccentricity of feeling he added a predilection for curing every disease of the body by the use of simples, decoctions, and fomentations extracted from the musty records of old Culpepper, the English physician. Pursuing this principle, Elliot every day appeared to grow worse, and drooped like the yellow leaf of autumn in its sear; until his friends, alarmed for his safety, sent to Abernethy, determined to take the patient by surprise. Imagine a robust-formed man, sinking under disease and *ennui*, seated before the fire, at his side a table covered with phials and pipkins, and near him his *vade mecum*, the renowned Culpepper. A knock is heard at the door. 'Come in!' vociferates the invalid, with stentorian lungs yet unimpaired; and enter John Abernethy, not a little surprised by the ungraciousness of his reception. 'Who are you?' said Elliot in thorough-bass, just inclining his head half round to recognize his visitor, without attempting to rise from his seat: Abernethy appeared astonished, but advancing towards his patient, replied, 'John Abernethy.'

'Elliot. Oh, the doctor!

'Abernethy. No, not the doctor; but plain John Abernethy, if you please.

'Elliot. Ay, my stupid landlady sent for you, I suppose.

'Abernethy. To attend a very stupid patient, it would appear.

'Elliot. Well, as you are come, I suppose I must give you your fee. (Placing the gold upon the table.)

'Abernethy (looking rather cross.) What's the matter with you?

'Elliot. Can't you see?

'Abernethy. Oh yes, I see very well; then tasting some of the liquid in the phials, and observing the source from whence the prescriptions had been extracted, the surgeon arrived at something that was applicable to the disease. Who told you to take this?

'Elliot. Common sense.

'Abernethy putting his fee in his pocket, and preparing to depart. Good day.

'Elliot (reiterating the expression.) Good day! Why, you mean to give me some advice for my money, don't you?

'Abernethy, with the door in his hand. Follow common sense, and you'll do very well.'

"Thus ended the interview between Abernethy and Elliot. It was the old tale of the stammerers personified; for the professional and the patient each conceived the other an imitator. On reaching the ground-floor the surgeon was, however, relieved from his embarrassment by the communication of the good woman of the house, who, in her anxiety to serve Elliot, had produced this extraordinary scene. Abernethy laughed heartily—assured her that the patient would do well—wrote a prescription for him—begged he might hear how he proceeded—and learning he was a professional man, requested the lady of the mansion to return him his fee."

"Ay," said the alderman, "that was just like John Abernethy. I remember when he tapped poor Mrs. Marigold for the dropsy, he was not very tender, to be sure, but he soon put her out of her tortures. And when on his last visit I offered him a second twenty pound note for a fee, I thought he would have knocked me down; asked me if I was the fool that gave him such a sum on a former occasion; threw it back again with indignation, and said he did not rob people in that manner." No professional man does more generous actions than John Abernethy; only it must be after his own fashion.

"Come, gentlemen, the bottle stands still," said Mr. Pendragon, "while you are running through the merits of drinking. Does not Rabelais contend that good wine is the best physic?' because there are more old

tipplers than old physicians.' Custom is every thing; only get well seasoned at the first start, and all the rest of life is a summer's scene. Snymdiris the

Sybarite never once saw the sun rise or set during a course of twenty years; yet he lived to a good old age, drank like a centaur, and never went to bed sober."

And when his glass was out, he fell Like some ripe kernel from its shell.

"I was once an anti-gastronomist and a rigid antisaccharinite; sugar and milk were banished from my breakfast-table, vegetables and puddings my only diet, until I almost ceased to vegetate, and my cranium was considered as soft as a custard; and curst hard it was to cast off all culinary pleasures, sweet reminiscences of my infancy, commencing with our first spoonful of pap, for all young protestants are papists; to this day my heart (like Wordsworth's) overflows at the sight of a pap-boat—the boat a child first mans; to speak naughty-cally, as a nurse would say, how many a row is there in the pap-boat—how many squalls attend it when first it comes into contact with the skull! But I am now grown corpulent; in those days I was a lighter-man, and I believe I should have continued to live (exist) upon herbs and roots; but Dr. Kitchener rooted up all my prejudices, and overturned the whole system of my theory by practical illustrations.

"Thus he that's wealthy, if he's wise,
Commands an earthly paradise;
That happy station nowhere found,
But where the glass goes freely round.
Then give us wine, to drown the cares
Of life in our declining years,
That we may gain, if Heav'n think fitting,
By drinking, what was lost by eating:
For though mankind for that offence
Were doom'd to labour ever since,
Yet Mercy has the grape impower'd
To sweeten what the apple sour'd."

To this good-humoured sally of Pendragon succeeded a long dissertation on meats, which it is not *meet* I should relate, being for the most part idle conceits of Mr. Galen Cornaro, who carried about him a long list of those prescribed eatables, which engender bile, breed the *incubus*, and produce spleen, until, according to his bill of fare, he had left himself nothing to subsist upon in this land of plenty but a mutton-chop, or a beef-steak. What pleased me most was, that with every fresh bottle the two disciples of Pythagoras and Abernethy became still more vehement in maintaining the necessity for a strict adherence to the theory of water and vegetable economy; while their zeal had so far blinded their recollection, that when the ladies returned from their walk to join us at tea, they were both "*bacchi plenis*," as Colman has it, something inclining from a right line, and approaching in its motion to serpentine sinuosities. A few more puns from Mr. Pendragon, and another story from the alderman, about his friend, young Tattersall, employing Scroggins the bruiser, disguised as a countryman to beat an impudent Highgate toll-keeper, who had grossly insulted him, finished the amusements of the day, which Mrs. Marigold and Miss Biddy declared had been spent most delightfully, so rural and entertaining, and withal so economical, that the alderman was induced to promise he would not dine at home again of a Sunday for the rest of the summer. To me, at least, it afforded the charm of novelty; and if to my readers it communicates something of character, blended with pleasure in the perusal, I shall not regret my Sunday trip with the Marigold family and first visit to the

GATE HOUSE, HIGHGATE.

Page109

THE STOCK EXCHANGE.

Have you ever seen Donnybrook fair?
Or in a *caveau* spent the night?
On Waterloo's plains did you dare
To engage in the terrific fight?
Has your penchant for life ever led
You to visit the Finish or Slums,
At the risk of your pockets and head?
Or in Banco been fixed by the bums?
In a smash at the hells have you been,
When pigeons were pluck'd by the bone?
Or enjoy'd the magnificent scene
When our fourth George ascended his throne?
Have you ever heard Tierney or Canning
A Commons' division address?
Or when to the gallery ganging,
Been floor'd by a rush from the press?
Has your taste for the fine arte impell'd
You to visit a bull-bait or fight?
Or by rattles and charleys propell'd,
In a watch-house been lodged for the night?
In a morning at Bow-street made one
Of a group just to bother sage Birnie?
Stood the racket, got fined, cut and run,
Being fleeced by the watch and attorney?
Or say, have you dined in Guildhall
With the mayor and his corporate souls?
Or been squeezed at a grand civic ball,
With dealers in tallow and coals?
Mere nothings are these, though the range
Through all we have noticed you've been,
When compared to the famed Stock Exchange,
That riotous gambling scene.

The unexpected Legacy—Bernard Blackmantle and Bob Transit visit Capel Court—Characters in the Stocks—Bulls, Bears and Bawds, Brokers, Jews and Jobbers—A new Acquaintance, Peter Principal—His Account of the Market—The Royal Exchange—Tricks upon Travellers—Slating a Stranger—The Hebrew Star and his Satellites—Dividend Hunters and Paragraph Writers—The New Bubble Companies—Project Extraordinary—Prospectus in Rhyme of the Life, Death, Burial, and Resurrection Company—Lingual Localisms of the Stock Exchange explained—The Art and Mystery of Jobbing exposed—Anecdotes of the House and its Members—Flying a Tile—Billy Wright's Brown Pony—Selling a Twister—A Peep into Botany Bay—Flats and Flat-catchers—The Rotunda and the Transfer Men—How to work the Telegraph—Create a Rise—Put on the Pot—Bang down the Market—And waddle out a Lame Duck.

A bequest of five hundred pounds by codicil from a rich old aunt had most unexpectedly fallen to my friend Transit, who, quite unprepared for such an overwhelming increase of good fortune, was pondering on the best means of applying this sudden acquisition of capital, when I accidentally paid him a visit in Half-moon Street. "Give me joy, Bernard," said Bob; "here's a windfall;" thrusting the official notice into my hand; "five hundred pounds from an old female miser, who during her lifetime was never known to dispense five farthings for any generous or charitable purpose; but being about to *slip her wind* and make a *wind-up* of her accounts, was kind enough to remember at parting that she had a poor relation, an artist, to whom such a sum might prove serviceable, so just hooked me on to the tail end of her testamentary document and booked me this legacy, before she booked herself inside for the other world. And now, my dear Bernard," continued Bob, "you are a man of the world, one who knows

'What's what, and that's as high
As metaphysic wit can fly.'

I am puzzled, actually bewildered what to do with this accumulation of wealth: only consider an eccentric artist with five hundred pounds in his pocket; why it must prove his death-warrant, unless immediate measures are taken to free him from its magical influence. Shall I embark it in some of the new speculations? the Milk company, or the Water company, the Flesh, Fish, or Fowl companies, railways or tunnel-ways, or in short, only put me in the right way, for, at present, I am mightily abroad in that respect." "Then my advice is, that you keep your money at home, or in other words, fund it; unless you wish to be made fun of and laughed at for a milksop, or a bubble merchant, or be taken for one of the Gudgeon family, or a chicken butcher, a member of the Poultry company, where fowl dealing is considered all fair; or become a liveryman of the worshipful company of minors (i.e. miners), where you may be fleeced à la Hayne, by legs, lawyers, bankers and brokers, demireps and contractors'; or, perhaps, you will feel disposed to embark in a new company, of which I have just strung together a prospectus in rhyme: a speculation which has, at least, much of novelty in this country to recommend it, and equally interests all orders of society.

1 It is not surprising, we see, that lawyers, bankers, and brokers are found at the bottom of most of the new schemes. Their profits are certain, whatever the fate of the Gudgeon family. The brokers, in particular, have a fine harvest of it. Their charges being upon the full nominal amount of the shares sold, they get twice as much by transferring a single 100L. share in a speculation, although only 1L. may have been paid on it, as by the purchase or sale of 100L. consols, of which the price is 94L. Or, to make the matter plainer to the uninitiated, suppose an individual wishes to lay out 500L. in the stock-market. If he orders his broker to purchase into the British funds, the latter will buy him about 535L. three per cent, consols; and the brokerage, at one-eighth per cent, will be about 13s. But if the same person desires to invest the same sum in the stock of a new Mine or Rail-road company, which is divided into 100L. shares, on each of which say 1L. is paid, and

there is a premium of 1L. (as is the case at this moment with a stock we have in our eye) his broker's account will then stand thus:—

Bought 250 shares in the —— Company.

First instalment of 1L. paid			£250	0 0
Premium L. per share			250	0 0
	500	0 0		
Brokerage £ per cent, on 25,000L. stock			62	10 0
	562	10 0		

Which will leave Mr. Adventurer to pay 62L. 10s. to his broker, and to pay 99L. more on each of his 250 shares, when the———company "call" for it!

Or, let us reverso the case, and suppose our speculator, having been an original subscriber for 100 shares in the —— company, and having consequently obtained them for nothing, wishes to sell, finding them at a premium of 6s. per share, and either fearing they may go lower, or not being able to pay even the first instalment called for by the directors. If he is an humble tradesman, he is perhaps eager to realise a profit obtained without labour, and hugs him-self at the idea of the hundred crowns and the hundred shillings he shall put into his pocket by this pleasant process. Away he posts to Cornhill, searches out a broker, into whose hands he puts the letter entitling him to the 100 shares, with directions to sell at the current premium. The broker takes a turn round 'Change, finds a customer, and the whole affair is settled in a twinkling, by an entry or two

in the broker's memorandum-book, and the drawing of a couple of cheques. Our fortunate speculator, who is anxiously waiting at Batson's the return of his man of business, and spending perhaps 3s. 6d. in bad negus and tough sandwiches, on the strength of his good luck, is then presented with a draft on a banker for 5L. neatly folded up in a small slip of foolscap, containing the following satisfactory particulars:—

Sold 100 shares in the———company—nothing paid—prem. 6s. £30

Brokerage, 1/4 per cent, on 10,000L. stock 25

By cheque 5

He stares wildly at this document, utterly speechless, for five minutes, during which the broker, after saying he shall be happy to "do" for him another time, throws a card on the table, and exit. The lucky speculator wanders into 'Change with the account in his hand, and appeals to several Jews to know whether he has not been cheated: some abuse him for the insinuation against so "respectable" a man as Mr.——- the broker; others laugh in his face; and all together hustle him into the street. He goes home richer by 4L.. 16s. 6d. than when he went out, and finds that a wealthy customer, having called three times in his absence to give him a particular order, had just left the shop in a rage, swearing he would no longer encourage so inattentive a tradesman.—*Examiner*.

THE LIFE, DEATH, BURIAL, AND RESURRECTION COMPANY.

CAPITAL.—ONE HUNDRED MILLIONS SHARES.—ONE POUND.

In this age of projectors, when bubbles are spread
With illusive attractions to bother each head,
When bulls, bears, jews, and jobbers all quit Capelcourt
To become speculators and join in the sport,
Who can wonder, when interest with intellect clashes,
We should have a new club to dispose of our ashes;
To rob death of its terrors, and make it delightful
To give up your breath, and abolish the frightful
Old custom of lying defunct in your shroud,
Surrounded by relatives sobbing aloud?
We've a scheme that shall mingle the "grave with the gay,"
And make it quite pleasant to die, when you may.
First, then, we propose with the graces of art,
Like our Parisian friends, to make ev'ry tomb smart;
And, by changing the feelings of funeral terrors,
Remove what remain'd of old Catholic errors.
Our plan is to blend in the picturesque style
Smirke, Soane, Nash, and Wyatville all in one pile.
So novel, agreeable, and grateful our scheme,
That death will appear like a sweet summer's dream;
And the horrid idea of a gloomy, cold cell,
Will vanish like vapours of mist from a dell.

Thus changed, who'll object a kind friend to inhume,
When his sepulchre's made like a gay drawing-room 1
A diversified, soothing commixture of trees,
Umbrageous and fann'd by the perfumed breeze;
With alcoves, and bowers, and fish-ponds, and shrubs,
Select, as in life, from intrusion of scrubs;
While o'er your last relics the violet-turf press
Must a flattering promise afford of success.
"Lie light on him, earth," sung a poet of old;
Our earth shall be sifted, and never grow cold;
No rude weight on your chest—how like ye our scheme {1}
Where your grave will be warm'd by a process of steam,
Which will boil all the worms and the grubs in their holes,
And preserve from decay ev'ry part but your souls.
Our cemetery, centred in fancy's domain,
Shall by a state edict eternal remain
To all parties open, the living or dead;
Or christian, or atheist, here rest their head,
In a picturesque garden, and deep shady grove,
Where young love smiles, and fashion delighteth to rove.
To render the visitors' comforts complete,
And afford the grieved mourners a proper retreat,
The directors intend to erect an hotel,
Where a *table d'hôte* will be furnished well;
Not with the "cold meats of a funeral feast,"
But a banquet that's worthy a nabob at least;
Of *lachryma christi*, and fine *vin de grave*,
And cordial compounds, a choice you may have.
Twice a week 'tis proposed to illumine the scene,
And to waltz and quadrille on the velvety green;
While Colinet's band and the Opera Corps
Play and dance with a spirit that's quite *con amore*,
A committee of taste will superintend
The designs and inscriptions to each latter end.

Take notice, no cross-bones or skulls are allowed,
Or naked young cherubims riding a cloud;
In short, no allusions that savour of death,
Nor aught that reminds of a friend's parting breath.
The inscriptions and epitaphs, elegies too,
Must all be poetical, lively, and new;
Such as never were heard of, or seen heretofore,
To be written by Proctor, Sam. Rogers, or Moore.
In lieu of a sermon, glee-singers attend,
Who will chant, like the cherubims, praise without end.
Three decent old women, to enliven the hours,
Attend with gay garlands and sacred flowers,
The emblems of grief—artificial, 'tis true,
But very like nature in a general view.
Lord Graves will preside, and vice-president Coffin
Will pilot the public into the offing.
The College of Surgeons and Humane Society
Have promised to send a delightful variety.
The Visitors all are physicians of fame;
And success we may, therefore, dead certainty name.
To the delicate nervous, who'd wish a snug spot,
A romantic temple, or moss-cover'd grot,
Let them haste to John Ebers, and look at the plan;
Where the grave-book lies open, its merits to scan.
Gloves, hatbands, and essence of onions for crying,
White 'kerchiefs and snuff, and a cordial worth trying,
The attendants have ready; and more—as time presses,
No objection to bury you in fancy dresses.
Our last proposition may frighten you much;
We propose to reanimate all by a touch,
By magic revive, if a century old,
The bones of a father, a friend, or a scold.
In short, we intend, for all—but a wife,
To bring whom you please in a moment to life;
That is, if the shares in our company rise,—
If not 'tis a bubble, like others, of lies.

—Bernard Blackmantle.

The recitation of this original *jeu d'esprit* had, I found, the salutary effect of clearing my friend Transit's vision in respect to the *speculation mania*; and being by this time fully accoutred and furnished with the possibles, we sallied forth to make a purchase in the public funds. There is something to be gleaned from every event in this life, particularly by the eccentric who is in search of characteristic matter. I had recently been introduced to a worthy but singular personage in the city, Mr. Peter Principal, stock broker, of the firm of Hazard and Co.—a man whose probity was never yet called in question, and who, having realized a large property by the most honourable means, was continually selected as broker, trustee, and executor by all his acquaintance. To him, therefore, I introduced my friend Bob, who being instantly relieved from all his weighty troubles, and receiving in return the bank receipts, we proceeded to explore the regions of Pluto (i.e. the money market), attended by Peter Principal as our guide and instructor. On our entrance into Capel Court we were assailed by a motley group of Jews and Gentiles, inhabitants of Lower Tartary (i.e. Botany Bay{2}), who, suspecting we came there on business, addressed us in a jargon that was completely unintelligible either to Transit or myself. One fellow inquired if I was a bull,{3} and his companion wished to know if Transit was a bear{4}; another eagerly offered to give us *five eighths*, or sell us, at the same price, for the account'{5}; while a fourth thrust his

2 A place so named, without the Stock Exchange, where the lame ducks and fallen angels of Upper Tartary assemble when expelled the house, to catch a hint how the puff's and bangs succeed in the private gambling market; when if they can saddle their neighbour before he is up to the variation, it is thought good jobbing.

3 Persons that purchase with a view for a rise in the funds.

4 One who sells with a view to a fall in the price of

stock.

5 A certain future day, fixed upon by the Committee of the Stock Exchange, for the settlement of *time bargains*—they are usually appointed at an interval of six weeks, and the price of stocks on this given day determines the speculator's gain or loss.

copper countenance into my face, and offered to do business with me at a fiddle.{6} "Tush, tush," said Peter Principal to the increasing multitude which now barred our passage, "we are only come to take a look, and watch the operation of the market." "*Dividend hunters*{7} I suppose," said a knowing looking fellow, sarcastically, "ear wigging{8}—Hey, Mr. Principal, something good for the pull out{9}? Well, if the gentlemen wish to put on the pot, although it be for a pony,{10} I'm their man, only a little rasping,{11} you know." To this eloquent appeal succeeded a similar application from a son of Israel, who offered to accommodate us in any way we wished, either for the *call*{l2} or *put*{13}; to which friendly offer little Principal put his direct negative, and, after innumerable

6 When a broker has got money transactions of any consequence, as there is no risk in these cases, he will fiddle one finger across the other, signifying by this that the jobber must give up half the turn of the market price to him, which he pockets besides his commission.

7 Those who suppose by changing stock they get double interest, by receiving four dividends in one year instead of two; but in this they are deceived, as the jobber, when he changes stock, gains the advantage; for instance, if he buys consols at sixty, when he sells out there will be deducted one and a half per cent. for the dividend.

8 When bargains are done privately by a whisper, to conceal the party's being a bull.

9 Buying or selling for ready money.

10 Pony, 25,000L.

11 Giving greater turns to the jobbers than those regulated in the market.

12 *Call*. Buying to call more at one-eighth or one-fourth above the price on a certain day, if the buyer chooses, and the price is in his favour.

13 *Put*. Selling to put more to it on a certain day, at one-eighth or one-fourth under the market price.

attacks of this sort, we reached the upper end of the court, and found ourselves upon the steps which lead to the regions of Upper Tartary, (i.e.) the Stock Exchange. At this moment our friend Principal was summoned by his clerk to attend some antique spinster, who, having scraped together another hundred, had hobbled down to annex it to her previous amount of consols. "You must not attempt to enter the room by yourselves," said Principal; "but accompany me back to the Royal Exchange, where you can walk and wait until I have completed the old lady's *job*." While Principal was gone to invest his customer's stock, we amused ourselves with observing the strange variety of character which every where presents itself among the groups of all nations who congregate together in this arena of commerce. Perhaps a more fortunate moment for such a purpose could not have occurred: the speculative transactions of the times had drawn forth a certain portion of the Stock Exchange, gamblers, or inhabitants of Upper Tartary, who, like experienced sharpers of another description, never suffer a good thing to escape them. Capel Court was partially abandoned for exchange bubbles, {14} and new companies opened a new system of fraudulent enrichment for these sharks of the money market.

14 The speculative mania, which at this time raged with unprecedented violence among a large portion of his Majesty's liege subjects, gave the "John Bull" a glorious opportunity for one of their witty satires, in which the poet has very

humorously described the

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 a 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 broker's 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 Billingsgate:
Another takes your linen, when it's dirty, to the suds, sir,
And brings it home in carriages with four nice bits of blood, sir.
Run, neighbours, run, you're just in time to get a share
In all the famous bubbles that amuse John Bull.
When Greenwich coaches go by steam on roads of iron railing, sir,
How pleasant it will be to see a dozen in a line;
And ships of heavy burden 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 Cocknies 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 monstrous bore.
 Amongst the many scheming folks, I take it he's no ninny, sir,
Who bargains with the Ashantees to fish the coast of Guinea, sir;
 For, secretly, 'tis known, that another brilliant view he has,
Of lighting up the famous town of Timbuctoo with oil gas.
Run, neighbours, run, you're just in time to get a share
In all the famous bubbles that amuse John Bull.
Then a company is form'd, though not yet advertising,
To build, upon a splendid scale, a large balloon,
And send up tools and broken stones for fresh Mac-Adamizing
The new discover'd turnpike roads which cross the moon.
 But the most inviting scheme of all is one proposed for 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 Greenland!
Run, neighbours, run, you're just in time to get a share
In all the famous bubbles that amuse John Bull,

High 'Change was a subject full of the richest materials for my friend Bob, who, without knowing more of the characters than their exterior appearances of eccentricity and costume exhibited, proceeded to *book*, as he termed it, the leading features. Every now and then there was a rush to different parts of the arena, and an appearance of great anxiety among the crowd to catch the attention of a person who flourished a large parchment above their heads with all the pride and importance of a field marshal's baton. This was, I found, no other than the leading agent of some newly projected company, who took this method of *indulging*

the subscribers with shares, or letting the fortunate applicants know how many of these speculative chances the committee had allowed them to possess. The return of little Principal afforded me a key to the surrounding group, without which their peculiar merits would have been lost to the world, or have remained individually unknown, like the profit of many of the modern speculations. "You must not suppose," said Principal, "that great talents make great wealth here, or that honourable conduct and generous feelings command respect—no such thing; men are estimated upon 'Change in proportion to the supposed amount of their property, and rise or fall in the worldly opinion of their associates as prosperity or adversity operates upon the barometer of their fortunate speculations; a lucky hit will cause a dolt to be pointed out as a clever fellow, when, the next turn of the market proving unsuccessful, he is despised and insulted: so much are the frequenters of 'Change influenced by the most sordid and mercenary feelings, that almost all of them are the willing dupes of riches and good fortune. However, as you are strangers here, gentlemen, I will introduce you, *entre nous*, to a few of the characters who thrive by the destruction of thousands of their fellow-creatures. The bashaw in black yonder, who rests his elephantic trunk against a pillar of the Exchange, with his hands thrust into his breeches pockets, is the Hebrew star—the Jewish luminary, a very Shiloh among the peoples of his own persuasion, and, I am sorry to say, much too potent with the orthodox ministers of George the Fourth. The fellow's insolence is intolerable, and his vulgarity and ignorance quite unbearable. He commenced his career in Manchester by vending trinkets and spectacle-cases in the streets of that town, from which station he gradually rose to the important occupation of a dealer in *fag ends*, from which he ascended to the dignity of a bill-broker, when, having the command of money, and some wealthy Hebrew relatives conveniently distributed over the Continent for the transaction of business, he took up his abode in London, and towards the termination of the late war, when a terrible smash took place among some of his tribe, he found means to obtain their confidence, and having secured, by the aid of spies, the earliest foreign intelligence, he rapidly made a

colossal fortune in the British funds, without much risk to himself. It is said he can scarcely write his own name, and it only requires a minute's conversation to inform you of the general ignorance of his mind; in short, he is one of Hazlitt's men, with only one idea, but that one entirely directed to the accumulation of gold. A few years since some of the more respectable members of the Stock Exchange, perceiving the thraldom in which the public funds of the country were held by the tricks and manouvres of the Jew party, determined to make a stand against them: among these was a highly respected member of parliament, a great sporting character, and a very worthy man. His losses proved excessive, but they were promptly paid. In order to weaken his credit, and, if possible, shake his confidence and insult his feelings, the Jew took an opportunity, during High 'Change, of telling him, 'Dat he had got his cote and vaistcote, and he should very soon have his shirt into de bargain:' in this prophecy, however, Mr. Mordecai was mistaken; for the market took a sudden turn, and the gentleman alluded to recovered all his losses in a short time, to the great discomfiture of the high priest and the Jews. In private life he is equally abrupt and vulgar, as the following anecdote will prove, at his own table: A christian broker solicited some trifling favour, observing, he had granted what he then requested to another member of the house, who was his brother-in-law. 'Vary true, vary true,' said Solomon Gruff, as he is sometimes called, 'but then you do not shleep vid my shister, my boy; dat makes all de differance.' At present this fellow's influence is paramount at most of the courts of Europe, at some of which his family enjoy considerable honours; in short, he is the head of the locust tribe, and the leader of that class of speculators whom a witty writer has well described in the following lines, addressed to the landholders:

'The National Debt may be esteemed a mass
Of filth which grows corrupter every day;
And in this heap, as always comes to pass,
Reptiles and vermin breed, exist, decay.
'Tis now so huge, that he must be an ass
Who thinks it ever can be clear'd away:

```
And the time's quickly coming, to be candid,
When funded men will swallow up the landed.
'Then will these debt-bred reptiles, hungry vermin,
Fed from the mass corrupt of which I spoke,
Usurp your place.    A Jew, a dirty German,
Who has grown rich by many a lucky stroke,
Shall rule the Minister, and all determined
To treat your bitter sufferings as a joke.
Said I, he shall!    It will be nothing new;
The Treasury now is govern'd by a Jew.'
```

ENLARGE TO FULL SIZE

Page125

The tall dandy-looking youth standing near the great man is a scion of the former head of the Hebrew family: his father possessed very superior talents, but was too much attached to splendid society to die rich; his banquets were often graced by royalty, and his liberality and honourable conduct proverbial, until misfortune produced a catastrophe that will not bear repeating. The very name of the sire causes a feeling of dislike in the breast of the Colossus, and consequently the son is no partaker in the good things which the great man has to dispose of. The three tall Jews standing together are brothers, and all members of the Stock Exchange; their affinity to the high priest, more than their own talents, renders their fortunes promising. Observe the pale-faced genteel-looking man.on the right hand side of the arena—that is Major G—s, an unsuccessful speculator in the funds, but a highly honourable officer, who threw away the proceeds of his campaigns in the Peninsula among the sharks of the Stock Exchange and the lesser gamblers of St. James's: he has lately given to the world a sketch of his own life, under the assumed name of 'Ned Clinton, or the Commissary,' in which he has faithfully narrated scenes and characters. The little, jolly, fresh-coloured gentleman near him is Tommy B—h, a great speculator in the funds, a lottery contractor, and wine merchant, and quite at home in the tea trade. The immense fat

gent behind him is called the dinner man and M. C. of Vaux hall, of which place Tommy B—h holds a principal share; his office is to write lyrics for the lottery, and gunpowder puffs for the Genuine Tea Company, paragraphs for Vauxhall, and spirited compositions in praise of spiritless wines: amid all these occupations it is no wonder, considering his bulk, that he invariably falls asleep before the dinner cloth is removed, and snores most mellifluously between each round of the bottle. The sharp-visaged personage to the left of him is the well known Count Bounce————-"—"Excuse me, Mr. Principal," said I, "but I happen to know that worthy well myself; that is, I believe, Sam Dixon, the *coper* of Barbican, a jobber in the funds, it would appear, as well as in horses, coaches, and chaises: of the last named article I have had a pretty good specimen from his emporium myself, which, I must ever remember, was at the risk of my life.—"Do you observe that stout-looking gentleman yonder with large red whiskers, in a drab surtout, like a stage coachman? that is the Marquis of H————-, one of the most fortunate gamblers (i.e. speculators) of the present day: during the war his lordship acquired considerable sums of money by acting on his priority of political information, his policy being to make one of the party in power, without holding office, and by this means be at liberty to act in the money market as circumstances required: among the *roués* of the west he has not been less successful in games of chance, until his coffers are crammed with riches; but it must be admitted he is liberal in his expenditure, and often-times generous to applicants, particularly sporting men, who seek his favours and assistance. The little club of sage personages who are mustered together comparing notes, in the corner of the Dutch Walk, are the paragraph-writers for the morning and evening press; very potent personages here, I assure you, for without their kind operation the public could never be gulled to any great extent. The most efficient of the group is the elegant-looking tall man who has just moved off to consult his patron, the Hebrew star, who gives all his foreign information exclusively to the Leviathan of the press, of which paper Mr. A————-r is the representative. Next to him in importance, information, and talent, is the reporter for the Globe and Traveller, G

————s M————e, a shrewd clever fellow, with considerable tact for business. Mr. F————y, of the Courier, stands near him on his left; and if he does but little with the stocks, he does that little well. The sandy-haired laddie with the high cheek bones and hawk-like countenance is M'C————-h, of the Chronicle, but a wee bit of a *wastrell* in Stock Exchange affairs; and the mild-looking young gentleman who is in conversation with him represents the mighty little man of the Morning Herald. The rest of the public prints are mostly supplied with Stock Exchange information by a bandy-legged Jew, a very Solomon in funded wisdom, who pens paragraphs at a penny a line for the papers, and puts into them whatever the projectors dictate, in the shape of a puff, at per agreement. The knot of swarthy-looking athletic fellows, many of whom are finger-linked together, and wear rings in their ears, are American captains, and traders from the shores of the Atlantic. That jolly-looking ruby-faced old gentleman in black, who is laughing at the puritanical tale of his lank brother, Alderman Shaw, is the celebrated grand city admiral, Sir W. Curtis, a genuine John Bull, considered worth a *plum* at least, and the author of a million of good jokes. Observe that quiet-looking pale-faced gentleman now crossing the arena: from the smartness of his figure and the agility with which he bustles among the crowd, you would suppose him an active young man of about five-and-twenty, while, in fact, about sixty summers have rolled over his head; such are the good effects of temperance, system, and attention to diet. Here he is known by the designation of Mr. Evergreen; a name, perhaps, affixed to him with a double meaning, combining in view the freshness of his age and his known attachment to theatricals, of which pursuits, as a recreation, he is devotedly fond. As a broker, lottery contractor, and a man of business, Mr. D——-1 stands No. One for promptitude, probity, and the strictest sense of honour; wealthy without pride, and learned without affectation, his company is eagerly sought for by a large circle of the literati of the day, with whom, from his anecdotal powers, he is in high repute: on stage affairs he is a living 'Biographia Dramatica,' and Charles Mathews, it is said, owes much of his present celebrity to the early advice and persevering friendship of this worthy man. The pair of tall good-looking

gentlemen on the French Walk are Messrs. J. and H———S***h, merchants in the city, and authors at the west end of the town: here they have recently been designated by the title of their last whimsical production, and now figure as Messrs. Gaiety and Gravity, cognomens by no means inapplicable to the temper, feeling, and talent of the witty brothers. But come," said Principal, "the 'Change is now becoming too full to particularize, and as this is *settling* day at the Stock Exchange, suppose we just walk across to the Alley, take a look at the market, and see how the *account* stands."—In passing down Saint Bartholomew Lane, accident threw in our way the respected chief magistrate of the city, John Garrett, Esq. of whose sire little Principal favoured us with some entertaining anecdotes.—"Old Francis Garrett, who began business in the tea trade without cash, but with great perseverance and good credit, *cut up* at his death for near four hundred thousand pounds, and left his name in the firm to be retained for seven years after his decease, when his posthumous share of the profits was to be divided among his grand-children. As he generally travelled for orders himself, he was proverbial for despatch; and has been known to call a customer up in the morning at four o'clock to settle his account, or disturb his repose in the night, if old Francis was determined to make a lamp of the moon, and pursue his route. A very humorous story is related of him. Arriving at Benson, near Henley, on a Sunday morning, just as his customer, a Mr. Newberry, had proceeded to Church, old Francis was very importunate to prevail upon the servant-maid to call him out, in order that he might proceed to Oxford that night: after much persuasion she was induced to accompany him to the church, to point out the pew where her master sat. At their entrance the eccentric figure of the tea-broker caused a general movement of recognition among the congregation; but Francis, nothing abashed, was proceeding up the aisle with his cash instead of prayer-book in his hand, when his attention was arrested by the clergyman's text, 'Paul we know, and Silas we know, but who art thou?' The singular coincidence of the words, added to the authoritative style of the pastor, quite staggered Francis Garrett, who, however, quickly recovering, made a low bow, and then, in a true business-like style, proceeded to, apologize

to the reverend and congregation for this seeming want of respect, adding he was only old Francis Garrett, of Thames-street, the tea broker, whom every body knew, come to settle a small account with his friend Mr. Newberry. The eccentricity of the man was notorious, and this, perhaps, better than the apology, induced the clergyman to overlook the offence; but the story will long be remembered by the good people of Benson, and never fail to create a laugh in the commercial room among the merry society of gentlemen travellers. The son, who has deservedly risen to the highest civic honours, is a worthy and highly honourable man, whose conduct since he has been elected lord mayor reflects great credit upon his fellow citizens' choice."—We had now mounted the steps which lead to the Stock Exchange, or, as Principal, who, though one among them, may be said not to be one of them, observed, we had arrived at the *wolves' den*, "the secret arcana of which place, with its curious intricacies and perplexing paradoxical systems and principles, I shall now," continued our friend, "endeavour to explain; from which exposition the public will be able to see the monster that is feeding on the vitals of the country, while smiling in its face and tearing at its heart, yet cherished by it, as the Lacedemonian boy cherished the wolf that devoured him. I am an enemy to all monopolies," said Principal, "and this is one of the worst the country is infested with. "A private or exclusive market, that is, a market into which the public have not the liberty or privilege of either going to make, or to see made, bargains in their own persons, is one where the most sinister arts are likely to prevail. The Stock Exchange is of this description, and accordingly is one where the public are continually gulled out of their money by a system of the most artful and complicated traffic—a traffic calculated to raise the hopes of novices, to puzzle the wits of out-door speculators, and sure to have the effect of diminishing the property of those who are not members of the fraternity.{15}

"One of the principles of the Stock Exchange is, that the public assist against themselves, which is not the less true than paradoxical. It is contrary to the generally-received opinion that stocks should either be greatly elevated or depressed, without some apparent cause: it is

contrary to natural inference that they should rise,—not from the public sending in to purchase, or to buy or sell, which however frequently happens. It follows, therefore, that the former is occasioned by the arts of the interested stock-jobbers, and the latter by out-door speculators, who have the market price *banged down* upon them by those whose business and interest it is to fleece them all they can. In the language of the Stock Exchange, you must be either a *bull or a bear,* a *buyer or a seller*: now as it is not necessary you should have one shilling of property in the funds to embark in this speculation, but may just as well sell a hundred thousand pounds of stock as one pound, according to the practice of time bargains, which is wagering contrary to law—so neither party can be compelled to complete their agreement, or to pay whatever the difference of the amount may be upon the stock when the account closes: all transactions

> 15 The mode of exchanging stock in France is in public. A broker stands in the situation of an auctioneer, and offers it to the best bidder.

are, therefore, upon honour; and whoever declines to pay his loss is posted upon a black board, declared a defaulter, shut out of the association, and called by the community a *lame duck*.

"It is not a little extraordinary, while the legislature and the judges are straining every nerve to suppress low gambling and punish its professors, they are the passive observers of a system pregnant with ten times more mischief in its consequences upon society, and infinitely more vicious, fraudulent, and base than any game practised in the hells westward of Temple Bar; but we are too much in the practice of gaping at a gnat and swallowing a camel, or the great subscription-houses, such as White's, Brooke's, and Boodle's, would not have so long remained uninterrupted in this particular, while the small fry that surround them, and which are, by comparison, harmless, are persecuted with the greatest severity. As there is a natural disposition in the human mind for gambling, and as it is visible to all the world that many men (cobblers, carpenters, and other labourers), by becoming stock-jobbers, are suddenly raised from fortunes of a few pounds to hundreds of

thousands, therefore every falling shop-keeper or merchant flies to this disinterested seminary with the same hope: but the jobbers, perceiving their transactions interrupted by these persons intruding, in order to keep them at a distance, formed themselves into a body, and established a market composed of themselves, excluding every person not regularly known to the craft.{16} As the brokers found difficulty always to meet with people that would accommodate them either to buy or sell without waiting in the regular

16 An article in their by-laws expresses, that no new member shall be admitted who follows any other trade or business, or in any wise is subject to the bankrupt laws: at the same time it is curious to observe, that most of them are either *soi-disant* merchants or shopkeepers.

market in the Bank, to save themselves time they got accommodated among these gamblers in buying or selling as they wished; at the same time they gave the jobber one-eighth per cent, for such accommodation. As the loss was nothing to the broker, of course this imposition was looked over, because it saved his own time, and did not diminish his own commission.{17} It is clear, therefore, that the Stock Exchange is a self-constituted body, without any charter, but merely established at the will of the members, to the support of which a subscription is paid by each individual. They are ruled by by-laws, and judged by a committee, chosen from among themselves. This committee, as well as the members, are regularly re-balloted once in every year; of course no person is admitted within the walls of this house who does not regularly pay his subscription.

"In this way has the Stock Market been established and forced from its original situation by a set of jobbers and brokers, who are all, it will be seen, interested in keeping their transactions from the eye of the public. These men being always ready either to buy or sell, renders it easy for the brokers to get their business done, having no trouble but merely stepping into the Stock Exchange. If a broker wants to buy 5000L. stock, or any other sum, for a principal, the jobber will readily sell it, although perhaps possessing no part of it himself at the time, but will take his

chance of other brokers coming to put him in possession of it, and may have to purchase the amount in two or three different transactions,{18} but in doing that he will take care to call the price lower than he sold at. {19}

17 If the system of the private market had tended to lessen the broker's commission, he would have gone or stood any where else to transact business for his principals.

18 This at present only applies to young beginners, but old jobbers, who have enjoyed the system long enough, have been put in pos-session of large fortunes, and are now enabled to buy into or sell out of their own names to the amount of hundreds of thousands.

19 Should other brokers not come into the market to sell to him, he is then obliged, at a certain hour of the day, to go among his brethren to get it at the most suitable price possible. This is sometimes the cause of a momentary rise, and what is known by the jobbers turning out bears for the day. A depression some-times takes place on the same principle when they are bulls for a future day, and cannot take stock.

After the stock is transferred from the seller to the buyer, instead of the money, he will write you a draft on his banker, although he has no effects to discharge the same till such time as he is put in possession of it also by the broker whom he sold it to; and it sometimes occurs, such drafts having to pass through the clearing-house,{20} the principal is not certain whether his money, is safe till the day following. In this way does the floating stock pass and repass through the Stock Exchange to and from the public, each jobber seizing and laying his hand on as much as he can, besides the eighth per cent. certain, which the established rule gives in their favour: the price frequently gives way, or rises much more to his advantage, which advantage is lost to the principals, and thrown into the pockets of middle men by the carelessness and indolence of the broker, who will not trouble himself in looking out for such persons as he

might do business with in a more direct way.{21} When the Stock Market was more public, that is, when they admitted the public by paying sixpence a day, competitors for government loans were to be seen in numbers, which enabled ministers to make good bargains for the country{22};

20 A room situated in Lombard-street, where the banking clerks meet for the mutual exchange of drafts. The principal business commences at three o'clock in the afternoon, and the balances are paid and received at five o'clock.

21 Query,—When a broker has to buy and sell for two different principals, may he not act as a jobber also, and put the turns into his own pocket? In such cases the jobbers are convenient cloaks to disguise the transaction.

22 The loans taken by Boyd and Co., Goldsmidt, and others, were generally contracted for upon much better terms for the country than those taken by the Stock Exchange; but as they were contending against what is known by the interests of the house, they all were ruined in their turns, as the jobbers could always depreciate the value of stocks by making sales for time of that they did not possess.

but, since the establishment of the present private market, the stock-jobbers have been found to have so much power over the price of stocks, after loans had been contracted for, that real monied men, merchants, and bankers, have been obliged to creep in under the wings of this body of gamblers, and be satisfied with what portion of each loan this junto pleases to deal out to them."—In this way little Principal opened the secret volume of the Stock Exchange frauds, and exposed to our view the vile traffic carried on there by the *flat-catchers of the money market*. In ordinary cases it would be a task of extreme peril for a stranger to intrude into this *sanctum sanctorum*; but as our friend, the broker, was highly respected, we were allowed to pass through unmolested—a favour that will operate in suppressing our notice of certain characters whom we recognized within. It will, however, hardly be credited that in this

place, where every man is by profession a gambler, and sharping is the great qualification, so much of their time is devoted to tricks and fancies that would disgrace a school-boy. Among these the most prominent is hustling a stranger; an ungenerous and unmanly practice, that is too often played off upon the unsuspecting, who have been, perhaps, purposely invited into the den for the amusement of the wolves. Another point of amusement is *flying a tile, or slating* a man, as the phrases of the Stock Exchange describe it. An anecdote is told of one of their own members which will best convey an idea of this trick. One who was ever foremost in *slating* his brothers, or kicking about a new castor, had himself just sported a new hat, but, with prudence which is proverbial among the craft, he would leave his new *tile* at the counting-house, and proceed to the Stock Exchange in an old one kept for the purpose: this becoming known to some of the wags, members of the house, they despatched a note and obtained the new hat, which no sooner made its appearance in the house than it was thrown up for general sport; a joke in which none participated more freely than the unsuspecting owner, whose chagrin may be very well conceived, when, on his return to his counting-house from Capel-court, he discovered that he had been assisting in kicking his own property to pieces. Another trick of these wags is the screwing up a number of pieces of paper longitudinally with a portion of black ink inside them, and lying on the table before some person, whom they will endeavour to engage in serious conversation upon the state of the market, when it is ten to one if he does not roll some of these *twisters* between his fingers, and from agitation or deep thought on his approaching losses, or the risk of his speculations, blacken his fingers and his face, to the horse-laughical amusement of the by-standers. One of the best among the recent jokes my friend Bob has depicted to the life. (See Plate.) The fame of Mr. Wright's brown pony had often reached the ears of his brother brokers, but hitherto the animal himself was personally unknown: to obviate this difficulty, some sportive wight ascertained the stable where the old gentleman usually left his nag during the time he was attending the market, and by a well-executed forgery succeeded in bringing the pony to Capel-court, when,

without further ceremony, he was introduced into the house during the high bustle of the market, to the no small amusement of the house and the utter astonishment of his owner.

There is a new Stock Exchange established in Capel-court, where a number of Jews, shopkeepers, and tradesmen assemble, and jobbers who have emigrated from their friends in the upper house, some of whom have either been *ducks*, or have retired out of it on some honourable occasion; but as all is conducted upon honour in this traffic of gambling, these men also set up the principle of honour, on which they risk what has been honourably brought away from their honourable fellow labourers in the principal vineyard: these men stand generally in the Alley, and, hearing what is going on in the other market (as they speculate also upon the price established there), they will give advice to strangers who may be on the out-look to make, as they expect, a speedy fortune by dabbling in the stocks. If they find a person to be respectable, they will offer to do business with him on the principle of their brethren, and also exact the one-eighth per cent, as they do, trusting to his honour, that (although they do not know where he lives) he will appear on or before the settling day to balance the account, and pay or receive the difference.{23}

These jobbers speculate a great deal upon puts and calls, and will give a chance sometimes for a mere trifle. They have not, like the private market, the public generally to work upon, the by-laws in the Stock Exchange prohibiting any broker or jobber, being a regular member, from dealing with them, on pain of forfeiting his right to re-enter; but, notwithstanding, some of the brokers, and even the jobbers inside, will run all risks when there appears a good chance of getting a turn on the price in their favour: from this cause, however, the Alley, or New Stock Exchange jobbers, are obliged to gamble more directly with each other; consequently many get thrown to the leeward, and those who stand longest are generally such as have other resources from the trade or

23 There have many lately entered into gambling transactions with these gentlemen, and have taken the profit so long as they were right in their speculations; but as soon as a loss

came upon them, knowing they have no black board, they walk themselves coolly away with what they get.

occupation they carry on elsewhere. From this place, called by the members of the *house Lower Tartary, or Hell*, the next step of degradation, when obliged to waddle out of the court, is the *Rotunda of New Botany Bay*. Here may be seen the private market in miniature; a crowd of persons calling themselves jobbers and brokers, and, of course, a market to serve any person who will deal with them; the same system of *ear-wigging*, nods, and winks, is apparent, and the same *fiddling, rasping*, and attempts at overreaching each other, as in Upper Tartary, or the Den; and of course, while they rasp and fiddle, their principals have to pay for the music: but as no great bargains are contracted here (these good things being reserved for a select few in the private market), the jobbers, who are chiefly of little note, are glad if they can pick up a few shillings for a day's job, by cutting out money stock for servants' and other people's small earnings. Here may be seen my lord's footman from the west end of the town, who is a great politician, and knows for a certainty that the stocks will be down; therefore he wants to sell out his 50L. savings, to get in at less: here also may be some other lord's footman, who has taken a different view of things, and wants to buy; and, although their respective brokers might meet each other, and transact business in a direct way, at a given price, notwithstanding they either do, or they pretend to have given the jobbers the turn,{24} that is, the one sold at one-eighth, and the other bought at one-fourth.—This market, as in the Alley, is ruled by the prices established in the private gambling market, which being the case, some will have messengers running to and from this market to see how the puffs and bangs proceed; and if they can saddle their neighbour before he knows the price is changed, it is thought good jobbing. From the Stock

24 Some act both as jobbers and brokers, and will charge a com-mission for selling their own stock.

Exchange to the Rotunda, every where, it will be perceived, a system of gambling and deception is practised upon the public, and the country demoralized and injured by a set of men who have no principle but

interest, and acknowledge no laws but those of gain.

Page139

As this was settling-day, we had the gratification to observe one unfortunate howled out of the craft for having speculated excessively; and not being able or willing to pay his differences, he was compelled to waddle{25}; which he did, with a slow step and melancholy countenance, accompanied by the hootings and railings of his unfeeling tribe, as he passed down the narrow avenue from Upper Tartary, proclaimed to the lower regions and the world

A LAME DUCK

25 Those who become ducks are not what are termed true jobbers; they are those who either job or speculate, or are half brokers and half jobbers, and are left to pay out-door speculators' accounts; or if a jobber lend himself to get off large amounts of stock, in cases where the broker does not wish the house to know he is operating, he generally gives him an immediate advantage in the price in a private bargain; this is termed being such-a-one's bawd.

THE ISLE OF WIGHT.

Garden of England! spangle of the wave!
Loveliest spot that Albion's waters lave!
Hail, beauteous isle! thou gem of perfumed green,
Fancy's gay region, and enchantment's scone.
Here where luxuriant Nature pours,
In frolic mood, her choicest stores,
Bedecking with umbrageous green
And richest flowers the velvet scene,
Begirt by circling ocean's swell,
Enrich'd by mountain, moor, and dell;
Here bright Hygeia, queen of Health,
Bestows a gift which bankrupts wealth.

The Oxford Student—Reflections on the Close of a Term—The Invitation—Arrival at Southampton—Remarks—The Steam Boat—Advantages of Steam—Voyage to the Isle of Wight—Southampton Water—The Solent Sea and surrounding Scenery—Marine Villas, Castles, and Residences—West Cowes—Its Harbour and Attractions—The Invalid or the Convalescent—The Royal Yacht Club—Circular in Rhyme—Aquatic Sports considered in a National Point of Vieio—A Night on board the Rover Yacht—The Progress of Navigation—The Embarkation—The Soldier's Wife—Sketches of Scenery and Characters—Evening Promenaders—Excursions in the Island, to Ryde, Newport, Shanklin Chine, Bonchurch, the Needle Rocks—Descriptive Poetry—Morning, Noon, and Night—The Regatta—The Pilot's Review—The Race Ball—Adieu to Vectis.

The Oxford commemoration was just over, and the Newdigate laurels graced the brow of the victor; the last concert which brings together the scattered forces of *alma mater*, on the eve of a long vacation, had passed off like the note of the cygnet; the rural shades of Christchurch Meadows

were abandoned by the classic gownsmen, and the aquatic sons of Brazen-nose and Jesus had been compelled to yield the palm of marine superiority to their more powerful opponents, the athletic men of Exeter. The flowery banks of Isis no longer presented the attractive evening scene, when all that is beautiful and enchanting among the female graces of Oxford sport like the houris upon its velvet shores, to watch the prowess of the college youth: The regatta had terminated with the term; even the High Street, the usually well-frequented resort of prosing dons, and dignitaries, and gossiping masters of arts, bore a desolate appearance. Now and then, indeed, the figure of a solitary gownsman glanced upon the eye, but it was at such long and fearful intervals, and then, vision-like, of such short duration, that, with the closed oaks of the tradesmen, and the woe-begone faces of the starving *scouts and bed-makers*, a stranger might have imagined some ruthless plague had swept away, "at one fell swoop," two-thirds of the population of Rhedycina. It was at this dull period of time, that a poor student, having passed successfully the Scylla and Charybdis of an Oxonian's fears, the great go and little go, and exhausted by long and persevering efforts to obtain his degree, had just succeeded in adding the important academical letters to his name, when he received a kind invitation from an old brother Etonian to spend a few weeks with him in the Isle of Wight, "the flowery seat of the Muses," said Horace Eglantine, (the inviter), "and the grove of Hygeia; the delightful spot, above all others, best calculated to rub off the rust of college melancholy, engendered by hard reading, invigorate the studious mind, and divest the hypochrondriac of *la maladie imaginaire!*'" "And where," said Bernard Blackmantle, reasoning within himself, "is the student who could withstand such an attractive summons? Friendship, health, sports, and pleasures, all combined in the prospective; a view of almost all the blessings that render life desirable; the charm that binds man to society, the medicine that cures a wounded spirit, and the cordial which reanimates and brightens the intellectual faculties of the philosopher and the poet; in short, the health-inspiring draught, without which the o'ercharged spirit would sink into earth, a prey to black despondency, or linger out a wearisome existence only to

become a gloomy misanthrope, a being hateful to himself and obnoxious to all the world." With nearly as much alacrity as the lover displays when, on the wings of anticipated delight, he hastes to seek the beloved of his soul, did I, Bernard Blackmantle, pack up my portmanteau, and make the best of my way to Southampton, from which place the steam boat conveys passengers, morning and evening, to and from the island. Southampton has in itself very little worthy the notice of the lover of the characteristic and the humorous, at least that I discovered in a few hours' ramble. It is a clean well-built town, of considerable extent and antiquity, particularly its entrance gate, enlivened by numerous elegant shops, whose blandishments are equally attractive with the more fashionable *magazines de modes* of the British metropolis. The accommodations for visitors inclined to bathe or walk have been much neglected, and the vapours arising from its extended shores at low water are, in warm weather, very offensive; but the influx of strangers is, nevertheless, very great, from its being the port most eligible to embark from for either Havre de Grace, Guernsey, Jersey, or the Isle of Wight. The market here is accounted excellent, and from this source the visitors of Cowes are principally supplied with fruit, fish, fowl, and delicacies. The steam boat is a new scene for the painter of real life, and the inquisitive observer of the humorous and eccentric. The facility it affords of a quick and certain conveyance, in defiance of wind and tide, ensures its proprietors, during the summer months, a harvest of success. Its advantages I have here attempted to describe in verse, a whim written during my passage; and this will account for the odd sort of measure adopted, which I attribute to the peculiar motion of the vessel, and the clanking of the engine; for, as everybody knows, poets are the most susceptible of human beings in relation to local circumstances.

THE ADVANTAGES OF STEAM.

If Adam or old Archimedes could wake as from a dream,
How the ancients would be puzzled to behold
 Arts, manufactures, coaches, ships, alike impell'd by steam;

Fire and water changing bubbles into gold.
Steam's universal properties are every day improving,
All you eat, or drink, or wear is done by steam;
And shortly it will be applied to every thing that's moving,
As an engine's now erecting to write novels by the ream.
Fine speeches in the parliament, and sermons 'twill deliver;
To newspapers it long has been applied;
In King's Bench Court or Chancery a doubtful question shiver
With an argument already "cut and dried."
Its benefits so general, and uses so extensive,
That steam ensures the happiness of all mankind;
We grow rich by its economy, and travel less expensive
To the Indies or America, without the aid of wind.

Here we are, then, on board the steam boat, huge clouds of smoke rolling over our heads, and the reverberatory paddles of the engine just beginning to cut the bosom of Southampton Water. Every where the eye of the traveller feasts with delight upon the surrounding scenery and objects, while his cranium is protected from the too powerful heat of a summer's sun by an elegant awning spread from side to side of the forecastle, and under which he inhales the salubrious and saline breezes, enjoying an uninterrupted prospect of the surrounding country. On the right, the marine villas of Sir Arthur Pagett and Sir Joseph Yorke, embowered beneath the most luxuriant foliage, claim the notice of the traveller; and next the antique ruins of Netley Abbey peep out between the portals of a line of rich majestic trees, bringing to the reflective mind reminiscences of the past, of the days of superstition and of terror, when the note of the gloomy bell reverberated through the arched roofs the funeral rite of some departed brother, and, lingering, died in gentle echoings beneath the vaulted cloisters, making the monkish solitude more horrible; but now, as Keate has sung,

"Mute is the matin bell, whose early call
Warn'd the gray fathers from their humble beds;
No midnight taper gleams along the wall,
Or round the sculptured saint its radiance sheds."

At the extremity of the New Forest, and commanding the entrance to the river, the picturesque fort called Calshot Castle stretches forth, like the Martello Towers in the Bay of Naples, an object of the most romantic appearance; and at a little distance from it rises the stately tower of Eaglehurst, with its surrounding pavilions and plantations. To the westward is the Castle of Hurst; and now opens to the astonished traveller's view the Wight, extending eastward and westward far as the eye can compass, but yet within its measurement from point to point.

——"Here in this delicious garden is
Variety without end; sweet interchange
Of hills and valleys, rivers, woods, and plains;
Now land, now sea, and shores with forests crown'd,
Rocks, dens, and caves."

The coast presents a combination of romantic, pastoral, and marine beauties, that are deservedly the theme of admiration, and certainly no spot of the same extent, in the three kingdoms, perhaps in the world, can boast of such a diversity of picturesque qualities, of natural charms, and local advantages—attractions which have justly acquired for it the emphatic distinction of the Garden of England. Every where the coast is adorned with cottages or villas, hill or vale, enriched by the most luxuriant foliage, and crowned in the distance by a chain of lofty downs; while in front the coasts of Gosport and Portsmouth, and that grand naval station for England's best bulwarks, Spithead, present a forest of towering masts and streamers, which adds much to the natural grandeur of the scene. As we near Cowes we are delighted with a variety of striking objects: The chaste and characteristic seat of Norris, the residence of Lord Henry Seymour, massive in its construction, and remarkable for the simplicity of its style and close approximation to the ancient castle. On the brow of the hill the picturesque towers of East Cowes Castle rise from a surrounding grove, and present a very beautiful appearance,

which is materially increased upon nearer inspection by the rapid spread of the deep-hued ivy clinging to its walls, and giving it an appearance of age and solidity which is admirably relieved by the diversity of the lighter foliage. On the other side projects from a point westward Cowes Castle, the allotted residence of the governor, but now inhabited by the Marquis of Anglesey and his family, to whose partiality for aquatic sports Cowes is much indebted for its increasing consequence and celebrity. The building itself, although much improved of late, is neither picturesque nor appropriate; but the adjoining scenery, and particularly the marine villas of Lord Grantham and the late Sir J. C. Hippesley, have greatly increased the beauty of the spot, which first strikes the eye of a stranger in his progress to West Cowes from Southampton Water. The town itself rises like an amphitheatre from the banks of a noble harbour, affording security and convenience for large fleets of ships to ride at anchor safely, or to winter in from stress of weather, or the repair of damages. But here ends my topographical sketches for the present. The inspiring air of "Home, sweet Home," played by the steward upon the key bugle, proclaims our arrival; the boat is now fast drawing to her moorings at the Fountain Quay, the boatmen who flock along-side have already solicited the care of my luggage, and the hand of my friend, Horace Eglantine, is stretched forth to welcome my arrival at West Cowes.

The first salutations over with my friend Eglantine, I could not help expressing my surprise at the sailor-like appearance of his costume. "All the go here, old fellow," said Horace; "we must start that long-tailed gib of yours for a nice little square mizen, just enough to cover your beam and keep your bows cool; so bear a hand, my boy, and let us drop down easy to our births, and when properly rigged you shall go on board my yacht, the Rover, and we will bear away for the westward. Only cast off that sky scraper of yours before the boom sweeps it overboard, and cover your main top with a Waterloo cap: there, now, you are cutter rigg'd, in good sailing trim, nothing queer and yawl-like about you." In this way I soon found myself metamorphosed into a complete sailor, in appearance; and as every other person of any condition, from the marquis downwards, adopted the same dress, the alteration was

indispensably necessary to escape the imputation of being considered a Goth. Among the varied sports in which the nobility and gentry of England have at any time indulged, or that have, from the mere impulse of the moment and the desire of novelty, become popular, none have been more truly national and praiseworthy than the establishment of the Royal Yacht Club. The promotion of aquatic amusement combines the soundest policy in the pursuit of pleasure, two points but rarely united; in addition to which it benefits that class of our artizans, the shipwrights, who, during a time of profound peace, require some such auxiliary aid; nor is it less patriotic in affording employment to sea-faring men, encouraging the natural characteristic of Britons, and feeding and fostering a branch of service upon which the country must ever rely for its support and defence in time of peril. To the owners it offers advantages and attractions which are not, in other pursuits, generally attainable; Health here waits on Pleasure,—Science benefits by its promotion,—friends may partake without inconvenience or much additional expense,—travel is effected with economy,—and change of scene and a knowledge of foreign coasts obtained without the usual privations and incumbrances attendant upon the public mode of conveyance. By a recent regulation, any gentleman's pleasure yacht may enter the ports of France, or those of any other power in alliance with England, exempted from the enormous exactions generally extorted from private and merchant vessels, as harbour and other dues,—a privilege of no mean consequence to those who are fond of sailing. In addition, there are those, and of the service too, who contend, that since the establishment of the Royal Yacht Club, by their building superior vessels, exciting emulation, and creating a desire to excel in naval architecture, and also by the superiority of their sailing, the public service of the country has been much benefited, particularly as regards our lighter vessels, such as revenue cutters and cruizers. This club, which originated with some gentlemen at Cowes in the year 1815, now comprises the name of almost every nobleman and gentleman in the kingdom who keeps a yacht, and is honoured with that of the sovereign, and other members of his family, as its patrons. Cowes Harbour is the

favourite rendezvous; and here in the months of July and August may be seen above one hundred fine vessels built entirely for purposes of pleasure, and comprising every size and variety of rigging, from a ship of three hundred tons burthen to the yawl of only eight or ten. It was just previous to that delightful spectacle, the regatta, taking place, when the roads and town presented an unusually brilliant appearance, that I found myself agreeably seated on board the Rover, a cutter yacht of about thirty tons, who, if she was not fitted up with all the superiority of many of those which surrounded me, had at least every comfortable and necessary accommodation for half a dozen visitors, without incommoding my friend Horace or his jovial crew.

I had arrived at Cowes a low-spirited weakly invalid, more oppressed in mind than body; but a few trips with my friend Eglantine to sea, on board the Rover, and some equally pleasant rambles among the delightful scenery which surrounds the bay of Cowes, had in one week's residence banished all symptoms of dispepsia and nervous debility, and set the master of arts once more upon his legs again. Some idea of my condition, on leaving *alma mater*, may be obtained by the following effusion of my Muse, who, to do her justice, is not often sentimental, unless when sickness presses her too close.

THE INVALID.

Light-hearted Mirth and Health farewell,
Twin sisters of my youthful days,
Who through life's early spangled dell
Would oft inspire my humble lays.

Fancy, cameleon of the mind,
The poet's treasure, life, and fame,
Thou too art fled, with wreath to bind
The budding of some happier name.

Oppression's sway, or fortune's frown,
My buoyant spirits once could bear;
But now chimeras press me down,
And all around seems fell despair.

With fev'rish dreams and frenzied brain,
When Hecate spreads her veil, I'm crost;
My body sinks a prey to pain,
And all but lingering hope is lost.

With the return of health and spirits, Horace insisted I should write the "L'Allegro" to this "Il Penseroso" effusion. So, finding the jade had recovered her wonted buoyancy, I prayed her mount on gayest wing, and having spread her pinions to the sun, produced the following impromptu.

THE CONVALESCENT.

Welcome, thou first great gift below,
Hygeian maid, with rosy glow,
Thrice welcome to my call.
Let misers hug their golden store,
I envy none the servile ore;
To me thou art all in all.

Thou spring of life, and herald fair,
Whose charm dispels disease and care,
And yields a summer joy,
All hail! celestial seraph, hail!
Thou art the poet's coat of mail,
His mirth without alloy.

There is a prepossessing something in the life of a sailor which improves the natural attachment of Englishmen to every thing nautical; so much so, that I never heard of one in my life who was not, after a single trip, always fond of relating his hair-breadth perils and escapes, and of seizing every opportunity to display his marine knowledge by framing his conversation *ship shape*, and decorating his oratory with a few of those lingual localisms, which to a landsman must be almost unintelligible without the aid of a naval glossary. A fortnight's tuition under the able auspices of my friend Horace had brought me into tolerable good trim in this particular; I already knew the difference

between fore and aft, a gib, a mainsail, and a mizen;could hand a rope, or let go the foresail upon a tack; and having gained the good opinion of the sailing captain, I was fast acquiring a knowledge how to box the binnacle and steer through the Needle's Eye. But, my conscience! as the Dominie says, I could never learn how to distinguish the different vessels by name, particularly when at a little distance; their build and rigging being to my eye so perfectly similar. In all this, however, my friend Horace was as completely at home as if he had studied naval architecture at the college; the first glance of a vessel was quite enough for him: like an old sportsman with the pedigree of a horse or a dog, only let him see her, through his glass head or stern, or upon a lee lurch, and he would hail her directly, specify her qualities and speed, tell you where she was built, and who by, give you the date of her register, owner's name, tonnage, length and breadth of her decks, although to the eye of the uninitiated there was no distinguishing mark about her, the hull being completely black, and the rigging, to a rope, like every other vessel of the same class. "For instance," said Horace, "who could possibly mistake that beautiful cutter, the Pearl? See how she skims along like a swan with her head up, and stern well under the wind! Then, look at her length; there's a bowsprit, my boy! full half the measurement of her hull; and her new mainsail looks large enough to sweep up every breath of wind between the sea and the horizon. Then only direct your fore lights to her trim; every rope just where it should be, and not a line too much; and when she fills well with a stiff breeze, not a wrinkle in all her canvas from the gib to the gaff topsail. Then observe how she dips in the bows, and what a breadth she has; why she's fit for any seas; and if the Arrow ever shoots past her, I'll forfeit every shot in my lockers." "Avast there! master Horace," said our master at the helm, who was an old Cowes pilot, and as bluff as a Deal sea-boat; "the Pearl is a noble sailer; but a bird can't fly without wings, nor a ship run thirteen knots an hour without a good stiff breeze. If the light winds prevail, the Arrow will have the advantage, particularly now she's cutter rigged, and has got the marquis's old mainsail up to take the wind out of his eye." "Ay, ay," said Horace, "you must tell that story to the marines, old boy; it will never do for the

sailors." "Mayhap, your honours running right a-head with the Pearl, and betting your blunt all one way; but, take an old seaman's advice; may I get no more rest than a dog-vane, or want a good *grego*{1} in a winter's watch, if I don't think you had better keep a good look-out for the wind's changing aft; and be ready to haul in your weather-braces, and bear the back-stays abreast the top-br'im, ere the boatswain's mate pipes the starboard-watch a-hoy." "Tush, tush, old fellow," said Horace, with whom I found Lord Anglesey's cutter stood a one at Lloyd's. "May my mother sell vinegar, and I stay at home to bottle it off, if I would give a farthing per cent, to be ensured for my whole risk upon the grand match! Mind your weather roll, master—belay every inch of that. There now; look out a-head; there's the Liberty giving chase to the Julia, and the Jack-o'lantern weathering the Swallow upon every tack. His Grace of Norfolk won't like that; but a pleasure hack must not be expected to run against a thorough-bred racer. There is but one yawl in the club, and that is the little Eliza, that can sail alongside a cutter; but then Sir George Thomas is a tar for all weathers—a true blue jacket—every thing so snug—cawsand rig—no topmasts—all so square and trim, that nothing of his bulk can

1 A watch-coat.

beat him." In this way my friend Eglantine very soon perfected me in nautical affairs, or, to use his expression, succeeded in putting a "timber head in the ship;" and the first use I made of my newly acquired information was to pen a *jeu d'esprit*, in the way of a circular in rhyme, inviting the members of the Royal Yacht Club to assemble in Cowes-roads. The whim was handed about in MS., and pleased more from its novelty than merit; but as it contains a correct list of the club at this period, and as the object of the English Spy is to perpetuate the recollections of his own time, I shall here introduce it to the notice of my readers.

A CIRCULAR,

ADDRESSED TO THE MEMBERS OP THE ROYAL YACHT CLUB.

Come, lads, bend your sails; o'er the blue waters thronging, In barks like the sea-mew that skims o'er the lave; All you to the Royal Yacht squadron belonging, Come, muster at Cowes, for true sport on the wave. {1} First our king,{2} Heaven bless him! who's lord of the sea, And delights in the sport of the circling wave, Commands you attend him wherever ye be, Sons of ocean, ye loyal, ye witty, and brave. Here Anglesey,{3} Waterloo's hero, shall greet ye;

1 The club generally assemble in Cowes-roads about the middle of July to commence their aquatic excursions, which are continued

until after the Regatta in August.

2 His Majesty is graciously pleased to honour the club by becoming its patron.

3 The Marquis of Anglesey is a principal promoter of this truly British sport, and resides with his family at Cowes Castle during the season. The Pearl cutter, 113 tons, and the Liberty cutter, 42 tons, are both his property.

The Pearl, and the Liberty, cutters in trim, The Welds {4} in the Arrow and Julia too meet ye, The match for eight hundred affording you whim. Here Grantham{5} his Nautilus, steer'd by old Hollis, Shall cut through the wave like a beautiful shell; And Symonds{6} give chase in the yawl the Cornwallis, And Webster{7} the Scorpion manage right well; And Williams{8} the younger, and Owen{9} his dad, From the shores of Beaumaris have run the Gazelle; And Craven{10} his May-fly wings o'er like a lad That is used to the ocean, and fond of its swell. Come, lads,

bear a hand—here's Sir George hove in sight, With his little Eliza{11} so snug and so trim; Tan sails, cawsand rigg'd—for all weather she's tight; You must sail more than well, if you mean to beat him. Then steady, boys, steady—here's Yarborough's{12} Falcon, A very fine ship, but a little too large; And here is a true son of Neptune to talk on, Vice-Admiral Hope,{13} K.CB. in his barge.

4 Joseph and James Welds, Esqrs., of Southampton, the wealthy and spirited owners of the Arrow yawl, 85 tons, and the Julia, 43 tons. These gentlemen evince the greatest spirit in challenging and sailing any of the club.

5 Lord Grantham, Nautilus, Cutter, 103 tons, a new and very fast sailer.

Owner	Vessel	Class	Tons
6 Capt. J. C. Symonds, R.N.	Adm. Cornwallis	Yawl	22
7 Sir Godfrey Webster	Scorpion,	Cutter	110
8 T. P. Williams, Esq.,	Hussar,	Schooner,	120
and the	Blue-eyed Maid,	Cutter,	39
9 Owen Williams, Esq.	Gazelle	Cutter	87
10 Earl Craven	May-fly	Yawl	39
11 Sir George Thomas, Bart.	Eliza	Yawl	34

12 Lord Yarborough Commodore Falcon Ship 335

13 Vice-Admiral Sir W. Johnston Hope, K.C.B., who is here in one of the Admiralty yachts.

Come, lads, spread your canvas for health and for pleasure,
For both are combined in this true British sport;
Come, muster in Cowes-roads without further leisure,
Blue jackets and trowsers for dresses at court.
See Deerhurst{14} his Mary sticks to like a lover,
And Lindegren's{15}Dove wings it over the main;
Powell's {16} Briton, 'tis very well known, is a rover,
In Union the Pagets{17}must ever remain;
Here's Smith's {18 }Jack o'lantern and Chamberlayne's Fairy, {19}
Earl Harborough's{20} Ann, and F. Pake's Rosabelle{21}
Lord Willoughby's {22} Antelope, Penleaze's {23}Mary,
And Gauntlet's{24}Water-sprite sails very well.
Come, jolly old Curtis,{25} bear up in your Emma,
Eight cheerily laden with turtle and port;
And Melville{26} set sail if you'd scape the dilemma
Of being too late for our aquatic sport.
See Norfolk {27}already is here in the Swallow,
And the Don Giovanni a challenge has sent,
Which Lyons {28} accepts, and intends to beat hollow,
That is if the Londoner should not repent.

Owner	Vessel
14 Viscount Deerhurst	Mary
15 J. Lindegren, Esq.	Dove.
16 J. B. Powell, Esq.	Briton
17 Right Hon. Sir A. Paget	Union

18 T. A. Smith, jun. Esq. Jack o'lantern

19 W. Chamberlayne, Esq. Fairy

20 Earl of Harborough Ann

21 F. Pare, Esq. Rosabelle

22 Lord Willoughby do Broke Antelope

23 J. S. Penleaze, Esq. Mary

24 Captain J. Gauntlet Water Sprite

25 Sir William Curtis, Bart. Rebecca Maria, Yawl, 76 tons.
and Emma, Schooner, 132 tons.

26 Lord Melville Admiralty Yacht 100

27 Duke of Norfolk Swallow Yawl 124

28 Captain Edmund Lyons (the polar navigator) had just launched the Queen Mab.

But look, what a crowd of fine yachts are arriving!
The Elizabeth,{29 }Unicorn,{30} Cygnet,{31} and Jane,{32}
The Eliza, Sabrina,{33} Madora,{34} all striving
To beat one another as coursing the main.
A fleet of small too, at anchor are riding;
The Margaret{35} Sapphire,{36} the Molly,{37} and Hind,{38}
The Orion,{39} and Dormouse{40} and Janette{41}abiding
The time when each vessel shall covet the wind.
Then, boys, bend your sails, and weigh for our regatta,
We've a Sylph?{42 and a Rambler{43} and a Merry Maid,{44}
A Syren{45} a Cherub{46} a Charlotte{47} and at her

A Corsair(48} who looks as if nothing afraid.
Here the Lord of the Isles{49} and freebooter Rob Roy,{50}
By a Will o' the Wisp{51} are led over the deep;

29 J. Fleming, Esq.
 Elizabeth

30 H. Perkins, Esq.
 Unicorn,

31 J. Reynolds, Esq.
 Cygnet

32 Hon. William Hare
 Jane

33 James Maxie, Esq.
 Sâbrina

34 H. Hopkins, Esq.
 Madora

35 Hon. William White
 Margaret

36 James Dundas, Esq.
 Sapphire

37 Lieutenant-Colonel Harris
 Charming Molly

38 Capt. Herringham, R.N.
 Hind

39 James Smith, Esq.
 Orion

40. P. Peach, Esq.

Dormouse

41 Capt. C. Wyndham, R.N.
Janette

42 R. W. Newman, Esq.
Sylph

43 J. H. Durand, Esq.
Jolly Rambler

44 Joseph Gulston, Esq.
Merry-maid

45 T. Lewin, Esq.
Syren

46 T. Challen, Esq.
Cherub

47 John Vassall, Esq.
Charlotte

48 Corbett, Esq.
Corsair

49 Colonel Seale
Lord of the Isles

50 W. Gaven, Esq.
Rob Roy

51 E. H. Dolatield, Esq.
Will o' the Wisp

And the Highland Lass{52} blushes a welcome of joy,
As alongside the Wombwell{53} she anchors to sleep.

Here the Donna del Lago{54} consorts with Rostellan,{55}
To the New Grove,{56} Lord Nelson{57} Louisa {58} attends,
Galatea{59} runs a Harrie{60} in chase of the Erin,{61}
And here with the Club List my Circular ends.

	Owner	Vessel	Class	Tons
52	Lieut.-Gen. Mackenzie	Highland Lass	Yawl	25
53	T. Harman, Esq.	Wombivell	Cutter	33
54	S. Halliday, Esq.	Lady of Die Lake	Yawl	42
55	Marquis of Thoruond	Rostellan	Schooner	60
56	John Roche, Esq.	New Grove	Cutter	24
57	Reverend C. A. North	Lord Nelson	Cutter	75
58	Arch. Swinton, Esq.	Louisa	Yawl	24
59	C. R. M. Talbot, Esq.	Galatea	Schooner	179
60	Sir R. J. A. Kemys	Harrier	Schooner	36
61	T. Allen, Esq.	Erin	Schooner	94

"A right merrie conceit," said Horace, "and a good-humoured jingle that must be gratifying to all mentioned, and will serve as a record of the present list of the Yacht Club to future times. We must petition the commodore to enter you upon the ship's books as poet-laureate to the squadron: you shall pen lyrics for our annual club-dinner at East Cowes, compose sea-chants for our cabin jollifications, sing the praises of our wives and sweethearts, and write a congratulatory ode descriptive of our vessels, crews, and commanders, at the end of every season; and your reward shall be a birth on board any of the fleet when you choose a sail, and a skin-full of grog whenever you like to command it. So come, old fellow, give us a spice of your qualifications for your new office; something descriptive of the science of navigation, from its earliest date to the perfection of a first-rate man of war."

THE PROGRESS OF NAVIGATION, AN ORIGINAL SONG;

Dedicated to the Members of the Royal Yacht Club.

In the first dawn of science, ere man could unfold
The workings of nature, or valued dull gold;
Ere yet he had ventured to dare ocean's swell,
Or could say by the moon how the tides rose and fell;
A philosopher seated one day on the brink
Of the silvery margin thus took him to think:
"If on this side the waters are girted by land,
What controls the wide expanse, I'd fain understand."
Thus buried in thought had he ponder'd till now,
But a beautiful nautilus sail'd to and fro;
Just then a sly breeze raised the curls from his eyes,
And he woke from a dream to extatic surprise.
O'er his head a huge oak spread a canopy round,
Whose trunk being hollow, he levell'd to ground;
With a branch form'd a mast, and some matting a sail,
And thus rudely equipp'd dared the perilous gale;
Of the winds and the waves both the mercy and sport,
His bark was long tost without guidance to port,
And the storms of the ocean went nigh to o'erwhelm,
When the tail of the dolphin suggested a helm.

Ry degrees, the canoe to a cutter became,
And order and form newly-moulded the same,
Ropes, rigging, and canvas, and good cabin room,
A bowsprit, a mizen, a gib, and a boom.
From the cutter, the schooner, brig, frigate arose;
Till Britons, determined to conquer their foes,
Built ships like to castles, they call'd men of war,
The fame of whose broadsides struck terror afar.
Now boldly, philosophy aided by skill,
Bent his course o'er the blue waters sailing at will,
But dubious the track, for as yet 'twas unknown
How to steer 'twixt the poles for a north or south zone,
Till the magnet's attraction, by accident found,
Taught man how the globe he could traverse around;
New worlds brought to light, and new people to view,
And by commerce connected Turk, Christian, and Jew.
All this while, father Neptune lay snug in his bed,
Till he heard a sad riot commence o'er his head,
Folks firing, and fighting, and sailing about,
When his godship popp'd up just to witness the rout;
It happen'd in one of those actions to be
When Europe combined fought the isle of the sea,
And, as usual, were conquer'd, sunk, fired, or run,
That old Neptune acknowledged each Briton his son.
"From this time," said his godship, "henceforth, be it known,
Little England's the spot for the ocean-king's throne;
And this charter I grant, and enrol my decree,
That my brave sons, the Britons, are lords of the sea."

"There's nothing like a good song," said Horace, "for conveying information on nautical subjects, or promoting that national spirit which is the pride and glory of our isle. I question if the country are not more indebted to old Charles Dibdin for his patriotic effusions during the late war, than to all the psalm-singing admirals and chaplains of the fleet put together. I know that crab Gambier, and the methodist privateers who

press all sail to pick up a deserter from the orthodox squadron, do a great deal of mischief among our seamen; for as Corporal Trim says, 'What time has a sailor to palaver about creeds when it blows great guns, or the enemies of his country heave in sight? a sailor's religion is to perform his duty aloft and do good below; honour his king, love his girl, obey his commander, and burn, sink, and destroy the foes of his country.' Here we have an occasional exhibition of this sort on board the depot vessel in the harbour, when the *Bethel* flag is hoisted, and the voice of the puritan is heard from East Cowes to Eaglehurst; as if there were not already conventicles enough on shore for those who are disposed to separate themselves from the established church, without the aid of a floating chapel, furnished by the government agent to subvert the present order of things. On this point, you know, I was always a liberal thinker, but a firm friend to the church, as being essential to the best interests of the state. An old college chum of ours, who has been unusually fortunate in obtaining ecclesiastical preferment, thought proper to send me a friendly lecture in one of his letters the other day on this subject, to which I returned the following answer, and put an end to his scruples, as I think, for ever: I have entitled it

THE UNIVERSALIST.

'to a friend who questioned the propriety of his religious opinions.

'You ask what creed is mine? and where
I seek the Lord in holy prayer?
What sect I follow? by what rule,
Perhaps you mean, I play the fool?
I answer, none; yet gladly own
I worship God, but God alone.
No pious fraud or monkish lies
Shall teach me others to despise;
Whate'er their creed, I love them all,
So they before their Maker fall.
The sage, the savage, and refined,

On this one point are equal blind:
Shall man, the creature of an hour,
Arraign the all-creative Power?
Or, by smooth chin, or beard unshaved,
Decree who shall or not be saved?
Presumptuous priests, in silk and lawn,
May lib'ral minds denounce with scorn;
The reason's clear—remove the veil,
Their trade and interest both must fail.
I hold that being worse than blind,
Where bigotry usurps the mind;
And more abhor him who for pelf,
Denouncing others, damns himself.
Look round, observe creation's work,
From Afric's savage to the Turk;
Through polish'd Europe turn your eye,
To where the sun of liberty
On western shores illumes the wave,
That flows o'er many a patriot's grave;
As varied as their skin's the creed,
By which they hope they shall succeed
In presence of their God, to prove
Their claim to his eternal love;
A claim that must and will have weight,
No matter what their creed or state.
By modes of faith let none presume
To fix his fellow-creature's doom.'"

"A truce with religion, Horace," said I; "it is a controversy that generally ends in making friends foes, and foes the most implacable of persecutors: with the one it shuts out all hope of reconciliation, with the other breeds a war of extermination; so come, lad, leave theology to the fathers—we that have liberal souls tolerate all creeds. More hollands, steward: here's a glass to all our college acquaintance, not forgetting grandmamma and the pretty nuns of Saint Clement's. Where the deuce is all that singing we hear above, steward?" "On board the Transport, your honour." "Ay, I remember, I saw the poor devils embark this

morning, and a doleful sight it was—one hundred of my fellow-creatures, in the prime of life, consigned to an early grave, transported to the pestilential climate of Sierre Leone: inquire for them three months hence, and you shall find them—not where they will find you—but where whole regiments of their predecessors have been sacrificed, on the unhealthy shores—victims to the false policy of holding what is worse than useless, and of enslaving the original owners of the soil.

Liquor, and the reflection of their desperate fortunes, have driven them mad, and now they give vent to their feelings in a forced torrent of wild mirth, in which they would bury the recollections of those they are parted from for ever. On the beach this morning I witnessed a most distressing scene: wives separated by force from their husbands, and children torn from the fond embraces of parents whose parting sighs were all they could yield them on this side the grave. 'Push off the boat, and, officer, see that no women are permitted on board,' said the superintending lieutenant of the depot, with a voice and manner hard and unfeeling as the iron oracle of authority. My heart sickened at the sight, and the thrilling scream of a widowed wife, as she fell senseless on the causeway, created an impression that my pitying Muse could not resist recording.

'THE SOLDIER'S WIPE.

'There's a pang which no pencil nor pen can express,
A heart-broken sigh which despondency breathes,
When the soul, overcharged with oppressive distress,
Of the tear of relief the sad bosom bereaves.
'Twas thus on the shore, like a statue of grief,
The wife of the soldier her babe fondly press'd;
Not a word could she utter, no tear gave relief,
But sorrow convulsively heaved her soft breast.
Now nearer she presses—now severed for life
The waves bear the lord of her bosom from view;
Distraction suspends the red current of life,
And she sinks on the beach as he sighs out adieu.'"

"Zounds, old fellow, how sentimental you are growing!" said Horace: "you must read these pathetic pieces to the marines; they will never do for the sailors. Here, steward, bear a hand, muster the crew aft, and let us have a tune, Jack's Alive, Malbrook, or the College Hornpipe;" an order that was quickly carried into execution, as most of the men on board I found played some wind instrument, the effect of which upon the stillness of the water was enchantingly sweet. During the occasional rests of the band, Horace sung one of those delightful melodies, written in imitation of Moore, for which he was celebrated when a boy at Eton.

THE EVENING TIDE.

Tune—" The Young May Moon."
Whither so fast away, my dear?
The star of Eve is bright and clear,
And the parting day, as it fades away,
To lovers brings delight, my dear:
Then 'neath night's spangled veil, my dear,
Come list t' the young heart's tale sincere;
Yon orb of light, so chaste and bright,
Love's magic yields within her sphere.
Then through the shady grove, my love,
Let's wander with the cooing dove,
Till the starry night, to morning's light,
Shall break upon our wooing, love.
As life's young dream shall pass, my love,
Together let us gaily row,
And day by day, in sportive play,
Enjoy life's Meeting gloss, my love.

ENLARGE TO FULL SIZE

Page163

It was on one of those warm evenings in the month of July, when scarcely a zephyr played upon the wanton wave, and the red sun had sunk to rest behind the Castle turrets, giving full promise of another

sultry day, that our little band had attracted a more than usual display of promenaders on the walk extending from the Fort point to the Marine Hotel. With the report of the evening gun, or, as Horace termed it, the *admiral's grog bell*, we had quitted the cabin, and mustering our little party upon deck, suffered the Rover to drift nearer in shore with the tide, that we might enjoy the gratifying spectacle of more closely observing the young, the beautiful, and the accomplished *elegantes* who traversed to and fro upon the beach to catch the soft whispers of the saline air.

At the Castle Causeway a boat had just landed a group of beautiful children, who appeared clinging round a tall well-formed man, in a blue jacket and white trowsers, resting a hand upon each of two fine boys dressed in a similar style: he walked on, with a slight affection of lameness, towards the Castle entrance, preceded by three lovely little female fairies, who gambolled in his path like sportive zephyrs.—"There moves one of the bravest men, and best of fathers, in his majesty's dominions," said Horace—"the commander of the Pearl." "What," said I, "the Marquis of Anglesey?" "The same—who here seeks retirement in the bosom of his family, and without ostentation enjoys a pleasure, which, in its pursuit, produces permanent advantage to many, and enables others, his friends and relations, to participate with him in his amusements. We are much indebted to the marquis for the promotion of this truly British sport, who with his brothers, Sir Charles and Sir Arthur, were among the first members of the Royal Yacht Club. The group of blue jackets to the left, whom the marquis recognised as he passed, consist of that merry fellow, Sir Godfrey Webster, who lias a noble yacht here, the Scorpion; the commander of the Sabrina, James Manse, Esq. another jovial soul; the two Williams's, father and son, who have both fine yachts in our roads; Sir Charles Sullivan; and the Polar navigator, Captain Lyons, who has just launched a beautiful little boat called the Queen Mab, with whom he means to bewitch the Don Giovanni of London." "Who is that interesting female leaning over the railings in front of the Gothic house, attended by a dark pensive-looking swain, with a very intelligent countenance? Methinks there is an air of style about the pair that speaks nobility; and yet I have observed they appear too fond of each other's

society to be fashionables." "That is the delightful Lady F. L. Gower and her lord: I thought you would have recognised that star instantly, from the splendid picture of her by Lawrence, which hangs in the Stafford Gallery at Cleveland-house. The elegant group pacing the lawn in front of the castellated mansion, on this side of Lord Gower, is the amiable Countess of Craven and her family: the earl, that generous and once merry-hearted soul, I lament to hear, is a victim to the gout; but it is hoped a few trips on board the May-fly will restore him to health, and the enjoyment of his favourite pursuit." "By my soul, Horace," said I, "here comes a splendid creature, a very divinity, my boy: I' faith just such a woman as might melt the heart of a corsair." "By my honour you have hit the mark exactly," replied Eglantine, "for she is already the corsair's bride, and Corbett feels, as he ought to do, not a little proud of his good fortune. The raven-haired Graces accompanying that true son of Neptune, Sir George Thomas, are daughters of the baronet, and, report says, very accomplished girls. Now by all that's fascinating and charming, hither comes the beautiful Miss Seymour, Mrs. Fitzherbert's *protégé*, and his Majesty's little pet—an appellation I have often heard him salute her by. The magnificent-looking belle by her side is a relation, the charming Mrs. Seymour, acknowledged to be a star of the first magnitude in female attractions. The three portly-looking gentlemen whose grog-blossomed visages speak their love of the good things of this world are the Admirals Scott and Hope, and that facetious of all funny senators, Sir Isaac Coffin. If you are an admirer of the soft and the sentimental, of the love-enkindling eye, and Madonna-like expression of countenance, observe that band of Arcadian shepherdesses in speckled dresses yonder—Bristol diamonds of the first and purest water, I assure you; and their respected father, the wealthy proprietor of Miles's-court, Bristol, may well be delighted with his amiable and beauteous daughters. The little dapper-looking man in the white hat yonder is the liberal, good-tempered Duke of Norfolk; and the dashing *roué* by his side, the legitimate heir to his title, is the Earl of Surrey, whose son, the young Baron of Mowbray, follows hand in hand with Captain Wollaston, an old man-of-war's man, who sails the Swallow cutter. The female group

assembled in front of the King's-house are the minor constellations from East Cowes, and the congregated mixture of oddities who grace the balconies of the Pavilion boarding-house comprise every grade of society from the Oxford invalid to the retired shopkeeper, the Messieurs *Newcomes* of the island." "A rich subject for a more extended notice," said I, "when on some future occasion I visit Margate or Brighton, where the diversity of character will be more numerous, varied, and eccentric than in this sequestered spot." As the evening advanced, the blue-eyed maid of heaven spread forth her silvery light across the glassy surface of the deep, yielding a magic power to the soul-inspiring scene, and, by reflection, doubling the objects on the sea, whose translucent bosom scarcely heaved a sigh, or murmured forth a ripple on the ear; and now, amid the stillness of the night, we were suddenly amused with the deep-sounding notes of the key-bugle reverberating over the blue waters with most harmonious effect. "We are indebted to that mad wag, Ricketts, for this unexpected pleasure," said Horace; "he is an amateur performer of no mean talent, and delights in surprising the visitors in this agreeable manner." "Rover, a-hoy," hailed a voice from the shore; off went our boat, and on its return brought an accession to our party of half a dozen right merry fellows, among whom was that choice spirit, Henry Day, whose facetious powers of oratory and whim are universally esteemed, and have often afforded us amusement, when enjoying an evening among the eccentrics of London and the brilliants of the press, who assemble for social purposes at the Wrekin. The Days are too well known and respected as a family of long standing in the island to require the eulogy of the English Spy, but to acknowledge their hospitality and kindness he penned the following tribute ere he quitted the shores of Vectis.

LOVE, LAW, AND PHYSIC.

In Vectis' Isle three happy Days
By any may be seen:
First, James, who loves by social ways
To animate mirth's scene;

An honest lawyer, Henry, next
With speech and bottle plies you;
And when by fell disease perplex'd,
Charles physics and revives you.
"Love, law, and physic," here combine
To claim the poet's praise:
May fortune's sunbeams ever shine
On three such worthy Days.

A few more songs and a few more grogs brought on the hour of ten; and now our friends having departed to their homes, Horace and myself took a turn or two upon deck, smoked out our cigars, conjured up the reminiscences of our school-boy days, and having spent a few moments in admiration of the starry canopy which spread its spangled brightness over our heads, we sought again the cabin, drank a parting glass to old friends, turned into our births, and soon were cradled by the motion of the vessel into sweet repose. The events of the former evening, the novelty of the scene, and, above all, the magnificence of Nature, as she appeared when viewed from sea, in her diurnal progress through the transition of morning, noon, and night, all inspired my Muse to attempt poetic sketches of the character of the surrounding island scenery. A delightful pleasure I have endeavoured to convey to my readers in the following rhymes.

MORNING IN THE ISLE OF WIGHT.

When o'er the foreland glimmering day
Just breaks above the eastern lulls,
And streaks of gold through misty gray
Dispels night's dark and vap'rous chills;
Then, when the landsman 'gins to mow
The perfumed crop on grounds above,
And sailors chant the "yeo, heave yeo,"
Then young hearts wake to life and love.
When still and slow the murmuring swell
Of ocean, rising from his throne,
O'erleaps the beach, and matin's bell
To prayer invites the college drone;

Then, when the pennant floats on high,
And anchor's weigh'd again to rove,
And tuneful larks ascend the sky,
Then young hearts wake to life and love.
When, by unerring nature's power,
Creation breaks the spell of night,
And plants their leaves expand and flow'r,
And all around breathes gay delight;
Then when the herdsman opes his fold
To let the merry lambkin rove,
And distant hills are tipt with gold,
Then young hearts wake to life and love,

NOON IN THE ISLE OF WIGHT.

When toiling 'neath meridian sun
The boatman plies the lab'ring oar,
And sportive nymphs the margin shun
Of ocean's pebble-parched shore;
Then when beneath some shadowy cliff,
O'er-hanging wood, or leafy vale,
The trav'ller rests, haul'd up the skiff,
Then lovers breathe their am'rous tale.
When Nature, languid, seems to rest,
Nor moves a leaf, or heaves a wave,
And Zephyrs sleep, by Sol caress'd,
And sportive swallows skim the lave;
Then, when by early toil oppress'd,
The peasant seeks the glen or dale,
Enjoys his frugal meal and rest,
Then lovers breathe their am'rous tale.
When close beneath the forest's pride
The upland's group of cattle throng,
And sultry heat dissevers wide
The feather'd host of tuneful song;
Then when a still, dead, settled calm
O'er earth, and air, and sea prevail,

And lull'd is ev'ry spicy balm,
Then lovers breathe their am'rous tale.

EVENING IN THE ISLE OF WIGHT.

When twilight tints with sober gray
The distant hills, and o'er the wave
The mellow glow of parting day
Crimsons the shipwreck'd sailor's grave;
Then when the sea-bird seeks the mast,
And signal lights illume the tower,
And sails are furl'd, and anchors cast,
Then, then is love's delicious hour.
When o'er the beach the rippling wave
Breaks gently, heaving to and fro,
Like maiden bosoms, ere the knave
Of hearts has ting'd their cheek with woe;
Then, when the watch their vigils keep,
And grog, and song, and jest have power
To laugh to scorn the peril'd deep,
Then, then is love's delicious hour.
When Cynthia sheds her mystic light
In silv'ry circles o'er the main;
And Hecate spreads her veil of night
O'er hearts that ne'er may meet again;
Then, Anna, blest with thee, I stray
'Mid scenes of bliss—through nature's bower;
While eve's star guides us on our way,
Then, then is love's delicious hour.

It has often been observed by inquisitive travellers, that in most of our country villages not only the three best houses are inhabited by the lawyer, the parson, and the doctor, but three-fourths of the whole property of the place is generally monopolized by the same disinterested triumvirate: however true the satire may be in a general sense, it certainly does not apply to Cowes, where the liberal professions are really practised by liberal minds, and where the desire to do good outweighs the desire to grow rich. But the good people of Cowes are not

without their nabobs; for instance, the eastern shores of the river are under the dominion of Lord Henry Seymour and Mr. Nash, who there rule over their humble tenantry with mild paternal sway. On the western side, the absolute lords of the soil are Messrs. Bennett and Ward: the first, like other great landed proprietors, almost always an absentee; and the last somewhat greedy to grapple at every thing within his reach. "Who does that fine park and mansion belong to?" said a stranger, surveying Northwood from the summit of the hill. "King George," replied the islander. "And who owns the steam-boats, which I now see arriving?" "King George," reiterated the fellow. "And who is the largest proprietor of the surrounding country?" "King George." "Indeed!" said the stranger, "I was not aware that the crown lands were so extensive in the Wight. Have you much game?" "Ees, ees." "And who is the lord of the manor?" "King George." "And these new roads I see forming, are they also done by King George?" "Ees, ees, he ought to gi' us a few new ones, I think; bekase Ize zure he's stopped up enou of our old ones." "What, by some new inclosure act, I suppose?" "Naye, naye, by some old foreclosure acts, I expect." "Why, you do not mean to say that our gracious sovereign is a money-lender and mortgagee?" "No; but our ungracious king be the', and a money-maker too." "Fellow, take care; you are committing treason against the Lord's anointed." "Ees, ees, he be a 'nointed one, zure enou," retorted the fellow, laughing outright in the traveller's face. "Sirrah," said the offended stranger, "I shall have you taken before a justice." "Ees, ees, Ize heard o' them ere chaps at East Cowes, but Ize not much respect for 'em." "Not care for the magistrate!" "Lord love you,—you be one of the Mr. Newcome, Ize warrant me; why, we've gotten no zuch animal here, nothing o' sort nearer as Newport; and lawyer Day can out-talk the best of them there, whenever he likes." "There must be some mistake here," said the stranger, cooling a little of his choler: "did you not tell me, fellow, that the king of England owned all the land here, and the steam-boats, and the manor, and the town, and the people, and————-." "Hold, hold thee there," said the islander; "I said, King George; and here he comes, in his four-wheeled calabash, and before he undertakes to give us any more new roads, I wish he'd set about mending his own queer

ways" However strong the current of prejudice may run against Squire Ward in the island, among a few of the less wealthy residents, it must be admitted, that he is hospitable even to a proverb, a sincere and persevering friend, and a liberal master to his tenantry: the Christmas festivities at Northwood, when the poor are plentifully regaled with excellent cheer, smacks of a good old English custom, that shall confer upon the donor lasting praise, and hand down his name to posterity with better chance of grateful remembrance than all his mine of wealth can purchase; there are some well authenticated anecdotes in circulation of George Ward, which prove that he has, with all his eccentricities,

"A tear for pity, and a hand, open as day, to melting charity."

To his enterprising spirit Cowes is indebted for much of its present popularity, the facility of travelling to and from the island being greatly aided by the steamboats (his property) from Portsmouth and Southampton; but much yet remains to be done by the inhabitants themselves, if they wish to secure their present high partronage, and increase with succeeding seasons the number of their visitors. The promenade, admirably situate for the enjoyment of the sea breeze, and the delightful spectacle of a picturesque harbour filled with a forest of beautiful pleasure yachts, is of an evening generally obstructed by the assemblage of a juvenile band of both sexes, of the very lowest description, who render it utterly impossible for the delicate ear of female propriety to hazard coming in contact with their boisterous vulgarities. The beautiful walk round the Castle battery is wholly usurped by this congregated mass of rabble; and yet the appointment of a peace-officer, a useful animal I never once saw at

Cowes, would remove the objection, and preserve a right of way and good order among the crowd that would at least render it safe, if not pleasant, to traverse the extended shore. The visit of their royal highnesses the Duke and Duchess of Cambridge to John Nash, Esq. the eminent architect, at East Cowes Castle, gave a new lustre to the enchanting scene, and afforded the English Spy a favourable opportunity for completing his sketches of the scenery and character of the island.

Among the festivities which the presence of the royal visitors gave birth to, the most attractive and delightful was the grand *déjeuné a la fourchette*, given at St. Lawrence by the commodore of the Yacht Club, the Right Honourable Lord Yarborough. The invitations to meet the royal party were very general, including all of note and respectability on the island, and extending to the number of six hundred persons, for whom a most liberal and princely banquet was prepared upon the lawn of a delightful cottage, near his seat of Appuldurcombe. The spot selected for this entertainment was situated under a bold line of cliffs, extending in a semicircular form for above a mile in length, and inclosing one of the most romantic of nature's variegated scenes, abounding with hill, and dale, and rich umbrageous foliage, delightfully increased by the inspiring freshness of the sea breeze, and the unbroken view of the Channel in front, and rendered still more attractive and picturesque by the numerous tents and temporary pavilions

which had
been erected for the accommodation of the visitors, spreading over
a line of ground like an encampment in the Pyrenees, a similitude of
feature that was more powerfully increased when the well-concerted echo
of the signal bugles resounded from hill to hill, and the cannon's loud
report, from the battery beneath, reverberating through the surrounding
hill and dale, proclaimed for many a mile the gladsome tidings of the
approach of royalty. The scene was, beyond description, magnificent;
the assemblage of fashionables included a long list of noble and
distinguished persons, who, on the approach of the duke and duchess,
congregated upon an eminence, immediately opposite the entrance to the
lawn, and by their loyal cheers, and smiles, and birthday suits, gave
honest welcome to their monarch's brother, and in the fulness of their
hearty zeal, paid a grateful tribute to their absent king. The ungenial
state of the morning's weather had prevented many of the yachts from
coming round, but a few jolly hearts had weathered the Needles, and
displayed their loyalty by decorating their vessels with all the colours
of all the nations of the world. At an appointed signal the tents were
thrown open, and the royal party having retired to the pavilion, the
company sat down to an entertainment, where a profusion of choice wines

and viands covered the extended line; then commenced the interchange of
bright eyes and soft sayings, and the rosy blush of maiden beauty tinged
the cheek of many a sylphic form as the accomplished beau challenged the
fair to wine with him, and many a heart from that day's sportive scene
shall date the first impression of the soveieign passion which blends
with life's red current all of happiness or misery here below. The
repast over, the company again met the royal party and promenaded on
the lawn, and while thus engaged, a new delight was prepared for
them—a scene not less congenial than peculiar to the English character,
and one which may well uplift that honest pride of country which ever
animates a Briton's heart. The tables being again replenished, the
peasantry of the surrounding districts were admitted and regaled with
unrestricted hospitality.

> And round the gay board cheerful Industry shone,
> In a pureness and brightness to wealth oft unknown;
> 'Twas a feast where a monarch might wish to preside,
> For the cottager's comfort's his country's pride;
> And Benevolence smiled on the heart-moving scene,
> And music and beauty enlivened the green,
> While the labourer, gratefully raising the glass,
> Gave his king, then his donor, his dame, and his lass.

The commodore's liberality is proverbial; he had sold his old yacht, the Falcon, and the new vessel was not likely to be launched this season, yet he would not forego the pleasure of a grand fête, and as it could not be given on board his own ship, according to annual custom, he seized upon

this opportunity of the royal visit to unite Loyalty and Friendship under one banner, and it must be recorded, that he displayed an excellence of arrangement which left no wish ungratified. An excursion round the island, sailing in a westerly direction, is one of most delightful amusement to a lover of the picturesque; the circuit is nearly eighty miles, every where presenting new features of the most beautiful variety and romantic scenery, a voyage we made in the Rover in about eight hours. Clearing Sconce Point, which is the first object worthy notice from Cowes, you perceive the cottage, battery, and residence of Captain Farrington on the rise of the hill, and beyond are Gurnet and Harness Bays closely succeeding one another, the shores above being well diversified with foliage and richly cultivated grounds. From this station the coast gradually sinks towards Newtown River, where the luxuriant woods of Swainton are perceived rising in the distance, crowned by Shalfleet church and a rich country as far as Calbourne, the landscape bounded by a range of downs which stretch to the extremity of the island. The coast at Hamsted, the farm estate of John Nash, Esq. presents a very bold outline, and approaching Yarmouth, which has all the appearance of an ancient French fort, the view of the opposite point, called Norton, is very picturesque, presenting a well-wooded promontory, adorned with numerous elegant residences; from this spot the coast begins to assume a very bold, but sterile aspect, composed of steep rugged slopes, and dull-coloured earthy cliffs, till the attention of the voyager is suddenly arrested by the first view of the Needle rocks, situate at the termination of a noble promontory called Freshwater cliffs, which extend along a line of nearly three miles, and at a part called Mainbench are six hundred feet above the sea level, in some places perpendicular, and in others overhanging the ocean in a most terrific manner; at the extreme point, or Needles, is the light-house, where the view of the bays and cliffs beneath is beyond description awfully sublime, and the precipices being covered with myriads of sea-fowl of all description, who breed in the crannies of the rocks, if called into action by the report of a gun fill the air with screams and cries of most appalling import; the grandeur of the scene being much increased by the singularly

majestic appearance of the Needle rocks, rearing their craggy heads above the ocean, and giving an awful impression of the storms and convulsions which must have shaken and devoured this once enormous mass. Their present form bears no resemblance to their name, which was derived from a spiral rock, about one hundred and twenty feet high, that fell in the year 1764, and left the present fragments of its grandeur to moulder away, like the base of some proud column of antiquity. On the opposite coast is Hurst Castle, a circular fort, built by Henry the Eighth; and on the north side of the promontory is Alum Bay, the most beautiful and unique feature of the sea cliffs of Albion. For about a quarter of a mile from the Needles the precipice is one entire glare of white chalk, which curves round to, and is joined by a most extraordinary mixture of vertical strata, composed of coloured sands and ocherous earths blending into every variety of tint, and so vivid and beautiful in colour, that they have been not unfrequently compared to the prismatic hues of the rainbow. It was on this spot the Fomone, a frigate of fifty guns, returning home, after an absence of three years, with some Persian princes on board, in June, 1811, struck upon the rocks and went to pieces: the appearance of a wreck, in such an extraordinary situation, must have formed a combination of grand materials for the painter, that would be truly sublime. At Saint Catherine's, in the cliffs, is the gloomy ravine called Blackgang Chine, which should be visited by the traveller at sunset, when the depth of shade materially increases the savage grandeur of its stupendous and terrific effect. Tradition reports, that the awful chasm beneath was formerly the retreat of a gang of pirates, from which it derived its name. The total absence of vegetation, and the dusky hue of the soil, combined with the obvious appearance of constant decay, the dismembered fragments, and the streamlet to which it owes its origin, falling perpendicularly over a ledge of hard rock from above seventy feet high, producing a wild echo in the cavity beneath, all conspire to render it the most striking and astonishing of Nature's wildest works. The view off the Sand Rock presents the tasteful marine villas of Sir Willoughby Gordon and Mrs. Arnold, whose well-cultivated grounds and rich plantations reach down to the sea shore. Saint

Lawrence brings to view the romantic cottage of Lord Yarborough, succeeded by Steep Hill, the lovely retreat of the late Earl Dysart; the romantic flank of Saint Boniface Down, and in the distance the fairy land of Bonchurch, whose enchanting prospects and picturesque scenery have so often called forth the varied powers of the painter and the poet, where sportive nature, clothed in her gayest vest, presents a diversified landscape, abounding with all the delightful combinations of rural scenery, of rich groves, and dells, and meads of green, and rocks, and rising grounds; streams edged with osiers, and the lowing herd spread over the luxuriant land. As you approach East End, you perceive an extensive scene of devastation, caused by the frequent landslips near to Luccombe Chine, and the romantic chasm of Shanklin, from which spot Sandown comes next in view, and sailing under the towering Culver cliffs we arrive at the eastern extremity of the island. At Bimbridge a very dangerous ledge spreads out into the sea, and gaining Brading Haven the old church tower of Saint Helen's proclaims you are fast gaining upon that delightful watering-place, the town of Ryde, whose picturesque pier, shooting forth into the ocean, and covered with groups of elegant visitors, forms an object of the most pleasing description. From this point the whole line of coast to Cowes wears a rich and highly-cultivated appearance, being divided into wood, arable, and pasture lands, diversified by the villas of Earl Spencer, Mr. G. Player, and Mr. Fleming, when, having passed Wooten Creek, the next object is Norris Castle; and now, having cleared the point, you are once more landed in safety at the Vine Key, and my old friend, Mrs. Harrington, whose pleasant countenance, obliging manners, and good accommodation, are the universal theme of every traveller's praise, has already made her best curtsy to welcome you back to Cowes.

The regatta was, indeed, a glorious scene, when the harbour was literally filled with a forest of masts and streamers, the vessels of the Royal Yacht Club spread forth their milk white canvas to the gale, many of those who were riding at anchor being decorated from head to stem, over-mast, with the signal colours of most of the squadron and the ensigns of the different nations. On the shore, and round the castle

battery, the congregated groups of lovely females traversed to and fro, and the witchery of blight eyes and beauteous faces upon the manly hearts of the sons of Neptune must have been magically triumphant. The Pearl beat the Arrow, and the Julia the Liberty,—thus equalizing the victory between the contending parties. The procession of the pilot boats, about forty in number, was a very animated scene; and in the sailing match of the succeeding day, our little craft, the Rover, came in second, and received the awarded prize. The race ball at East Cowes gave the young and fair another opportunity of riveting their suitors' chains, and the revels of Terpsichore were kept up with spirit until the streaking blush of golden morn shone through the dusky veil which Hecate spreads around the couch of drowsy night. But the day of parting was at hand; the last amusement of the time was a match made between Captain Lyon and a Mr. Davey, of London, to sail their respective yachts, the Queen Mab and the Don Giovanni, upon the challenge of the last mentioned, a stipulated distance, for a sum of two hundred guineas—an affair which did not, to use a sporting phrase, *come off well*, for the Don most ungallantly refused to meet his fair opponent; and being wofully depressed in spirits, either from apprehension of defeat, or sea sickness, or some such fresh water fears, the little Queen was compelled to sail over the course alone to claim the reward of her victory.

And now the sports of the season being brought to a conclusion, and the rough note of old Boreas and the angry groanings of Father Neptune giving token of approaching storms, I bade farewell to Vectis, my friend Horace transporting me in his yacht to Southampton Water. Reader, if I should appear somewhat prolix in my descriptions, take a tour yourself to the island, visit the delightful scenery with which it abounds, participate in the aquatic excursions of the place, and meet, as I have done, with social friends, and kind hearts, and lovely forms, and your own delightful feelings will be my excuse for extending my notice somewhat beyond my usual sketchy style.

FAREWELL TO VECTIS.

Blest isle, fare thee well! land of pleasure and peace,

May the beaux and the belles on thy shores still increase:

How oft shall my spirit, by absence opprest,
Revisit thy scenes, and in fancy be blest,
In the magic of slumber still sport on thy wave,
And dream of delights that I waken to crave.
Farewell, merry hearts! fare ye well, social friends!
Adieu! see the Rover her canvas unbends;
Land of all that is lovely for painting or verse,
Farewell! ere in distance thy beauties disperse,
Now Calshot is passed, now receding from view,
Once more, happy Vectis, a long, last adieu.

PORTSMOUTH IN TIME OF PEACE.

Where now are the frolicsome care-killing souls,
With their girls and their fiddlers, their dances and bowls?
Where now are the blue jackets, once on our shore
The promoters of merriment, spending their store?
Where now are our tars in these dull piping times?
Laid up like old hulks, or enlisted in climes
Where the struggle for liberty calls on the brave,
The Peruvians, the Greeks, or Brazilians to save
From the yoke of oppression—there, Britons are found
Dealing death and destruction to tyrants around;
For wherever our tars rear the banner of fame,
They are still the victorious sons of the main.

A Trip to Portsmouth on board the Medina Steam-Boat—The Change from War to Peace—Its Consequences—The Portsmouth Greys—The Man of War's Man—Tom Tackle and his Shipmate—Lamentation of a Tar—The Hero Cochrane—An old Acquaintance—Reminiscences of the past—Sketches of Point-Street and Gosport Beach—Naval Anecdotes—"A Man's like a Ship on the Ocean of Life."

"Bear a hand, old fellow!" said Horace Eglantine one morning, coming down the companion hatchway of the Rover: "if you have any mind for a land-cruise, let us make Portsmouth to-day on board the steamer, while our yacht goes up the harbour to get her copper polished and her rigging overhauled." In earlier days, while yet the light-heartedness of youth and active curiosity excited my boyish spirit, I had visited Portsmouth, and the recollection of the scenes I then witnessed was still fresh upon my memory. The olive-branch of peace now waved over the land of my fathers; and while the internal state of the country, benefited by its

healing balm, flourished, revived, invigorated and prosperous, Portsmouth and Gosport, and such like sea-ports, were almost deserted, and the active bustle and variety which but now reigned among their inhabitants had given way to desolation and abandonment: at least such was the account I had received from recent visitors. I was, therefore, anxious from observation to compare the present with the past; and, with this view, readily met the invitation of my friend Horace Eglantine. The voyage from Cowes to Portsmouth on board the steam-boat, performed, as it now is, with certainty, in about an hour and a half, is a delightful excursion; and the appearance of the entrance to the harbour from sea, a most picturesque and imposing scene. The fortifications, which are considered the most complete in the world, stretching from east to west, on either side command the sea far as the cannons' power can reach. Nor is the harbour less attractive, flanked on each side by the towns of Gosport and Portsmouth, and filled with every description of vessel from the flag-ship of England's immortal hero, Nelson, which is here moored in the centre, a monument of past glory, to the small craft of the trader, and the more humble ferry-boat of the incessant applicant, who plys the passenger with his eternal note of "Common Hard, your honour."

One of my companions on board the Medina was an old man of war's man, whose visage, something of the colour and hardness of dried salmon, sufficiently indicated that the possessor had weathered many a trying gale, and was familiar with all the vicissitudes of the mighty deep. With the habitual roughness of his manners was combined a singular degree of intelligence, and he evinced a disposition to be communicative, of which I found it very agreeable to avail myself. On approaching the harbour, my attention was arrested by the sight of a number of boats rowed by men arrayed in a grotesque uniform of speckled jackets, whose freights, to judge from appearances, must have been of no common weight, as the rowers seemed compelled to use a degree of exertion little inferior to that employed by galley-slaves. I inquired of my nautical Mentor who these men were, and in what description of service they were occupied. "Them, master," replied he, releasing the quid from his

mouth, and looking with his weather-eye unutterable things; "they are the *Portsmouth Greys*." My countenance spoke plainly enough that this reply had by no means made me *au fait* to the subject of my question, and my informant accordingly proceeded—"Shiver my timbers, mate, they are as rum a set, them boat's crews, as ever pulled an oar—chaps as the public keeps out of their own pocket for the public good; and it's been but just a slip, as one may say, between the cup and the lip, as has saved a good many on 'em from being run up to the yard-arm. Some on 'em forgot to return things as they *found* rather too easy, and some, instead of writing their own name, *by mistake* wrote somebody's else's; so government sent 'em here, at its own charge, to finish their *edication*. You see the *floating academy* as is kept a purpose for 'em," said he, pointing to the receiving-hulk for the convicts at this station, which was lying in the harbour: "them as is rowing in the boats," added the talkative seaman, "has been a getting stones, and ballast, and such like, for the repairs of the harbour; they does all the rough and dirty jobs as is to be done about the works and place—indeed, we calls 'em the *Port Admiral's skippers*." I now fully understood the import of the term *Portsmouth Greys*, which had before been an enigma to me; and comprehended that the unhappy beings before me were of

```
The ill-fated children of suff'ring and sin,
With conscience reproaching and sorrow within;
Bosoms that mis'ry and guilt could not sever,
Hearts that were blighted and broken for ever:
Where each, to some vice or vile passion a slave,
  Shared the wreck of the mind, and the spirit's young
grave.
Whose brief hist'ry of life, ere attain'd to its prime,
Unfolded a volume of madness and crime,
Such as leaves on the forehead of manhood a stain
Which tears over shed seek to blot out in vain;
A stain which as long as existence will last,
Embitt'ring the future with thoughts of the past.
```

I might have indulged much longer in these reflections, but my musing mood was interrupted by the Medina reaching her destination, and we disembarked safely at Portsmouth Point.

ENLARGE TO FULL SIZE

Page184

On landing, the worthy veteran, who had, by his confabulation during the voyage, claimed, in his own opinion, a right of becoming my companion for a time, a privilege which, in such a scene, and at such a place, it will easily be believed I was not averse from granting him, proceeded along with me *carpere iter comités parati*, up Point Street, and at one of the turnings my friend made a sudden stop. "My eyes!" he exclaimed, "may I perish, but that is my old messmate, Tom Tackle. Many's the can of flip we've scuttled while on board the *Leander* frigate together; and when we were obliged to part convoy and go on board different ships, there was above a little matter of brine about both our eyes." At this moment Tom Tackle came up with us: the warmth of affection with which his old shipmate had spoken of him had interested me not a little in his favour, and his mutilated frame spoke volumes in behalf of the gallantry he had displayed in the service of his country. One eye was entirely lost; one coat-sleeve hung armless by his side; and one vanished leg had its place superseded by a wooden substitute. I gazed upon the "unfortunate brave" with mingled pity and veneration; yet, so true is the observation of the ancient,

"*Res sunt humanæ flobilo ludibrium*"

That is, human feelings and affairs are a singular compound of the ludicrous and the lamentable, that I could not avoid giving way to my mercurial disposition, and congratulating my fellow-voyager on the ease with which he had recognized his old comrade by his present remaining half. "Lord help your honour!" said he, "a seaman's weather-gauge is made for squalls—foul weather or fair—in stays or out of trim—sailing all right before the wind, or coming up under jury-masts; he's no tar that

cannot make out an old friend at a cable's length, and bring to without waiting for signals of distress. Shiver my timbers, if I should not know my old messmate here while there's a timber rib left in his hulk, or a shoulder-boom to hang a blue jacket on. But, my toplights, Tom!" continued he, "where's all the girls, and the tiddlers, and the Jews, and bumboat-women that used to crowd all sail to pick up a spare hand ashore? Not a shark have I seen in the harbour, and all the old grog-shops with their foul-weather battens up and colours half-mast." "All in mourning for Mr. Nap, shipmate," said Tom; "we've had no fun here since they cooped him up on board the Bellerophon, and stowed him away at St. Helena. All the Jews have cut and run, and all the bumboat-women retired upon their fortunes; the poor landlords are most of them in the bilboes at Winchester: and as for a pretty girl—whew!—not such an article to be had at Point now, either for love or money: and all this comes of the peace—shiver my odd forelight! mate, if it lasts much longer, it will be the ruin of the navy.

How I long to hear the sound of the boatswain's whistle once more! 'Up hammocks, boys—clear the decks, and prepare for action! 'that's the way to live and be merry; then the music of a good broadside pouring into an enemy's under-works, and cutting her slap in two between wind and water—that's glory, my christian! May I never taste grog again, if we are not all ruined by the peace. There's only one fighting fellow left of the old stock of commanders, and they have turned him out of the navy lest he should infect the psalm-singers. Look out a-head there, shipmate; d'ye see that fine frigate, the Peranga, now lying oft' Spithead, and can you ever forget Basque Roads and the gallant Cochrane? I just got a glimpse of his figure head t'other morning, coming up Point here; so I hauled to and threw my shattered hulk slap across his headway, lowering my top-gallants as I passed round under his bows. 'Officer,' said he, 'you and I should know one another, methinks.' 'Success attend your honour,' said I; 'do you remember your master-gunner when you captured the Spanish galleon, who carried away a spar or two in the action?' 'What, Tom Tackier said he: 'Heaven help thee, lad! I'd give the bounty of a good boat's crew if I could put you into sailing-trim and commission

again; but here, officer, is something to drink to old acquaintance with, and if you can find your way on board the Peranga to-morrow, I'll take care they don't throw you over the ship's side before you have had a skinfull of grog: 'so seizing fast hold of my single tin with both his grappling-irons, I thought he would have shook it out of the goose-neck at parting; and when I went on board next day, he treated me like a port-admiral, and sent me on shore with every cranny well-filled, from my beef-tub to my grog-bucket, and put a little more of the right sort o' stuff" in my jacket pockets to pay harbour dues with. That's the commander for me! And now I hear, after having taken and destroyed all the Spanish king's navy, he's off to give the Grand Signor a taste of his quality. My forelights! how I should like to see him with his double rows of grinders wide open, bearing down upon a whole fleet of Mussulmen—there'd be weeping, and wailing, and gnashing o' teeth among the Turks! I wouldn't give my wooden pin for the whole of the Grand Sultan's flotilla. But come, shipmate, may I never want 'bacca, if we don't drink his health, and that 'ere gemman you've taken in tow shall join us, if he likes." I was too much amused to desire to part company just yet, and the good-humoured tars perceiving my bent, linked themselves to each arm, and in this way, laughing at the curiosity we provoked, did our party reach the middle of Point-street, and brought ourselves to anchor under the head of old Admiral Benbow, where Tom assured us we should be supplied with the best of grog and ship-stores of the first quality. Horace had proceeded to escort some ladies, whom he met with on board the steamboat, to the house of a friend in the High-street, where I had appointed to meet him in the space of an hour. Sitting myself down therefore with my two jovial associates, I determined to humour the frolic which had brought me into the society of such eccentric characters. "Shiver my timbers! Jem," said the one-legged mariner, "but you never make any inquiries after Betsy Bluff, among your other old friends. It's true, the wench has got spliced again, to be sure; but then, you know, she waited three years, and had the log-books overhauled first." "Ay, ay, Tom, so they say she did; but I never believed 'em: howsomedever, that wasn't the worst of it; for having got my will and my power in her

possession, she drew all my pay and prize-money, and when at last I got home from an enemy's keeping, I had not a shot left in the locker to keep myself. But the mischief did not end even there, for she disgraced me, and the British flag, by marrying a half-starved tailor, and setting him up in the Sally port with the money that I had been fighting the enemies of my country for. May I never get groggy again, if I couldn't have forgiven her freely if she'd taken some honest-hearted fellow, like yourself, in tow, who had got disabled in the service, or consorted with a true man of war's man, all right and tight; but to go and lash herself alongside of such a crazy land lubber as this ninth degree of manhood—may I never taste 'bacca again if Bet's conduct is bearable! She's no wife of mine, Tom; and when I go to pieces, a wreck in this world, may I be bolted into old Belzy's caboose if she shall be a copper fastening the better for Jem Buntline!" During the recital of this story the countenance of the old tar assumed a fiery glow of honest indignation, and when he had finished the tale, his fore lights gave evident signs that his heart had been long beating about in stormy restlessness at the remembrance of his wife's unfaithfulness. "Cheer up, messmate," said Tom; "I see how the land lies. Come, fill your pipe, and I'll sing you the old stave I used to chant on Saturday nights, when we messed together on board the Leander.

A man's like a ship on the ocean of life,
The sport both of fair and foul weather,
Where storms of misfortune, and quicksands of strife,
And clouds of adversity gather.
If he steers by the compass of honour, he'll find,
No matter what latitude meets him,
A welcome in every port to his mind,
And a friend ever ready to greet him.
If love takes the helm in an amorous gale,
Of the rocks of deception beware,
Steer fairly for port, and let reason prevail,
And you're thus sure to conquer the fair.
For the Bay of Deceit keep a steady look out,
Steer clear of the shoals of distress,

Yet ever be ready to tack and about
When the black waves of misery press.
Like a vessel, digest out in all colours, d'ye see,
Are the virtues and vices of life:
Blue and red are the symbols of friendship and glee,
White and black of ill-humour and strife.
True worth, like true honour, is born of no clime,
But known by true courage and feeling,
Where power and pity in unison chime,
And the heart is above double dealing."

ENLARGE TO FULL SIZE

Page189

"Ay, Tom, now you're on the right tack—a good song, and a jovial friend, and let the marines blubber about love and lullaby, it'll never do for the sailors. As we are overhauling old friends, do you remember Charley Capstan, the coxswain's mate of the Leander V "Shiver my timbers, but I do; and a bit of tough yarn he was, too: hard as old junk without, and soft as captain's coop meat within. Wasn't I one of the crew that convoyed him up this very street when returning from a cruise off the Straits, we heard that Charley's old uncle had slipt his cable, and left him cash enough to buy out and build a ship of his own? That was a gala, messmate! There was Charley, a little fat porpoise, as round as a nine-pounder, mounted on an eighteen gallon cask of the real Jamaica, lashed to a couple of oars, and riding astride, on his messmates' shoulders, up to the Point. Then such a jolly boat's crew attended him, rigged out with bran new slops, and shiners on their topmasts, with the Leander painted in front, and half a dozen fiddlers scraping away 'Jack's alive,' and all the girls decked out in their dancing dresses, with streamers flying about their top-gallants, and loose nettings over their breastworks—that was a gala, messmate! And didn't Charley treat all Point to the play that night, and engage the whole of the gallery cabin for his own friends' accommodation; and when the reefers in the hold turned saucy, didn't

you and two or three more drop down upon 'em, and having shook the wind out of their sails, run up the main haliards again, without working round by the gangway?" "Right, Tom, right; and don't you remember the illumination, when we stuck up ten pound of lighted candles round the rim of the gallery before the play began, and when Jane Shore was in the midst of her grief, Charley gave the signal, and away they went, like a file of marines from a double broadside, right and left, tumbling about the ears of the reefers and land lubbers in the chicken coops below? Those were the days of glory, messmate, when old Jack Junk, who had never seen a play before, took it all for right down arnest matter o' fact; and when poor Mrs. Shore came to ask charity of that false-hearted friend of hers, what was jealous of her, and fell down at the door, overcome by grief and hunger, poor Jack couldn't stand it no longer; so after suffering the brine to burst through the floodgates of his heart, till he was as blind as our chaplain to sin, he jumped up all at once, and made for the offing, blubbering as he went, 'May I be blistered, if ever I come to see such cruel stuff as this again!' Then didn't Stephen Collins, and Kelly, and Maxfield, the three managers, come upon deck, and drink success to the Leander's crew, out of a bucket of grog we had up for the purpose, and the ould mare of Portsmouth sent his compliments to us, begging us not to break our own necks or set fire to the playhouse? Another glass, Jem, to the crew of the Leander: don't you remember the ducking ould Mother Macguire, the bum-boat woman, received, for bringing paw-paw articles on board, when we came in to refit?" "May I never want 'bacca, if I shall ever forget that old she crocodile! Wasn't it her that brought that sea-dragon, Bet Bluff, on board, and persuaded me to be spliced to her? shiver her timbers for it!" "Avast there! messmate," said Tom: "when you can't skuttle an enemy, it's best to sail right away from her hulk before she blows up and disables her conqueror. May I never get groggy, if I shall ever forget the joke between you and the old Sheenie, when you threatened to throw him overboard for selling you a dumb time-keeper. 'Blesh ma heart,' said the Jew, while his under works shook like a cutter's foresail going about, 'how could you expect de vatch to go well, ven de ship vas all in confushion?' an excuse that saved him from sailing ashore

in a skuttle-bucket." "Have you weathered Gosport lately?" inquired Jem: "there used to be a little matter of joviality going forward there upon the beach in war time, but I suppose it's all calm enough now." "All ruined by the peace; and all that glorious collection of the kings and queens of England, and her admirals and heroes, which used to swing to and fro in the wind, when every house upon the beach was a grog-shop, are past, vanished, or hanging like pirates in tatters; the sound of a fiddle never reaches their ears; and the parlour-floors, where we used to dance and sing till all was blue, are now as smooth and as clean as the decks of Lord Nelson's flag ship, the Victory, which lies moored in our harbour, like a Greenwich pensioner, anchored in quiet, to drop to pieces with old age. You may fire a nine-pounder up the principal street at noon-day now and not hurt any body; and if the peace lasts much longer, horses may graze in their roads, and persons receive pensions for inhabiting the vacant houses." The period within which I had promised to join Horace Eglantine had now elapsed. It was no easy task to separate myself from my nautical friends, and the amusement they had afforded me demanded some acknowledgment in return; calling, therefore, for a full bowl of punch, we drank success to the British navy, toasted wives and sweethearts, honoured our gracious king, shook hands at parting, like old friends, and having promised to renew my acquaintance before I left Portsmouth, I bade adieu to jolly Jem Buntline and what remained of his noble messmate, the lion-hearted Tom Tackle.

Page 191

EVENING, AND IN HIGH SPIRITS.

A SCENE AT LONG'S HOTEL.

Sketches of Character—Fashionable Notorieties—Modern Philosophy—The Man of Genius and the Buck—"A short Life and a merry one "—A Short Essay on—John Longs—Long Corks —Long Bills—Long Credits—Long-winded Customers—The Ancients and the Moderns, a Contrast by Old Crony.

Ye bucks who in manners, dress, fashion, and shiny,
So often have hail'd me as lord of your gang—
"O lend me your ears!" whilst I deign to relate
The cause of my splendour, the way to be great;
My own chequered life condescend to unfold,
And give a receipt of more value than gold;
Reveal t' ye the spot where the graces all dwell,
And point out the path like myself to excel.
—Pursuits of Fashion.

Only contrive to obtain the character of an eccentric, and you may ride the *free horse* round the circle of your acquaintance for the remainder of your life. If my readers are not by this time fully satisfied of my peculiar claims to the appellation of an *oddity*, I have no hopes of obtaining pardon for the past whims and fancies of a volatile muse, or anticipating patronage for the future wanderings of a restless and inquisitive humorist. But my bookseller, a steady, persevering, inflexible sort of personage, whose habits of business are as rigid as a citizen of the last century, or a puritan of the Cromwell commonwealth, has lately suffered the marble muscles of his frigid countenance to unbend with a sort of mechanical inclination to an expression of—what shall I say—lib—lib—liberality; no, no, that will never do for a bookseller—graciousness—ay, that's a better phrase for the purpose; more characteristic of his manner, and more congenial to my own feelings. Well, to be plain then, whenever

a young author can pass through an interview with the headman of the firm without hearing any thing in the shape of melancholy musings, serious disappointments, large numbers on hand, doubtful speculation, and such like pleasant innuendoes, he may rest satisfied that his book is selling well, and his publisher realizing a fair proportion of profit for his adventurous spirit. I am just now enjoying that pleasant gratification, the reflection of having added to my own comforts without having detracted from the happiness of others. In short, my scheme improves with every fresh essay, and my friend Bob Transit, who has just joined me in a bottle of iced claret at Long's, has been for some minutes busily engaged in booking mine host and his exhibits; while I, under pretence of writing a letter, have been penning this introduction to a chapter on fashion and its follies, annexing thereunto a few notes of characters, that may serve to illustrate that resort of all that is exquisite and superlative in the annals of high ton. "Evening, and in High Spirits," —a scene worthy of the acknowledged talent of the artist, and full of fearful and instructive narrative for the pen of the English Spy. Seated snugly in one corner of Long's new and splendid coffee-room, we had resolved on our entering to depart early; but the society we had the good fortune to be afterwards associated with might have tempted stronger heads than those of either Bob Transit the artist, or Bernard Blackmantle the moralist.

ENLARGE TO FULL SIZE

Page193

"Waiter, bring another bottle of iced claret, and tell Long to book it to the king's lieutenant." "By the honour of my ancestry," said the Honourable Lillyman Lionise, "but I am devilishly cut already."

"You do well, mighty well, sir, to swear by the honour of your ancestors; for very few of your modern stars have a ray of that same meteoric light to illumine their own milky way."

"That flash of your wit, lieutenant, comes upon one like the electric shock of an intended insult, and I must expect you will apologize."

"Then I fear, young valiant, you will die of the disease that has killed more brave men than the last twenty years' war."

"And what is that, sir, may I ask?"

"Expectation, my jewel! I've breakfasted, dined, supped, and slept upon it for the last half century, and am not one step higher in the army list yet."

"But, lieutenant, let me observe that—that—"

"That we are both pretty nigh bosky, and should not therefore be too fastidious in our jokes over the bottle."

Enter Waiter. "The claret, gentlemen. Mr. Long's compliments, and he requests permission to assure you that it is some of the late Duke of Queensberry's choice stock, marked A one."

"Which signifies, according to Long's edition of Cocker, that we must pay double for the liqueur. Come, Lionise, fill a bumper; and let us tails of the lion toast our caput, the sovereign, the first corinthian of his day, and the most polished prince in the world."

"Tiger, Tiger,"{1} ejaculated a soft voice in the adjoining box; "ask Tom who the trumps are in the next stall, and if they are known here, tell them the Honourable Thomas Optimus fills a bumper to their last toast."

1 Since the death of the Earl of Barrymore, Tom has succeeded to the "vacant chair" at Long's; nor is the Tiger Mercury the only point in which he closely resembles his great prototype.

A smart, clever-looking boy of about fifteen years of age darted forward to execute the honourable's commands; when having received the requisite information from the waiter, he approached the lieutenant and his friend, and with great politeness, but no lack of confidence, made the wishes of his master known to the *bon vivants*; the consequence was,

an immediate interchange of civilities, which brought the honourable into close contact with his merry neighbours; and the result, a unanimous resolution to make a night of it.

At this moment our *tête-à-tête* was interrupted by the appearance of old Crony, who, stanch as a well-trained pointer to the scent of game, had tracked me hither from my lodgings; from him I learned the lieutenant was a fellow of infinite jest and sterling worth; a descendant of the O'Farellans of Tipperary, whose ancestry claimed precedence of King Bryan Baroch; a specimen of the antique in his composition, robust, gigantic, and courageous; time and intestine troubles had impaired the fortunes of his house, but the family character remained untainted amid the conflicting revolutions that had convulsed the emerald isle. Enough, however, was left to render the lieutenant independent of his military expectations: he had joined the army when young; seen service and the world in many climates; but the natural uncompromising spirit which distinguished him, partaking perhaps something too much of the pride of ancestry, had hitherto prevented his soliciting the promotion he was fairly entitled to. Like a majority of his countrymen, he was cold and sententious as a Laplander when sober, and warm and volatile as a Frenchman when in his cups; half a dozen duels had been the natural consequence of an equal number of intrigues; but although the scars of honour had seared his manly countenance, his heart and person were yet devoted to the service of the ladies. Fame had trumpeted forth his prowess in the wars of Venus, until notoriety had marked him out an object of general remark, and the king's lieutenant was as proud of the myrtle-wreath as the hero of Waterloo might be of the laurel crown.

But see, the door opens; how perfumed, what style! Long bows to the earth. What an exquisite smile! Such a coffee-house visitor banishes pain: While Optimus rising, cries "Welcome, Joe Hayne! May you never want cash, boy—here, waiter, a glass; Lieutenant, you'll join us in toasting a lass. I'll give you an actress—Maria the fair." "I'll drink her; but, Tom, you have ruined me there. By my hopes! I am blown, cut,

floor'd, and rejected, At the critical moment, sirs, when I expected To revel in bliss. But, here's white-headed Bob, My prime minister; he shall unravel the job. And if Jackson determines you've not acted well, I'll mill you, Tom Optimus, though you're a swell." "Sit down, Joe; be jolly—'twas Carter alone That has every obstacle in your way thrown. Nay, never despair, man—you'll yet be her liege; But rally again, boy, you'll carry the siege." Thus quieted, Joe sat him down to get mellow; For Joe at the bottom's a hearty good fellow.

"Have you heard the report," said Optimus, "that Harborough is actually about to follow your example, and marry an actress? ay, and his old flame, Mrs. Stonyhewer, is ready to die of love and a broken heart in consequence."

"Just as true, my jewel, as that I shall be gazetted field-marshal; or that you, Mr. Optimus, will be accused of faithfulness to Lady Emily. Our young friend here, the rich commoner, has given currency to such a variety of common reports, that the false jade grows bold enough to beard us in our very teeth."

"Why, zounds! lieutenant," said Lionise, "how very sentimental you are becoming."

"It's a way of mine, jewel, to appear singular in some sort of society."

"And satirical in all, I'll vouch for you, lieutenant;" said Optimus.

"By Jasus, you've hit it! if truth be satire, it's a language I love, although it's not very savoury to some palates."

"Will the duke marry the banker's widow, Joel that's the grand question at Tattersall's, now your match with Maria's off, and Earl Rivers's greyhounds are disposed of. Only give me the office, boy, in that particular, and I'll give you a company to-morrow, if money will purchase one; and realize a handsome fortune by betting on the event."

"Then I'll bet Cox and Greenwood's cash account against the commander-in-chief's, that the widow marries a Beau-clerc, becomes in due time Duchess of St. Alban's, and dies without issue, leaving her immense property as a charitable bequest to enrich a poor dukedom;

and thus, having in earlier life degraded one part of the peerage, make amends to the Butes, the Guildfords, and the Burdetts, by a last redeeming act to another branch of the aristocracy."

"At it again, lieutenant; firing ricochet shot, and knocking down duck and drake at the same time."

"Sure, that has been the great amusement of my life; in battle and abroad I have contrived to knock down my share of the male enemies of my country; in peace and at home I've a mighty pleasant knack of winging a few female bush fighters."

"But the widow, my dear fellow, is now a woman of high {2} character; has not the moral Marquis of Hertford undertaken to remove all ——— and disabilities? and did he not introduce the lady to the fashionable world at his own hotel, the Piccadilly (peccadillo) Guildhall? Was not the fête at Holly Grove attended by H.R.H. the Duke of York, and Mrs. C—y, and all the virtuous portion of our nobility? and has she not since been admitted to the parties at the Duke of "Query—did Mr. Optimus mean *high* as game is *high*?

Devonshire's, and what is still more wonderful, been permitted to appear at court, and since, in the royal presence, piously introduced to the whole bench of Bishops?"

"By Jasus, that's true; and I beg belle Harriette's pardon. But, I well remember, I commanded the cityguard in the old corn-market, Dublin, on the very night her reputed father, jolly Jack Kinnear, as the rebels called him, contrived to wish us good morning very suddenly, and took himself off to the sate of government."

I shall be obliged to entertain the world with a few of her eccentricities some day or other; the ghost of poor Ralph Wewitzer cries loudly for revenge. The sapient police knight, when he *secured the box of letters* for his patroness, little suspected that they had all been *previously copied* by lieutenant Terence O'Farellan of the king's own. A mighty inquisitive sort of a personage, who will try his art to do her justice, spite of "leather or prunella."

The party was at this moment increased by the arrival of Lord William, on whose friendly arm reposed the Berkley Adonis—"*par nobile fratrum*."

"Give me leave, lieutenant," said his lordship, "to introduce my friend the colonel." "And give me leave," whispered Optimus, "to withdraw my friend Hayne, for 'two suns shine not in the same hemisphere.'"

"The man that makes a move in the direction of the door makes me his enemy," said the lieutenant, loudly. And the whole party were immediately seated.

Hitherto, my friend Crony and myself had been too pleasantly occupied with the whim, wit, and anecdote of the lieutenant, to pay much attention to the individuality of character that surrounded the festive board; but, having now entered upon our second bottle, the humorist commenced his satirical sketches.—

"Holding forth to the gaze of this fortunate time The extremes of the beautiful and the sublime."

"Suppose I commence with the pea-green count," said Crony. "I know the boy's ambition is notoriety; and an artist who means to rise in his profession should always aim at painting first-rate portraits, well-known characters; because they are sure to excite public inquiry, thus extending the artist's fame, and securing the good opinion of his patrons by the gratification of their unlimited vanity. The sketch too may be otherwise serviceable to the rising generation; the Mr. Greens and Newcomes of the world of fashion, if they would avoid the sharks who infest the waters of pleasure, and are always on the anxious *look-up* for a nibble at a new 'come out.'

"The young exquisite's connexion with the fancy, or rather with the lowest branch of that illustrious body, the bruising fraternity and their boon companions, had been, though not an avowed, a real source of jealousy to many of his dear bosom friends at Long's hotel, from the moment of the count's making his *début*,

'*Imberbis juvenis, tandem custode remote,*'

into the fashionable world. That he would be ultimately floored by his milling *protégés* it did not require the sagacity of a conjurer to foresee; nor was it likely that the term of such a catastrophe would be so tediously delayed, as to subject any one who might be eager to witness its arrival to that sickness of the heart which arises from hope deferred. But this process for scooping out the Silver (or Foote) Ball, as he has since been designated, by no means suited the ideas of the worthies before alluded to. The learned Scriblerus makes mention of certain *doctors*,{3} frequently seen at White's in his day, of a modest and upright appearance, with no air of overbearing, and habited like true masters of arts in black and white only. They were justly styled, says the above high authority,

3 A cant phrase for dice,

subtiles and graves, but not always irrefragabiles, being sometimes examined and, by a nice distinction, divided and laid open. The descendants of these doctors still exist, and have not degenerated, either in their numbers or their merits, from their predecessors. They take up their principal residence in some well-known mansions about the neighbourhood of the court, and many of the gentlemen who honoured the count with their especial notice on his *entrée* into public life are understood to be familiarly acquainted with them. Now could they have only instilled into the young gentleman a wish to be introduced to these doctors, or once prevailed upon him to take them in hand for the purpose of deciding what might be depending upon the result of the investigation; nay, could they even have spurred him on to an exhibition of his tactics, in manoeuvring

'Those party-colour'd troops, a shining train,
Drawn forth to combat on the velvet plain;'

they could have so delightfully abridged the task which to their impatient eyes appeared to be much too slow in executing, could have spared their dear friend so much unnecessary time and labour in disencumbering himself of the superfluity of worldly dross which had fallen to his share. A little *cogging, sleeving, and palming*; nay, a mere

spindle judiciously planted, or a few long ones introduced on the weaving system, could have effected in one evening what fifty milling matches, considering the 'glorious uncertainty' attaching to pugilistic as well as legal contests, might fail to accomplish. By this method, too, the person in whom they kindly took so strong an interest would, even when he had lost every thing, have escaped the imputation of having dissipated his property. It would have been comfortably distributed in respectable dividends among a few gentlemen of acknowledged talent, instead of floating in air like the leaves of the

Sibyl, and alighting in various parts of the inner and outer ring; now depositing a few cool hundreds in the pockets of a sporting Priestley bookseller, or the brother of a Westminster Abbott; now contributing a small modicum to brighten the humbler speculations of the Dean-street casemen, or the Battersea gardener.

"But to this conclusion Horatio would not come. He was good for backing and betting on pugilists, but on the turf he would do little, and at the tables nothing. His zealous friends had therefore no chance in the way they would have liked best; but being men of the world, and knowing, like Gay's bear, that

```
'There might be picking
Ev'n in the carving of a chicken,'
```

they did not disdain to make the most in their power by watching the motions of his hobby, and if this was not a sufficient prize to furnish much cause for exultation, it was at least one that it would have been unwise to reject.

"A contemporary writer has exerted to the utmost the very little talent he possesses to represent the peagreen's uniform resistance to all the temptations of cards and dice, as a proof of his possessing a strength of mind and decision of character rarely found in young men of his fortune and time of life. In the elegant language of this apologist, the count, by this prudent abstinence, 'has shown himself not half so green as some supposed, and the sharps, and those who have tried on the grand mace with him, have discovered that he was no flat.' How far this negative

eulogium may be gratifying to the feelings of the individual on whom it is bestowed, I will not say; in my character of English Spy I have been under the necessity of carefully observing this fortunate youth, *depuis que la rose venait d'eclore*, in other words, from the time that he became, or rather might have become, his own master; and I should certainly not attribute his refraining from the tables to any superior strength of mind: indeed, it would be singular if such a characteristic belonged to a man whose own hired advocate could only vindicate his client's heart at the expense of his head. Pope tells us, that to form a just estimate of any one's character, we must study his ruling passion; and by adopting this rule, we shall soon obtain a satisfactory clew both to the exquisite count's penchant for the prize-ring, and his aversion to the *hells*. Some persons exhibit an inexplicable union of avarice and extravagance, of parsimony and prodigality—something of this kind is observable in the gentleman in question. But self predominates with him in all; and being joined to rather alow species of vanity, and a strong inclination to be what is vulgarly called *cock of the walk*, it has uniformly displayed itself in an insatiate thirst for notoriety. Now pugilists, from the very nature of their profession, must be public characters; while the gamester, to the utmost of his power, does what he does 'by stealth, and blushes to find it fame.' To be the patron of some noted bruiser, to bear him to the field of action in your travelling barouche, accompanied by Tom Crib the XX champion, Tom Spring the X champion, Jack Langan and Tom Cannon the would-be champions, and Lily White Richmond, is sure to make your name as notorious, though perhaps not much more reputable, than those of your associates; but the man who, like 'the youth that fired the Ephesian dome,' aims at celebrity alone, in frequenting the purlieus of the gaming-house only 'wastes his sweetness on the desert air.' Moreover, the members of the Ebony Clubs being compelled to assume the appearance, and adopt the manners, insensibly imbibe too much of the feelings of gentlemen, to be likely to pay, to the most passive *pigeon* that ever submitted to *rooking*, the cap in hand homage rendered

by a practitioner within the pins and binders of the prize-ring to the swell who takes five pounds worth of benefit tickets, or stands a fifty in the stakes for a milling match.

ENLARGE TO FULL SIZE

page203th (92K)

"These motives seem to me sufficient to have prompted the count's predominating attachment to the prize-ring and its heroes, which, however, having as I have before remarked, been viewed with no favourable eye by some of his comrades, his recent ill-luck at Warwick could hardly be expected to escape the jests and sarcasms of his bottle companions."

"'Fore God," said Optimus, "this backing of your man against the black diamond has been but a bad spec. Out heavyish I suppose, ay, Joe?"

Count. Why, a stiffish bout, I must confess; and what's more, I'm not by any means without my suspicions about the correctness of the thing.

Optimus. What, cross and jostle work again? a second edition of Virginia Water? But I thought you felt assured that Cannon would not do wrong for the wealth of Windsor Castle?

Count. True, I did feel so, and others confirmed me in my assurance, but I believe I was wofully mistaken; and curse me if I don't think they were all in the concern of doing me.

Optimus. Was not there a floating report about the bargeman receiving a thousand to throw it over?

Count. Something of the sort; but I don't believe it. Two bills for five hundred, but so drawn that they could not be negotiated. I shall certainly, said the count, give notice to the stake-holders not to give up the battle-money for the present.

Optimus. Pshaw! that will never do. A thing of that nature must be done at the time. Besides, Cannon stood two hundred in his own money, and says he will freely pay his losses.

Count. A pretty do that, when he had a cheque of mine for the sum he put down. But I've stopped payment of that at my banker's.

Optimus. And will as surely be obliged to revoke that order, as well as to give up disputing the stakes. No, no, Joe; get out of the business now as you can, and cut it. I always thought and told you, that I thought your man had no chance. But his going to fight so out of condition, in a contest where all his physical powers were necessary, does look as if you had been put in for a piece of ready made luck. But what could you expect? Can any good thing come out of Nazareth? That a gentleman can patronize such fellows!

Count. I am still of opinion that the spirit of national courage is much promoted————

Optimus. Spirit of a fiddle-stick! Nonsense, man; that card will win no trick now. You, like others might have thought so once; but you have seen enough by this time to know that the system is on altogether a different tack; that its stanchest upholders and admirers are bullies, sharpers, pickpockets, pothouse keepers, coachmen, fradulent bankrupts, the Jon Bee's and big B's, and all the lowest B's of society in station and character, whose only merit, if such it can be called, is the open disclaiming of any thing like honour or principle. And after having been a patron of such a set of wretches, you will end by becoming, according to circumstances, the object of their vulgar abuse, or the butt of their coarse ridicule.

"The latter, I understand,"said Lord William, "is pretty much the case already. A friend of mine was telling me, that one of the precious brotherhood, on hearing that Joe meant to dispute his bets, asked what better could be expected from a Foote-mam out of place?"

"No more of that, Hal, if thou lovest him," exclaimed Optimus, who immediately perceived, by his countenance, that the last hit had been too hard. Much more has been said upon this affair than it is worth. Let us change the subject.

"By my conscience," exclaimed the lieutenant, "and here's an excellent episode to wind up the drama with, headed, 'The Foote Ball's farewell to the Ring:' I'll read it you, with permission, and afterwards, colonel, you shall have a copy of it for next Sunday's 'Age;' it will save the magnanimous little B., your accommodating editor, or his locum tenens, the fat Gent, the trouble of straining their own weak noddles to produce any more soft attempts at the scandalous and the sarcastic.

"By the honour of my ancestry," rejoined the Gloucestershire colonel, "do you take me for a reporter to the paper in question?"

"Why not?" said the lieutenant, coolly: "if you are not a reporter and a supporter too, my gallant friend, by the powers of Poll Kelly but you are the most ill-used man in his majesty's dominions!"

"Sir, I stand upon my honour," said the colonel, petulantly.

"By the powers, you may, and very easily too," whispered O'Farellan, in a side speech to his left hand companion; "for it has been trodden under Foote by others these many months. To be plain with you, colonel, there are certain big whispers abroad, that you and your noble associate, the amiable yonder, with that beautiful obliquity of vision, which is said to have pierced the heart of a northern syren, are the joint Telegraphs of the Age. Sure no man in his senses can suspect Messieurs the Conducteurs of knowing any thing of what passes in polished life, or think—

"Ah, my dear Wewitzer," said Belle Harriet, now Mrs. Goutts, speaking to the late comedian, of some female friend, "she has an eye! an eye, that would pierce through a deal board." "By heavens," said Wewitzer, "that must be then a gimhlet eye." of charging them with any personal knowledge of the amusing incidents they pretend to relate, beyond a certain little wanton's green room *on dits*, or the chaste conversations of the blushless naiads who sport and frolic in the Cytherian mysteries which are nightly performed in the dark groves of Vauxhall. Take a word of advice from an old soldier, colonel: It is worse than leading a forlorn hope to attempt to storm a garrison single handed; club secrets must be protected by club laws, for 'tis an old Eton maxim, that tales told out of

school generally bring the relater to the block. But my friend Stanhope will no doubt explain this matter with a much better grace when he comes in contact with the tale-bearer."

"Hem," instinctively ejaculated Horace C——-t, the once elegant Apollo of Hyde Park, "thereby hangs a tale; 'tis a vile Age, and the sooner we forget it, the better—I am for love and peace." "i.e. a piece" responded the lieutenant. Horace smiled, and continued, "Come, Tom Duncombe, I'll give our mutual favourite, the female Giovanni. Lads, fill your glasses; we toast a deity, and one, too, who has equal claims upon most of us for the everlasting favours she has conferred."

"'Fore Gad, lieutenant," simpered out Lord William, squaring himself round to resume the conversation with the veteran, "if you do not mind your hits, we must positively cut. My friend, the colonel, will certainly set his blacks{5} upon you, and I shall be obliged to speak to little magnanimous, the ex-Brummagem director, to strike off a counterfeit impression of you in his scandalous Sunday chronicle, 'pon honour, I must."

5 A very curious tradition is connected with a certain castle near Gloucester, which foretells, that the family name shall be extinct when the race of the blacks* cease to be peculiar to the family; a prophecy that I think not very likely to be fulfilled, judging by the conduct of the present race of representatives.

* A species of Danish blood-hound, whose portraits and names are carved in the oaken cornice of one of the castle chambers.

"The divil a care," said the lieutenant, laughingly; "to arms with you, my lord William; my fire engine will soon damp the ardour of little magnanimous, and an extra dose of Tom Bish's compounds put his friend, the fat Gent, where his readers have long been, in sweet somniferous repose. But zounds, gentlemen, I am forgetting the count,

whose pardon I crave, for bestowing my attention on minor constellations while indulged with the overpowering brilliancy of his meteoric presence."

"The 'Farewell to the Ring,'" vociferated the count. "Come, lieutenant, give us the episode: I long to hear all my misfortunes strung together in rhyme."

"By the powers, you shall have it, then; and a true history it is, as ever was said or sung in church, chapel, or conventicle, with only one little exception—by the free use of poetic license, the satirist has fixed his hero in a very embarrassing situation—just locked him up at Radford's steel Hotel in Carey Street, Chancery Lane, coning over a long bill of John Long's, and a still longer one of the lawyers, with a sort of codicil, by way of refresher, of the house charges, and a smoking detainer tacked on to its tail, by Hookah Hudson, long enough to put any gentleman's pipe out.

ENLARGE TO FULL SIZE

Page207

There's the argument, programme, or fable. Now for the characters; they are all drawn from the life by the English Spy (see plate), under the amusing title of 'Morning, and in Low Spirits, a scene in a Lock-up House;' a very appropriate spot for a lament to the past, and

"'Tis past, and the sun of my glory is set.
How changed in my case is the fortune of war!
With no money to back, and no credit to bet,
No more in the Fancy I shine forth a star.

"Accursed be the day when my bargeman I brought
To fight with Jos. Hudson!—the thought is a sting.
I sighing exclaim, by experience taught,
Farewell to Tom Cannon, farewell to the ring!

"By the Blackwater vict'ry made drunk with success,
Endless visions of milling enchanted my nob;
I thought my luck in: so I could do no less

Than match 'gainst the Streatham my White-headed Bob.

"I've some reason to think that there, too, I was done;
For it oft has been hinted that battle was cross'd:
But I well know that all which at Yately I won,
With a thousand *en outre* at Bagshot I lost.

"At Warwick a turn in my favour again
Appear'd, and my crest I anew rear'd with pride;
Hudson's efforts to conquer my bargeman were vain,
I took the *long odds*, and I floor'd *the flash side*.

"But with training, and treating, and sparring, and paying
For all through the nose, as most do in beginning
Their fancy career, I am borne out in saying,
I was quite out of pocket in spite of my winning.

"So when Bob fought old George, being shortish of money,
And bearing in mem'ry the Bagshot affair,
In my former pal's stakes I stood only *a pony*,
(Which was never return'd, so I'm done again there).

"To be perfectly safe, on the old one I betted;
For the knowing ones told me the thing was made right:
If it had been, a good bit of blunt I'd have netted;
But a double X spoilt it, and Bob won the fight.

"But the famed stage of Warwick, and Ward, were before me—
I look'd at Tom Cannon, and thought of the past;
I was sure he must win, and that wealth would show'r o'er me,
So, like Richard, I set all my hopes on a cast;

"And the die was soon thrown, and my luck did not alter—

I was floor'd at all points, and my hopes were a hum;
I'm at Tattersall's all but believed a defaulter,
And here, in a spunging house, shut by a bum.

"'Mid the lads of the fancy I needs must aspire
To be quite *au fait*; and I have scarcely seen
Of mills half a score, ere I'm fore'd to retire—
O thou greenest among all the green ones, Pea Green!

"And what have I gain'd, but the queer reputation
Of a whimsical dandy, half foolish, half flash?
To bruisers and sharpers, in high and low station,
A poor easy dupe, till deprived of my cash.

"All you who would enter the circle I've quitted,
Reflect on my fate, and think what you're about:
By brib'ry betray'd, or by cunning outwitted,
In the Fancy each novice is quickly clean'd out.

"For me it has lost its attractions and lustre;
The thing's done with me, and I've done with the thing:
The blunt for my bets I must manage to muster,
Then farewell to Tom Cannon, farewell to the ring!"

The reading of this morceau produced, as might have been expected, considerable merriment on the one hand, and some little discussion upon the other; the angry feelings of the commander in chief and his pals overbalancing the mirthful by their solemnly protesting against the exposure of the secrets of the prison house, which, in this instance, they contended, were violently distorted by some enemy to the modern accomplishment of pugilism. In a few moments all was chaos, and the stormy confusion of tongues, prophetk: of the affair ending in a grand display and milling catastrophe; the apprehensions of which induced John Long, and John Long's man, to be on the alert in removing the service, *en suite*, of superb cut glass, which had given an additional lustre to the splendour of the dessert. The arrival of other characters, and the good humour of the count, joined to a plentiful supply of soda water and

iced punch, had, however, the effect of cooling the malcontents, who had no sooner recovered their wonted hilarity, than old Crony proceeded to particularize, by a comparison of the past with the present, interspersing his remarks with anecdotes of the surrounding group. "These are your modern men of fashion," said Crony; "and the specimen you have this day had of their conduct and pursuits an authority you may safely quote as one generally characteristic.

'To support this new fashion in circles of *ton*. New habits, new thoughts, must of course be put on; Taste, feeling, and friendship, laid by on the shelf, And nothing or worshipp'd, or thought of, but—self.'

ENLARGE TO FULL SIZE

Page210

"It was not thus in the days of our ancestors: the farther we look back, the purer honour was. In the days of chivalry, a love promise was a law; the braver the knight, the truer in love: then, too, religion, delicacy, sentiment, romantic passion, disinterested friendship, loyalty to king, love of country, a thirst for fame, bravery, nay, heroism, characterized the age, the nation, the noble, the knight, and esquire. Mercy! what 'squires we have now-a-days! At a more recent date, all was courtliness, feeling, high sentiment, proud and lofty bearing, principle, the word inviolable, politeness at its highest pitch of refinement: lovers perished to defend their ladies' honour; now they live to sully it: the nobility and the people were distinct in dress and address; but, above all, amenity and good-breeding marked the distinction, and the line was unbroken. Now, dress is all confusion, address far below par, amenity is a dead letter, and as to breeding, it is confined to the breeding of horses and dogs, except when law steps in to encourage the breeding of disputes; not to mention the evils arising from crossing the old breed; nor can we much wonder at it, when we reflect on the altered way of life, the change of habits, and the declension of virtue, arising from these very causes.

'Each hopeful hero now essays to start
To spoil the intellect, destroy the heart,
To render useless all kind Nature gave,
And live the dupe of ev'ry well dress'd knave;
To herd with gamblers, be a blackleg king,
And shine the monarch of the betting ring.'

"Men of family and fashion, in those golden days, passed their time in courts, in dancing-rooms, and at clubs composed of the very cream of birth and elegance. You heard occasionally of Lord Such-a-one being killed in a duel, or of the baronet or esquire dying from cold caught at a splendid *fête*, or by going lightly clad to his magnificent vis-à-vis, after a select masquerade; but you never read his death in a newspaper from a catarrh caught in the watch-house, from & fistic fight, or in a row at a hell—things now not astonishing, since even men with a title and a name of rank pass their time in the stable, at common hells, at the Fives-court —the hall of infamy; in the watch-house, the justice-room, and make the finish in the Fleet, King's Bench, or die in misery and debt abroad. In the olden times, a star of fashion was quoted for dancing at court, for the splendour of his equipages, his running footmen and black servants, his expensive dress, his accomplishments, his celebrity at foreign courts, his fine form, delicate hand, jewels, library, &c. &c. Now fame (for notoriety is so called) may be obtained by being a Greek, or Pigeon, by being mistaken for John the coachman, when on the box behind four tits; by being a good gentleman miller, by feeding the fancy, standing in print for crim. con., breaking a promise of marriage once or twice, and breaking as many tradesmen as possible afterwards; breaking the watchman's head on the top of the morn; and lastly, breaking away (in the skirmish through life) for Calais, or the Low Countries. There is as much difference between the old English gentleman and him who ought to be the modern representative of that name, as there is between a racer and a hack, a fine spaniel and a cross of the terrier and bull dog. In our days of polish and refinement, we had a Lord Stair, a Sedley, a Sir John Stepney, a Sir William Hamilton, and many others, as our ambassadors, representing our nation as the best bred in the world; and by their grace

and amiability, gaining the admiration of the whole continent. We had, in remoter times, our Lords Bolingbroke, Chesterfield, and Lyttleton, our Steele, &c, the celebrated poets, authors, and patterns of fashion and elegance of the age. We had our Argyle,

'The state's whole thunder form'd to wield,
And shake at once the senate and the field.'

We had our virtuosi of the highest rank, our rich and noble authors in abundance. The departed Byron stood alone to fill their place. The classics were cultivated, not by the learned profession only, but by the votaries of fashion. Now, our Greek scholars are of another cast.{6} In earlier days the chivalrous foe met his opponent in open combat, and broke a lance for the amusement of the spectators, while he revenged his injuries in public. Now, the practice of duelling{7} has become almost a profession, and the privacy with which it is of necessity conducted renders it always subject to suspicion (see plate); independent of which, the source of quarrel is too often beneath the dignity of gentlemen, and the wanton sacrifice of life rather an act of bravado than of true courage. {7}

6 "Adeipe nunc Danaûm insidiai, et——ab uno, Disce omnes!"

The Greek population of the fashionable world comprises a very large portion of society, including among its members names and persons of illustrious and noble title, whose whole life and pleasure in life appears to "rest upon the hazard of a die." The modern Greek, though he cannot boast much resemblance to Achilles, Ajax, Patroclus, or Nestor, is, nevertheless, a close imitator of the equally renowned chief of Ithaca. To describe his person, habits, pursuits, and manners, would be to sketch the portrait of one or more *finished roués*, who are to be found in most genteel societies. The mysteries of his art are manifold, and principally consist in the following rules and regulations, put forth by an old member of the corps, whose conscience returned to torture him when his reign of earthly vice was

near its close.

ELEMENTS OF GREEKING. 1. A Greek should be like a mole, visible only at night. 2. He should be a niggard of his speech, and a profligate with his liquor, giving freely, but taking cautiously. 3. He must always deprecate play in public, and pretend an entire ignorance of his game. 4. He must be subtle as the fox, and vary as the well-trained hawk; never showing chase too soon, or losing his pigeon by an over eager desire to pluck him. 5. He must be content to lose a little at first, that he may thereby make a final hit decisive. 6. He must practise like a conjuror in private, that his slippery tricks in public may escape observation. Palming the *digits* requires no ordinary degree of agility. 7. He must secure a confederate, who having been pigeoned, has since been enlightened, and will consent to decoy others to the net. 8. He should have once held the rank of captain, as an introduction to good society, and a privilege to bully any one who may question his conduct. 9. He must always put on the show of generosity with those he has plucked—that is, while their bill, bond, post obit, or other legal security is worth having.

10. He should be a prince of good fellows at his own table, have the choicest wines for particular companies, and when a grand hit cannot be made, refuse to permit play in his own house; or on a decisive occasion, let his decoy or partner pluck the pigeon, while he appears to lose to some confederate a much larger sum.

11. He must not be afraid to fight a duel, mill & rumbustical green one, or bully a brother sharper who attempts to poach upon his preserves.

12. He must concert certain signals with confederates for *working the broads* (i.e. cards), such as fingers at whist: toe to toe for an ace, or the left hand to the eye for a

king, and so on, until he can make the fate of a rubber certain. On this point he must be well instructed in the arts of *marked cards, briefs, broads, corner bends, middle ditto, curves, or Kingston Bridge*, and other arch tricks of *slipping, palming, forcing*, or even *substituting*, whatever card may be necessary to win the game. Such are a few of the elements of modern Greeking, contained in the twelve golden rules recorded above, early attention to which may save the inexperienced from ruin.

ENLARGE TO FULL SIZE

Page214

7 ELEMENTS OF DUELLING.

"The British Code of Duel," a little work professing to give the necessary instructions for *man-killing according to honour*, lays down the following rules as indispensable for the practice of principals and seconds in the pleasant and humane amusement of shooting at each other. "1. To choose out a snug sequestered spot, where the ground is level, and no natural, terrestrial, or celestial line presenting itself to assist either party in his views of sending his opponent into eternity. 2. To examine the pistols; see that they are alike in quality and length, and load in presence of each other. 3. To measure the distance; ten paces of not less than thirty inches being the minimum, the parties to step to it, not from it. 4. To fire by signal and at random; it being considered unfair to take aim at the man whose life you go out to take. 5. Not to deliver the pistols cocked, lest they should go off un-expectedly; and after one fire the second should use his endeavours to produce a reconciliation. 6. If your opponent fire in the air, it is very unusual, and must be a case of extreme anguish when you are obliged to insist upon another shot at him. 7. Three fires must be the ultimatum in any case; any more reduces

duel to a conflict for blood," says the code writer; "if the parties can afford it, there should be two surgeons in attendance, but if economical, one mutual friend will suffice; the person receiving the first fire, in case of wound, taking the first dressing. 8. It being always understood that wife, children, parents, and relations are no impediment with men of very different relative stations in society to their meeting on equal terms." The *consistency, morality, justice, and humanity of this code, I leave to the gratifying reflection of those who have most honourably killed their man*.

'For, as duelling now is completely a science,
And sets, the Old Bailey itself at defiance;
Now Hibernians are met with in every street,
'Tis as needful to know how to shoot as to eat.'

The following singular challenge is contained in a letter from Sir William Herbert, of St. Julian's, in Monmouthshire, father-in-law to the famous Lord Herbert, of Cherbury, to a gentleman of the name of Morgan. The original is in the British Museum.

"Sir—Peruse this letter, in God's name. Be not disquieted. I reverence your hoary hair. Although in your son I find too much folly and lewdness, yet in you I expect gravity and wisdom.

"It hath pleased your son, late at Bristol, to deliver a challenge to a man of mine, on the behalf of a gentleman (as he said) as good as myself; who he was, he named not, neither do I know; but if he be as good as myself, it must either be for virtue, for birth, for ability, or for calling and dignity. For virtue I think he meant not, for it is a thing which exceeds his judgment: if for birth, he must be the heir male of an earl, the heir in blood of ten earls; for, in testimony thereof, I bear their several coats.

Besides, he must be of the blood royal, for by my grandmother Devereux I am lineally and legitimately descended out of the body of Edward IV. If for ability he must have a thousand pounds a year in possession, a thousand pounds more in expectation, and must have some thousands in substance besides. If for calling and dignity, he must be knight or lord of several seignories in several kingdoms, a lieutenant of his county, and a counsellor of a province.

"Now to lay all circumstances aside, be it known to your son, or to any man else, that if there be any one who beareth the name of gentleman, and whose words are of reputation in his county, that doth say, or dare say, that I have done unjustly, spoken an untruth, stained my credit and reputation in this matter, or in any matter else, wherein your son is exasperated, I say he lieth in his throat, and my sword shall maintain my word upon him, in any place or province, wheresoever he dare, and where I stand not sworn to observe the peace. But if they be such as are within my governance, and over whom I have authority, I will for their re-formation chastise them with justice, and for their malaport misdemeanour bind them to their good behaviour. Of this sort, I account your son, and his like; against whom I will shortly issue my warrant, if this my warning doth not reform them. And so I thought fit to advertise you hereof, and leave you to God.

"I am, &c.

"WM. HERBERT."

"The art of fencing formerly distinguished the gentleman, who then wore a sword as a part of his dress. He is now contented with a regular stand-up fight, and exhibits a fist like a knuckle-bone of mutton—hard, coarse, and of certain magnitude. The bludgeon hammer-headed whip, or a vulgar twig, succeeds the clouded and amber-headed cane; and instead of the snuff-box being rare, and an article of parade, to exhibit a beauty's miniature bestowed in love, or that of a crowned head, given for

military or diplomatic services, all ranks take snuff out of cheap and vulgar boxes, mostly of inferior French manufacture, with, not unfrequently, indecent representations on them; or you have wooden concerns with stage coaches, fighting-cocks, a pugilistic combat, or an ill-drawn neck and neck race upon them. The frill of the nobleman and gentleman's linen once bore jewels of high price, or a conceit, like a noted beauty's eye, set in brilliants less sparkling than what formed the centre. Now, a fox, a stag, or a dog, worthily occupies the place of that enchanting resemblance. In equitation, we had Sir Sydney Meadows, a pattern and a prototype for gentlemen horsemen. The Melton hunt now is more in vogue, and the sons of our nobility ride like their own grooms and postboys—ay, and dress like them too. Autrefois, a man of fashion might be perceived ere he was seen, from a reunion of rich and costly perfumes. Now, snuff and tobacco, the quid, the pinch, and the cigar, announce his good taste. The cambric pocket-handkerchief was the only one known in the olden times. The belcher (what a name!) supplies its place, together with the bird's eye, or the colours of some black or white boxer. An accomplished man was the delight of all companies in former times. An out and outer, one up to every thing, down as a nail or the knocker of Newgate, a trump, or a Trojan, now carry the mode of praise; one that can *patter flash, floor a charley, mill a coal-heaver*, come coachey in prime style, up to every rig and row in town, and down to every move upon the board, from a nibble at the club to a dead hit at a hell; can swear, smoke, take snuff, lush, play at all games, and throw over both sexes in different ways—he is the finished man. The attributes of a modern fine gentleman are, to have his address at his club, and his residence any where; to lounge, laugh, lisp, and loll away the time from four to eight, when having dressed, eat his olives, he goes to Almack's if he can, or struts into Fop's Alley at the Opera in boots, in defiance of decency or the remonstrance of the door-keepers; talks loud to be noticed; and having handed some woman of fashion to her carriage, gets in after her without invitation, and, as a matter of course, behaves rudely

in return; makes a last call at the club in his way home to learn the issue of the debate, and try his luck at French hazard or fleecing a novice. (See Plate.)

ENLARGE TO FULL SIZE

Page217

If his fortune should be one thousand per annum, his income may be extended to five, by virtue of credit and credulity. If he comes out very early in life, say eighteen, he will scarcely expect to be visible at twenty-four; but if he does not appear until he is twenty-one, and then lives all his days, he may die fairly of old age, infirmity, and insolvency, at twenty-six. His topographical knowledge of town is bounded by the fashionable directory, which limits his recognition, on the north, by Oxford-street, on the east, by Bond-street, on the south, by Pall Mall, and on the west, by Park-lane. Ask him where is Russell Square, and he stares at you for a rustic; inquire what authors he reads, and he answers Weatherbey and Rhodes; ask what are their works, and he laughs outright at your ignorance of the 'Racing Calendar,' 'Annals of Sporting,' 'Boxiana,' and 'Turf Remembrancer;' question his knowledge of science, it consists in starch *à la Brummel*{8}; of mathematics, in working problems on the cards; of algebra, in calculating the long odds, or squaring the chances of the dice; he tells you, his favourite book is his betting account, that John Bull is the only newspaper worth reading, and that you must never expect to be admitted into good society if the cut of your coat does not bear outward proofs of its being fabricated either in Saint James's Street or Bond Street; that the great requisites are *confidence, indifference, and nonchalance*; as, for instance, George Wombwell being thrown out of his tilbury on High gate Hill, when driving Captain Burdett, and both being dreadfully bruised, George is picked

8 When Brummel fell into disgrace, he devised the starched neckcloth, with the design of putting the prince's neck out

of fashion, and of bringing his Royal Highness's muslin, his bow, and wadding, into contempt. When he first appeared in this stiffened cravat, tradition says that the sensation in St. James's-street was prodigious; dandies were struck dumb with envy, and washerwomen miscarried. No one could conceive how the effect was produced—tin, card, a thousand contrivances were attempted, and innumerable men cut their throats in vain experiments; the secret, in fact, puzzled and baffled every one, and poor dandy L——d died raving mad of it; his mother, sister, and all his relations waited on Brummel, and on their knees implored him to save their kinsman's life by the explanation of the mystery; but the beau was obdurate, and L——d miserably perished.

When Brummel fled from England, he left this secret a legacy to his country; he wrote on a sheet of paper, on his dressing-table, the emphatic words, "Starch is the man."

up by a countryman, when he inquires, very coolly, if 't'other blackguard is not quite dead:' his amours are more distinguished by their number than attractions, and the first point is, not attachment, but notoriety; the lady always being the more desirable, in proportion to the known variety of her gallants; that of all the pleasures of this life, there is nothing like a squeeze at court (see plate), or being wedged into a close room at a crowded rout.

ENLARGE TO FULL SIZE

Page219

A ruffian was never thought of by our forefathers; the exquisite was; but he was more sublimated than the exquisite of the nineteenth century. The dandy is of modern date; but there is some polish on him—suppose it be on his boots alone. Shape and make are attended to by him; witness the Cumberland corset, and his making what he can of every body. Then, again, he must have a smattering of French, and affect to be above old England. When he smokes, he does it from vanity, to

show his *écume de mer* pipe. He may have a gold snuff-box and a little diamond pin; and when he swears, he lisps it out like a baby's lesson. Sometimes (not often) he plays upon the guitar; and the peninsular war may have made a man of him, and a linguist too; but he is far below the ancient exquisites (who touched the lute, the lyre, and violoncello). And he is an egotist in every thing—in gallantry, in conversation, in principle, and in heart. Nor has the deterioration of the gentleman been confined to England only—polite and ceremonious France has felt her change. The Revolution brought in coarse and uncivilised manners. The awkward and unsuccessful attempt at Spartan and Roman republican manners; the citizen succeeding to Monsieur; the blasphemous, incredulous, atheistical principles instilled into the then growing generation of all classes; the system of equality, subversive of courtliness, and the obliging attentions and suavities of society, poisoned at once the source of morals and of manners; for there can be nothing gentlemanlike in atheism, radicalism, and the level, ling system. To this state of things succeeded a reign of terror, assassination, and debauchery; and lastly, a military despotism, in which the private soldier rose to the marshals baton; a groom in the stables of the Prince of Condé saw himself ennobled; peers and generals had brothers still keeping little retail shops; and a drum-boy lived to see his wife—a washerwoman, or fish vender—a duchess (Madame Lefevre). How can we expect breeding from such materials? Bayonets gave brilliancy to the imperial court; and the youth of the country were all soldiers, without dreaming of the gentleman, except in a low bow and flourish of the hat; a greater flourish of self-praise, and a few warm, loose, and dangerous compliments to the fairer sex, became more than even the objects of their passion, but less so of their attentions and prepossessing assiduities. This military race taught us to smoke, to snuff, to drink brandy, and to swear; for although John Bull never was backward in that point, yet St. Giles's and not St. James's, was the *rendezvous* for those who possessed that brutal and invincible habit. These were not amongst the least miseries and curses which the war produced; and they have left such mischievous traces behind them, that the mature race in France laugh at the old court, and at all old civil and

religious principles, whilst our demoralized youth play the same game at home. And if a Bolingbroke or a Chesterfield was now to appear, he would be quizzed by all the smokers, jokers, hoaxers, glass-cockers, blacklegs, and fancy-fellows of the town, amongst whom all ranks are perfectly lost, and morality is an absolute term. O tempora! O Moses! (as the would-be Lady Sckolard said.) Nor does Moses play second best in these characters of the day. Moses has crept into all circles; from the ring to the peerage and baronetage, the stage, the race-course; and our clubs are tinged with the Israelitish: they may lend money, but they cannot lend a lustre to the court, or to the gilded and painted saloons of the *beau monde*. The style of things is altered; we mean not the old style and new in point of date, but in point of brilliancy in the higher circles. Our ancestors never bumped along the streets, with a stable-boy by their side, in a one-horse machine, which is now the *bon ton* in imitation of our Gallic neighbours, whose equipage is measured by their purse. Where do you now see a carriage with six horses, and three outriders, and an *avant courier*, except on Lord Mayor's day? Yet how common this was with the nobility *d'autrefois*. Two grooms are no longer his Grace's and my Lord's attendants, but each is followed by one groom in plain clothes, not very dissimilar from the man he serves. Do we ever see the star of nobility in the morning, to guard him who has a right to it from popular rudeness and a confusion of rank? All is now privacy, concealment, equality in exterior, musty and meanness: not that the plain style of dress would be exceptionable, if we could say in verity—

'We have within what far surpasseth show.'

But the lining is now no better (oftentimes worse) than the coat. Our principles and our politeness are on a par—at low-water mark. The tradesman lives like the gentleman, and the nobleman steps down a degree to be, like other people, up to all fashionable habits and modern customs; whilst the love for gain, at the clubs, on the turf, in the ring, and in private life, debases one part of society, and puts down the other, which becomes the pigeon to the rook. Whilst all this goes on, the press chronicles and invents follies for us; and there are men stupid enough to glory in their depravity, to be pleased with their own deformity of mind,

body, or dress, of their affectations, and their leading of a party. There is something manly in the Yacht Club, in a dexterously driving four fleet horses in hand, in reining in the proud barb, and in gymnastic exercises: but the whole merit of these ceases, when my Lord (like him of carroty beard) becomes the tar without his glory, and wears the check shirt without the heart of oak—when the driver becomes the imitator of the stage and hackney box—when the rider is the unsuccessful rival of the jockey; and the frequenter of the gymnastic arena becomes a bruiser, or one turning strength into money, be the bet or the race what it may.

'Shades of our ancestors! whose fame of old
In ev'ry time the echoing world has told!
Whose dauntless valour and heroic deeds,
Each British bosom yet enraptur'd reads!
Deeds, which in ev'ry country, clime, and age,
Have fill'd the poet's and historian's page;
Of ev'ry muse the theme, and ev'ry pen:
Ye I invoke! and ye, my countrymen,
If British blood yet flows within your veins,
If for your country aught of love remains,
O make your first, your chief, your only care,
That which first rais'd and made you what you were.'"

Page222

CHELTONIAN CHARACTERS.

A TRIP TO THE SPAS.

CHAPTER I.

Bernard Blackmantle and Bob Transit pay a Visit to the Chelts—Privileges of a Spy—Alarm at Chelten-him—The rival Editors—The setting of a great Son—How to sink in Popularity and Respect—A noble Title—An old Flame—Poetical *jeu d'esprit*, by Vinegar Penn—Muriatic Acid—An Attorney-General's Opinion on Family Propensities given without a Fee!!—The Cheltenham Dandy, or the Man in the Cloak, a Sketch from the Life-Noble Anecdote of the Fox-hunting Parson—Bury-ing alive at Berkeley—Public Theatricals in private—"A Michaelmas Preachment," by an Honest Reviewer—A few Words for Ourselves—The Grand Marshall—Interesting Story of a former M. C.

"Oh, I've been to countries rare;
Seen such sights, 'twould make you stare."

ENLARGE TO FULL SIZE

Page223

"That last chapter of yours, Blackmantle, on John Long and John Long's customers, will long remain a memorial of your scrutinizing qualifications, and, as I think, will prevent your taking your port, punch, pines, or soda-water in Bond-street for some time to come, lest 'suspicion, which ever haunts the guilty mind,' should in the course of conversation convict you; and then, my dear fellow, you would certainly go off pop like the last-mentioned article in the above reference to the luxuries of Long's hotel." "Bravo, Bob Transit!" said I; "this comes mighty well from you, sir, my *fidus achates*.—'*A bon chat bon rat*'—the *fidus and audax* satirists of the present times. And who, sir, dares to doubt our joint authority? are we not the very spies o' the age?

'Joint monarchs of all we survey;
Our right there is none to dispute.'

From the throne to, the thatched cottage, wherever there is character, 'there fly we,' and, on the wings of merry humour, draw with pen and pencil a faithful portraiture of things as they are; not tearing aside the hallowed veil of private life, but seizing as of public right on public character, and with a playful vein of satire proving that we are of the poet's school;

'Form'd to delight at once and lash the age.'

At this season of the year fashion cries out of
Town; so, pack up, Master Robert, and
Let us to Chelt's retiring banks,
Where beaux and beauties throng,
To drink at Spas and play rum pranks,
That here will live in song.

What Cheltenham was, is no business of ours; what it is, as regards its buildings, salubrious air, and saline springs, its walks, views, libraries, theatre, and varieties, my friend Williams, whose shop at the corner of the assembly rooms is the grand lounge of the literati, will put the visitor into possession of for the very moderate sum of five shillings. But, reader, if you would search deeper into society, and know something of the whim and character of the frequenters and residents of this fashionable place of public resort, you must consult the English Spy, and trace in his pages and the accompanying plates of his friend Bob Transit the faithful likenesses of the scenes and persons who figure in the maze of fashion, or attract attention by the notoriety of their amours, the eccentricity of their manners, or the publicity of their attachments to the ball or the billiard-room, the card or the hazard-table, the turf or the chase; for in all of these does Cheltenham abound. From the *cercle de la basse to the cercle de la haute*, from the nadir to the zenith, 'I know ye, and have at ye all'—ye busy, buzzing, merry, amorous groups of laughter-loving, ogling, ambling, gambling Cheltenham folk.

'A chiel's among ye taking notes,
And faith, he'll print them.'

To spy out your characteristic follies, ye sons and daughters of pleasure, have we, Bernard Blackmantle and Robert Transit, esquires, travelled down to Cheltenham to collect materials for an odd chapter of a very odd book, but one which has already established its fame by continued success, and, as I hope owes much of its increasing prosperity to its characteristic good-humour; so, without more preface, imagine a little dapper-looking fellow of about five feet something in altitude, attended by a tall sharp-visaged gentleman in very spruce costume, parading up and down the High-street, Cheltenham—lounging for a few minutes in Williams's library—making very inquisitive remarks upon the passing singularities—and then the little man most impertinently whispering to his friend with the Quixotic visage, book him, Bob—when out comes the note book of both parties, and down goes somebody. Afterwards see them popping into this shop, and then into the other, spying and prying about—occasionally nodding perhaps to a London actor, who shines forth here a star of the first magnitude; John Liston, for instance, or Tyrone Power—then posting off to the well walks, or disturbing the peaceful dead by ambling over their graves in search of humorous epitaphs—making their way down to the Berkeley kennel in North-street (See Plate), or paying a visit to the Paphian divinities at the Oakland cottages under the Cleigh Hills—trotting here and there—making notes and sketches until all Cheltenham is in a state of high excitement, and the rival editors of the Chronicle and Journal, Messrs. Halpine and Judge, are so much alarmed that they are almost prepared to become friends, and unite their forces for the time against the common enemy.

ENLARGE TO FULL SIZE

Page226

Imagine such an animated, whispering, gazing, inquiring scene, as I have here presented you with a slight sketch of, and, reader, you will be able to form some idea of the first appearance of the English Spy and his friend the artist, among the ways and walks of merry Cheltenham. Then here

```
'At once, I dedicate my lay
To the gay groups that round me swarm,
Like May-bees round the honied hive,
When fields are green, and skies are warm
And all in nature seems alive.'
```

Time was, a certain amorous colonel carried every thing here, and bore away the belle from all competitors; the hunt, the ball, the theatre, and the card-party all owned his sovereign sway; although it must be admitted, that, in the latter amusement, he seldom or ever hazarded enough to disturb his financial recollections on the morrow. But time works wonders—notoriety is of two complexions, and what may render a man a very agreeable companion to foxhunters and frolicsome lordlings, is not always the best calculated to recommend him in the eyes of the accomplished and the rigid in matters of moral propriety. But other equally celebrated and less worthy predilections have been trumpeted forth in courts and newspapers, until the fame of the colonel has spread itself through every grade of society, and, unlike that wreath which usually decks the gallant soldier's brow, a cypress chaplet binds the early gray, and makes admonitory signal of the ill-spent past. The wrongs of an injured and confiding husband, whose fortunes, wrecked by the false seducer, have left him a prey to shattered ruin, yet live in the remembrance of some honest Cheltenham hearts; and although these may feel for the now abandoned object of his illicit passion, there are but few who, while they drop a tear of pity as she passes them daily in the street, do not invoke a nobler feeling of indignation upon the ruthless head of him who forged the shafts of misery, and pierced at one fell blow the hearts of husband, wife, and children! What father that has read Maria's hapless tale of woe, and marked the progress of deceptive vice, will hereafter hazard the reputation of his daughters by suffering them to

mix in Cheltenham society with the branded seducer and his profligate associates? Gallantry, an unrestricted love of the fair sex, and a predilection for variety, may all be indulged in this country to any extent, without betraying confidence on the one hand or innocence upon the other, without outraging decency, or violating the established usages of society. While the profligate confines his sensual pleasures with such objects as I allude to within the walls of his harem, the moralist has no right to trespass upon his privacy; it is only when they are blazoned forth to public view, and daringly opposed to public scorn, that the lash of the satirist is essentially useful, if not in correcting, at least in exposing the systematic seducer, and putting the inexperienced and the virtuous on their guard against the practice of profligacy. It is the frequency and notoriety of such scenes that has at last alarmed the Chelts, who, fearing more for their suffering interests than for their suffering fellow-creatures, begin to murmur rather loudly against the Berkeley Adonis, representing that the town itself suffers in respectability and increase of visitors, by its being known as the rendezvous of the bloods and blacks of Berkeley. The truth of this assertion may be gathered from the following *jeu d' esprit*, only one among a hundred of such squibs that have been very freely circulated in Cheltenham and the neighbourhood within the last year.

'NEWS FROM CHELTENHAM.

'The season runs smartly in Cheltenham's town,
The gossips are up, and the colonel is down;
He has taken the place of the famous Old Gun {1}
That exploded last year, and created some fun.
Were no lives then lost? some say, Yes! and some, No!
The report even shook the old walls of Glasgow.{2}
And the Bushe was found out to be no safe retreat,
For in love, as in war, you may chance to be beat;
And a hell-shaming fellow can never be reckon'd,
Whate'er he may publish, a capital second.'

"But now having had our fling at his vices, let us speak of him more agreeably; for the fellow hath some qualifications which, if humour suit, enables him to shine forth a star of the first magnitude among *bons vivants* and sporting characters, who ride, amble, and vegetate upon the banks of the Chelt. Such is his love of hunting, a pleasure in which he not only indulges himself, but enables others, his friends, to participate with him, by keeping up a numerous stud of thirty well trained horses, and a double pack of fox-hounds, that no appropriate day may be lost, nor any opportunity missed, of pursuing the sports of the chase. This is as it should be, and smacks of that glorious spirit which animated his ancestors; although the violence of his temper will sometimes break out even here, in the field, when some young and forward Nimrod, unable to restrain his fiery steed, *o'er-caps* the hounds, or crosses the scent. As the Chelts are, or have been, greatly benefited by the hounds being kept alternately during the hunting months between

1 A good-morrow to you, Captain Gun.

2 Miss Glasgow, divine perfection of antique virgin purity! what could the poet mean by this allusion?

Cheltenham and Gloucester, they must at least feel some little gratitude to be due to the man who is the cause of such an increase of society, and consequent expenditure of cash. But, say they, we lose in a fourfold degree; for the respectable portion of the fashionable visitants have of late cut us entirely, to save their sons and daughters from pollution and ruin, by association or the force of example. 'Tis not in the nature of the English Spy rudely to draw aside the curtain, even to expose the midnight revelries and debaucheries, of which he possesses some extraordinary anecdotes; events, which, if recorded here, would, in the language of the poet,

'Give ample room, and verge enough,
The characters of hell to trace;
How through each circling year, on many a night,
Have Severn's waves re-echoed with affright

```
            The shrieks of (maids) through Berkeley's roofs that
ring.'
```

"But let these tales be told hereafter, as no doubt they will be, by the creatures who now pander to vice, when the satiated and the sullen chief sinks into decay, or cuts from his emaciated trunk the filthy excrescences which, like poisonous fungus, suck the sap of honour and of life. The colonel hath had many trials in this life, and much to break down a noble and a proud spirit. In earlier days, a question of birthright, while it cut off one entail, brought on another, which entailed a name, not the ancient gift of a monarch, but one still more ancient, and, according to Dodsley's Chronology of the Kings of England, the origin of British sovereignty itself—a '*filius nullius,*' a title that left it open to the wearer to have established his own fame, and to have been the architect of a nobler fortune; for

```
'Who nobly acts may hold to scorn
The man who is but nobly born.'
```

"Had the colonel acted thus, there is little doubt but long ere this the kind heart of his Majesty would have warmed into graciousness as he reflected upon the untoward circumstances which removed from the eldest born of an ancient house the honours of its armorial bearings; the *engrailed bar* might have been erased from the shield, and the coronet of nobility have graced the elder brother, without invading the legal designation or claims of the legitimate younger; but

```
I sing of a day that is gone and past,
Of a chance that is lost, and a die that's cast.
```

And even now, while I am sermonizing on late events but too notorious, the busy hum of many voices buzzes a tale upon the ear that sickens with its unparalleled profligacy; but the English Spy, the faithful historian of the present times, refuses to stain his pages by giving credit to, or recording, the imputed profligate connexion. Adieu, *monsieur* the colonel; fain would I have passed you by without this comment; but your association with the black spirits of the 'Age'{3} has placed you upon a pedestal, the proper mark for satire to shoot her barbed arrows at.

"But let us take a turn down the High Street; and as I live here comes an old flame of the colonel's, Miss R*g*rs, who is now turned into Mrs. E***n, and who, it is said, most wickedly turned her pen, and pointed the following *jeu d'esprit* against her late protector, when he was laid up by a serious accident, which happened to his knee after the more serious loss of a—*Foote*.

> 3 "A fellow-feeling makes us wondrous kind" says Pope; and it would appear so from the intimacy which subsists between the colonel and his jackall Bunn, the would-be captain, who it is said is the *filius nullius* of old Ben Bunn the *conveyancer*, not of legal title or estate by roll of parchment, but of the very soil itself. Lord W. Lennox, too, no doubt, prides himself upon the illegitimate origin of his ancestry; and the publisher of the infamous scandals manufactured in the Quadrant is also of the same kidney, being the reputed natural son of jolly old Bardolph Jennyns. What the remaining portion of the coterie spring from, the Gents and Bs., the sensitive nose of a sensible man will very easily discover.
>
> 'To Cupid's colonel help, ye people all;
> He's missed his *Footing*, 'Pride has had a fall;'
> The knee's uncapp'd, the calf laid open quite,
> The Foote presents the most distressing sight;
> Its form so perfect, pity none were nigh,
> With warning voice to guard from injury.
> Waltzers! your peerless partner view,
> The gallant gay Lothario quite *perdu;*
> *Sans Foote* to rest upon, his claims deny'd
> To take a birth by English nobles' side.
> Let him to Cheltenham, 'tis not to go far;
> He's sure to find a *seat—on Irish car*.'

"I am told, but I cannot discover the allusion myself, that Miss B*g*rs was prompted to this effusion of the satiric muse by the green-eyed monster, Jealousy, Observe that machine yonder, rumbling up the street like an Irish jaunting-car, that contains the numerous family of M***r, the vinegar merchant, whose lady being considered by the Chelts as

lineally descended from the Tartar race, they have very facetiously nicknamed muriatic acid. The mad wag with the sandy whiskers yonder, and somewhat pleasant-looking countenance, is a second-hand friend of the colonel's; mark how he is ogling the young thing in the milliner's shop through the window: his daily occupation, making assignations, and his nightly amusement, a new favourite. A story is told of his father, a highly respected legal character in the Emerald Isle, that, on being asked by a friend why his son had left the country, replied, 'By Jasus, sir, it was high time: sure I am there's enough of the family left behind. Is not his lady in a *promising* way, and both his female servants, and those of two or three of his friends, and are not both mine in a similar situation? Zounds, sir, if he had remained here much longer, there would not have been a single female in the whole country. However, 'Good wine, they say, needs no Bushe,' so I shall leave him unmarked by his family cognomen, lest this should be taken as a puff-card of his capabilities, and thereby add to the list of his Cytherean exploits. In a late affair, when the colonel was called out (but did not come), Sir Patrick beat about the Bushe for him very judiciously, and by great skill in diplomacy enabled his friend to come off second best. But here comes one who stands at odds with description, and attracts more notice in Cheltenham than even the colonel, his companions, and all the metropolitan visitory put together. If I was to lend myself to the circulation of half the strange tales related of him by the Chelts, I could fill a small-sized volume; but brevity is the soul of wit, and the eccentric Mackey, with all his peculiarities and strange fancies for midnight mastications, has a soul superior to the common herd, and a 'heart and hand, open as day, to melting charity.' It is strange, 'passing strange,' that one so rich and fond of society, and well-descended withal, should choose thus to ape the ridiculous; a man, too, if report speaks truly, of no ordinary talents as a writer on finance, and an expounder of the solar system. Vanity! vanity! what strange fantasies and eccentric fooleries dost thou sometimes fill the brain of the biped with, confining thy freaks, however, to that strange animal—man. The countenance of our eccentric is placid and agreeable, and, provided it was cleared of a load of snuff,

which weighs down the upper lip, might be said to be, although in the sear o' the leaf, highly intellectual; but the old Scotch cloak, the broad-brimmed hat of the covenanter, the loose under vest, the thread-bare coat shaking in the wind, like the unmeasured garment of the scarecrow, and the colour-driven nankeens, grown short by age and frequent hard rubbings; then, too, the flowing locks of iron gray straggling over the shoulders like the withered tendrils of a blighted vine—all conspire to arrest the attention of an inquisitive eye; yet the Chelts know but little about his history, beyond his being a man of good property, the proprietor of the Vittoria boarding-house, inoffensive in manners, obliging in disposition, and intelligent in conversation. His great penchant is a midnight supper, stewed chicken and mushrooms, or any other choice and highly-seasoned dish; to enjoy which in perfection, he hath a maiden sleeping at the foot of his bed ready to attend his commands, which, it is said, are communicated to her in a very singular way; no particle of speech being used to disturb the solemn silence of the night, but a long cane reaching downwards to the slumbering maid, by certain horizontal taps against her side, propelled forward by the hand of the craving *gourmand*, wakes her to action, and the banquet, piping-hot from the stew-pan, smokes upon the board, unlike a vision, sending up real and enchanting odoriferous perfumes beneath his olfactory organs. Extraordinary as this account may appear, it is, I believe, strictly true, and is the great feature of the eccentric's peculiarities, all the minor whims and fancies being of a subordinate and uninteresting nature. I shall conclude my notice of him by relating an action that would do honour to a king, and will excuse the eccentric with the world, although his follies were ten times more remarkable. During the suspension of payments by one of the Cheltenham banks, and when all the poorer class of mechanics and labourers were in a most piteous situation from the unprecedented number of one pound provincial notes then in circulation, Mr. Mackey, to his eternal-honour be it related, and without the remotest interest in the bank, stepped nobly forward, unsolicited and unsupported, gave to all the poor people who held the one pound notes the full value for them, reserving to himself only the chance of the

dividend. Ye Berkeleys, Ducies, Lennoxes, Cravens, Hammonds, Bushes, Molineauxes, and Coventrys, and all the long list of Cheltenham gay! show me an action like this ye have done—a spirit so noble, when did you display?—Do you see that rosy-gilled fellow coming this way, with a hunting-whip in his hand? in costume, more like a country horse-dealer than a country clergyman; yet such he was, until the bishop of the diocese removed the clerical incumbrance of the cassock, to give the wearer freer license to indulge his vein for hunting, coursing, cock-fighting, and the unrestricted pleasures of the table and the bottle. A good story is told of him and his friend, the colonel, who, having invited some unsophisticated farmer to partake of the festivities of the castle, laid him low with strong potations of *black strap*, and in that state had him carried forth to the stable-yard, where he was immured up to his neck in warm horse-dung, the pious ex-chaplain reading the burial-service over him in presence of the surviving members of the hunt."

"Who the deuce is that pleasant-looking fellow," said Bob, "who appears to give and gain the *quid pro quo* from every body that passes him?" "That, my dear fellow, is the Grand Marshal of all the merry meetings here, and a very gentlemanly, jovial, and witty fellow; just such a man as should fill the office of master of the ceremonies, having both seen and experienced enough of the world to know how to estimate character almost at a first interview; he is highly and deservedly respected. There is a very affecting anecdote in circulation respecting his predecessor, the detail of which I much regret that I have lost; but the spirit of the affair was too strongly imprinted upon my memory to be easily obliterated. He had, it appears, loved a beauteous girl in early life, and met with a reciprocal return; but the stern mandate of parental authority prevented their union. The lover, almost broken-hearted, sought a distant clime, and, after years of peril, returned to England, bringing with him a wife. The match had been one of interest, and they are seldom those of domestic bliss. It proved so here—he became dissipated, and squandered away the property he had possessed himself of by marriage. In this situation, he collected together the wreck of his fortunes, and retired to Cheltenham, where his amiable qualities and

gentlemanly conduct endeared him to a large circle of acquaintance, and, in the end, he was induced to accept the situation of master of the ceremonies. Time rolled on, and his former partner being dead, he was, from his volatile and thoughtless disposition, again plunged in difficulties, and imprisoned for debt. The circumstance became known to her at whose shrine in early life he had vowed eternal devotion: with a still fond recollection of him, who alone had ever shared her heart, she hastened to the spot, and, being now a wealthy spinster, paid all his debts and released him from durance. Gratitude and love both pointed out the course for the obliged M. c. to pursue; but, alas! there is nothing certain in the anticipations of complete happiness in this life. The lady fell suddenly sick, and died on the very day they were to have been married, leaving him sole executor of her property. The calamitous event made such a deep impression upon a feeling mind, already shaken by trouble and disease, that finding his prospects of bliss again blighted without a chance of recovery, he fell into a state of despondency, and was, within a week, laid a corpse by the side of his first love. At the post-office,—purposely placed out of the way by the sagacious Chelts to give strangers the trouble of making inquiries,—I received the following whim from the same witty pen who wrote me, anonymously, an inauguration ode to commence my second volume with." "Who is this whimsical spirit in the clouds?" said Bob. "Ay, lad," I retorted, "that's just the inquiry I have been making for the last eight months: although it would appear we have—*ad interim*—been running, riding, racing, rowing, and sailing together in various parts of the kingdom, you perceive, Bob, there are more Spies than ourselves at work. However, this must be some protecting geni who hovers over our heads and fans the air on silken wing, wafting zephyr-like the ambrosial breeze, where'er our merry fancies stray. Anon, 'we'll drink a measure the table round;' and if we forget the 'Honest Reviewer,' may we lose all relish for a racy joke, and be forgotten ourselves by the lovers of good fellowship and good things." "Which we never shall be," said Bob; "for those eccentric *tomes* of ours must and will continue to amuse a laughter-loving age, when we are booked inside and bound for t'other world." There was not

a little egotism, methought, about friend Transit's eulogy; but as every parent has a sort of poetical licence allowed him in praising his own bantlings, perhaps the patronage bestowed by the public upon the English Spy may excuse a little vanity in either the author or the artist. "But you are the great magician o' the south yourself, Bernard," continued Transit, "and will you not use your power, you who can 'call spirits from the vasty deep'" "True, Bob; I can call, but will they come when I shall command? However, let us retire to our inn, and after dinner we'll chant his lay; and if he dances not to the music of his own metre, then hath he no true inspiration in him, and is a poet without vanity, a *vara avis* who delighteth not in receiving the reward of merit; so on, old fellow, to our quarters, where we will

```
'Carve the goose, and quaff the wine,'
And wish our sprite were here to dine—
We'd give him hearty cheer;
A welcome such as hand and heart
To kindred spirits should impart,
Where friendship reigns sincere.'
```

We would punish him for sending his odes to us without sending his family cognomen therewith. Have we not done him immortal honour—placed him in front of our second volume like a golden dedication, and what is more, selected him from many a pleasant whim, to stand by our side; the only associate who can claim one line engrafted on to the never-ending fame of the English Spy?—But to the 'Preachment;' let us have another taste of his quality."

A SECOND ODE TO BERNARD BLACKMANTLE, ESQ.

or A MICHAELMAS-DAY PREACHMENT.

BY AN HONEST REVIEWER.

"*Iterumque, iterumque vocabo*."—Ancient Classics.

"'Tis a lucky day, boy, and we'll do goods on't."
—Winter's Tale.

"Ours is the skie,
Where at what fowle we please our hawks shall flie."
—Anon.

Ay, here I come once more, great sir,
Out of pure love to minister
Some golden truths to thee;
Faustus ye're not, nor Frankenstein,
Yet, being up to trap, I ween
You'll need a sprite like me.

Eve watch'd you closely, my young squire,
Since at vol. two I cool'd the ire
That left a little stain;
And therefore wonder not, sweet Spy,
Since both of us at follies fly,
Your "Tonson comes again."

This is the day of Michaelmas.
Many would say, ay, "let that pass"
As a forgotten thing.

Not so with us, our rent we pay,
And do we not, on quarter-day,
Our taxes to the king?

Since, then, "our withers are unwrung,"
And we need wish no blister'd tongue
To creditors and duns,
Let's carve the goose, and quaff the wine,
And toast September twenty-nine,
Nor mark how fast time runs.

We've clone the same; that is, we've quaffd,
And sung, and danced, and drunk, and laugh'd,
When we were half seas over;
I don't mean tipsy, bless you, no!
But when we pass'd, like dart from bow,
Cowes Roads on board the Rover.

So pipe all hands; for though no gale
From sea-wash'd shores distend our sail,
We'll man a vessel here.
This room's our ship; this wine's our tide;
And the good friends we sit beside,
The messmates of our cheer.

Ay, this looks well; now till the glass
To king, to country, and our lass,
And all of pluck and feather;
That done around, and nothing loth,
Since we are "learned Thebans" both,

We'll have some talk together.
You've been to Cheltenham, I find,
And, zounds! you really ride the wind,
To Bath and Worcester too;
To South'ton and the Isle of Wight,
As if increase of appetite
With every new dish grew.

But it was really *infra dig*.
Spite of your old horse and new gig,
You did not, some fine morn,
Drive up to Malcolm Ghur, d'ye see,{4}
And leave two pretty cards for me
And Sir John Barleycorn.

We would have been your chorus, sir,
Or, an' you pleased, your trumpeter,
And *lioned* you about;
Have shown you every pretty girl,
And every *nouvelle* quadrille twirl,
And every crowded rout.

At eight o' morns have call'd you down,
(What would they say of that in town?)
To swallow pump-room water;
At eight o' nights have call'd you up,
(Our grandams used just then to sup),
To 'gin the dinner slaughter.

Have whisk'd you o'er to Colonel B's,
Or drove you up to Captain P's,
Dons unto Cheltenham steady.
But I forget the world, good lack,
Have play'd enough with such a pack
Of great court-cards already.

4 Malcolm Ghur, one of the very prettiest of the many pretty newly-erected mansions that give a character to the environs of Cheltenham. To its proprietor do I owe much for hospitality; a merrier man, withal, dwells not in my remembrance; he is of your first-rate whist players, though he rarely now joins in the game. As the chaplain of the county-lodge of F. M. he is much distinguished; and, at the dinners of the Friendly Brothers—which are luxurious indeed, and all for the "immortal memory" of William, king

of that name, and whose portrait ornaments their reading-room—who better than he can "set the table in a roar"?

Have set you down at ten pound whist
With A———-y, and the *au fait* list,{5}
Turning your nights to days;
Or, somewhat wiser, bid you mix
Where less expensive are odd tricks,
And where friend R———-n plays.{6}

Have made you try a double trade,
By clapping you in masquerade,
To jaunt at fancy-balls;
You would have seen some merry sights
On two or three particular nights,
In good Miss————-'s halls.{7}

You could have gone as harlequin,
Or clad yourself in Zamiel's skin,
Your tending spirits we;
Or "Peeping Tom" may be more apt,
Since all are in your record clapp'd
We send to Coventry.

5 Colonel A———y, certainly tho first whist player of the rooms.

If he ever drilled a company of raw recruits half as well as he manages a handful of bad cards, he must have been the very admirable Crichton of soldiership.

6 Mr. R———n, a facetious and good-humoured son of Erin; true

as clock-work to the board of green cloth, though he has been an age making a fortune from it.

7 Among the most fashionable amusements of Cheltenham are

the fancy-balls, given by two or three of the principal sojourners in that place, of card-playing, scandal, freemasonry, and hot water—God knows how many are in the latter ingredient! The most splendid I recollect was given by Colonel———-, or rather Miss———-, whose *protégé* he married; touching which alliance, there is a story of some interest and much romance. Of that, as Pierce Egan says very wittily in every critique, "of that anon." There certainly was some fun and humour displayed by a few of the characters on the particular evening I mention; the two best performers were a reverend gentleman as one of Russell's waggoners, inimitably portrayed, and Captain B. A——-e, not the author of "To Day," but his brother, as an Indian prince. The dress, appearance, and language to the life.

Yet still you've shown us, my smart beau,
Things that we should and should not know,
Vide the Oakland cots.
Bernard Blackmantle, learned Spy,
Don't you think hundreds will cry fie,
If you expose such plots?

You should have told them as I do,
And yet I love your hunters too,
That nothing is so vile
As strutting up and down a street,8
Dirt-spatter'd o'er from head to feet,
In the horse-jockey style.

Ne sutor ultra crep, should tell
These red-coats 'tis a paltry swell,
Such careless customs backing;
If they must strut in spurs and boots,
For once I'd join the chalk recruits,
And shout, "Use Turner's Blacking."

Howe'er, push on—there are of all,

Good, bad, high, low, and short, and tall,
That seek from you decrees.
Fear not, strike strong—you must not fly—
We will have shots enough—I'm by,
A Mephistopheles.

8 There surely is much and offensive vanity in the practice adopted by many members of the B. H. of appearing on the pro-menades and in the rooms of Cheltenham, bespattered o'er with the slush and foam of the hunting field. Every situation has its decent appropriations, and one would suppose comfort would have taught these Nimrods a better lesson. It is pardonable for children to wear their Valentines on the 14th of February, or for a young ensign to strut about armed *cap à pie* for the first week of his appointment; but the fashion of showing off in a red jerkin, soiled smalls, mudded boots, and blooded spurs, is not imitable: there is nothing of the old manhood of sport in it; foppery and fox-hunting are not synonymous. Members of the B. H. look to it; follow no leader in this respect. Or, if you must needs persevere, turn your next fox out in the ball-room, and let the huntsman's horn and the view halloo supersede the necessity of harps and fiddle-strings.

We'll learn and con them each by heart, Set them in note books by our art, Each lord, and duke, and tailor. From Dr. S———{9} to Peter K———, U———, O———, and I———, and E——-, and A———, Down to the ploughman Naylor.{10}

Then let them sow their crop of cares, Their flowers, their weeds, their fruit, their tares, Not looking ere they leap. We, like the folks in Jamie's book{11} Will i' the dark sharp up our hook, And, my own Barnard, reap.

9 Dr. S———-e, a very singular, but a very hearty kind of Caleb Quotem. He has been soldier, and sailor, doctor, and, I believe, divine. He is as well known at the best parties as the Wells and the Market-house. He gives feasts fit for the gods at home, and invariably credits his neighbours' viands as being Jove's nectar or the fruits of

Paradise, so as to him they be not forbidden. Short commons could not upset his politeness. His anecdotes have a spice of the old courtier about them; but the line old *chanson à boire*, from Gammar Gurton's Needle,

> "Back and side go bare, go bare,
> Both foot and hand go cold;
> But belly, God send good ale enough,
> Whether it be new or old;"

he really gives beautifully, and with a spice of the olden time quite delightful.

10 Mr. Naylor, of the Plough hotel; an excellent Boniface, a good friend, and a merry companion. As a boy, I recollect him keeping the Castle at Marlborough; at "frisky eighteen," I have contributed to his success at the Crown at Portsmouth; and I now, older, and it may be, a little wiser grown, patronize him occasionally at Cheltenham.

11 Vide Hogg's Brownie of Bodsbeck.

A TRIP TO THE SPAS.

CHAPTER II.

The Spas—Medicinal Properties—Interesting specimens of the Picturesque—"Spasmodic Affections from Spa Waters"—Grotesque Scripture—The Goddess Hygeia—Humorous Epitaph—Characters in the High Street—Traveller's Hall, or Sketches in the Commercial Room at the Bell Inn, Cheltenham.

"For walks and for waters, for beaux and for belles,
There's nothing in nature to rival their wells."

Inquisitive traveller, if you would see the Well-walks in perfection, you must rise early, and take a sip of the saline aperients before you taste of the more substantial meal which the *Plough*-man. Naylor, or the Cheltenham *Bell*-man, or the *Shep-herd* of the *Fleece*, will be sure to prepare for your morning mastication. Fashion always requires some talismanic power to draw her votaries together, beyond the mere healthful attractions of salubrious air, pleasant rides, romantic scenery, and cheerful society; and this magnet the Chelts possess in the acknowledged medicinal properties of their numerous spas, the superior qualities of which have been thus pleasantly poetized:—

"They're a healthful, and harmless, and purgative potion,
And as purely saline as the wave of the ocean,
Whilst their rapid effects like a——
——Hush! never mind;
We'll leave their effects altogether behind."

In short, if you wish to obtain benefit by the drinking of the waters, you must do it *dulcius ex ipso fonte*, as my Lord Bottle-it-out's system, the nobleman who originally planned the Well-walks, of sending it home to the drinkers in bed, has long since been completely exploded; while, on the other hand, its rapid effects have been very faithfully delineated by my friend Transit's view of the Royal Wells, as they appeared on the

morning of our visitation, presenting some very interesting specimens of the picturesque in the Cruikshank style, actually drawn upon the spot, and affording to the eye of a common observer the most indubitable proofs of the active properties of the

```
Sulphate of soda, and oxide of iron,
And gases, that none but the muse of a Byron
Would attempt to describe in the magic of sound,
Lest it made a report ere he'd quitted the ground;
And poets are costive, as all the world knows,
And value no fame that smells under their nose.
```

"Would you like to take off a glass of the waters, sir?" said a very respectable-looking old lady to my friend Transit, who was at that moment too busily engaged in taking off the water-drinkers to pay attention to her request. "There's a beautiful contortion!" exclaimed Bob; sketching a beau who exhibited in his countenance all the horrors of cholera, and was running away as fast as his legs could carry him. "See, with what alacrity the old gentleman is moving off yonder, making as many wry faces as if he had swallowed an ounce of corrosive sublimate—and the ladies too, bless me, how their angelic smiles evaporate, and the roseate bloom of their cheeks is changed to the delicate tint of the lily, as they partake of these waters. What an admirable school for study is this! here we can observe every transition the human countenance is capable of expressing, from a ruddy state of health and happiness, to one of extreme torture, without charging our feelings with violence, and knowing that the pains are those of the patient's own seeking, and the penalties not of any long duration." In short, my friend Bob furnished, instanter, the subject of "Spasmodic Affections from, Spa Waters," (see plate); certainly one of his most spirited efforts.

ENLARGE TO FULL SIZE

Page245

But we must not pass by the elegant structure of Montpelier Spa, the property of Pearson Thompson, esquire, whose gentlemanly manners, superior talents, and kind conduct, have much endeared him to all who know him as an acquaintance, and more to those who call him their friend. Passing on the left-hand side of the upper well-walk, we found ourselves before this tasteful structure, and were much delighted with the arrangement of the extensive walks and grounds by which it is surrounded:—a health-inspiring spot, and as we are told,

> "Where Thompson's supreme and immaculate taste
> Has a paradise form'd from a wilderness waste;
> With his walks rectilineous, all shelter'd with trees,
> That shut out the sunshine and baffle the breeze,
> And a field, where the daughters of Erin{12}may roam
> In a fence of sweet-brier, and think they're at home."

The Sherborne Spa, but recently erected, is indeed a very splendid building, and forms a very beautiful object from the High-street, from which it is plainly seen through a grove of trees, forming a vista of nearly half a mile in length, standing on a gentle eminence, presenting on both sides gravelled walks, with gardens and elegant buildings, that display great taste in architecture. The Pump-room is a good specimen of the Grecian Ionic, said to be correctly modelled from the temple on the river Ilissus at Athens, and certainly is altogether a work worthy of admiration. The grotesque colossal piece of sculpture which crowns the central dome, as well as the building, has been wittily described by the author of the "Cheltenham Mail."

12 The great number of Irish families who reside and congregate at Cheltenham fully justifies the poet's particular allusion to the fair daughters of Erin.

> "And then lower down, in fine Leckampton stone,
> We've the fane of *Ilissus* in miniature shown;
> And crown'd with Hygeia—a bouncer, my lud!
> And as plump, ay, as any princess of the blood,
> Carved in stone, but a good imitation of wood:
> With her vest all in plaits, like some ancient costume,
> But or Roman or Grecian, I'm loth to presume,

So I cannot be *poz* yet I blush to confess,
That her limbs are shown off in a little undress;
Whilst the goddess herself, *en bon point* as she is,
With her curls *à la Grecque,* and but little *chemise,*
Is so plump and so round, my dear sir, it is plain,
She must bring *the robust* into fashion again."

Coming back through the churchyard from Alstone Spa, we discovered the following humorous epitaph.

"Here lies John Ball;
An unfortunate fall,
By crossing a wall,
Brought him to his end."

Peace to his manes! But, with such a notice above him to excite attention, it is well he hears not, or ten times a clay his sleep might be sadly disturbed. Once more we are in the High Street, where I shall just sketch two or three singularities, without which my notice of the eccentrics of Cheltenham might be deemed imperfect.

The dashing knight coming this way on horseback, with his double-pommelled saddle, is a well-known Cheltenham resident, whose love of the good things of this world induced him to look into the kitchen for a helpmate, and he found one, who not only supplies his table with excellent dishes, but also furnishes the banquet with a liberal quantity of sauce. The group of *roués* to the right, standing under the portico (I suppose I must call it) to the rooms, is composed of that good-humoured fellow Ormsby, who sometimes figures here as an amateur actor, and, whether on or off the stage, is generally respected for the amiable qualities of his heart. The gentleman with the *blue bauble* round his neck is, or was, a lieutenant-colonel, and still loves to fire a great gun now and then, when he gets into the trenches before Seringapatam; but I must leave others to unriddle the character, while I pay my respects to another military hero, who is no less famous among the Chelts for his attachment to the stage—Lieutenant-colonel B*****ll, of whom it would be difficult for any one who knew him to speak disrespectfully. Sir John N****tt and his son, who are here called the inseparables, finish the picture upon this

spot, with the exception of my old friend the jack of trumps, R*l*y, whose arch-looking visage I perceive peeping out like the first glance of a court card in the rear of a bad hand; but let him pass: the mirror of the English Spy reflects good qualities as well as bad ones, and I should not do him justice if I denied him a fair proportion of both. Descending to observe the eccentrics in a more humble sphere, who can pass by the dandy candy man with his box of sweetmeats, clean in person as a new penny, and his sturdy figure most religiously decorated with lawn sleeves, and a churchman's *tablier* in front; while his ruddy weather-beaten countenance, and hairy foraging cap, give him the appearance of a Scotch presbyterian militant in the days of the covenanters. Then, too, his wares cure all diseases, from a ravaging consumption to a frame-shaking hooping cough; and not unlikely are as efficacious as the nostrums of the less Mundivagant professors of patent empiricism. Of all men in the world your coach *cad* has the quickest eye for detecting a stranger; and who but Sam Spring, the box-book keeper of Drury Lane, whose eternal bow has grown proverbial, could ask an impudent question with more politeness than Mr. Court, the *chargé de affaires* in the High Street, for the conflicting interests of half a hundred coach proprietors 1 "Do you travel to-day, sir?—Very happy to send for your luggage—Go by the early coach, sir?—Our porter shall call you up, only let me put you down at our office." Thus actually bowing you into his book a week before you had any serious intention of travelling, by the very circumstance of reminding you of the mode by which you intend to reach home. I could add to these sketches a few singularities among the trading brotherhood of the Chelts; but we may meet again: and after all it would, perhaps, be considered invidious to point out the honest tradesman to public notice, merely because he has caught something of the eccentricities of his betters, or, like them, is led away by the force of example.

ERRATA.

In Chapter I, page 223, Contents, dele hi, and for Penn,

read pun. The Man in the Cloak, noble Anecdote of, instead of the Fox* hunting Parson,—Printer.
page248 (25K)

TRAVELLER'S HALL.

Sketches in the Commercial Room at the Bell Inn, Cheltenltam—The Traveller's Ordinary—Trade Puns—Bolton Trotters and Trottees—Song, All the Booksellers—Curious Sporting Anecdote of a Commercial Man—Song, The Knight of the Saddle Bags—Private Theatricals in Public—Visit to the Oakland Cottages, a Night Scene.

An invitation to dine with the traveller to a London house in the paper and print line, yclept booksellers, introduced the English Spy and his friend, the artist, to the scene here presented (see plate).

ENLARGE TO FULL SIZE

Page249

Reader, if you wish to make a figure among the Chelts and be thought any thing of, you will, of course, domicile at the Plough; but if your object is a knowledge of life, social conversation, a great variety of character, and a never-failing fund of mirth and anecdote, join the gentleman travellers who congregate at the Bell or the Fleece, where you will meet with merry fellows, choice viands, good wine, excellent beds, and a pretty chambermaid into the bargain. Your commercial man is often a fellow of infinite jest, a travelling vocabulary of provincial knowledge, and a faithful narrator of the passing events of the time. Who can speak of the increasing prosperity, or calculate upon the falling interests of a town, so well as your flying man of business 1 The moment he enters a new place he expects the landlord to be ready, cap in hand, to welcome him; he first sees his horse into a stall, and lectures the ostler upon the art of rubbing him down—orders boots to bring in his travelling bags or his driving box, and bids the waiter send the chambermaid to show him his bed-room—grumbles that it is too high up, has no chimney in the

apartment, or is situate over the kitchen or the tap-room—swears a tremendous oath that he will order his baggage to be taken to the next house, and frightens the poor girl into the giving him one of the best bed-apartments, usually reserved for the coffee-room company. Returning below, he abuses the waiter for not giving him his letters, that have been waiting his arrival a week, before he went up stairs—directs boots to be ready to make the circuit of the town with him after dinner, carrying his pattern-books, perhaps half a hundred-weight of Birmingham wares, brass articles, or patterns of coffin furniture; and having thus succeeded in putting the whole house into confusion, only to let them know that the Brummagem gentleman has arrived on his annual visit to the Chelts, with a new stock of every thing astonishing in the brass line, he places himself down at a side table, to answer to his principals for being some days later on his march than they had concluded—remits a good sum in bills and acceptances, and adds thereunto a sheet of orders, that will suffice to keep the firm in good temper for a week to come: sometimes, indeed, the postscript contains a hint of an expected "whereas," or strong suspicions of an act of insolvency, but always couched in the most consolatory terms, hoping the dividend will turn out to be better than present circumstances might lead them to expect. In his visits to his customers he is the most courteous, obliging fellow imaginable; there is no trouble he thinks too much if he is likely to obtain his last account and a fresh order; then, too, his generosity is unbounded: he invites the tradesman to take wine with him at his inn, inquires kindly after all the family, hopes business is thriving, makes an offer of doing any thing for him along the road, and bows himself and his pattern-cards out of the shop, with as much humility and apparent sense of obligation as the most expert courtier could put on when his sovereign deigns to confer upon him some special mark of his royal favour. It is at his inn alone that his independence breaks forth, and here he often assumes as much consequence as if he was the head of the firm he represents, and always carried about him a *plum* at least in his breeches pocket. This is a general character, and one, too, formed upon no slight knowledge of commercial men; but with all this, the man of the world will admire

them and seek their company; first, that his accommodations are generally better, and the charges not subject to the caprice of the landlord; and, secondly, for the sake of society; for what on earth can be more horrible than to be shut up in a lone room, a stranger in a provincial town, to eat, drink, and pass the cheerless hour, a prey to solitude and *ennui*?

But there is sometimes a little fastidiousness about these *knights of the saddle-bag*, in admitting a stranger to hob and nob with them; to prevent a knowledge, therefore, of our pursuits, my friend Bob was instructed, before entering the room, to sink the arts, and if any inquisitive fellow should inquire what line he travelled in, to reply, in the print line; while your humble servant, it was agreed, should represent some firm in the spring trade; and thus armed against suspicion, we boldly marched into the commercial-room just as the assembled group of men of business were sitting down to dinner, hung our hats upon a peg, drew our chairs, uninvited, to the table, fully prepared to feel ourselves at home, and do ample justice to the "bagmen's banquet."

The important preliminary point settled, of whom the duty of chairman devolved on, a situation, as I understood, always filled in a commercial room by the last gentleman traveller who makes it his residence, we proceeded to business. The privilege of finding fault with the dinner, which, by the by, was excellent, is always conceded to the ancients of the fraternity of traders; these gentlemen who, having been half a century upon the road, remember all the previous proprietors of the hotel to the fifteenth or twentieth generation removed, make a point of enumerating their gracious qualities upon such occasions, to keep the living host and representative *up to the mark*, as they phrase it. For instance—the old buck in the chair, who was a city tea broker, found fault with the fish: "There vas nothing of that ere sort to be had good but at Billingsgate, where all the best fish from all the vorld vas, as he contended, to be bought cheaper as butcher's meat." The result of which remark induced the young wags at the table to finish a very fine brill, without leaving him a taste, while he was abusing it. "This soup is not

like friend Birch's," said Mr. Obadiah Pure, a gentleman in the drug line; "it hath a watery and unchristianlike taste with it." "Ay," replied a youngster at the bottom of the table, with whom it appeared to be in request, "I quake for fear while I am eating it, only I know there can be no drugs in it, or you would not find fault with a customer." "Thou art one of the newly imported, friend," replied Mr. Pure, "and art yet like a young bear, with all thy troubles to come." "True," said the wag, "thou may be right, friend; but I shall not be found a *bruin* with thy materials for all that." This sally put down the drug merchant for the rest of the dinner-time. "You had better take a little fish or soup before they are cold," said the chairman, to a bluff-looking beef-eater at his back, who was arranging his papers and samples. "Sir, I never eat warm wittals, drink hot liquors, wear a great coat, or have my bed warmed." "The natural heat of your constitution, I suppose, excuses you," said I, venturing upon a joke. "Sir, you had better heat your natural meal, while it is hot, without attempting to heat other people's tempers," was the reply; to which Bob retorted, by saying, "It was quite clear the gentleman was not mealy-mouthed." "This beef smells a little of Hounslow Heath," said a jeweller's gentleman, on my right. "Why so, sir?" was inquired by one who knew him. "Because it has hung rather too long to be sightly." "You should not have left out the chains in that joke, Sam," said his friend; "they would have linked it well together, and sealed the subject." "Who takes port?" inquired the chairman. "I must sherry directly after dinner, gentlemen," said one. "What," retorted the company, "boxing the wine bin! committing treason, by making a sovereign go farther than he is required by law. Fine him, Mr. Chairman." "Gentlemen, it is not in my power; he is a bottle conjuror, I assure you, 'a good man and true;' he only retires to bleed a patient, and will return instanter." "Happy to take a glass of wine with you, sir." "What do you think of that port, sir?" "Excellent." "Ay, I knew you would say so; the house of Barnaby Blackstrap, Brothers, and Company, of Upper Thames Street, have always been famous for selling wines of the choicest vintage. Do me the honour, sir, of putting a card of ours in your pocket: I sent this wine into this house in Jennings's time, for the grand dinner, when the first stone

of the new rooms over the way was laid, and John Kelly, the proprietor, took the chair. You are lucky, sir, in meeting me here; they always pull out an odd bottle from the family bin, marked A—1, when I visit them." "Yes, and some *odd sort* of wine at any other time," grumbled out a queer-looking character at a side table opposite. "That's nothing but spleen, Mr. Sable," said the knight of the ruby countenance: "you and I have met occasionally at this house together now for three and twenty years; and although I never come a journey without taking an order from them, I thank heaven, I never knew you to receive one yet: many a dead man have we seen in this room, but none of them requiring a coffin plate to tell their age, and very few of them that were like to receive the benefit of resurrection." "I shall book you inside, Mr. Blackstrap," replied Sable, "for joking on my articles of trade, which is contrary to the established usage of a commercial room." "Do any thing you like but bury me," said the *bon vivant*." Gentlemen, as chairman, it is my duty to put an end to all grave subjects. Will you be kind enough to dissect that turkey?" "I don't see the bee's wing in this port, Mr. Blackstrap, that you are bouncing about," said a London traveller to a timber-merchant. "No, sir," said the humorist, "it is not to be seen until you are a deal higher in spirits; the film of the wing is seldom discernible in such mahogany-coloured wine as this." "Sir, I blush like rose wood at your impertinence." "Ay, sir, and you'll soon be as red as logwood, or as black as ebony, if you will but do justice to the bottle," was the reply. "There is no being cross-grained with you," said the timber-merchant. "Not unless you cut me," retorted Blackstrap, "and you are not sap enough for that." "Gentlemen," continued the facetious wine-merchant, "if we do not get a little fruit, I shall think we have not met with our dessert; and although there may be some among us whose principals are worth a plum, there are very few of their representatives, I suspect, who will offer any objections to my reasons." Thus pleasantly apostrophised, the fruit made its appearance, and with it a fresh supply of the genuine Oporto, which our merry companion, Blackstrap, called "his *old particular*." One of his stories, relative to a joke played off upon the Bolton trotters, by his friend Sable, the travelling undertaker, is too good to be lost. In Lancashire the

custom of hoaxing is called *trotting*, and in many instances, particularly at Bolton, is still continued, and has frequently been played off upon strangers with a ruinous success. Sable had, it would appear, taken up his quarters at a commercial inn, and, as is usual with travellers, joined the tradesmen in the smoking room at night to enjoy his pipe, and profit, perhaps, by introduction in the way of business. The pursuit of the undertaker and dealer in coffin furniture was no sooner made generally known, than it was unanimously agreed to trot him, by giving him various orders for articles in his line, which none of the parties had any serious intention of paying for or receiving. With this view, one ordered a splendid coffin for himself, and another one for his wife; a third gave instructions for an engraved plate and gilt ornaments; and a fourth chose to order an elegant suite of silver ornaments to decorate the last abode of frail mortality: in this way the company were much amused with the apparent unsuspecting manner of Sable, who carefully noted down all their orders, and pledged himself to execute them faithfully. The Bolton people did not fail to circulate this good joke, as they then thought it, among their neighbours, and having given fictitious names, expected to have had additional cause for exultation when the articles arrived; but how great was their surprise and dismay, when in a short time every order came, directed properly to the person who had given it! Coffins and coffin-plates, silk shrouds and velvet palls, and all the expensive paraphernalia of the charnel-house were to be seen carried about from the waggon-office in Bolton, to be delivered at the residences of the principal inhabitants. Many refused to receive these mementoes of their terrestrial life, and others denied having ever ordered the same. Sable, however, proved himself too *fast a trotter* for the Bolton people; for having, by the assistance of the waiter, obtained the true description of his customers on the night of the joke, and finding they were most of them wealthy tradesmen, he very wisely determined to humour the whim, and execute the orders given, and in due course of time insisted upon payment for the same. Thus ended the story of the Bolton trotters, which our merry companion concluded, by observing, that it put an end to sporting, in that way, for some time; and by the chagrin it caused to

many of the trottees, distanced them in this life, and sent them off the course in a galloping consumption.{1} "There's honour for you," said Sable, "civilized a

1 *A Bolton definition*.—When the Bolton Canal was first pro-posed, the Athenians (for that Bolton is the Athens of Lancashire no one can doubt) could not well understand how boats were to be raised above the level of the sea. A lock to them was as incom-prehensible as Locke on the Human Understanding. A celebrated member of a celebrated trotting club was amongst the number of those who could not comprehend the mystery. Unwilling to appear ignorant upon a question which formed the common topic of conversation, he applied to a scientific gentleman in the neighbourhood for an accurate description of a lock. It happened that the man of science had on one occasion been a *trottee*, and was glad to have an opportunity of retaliation. "A lock," said he, "is a quantity of sawdust congealed into boards, which, being let down into the water in a perpendicular slope-level, raises it to the declivity of the sea above!"—" Eh?" said the Athenian, "what dun yo' say?" The gentleman repeated his description, and the worthy Boltonian recorded every word in the tablet of his memory. Sometime afterwards he had the honour of dining with some worshipful brothers of the quorum, men as profoundly ignorant of the law as any of the unpaid magistracy need to be, but who, having seen canals, knew well enough what locks were. Our Athenian took an early opportunity of adverting to the proposed "cut," and introduced his newly-acquired learning in the following terms: "Ah! Measter Fletcher, it's a foine thing a lock; yo' know'n I loike to look into them theere things; a lock is a perpendicular slop level, which, being let into the sea, is revealed into boards, that raises it to the declivity of the sea above!"—As it is the province and privilege of the ignorant to laugh at a greater degree of ignorance than their own, it may be supposed that their worships enjoyed a hearty laugh at the expense of their Attic brother.

whole district of English barbarians by one action, and, what is more, they have never ventured to trot with any one of our fraternity since."

The conversation now took a turn relative to the affairs of trade; and if any one had been desirous of knowing the exact degree of solvency in which the whole population of the county of Gloucester was held by these flying merchants and factors, they might easily have summed up the estimate from the remarks of the company. They were, however, a jovial party; and my friend Bob and myself had rarely found ourselves more pleasantly circumstanced, either as regarded our social comforts, or the continued variety of new character with which the successive speakers presented us. As the evening approached our numbers gradually diminished, some to pursue their journeys, and others to facilitate the purposes of trade. The representative of the house of Blackstrap and Co., his friend Sable, the timber merchant, our inviter the bookseller, and the two interlopers, remained fixed as fate to the festive board, until the chairman, and scarce any one of the company, could clearly define, divide, and arrange the exact arithmetical proportions of the dinner bill. After a short cessation of hostilities, during which our commercial friends despatched their London letters, and Bob and the English Spy, to escape the suspicion of not having any definable pursuit, emigrated to the High Street; we returned to our quarters, and found the whole party debating upon a proposition of the bon vivants, to have another bottle, and make a night of it by going to the theatre at half price; a question that was immediately carried, *nemine contradicente*. Mr. Margin, our esteemed companion, who represented the old established house of Sherwood and Co., was known to sing a good stave, and what was still more attractive, was himself a child of song—one of the inspired of the nine, who, at the Anacreontic Club, held in Ivy Lane, would often amuse the society with an original chant; "whose fame," as Blackstrap expressed it, "had extended itself to the four corners of the island, wherever the sporting works of Sherwood and Co., or the travelled histories of the Messrs. Longmans, have found readers and admirers." "Gentlemen," said Mr. Margin, "my songs are all of a local nature; whims written to amuse a meeting of the trade for a dinner at the

Albion or the London, when the booksellers congregate together to buy copyrights, or sell at a reduced price the refuse of their stock. But, such as it is, you shall have it instanter."

ALL THE BOOKSELLERS;

A NEW SONG, BY A LONDON TRAVELLER.

Tune—Family Pride—Irish air.

First, Longmans are famous for travels,
Will Sherwood for sporting and fun,
Old Ridgway the science unravels
How politic matters are done.

The ponderous tomes of deep learning,
The heavy, profound, and the flat,
By Baldwin and Cradock's discerning,
Are cheaper by half to come at.

Baines deals out to methodist readers
Cant, piously strung into rhyme;
While Rivingtons, 'gainst the seceders,
With church and king Hatchard will chime.

John Murray's the lords' own anointed,
I mean not indeed to blaspheme,
But the peers have him solely appointed
To sell what their highnesses scheme.

Colburn defies Day and Martin
To beat him with " Real Japan;"
If puffing will sell books, 'tis certain,
He'll rival the bookselling clan.

Catechisms for miss and for master,
For ladies who're fond oft, romance,
Sheriff Whittaker publishes faster
Than booksellers' porters can dance.

Operatives, mechanics, combiners,
Knight and Lacey will publish for you;
They'll tickle ye out of your shiners,
By teaching the power o' the screw.

An Architect looks out for Taylor,
A General Egerton seeks;
Tommy Tegg at the trade is a railer,
But yet for a slice of it sneaks.

Richardson furnishes India
With all books from Europe she buys;
Near St. Paul's, in Old Harris's window,
The juveniles look for a prize.

Cadell is Scotch Ebony's factor,
Collecting the news for Blackwood;
John Miller 's the man for an actor,
America 's done him some good.

The Newmans of fam'd Leadenhall
In very old novels abound;
While Kelly, respected by all,
As Sheriff of London is found.

Will Simpkin supplieth the trade
From his office in Stationers' Court;
And Stockdale too much cash has made
By publishing Harriette 's report.

THE ENGLISH SPY

Antiquarians seek Arch of Cornhill;
Joe Butterworth furnishes law;
And Major his pockets will fill
By giving to Walton *éclat*.

Where, with old Parson Ambrose, the legs

Once in Gothic Hall pigeons could fleece,
There, Hurst and Co. now hang on pegs
The fine arts of Rome and of Greece.

John Ebers with Opera dancers
Is too much engaged for to look
How the bookselling business answers,
And publishes only "Ude's Cook."

Hookham and Carpenter both are
As cautious as caution can be;
While Andrews, nor Chapple, a sloth are
In trade, both as lib'ral as free.

Billy Sams is a loyal believer,
And publishes prints by the score;
But his likeness, I will not deceive her,
Of Chester *is not con amore*.

If the world you are ganging to see,
Its manners and customs to note,
In the Strand, you must call upon Leigh,
Where you'll find a directory wrote.

Cincinnatus like, guiding the plough,
On Harding each farmer still looks;
Clerc Smith is the man for a bow,
And his shop is as famous for books.

Facetiæ collectors, give ear,
Who with Mack letter spirits would deal;
If rich in old lore you'd appear,
Pay a visit to Priestley and Weale.

There's Ogle, and Westley, and Black,
With Mawman, and Kirby, and Cole,
And Souter, and Wilson—alack!
I cannot distinguish the whole.

For Robins, and Hunter, and Poole,
And Evans, and Scholey, and Co.
Would fill out my verse beyond rule,
And my Pegasus halts in the Bow.

The radicals all are done up;
Sedition is gone to the dogs;
And Benbow and Cobbett may sup
With their worthy relations the Hogs.

So here I will wind up my list
With Underwood, Callow, and Highley;
Who bring to the medicals grist,
By books on diseases wrote dryly.

Just one word at parting I crave—
If Italian, French, German, or Dutch,
To bother your noddle you'd have,
Send to Berthoud, or Treuttel and Wurtz,

Or Zotti, or Dulau, or Bohn,
But they're all very good in their way;
Bossange, Bothe, Boosey and Son,
All expect *Monsieur Jean* Bull to pay.

"A right merrie conceit it is," said Blackstrap, "and an excellent memoranda of the eminent book-sellers of the present time." "Ay, sir," continued the veteran; "all our old ballads had the merit of being useful, as well as amusing. There was 'Chevy Chase, and 'King John and his Barons,' and 'Merry Sherwood,' all of them exquisite chants; conveying information to the mind, and relating some grand historical fact, while they charmed the ear. But your modern kickshaws are all about 'No, my love, no,' or 'Sigh no more, lady,' or some such silly stuff that nobody cares to learn the words of, or can understand if they did. I remember composing a ballad in this town myself, some few years since, on a very strange adventure that happened to one of our commercial brethren. He

had bought an old hunter at Bristol to finish his journey homeward with, on account of his former horse proving lame, and just as he was entering Cheltenham by the turnpike-gate at the end of the town, the whole of the Berkeley Hunt were turning out for a day's run, and having found, shot across the road in full cry. Away went the dogs, and away went the huntsmen, and plague of any other way would the old hunter go: so, despite of the two hundred weight of perfumery samples contained in his saddle-bags, away went Delcroix's deputy over hedge and ditch, and straight forward for a steeple chase up the Cleigh Hills; but in coming down rather briskly, the courage of the old horse gave way, and down he came as groggy before as a Chelsea pensioner, smashing all the appendages of trade, and spilling their contents upon the ground, besides raising such an odoriferous effluvia on the field, that every one present smelt the joke.—But you shall have the song."

THE KNIGHT OF THE SADDLE-BAGS;

A TRUE RELATION OF A TRAVELLER'S ADVENTURE AT CHELTENHAM.

Tune—The Priest of Kajaga.

A knight of the saddle-bags, jolly and gay,
Rode near to blithe Cheltenham's town;
His coat was a drab, and his wig iron-gray,
And the hue of his nag was a brown.

From Bristol, through Glo'ster, the merry man came;
And jogging along in a trot,
On the road happ'd to pass him, in pursuit of game,
Of Berkeley's huntsmen a lot.

Tally-ho! tally-ho! from each voice did resound;
Hark forward! now cheer'd the loud pack;
Sir knight found his horse spring along like a hound,'
For the devil could not hold him back.

Away went sly Reynard, away went sir knight,

With the saddle-bags beating the side
Of his horse, as he gallop'd among them in fright;
'Twas in vain that the hunt did deride.

Now up the Cleigh Hills, and adown the steep vale,
Crack, crack, went the girths of his saddle;
Sir knight was dismounted, O piteous tale!
In wasjies the fishes might paddle.

As prostrate he lay, an old hound that way bent
Gave tongue as he pass'd him along;
Which attracted the pack, who thus drawn by the scent,
Would have very soon ended his song.

For O! it was strange, but, though strange, it was true!
With perfumery samples, his bags
With essences, musks, and rich odours a few,
He had joined peradventure the nag's.

The field took the joke in good-humour and jest;
Sir knight was invited to dine
At the Plough the same day, where a fine haunch was dress'd,
And Naylor gave excellent wine.

From that time, 'raong the Chelts, has a knight of the bag
Been look'd on as a man of spirit;
For who but a knight could have hunted a nag
So laden, and come off with merit?

A visit from two of the commercial gentlemen of the Fleece gave Blackstrap another opportunity of showing off, which he did not fail to avail himself of in no very measured paces, by ridiculing the rival house, and extending his remarks to the taste of the frequenters. To which one of them replied, "Mine host of the fleece is no 'wolf in sheep's clothing,' but a right careful good shepherd, who provides well for his flock; and

although the fleece hangs over his door, it is not symbolical of any fleecing practices within." "Ay," said the other, defending his hotel; "then, sir, we live like farmers at a harvest-home, and sleep on beds of down beneath coverings of lamb's wool; and our attendant nymphs of the chamber are as beautiful and lively as Arcadian shepherdesses, and chaste as the goddess Diana." "Very good," retorted Blackstrap; "but you know, gentlemen, that the beaux of this house must be better off for the belle. We will allow you of the Fleece your rustic enjoyments, seeing that you are country gentlemen, for your hotel is certainly out of the town." A good-natured sally that quickly restored harmony, and called forth another song from the muse of Blackstrap.

HEALTH, COMPETENCE, AND GOOD-HUMOUR.

Let titles and fame on ambition be shed,
Or history's page of great heroes relate;
The motto I'd choose to encircle my head
Is competence, health, and good-humour elate.

The chaplet of virtue, by friendship entwined,
Sheds a lustre that rarely encircles the great;
While health and good-humour eternally find
A competence smiling on every state.

No luxuries seeking my board to encumber,
Contented receiving what Providence sends;
Age brightens with pleasure, while virtue may number
Competence, health, and good-humour as friends.

Then, neighbours, let's smile at old Chronos and care;
Still shielded with honour, we're fearless of fate:
With the sports of the field and the joys of the fair,
We've competence, health, and good-humour elate.

At the conclusion of this fresh specimen of our chairman's original talent, it was proposed we should adjourn to the theatre, where certain fashionable amateurs were amusing themselves at the expense of the public. "Sir, I dislike these half and half vagabonds," said Blackstrap,

with one of his original gestures, "who play with an author before the public, that they may the more easily play with an actress in private. Yon coxcomb, for instance, who buffoons Brutus, with his brothers, are indeed capital brutes by nature, but as deficient of the art histrionic as any biped animals well can be. I remember a very clever artist exhibiting a picture of the colonel and his mother's son, Augustus, with a Captain Austin, in the exhibition of the Royal Academy for the year 1823, in the characters of Brutus, Marc Antony, and Julius Cæsar, which caused more fun than anything else in the collection, and produced more puns among the cognoscenti than any previous work of art ever gave rise to. The Romans were such rum ones—Brutus was a black down-looking biped, with gray whiskers, and a growl upon his lip; Marc Antony, without the remotest mark of the ancient hero about him; and Cassius looked as if he had been cashiered by the commander of some strolling company of itinerants for one, whose placid face could neither move to woe, nor yield grimace; and yet they were all accounted excellent likenesses, perfect originals, like Wombwell's bonassus, only not quite so natural."

During this rhapsody of Blackstrap's, Transit on the one side, and the English Spy on the other, endeavoured to restrain the torrent of his satire by assuring him that the very persons he was alluding to were the amateurs on the stage before him; and that certain critical faces behind him were paid like the painter, of whom he had previously spoken, to produce flattering portraits in print, and might possibly make a satirical sketch of the bon vivant at the same time; an admonition that had not the slightest effect in abridging his strictures upon amateur actors. But as the English Spy intends to finish his sketches on this subject, in a visit to the national theatres, he has until then treasured up in his mind's stores the excellent and apposite, though somewhat racy anecdotes, with which the comical commercial critic illustrated his discourse.

The "liquor in, the wit's out," saith the ancient proverb; and, although my "Spirit in the Clouds" had already hinted at the dangerous consequences likely to result from a visit to the "Oakland Cottages," yet

such was the flexibility of my friend Transit's ethics, his penchant for a spree, and the volatile nature of his disposition, when the ripe Falerian set the red current mantling in his veins, that not all my philosophy, nor the sage monitions of Blackstrap, nor thought, nor care, nor friendly intercession could withhold the artist from making a pilgrimage to the altar of love. For be it known to the amorous beau, these things are not permitted to pollute the sanctity of the sainted Chelts; but in a snug convent, situate a full mile and a half from Cheltenham, at the extremity of a lane where four roads meet, and under the Cleigh Hills, the lady abbess and the fair sisters of Cytherea perform their midnight mysteries, secure from magisterial interference, or the rude hand of any pious parochial poacher. Start not, gentle reader; I shall not draw aside the curtain of delicacy, or expose "the secrets of the prison-house:" it is enough for me to note these scenes in half tints, and leave the broad effects of light and shadow to the pencils of those who are amorously inclined and well-practised in giving the finishing———touch.

But to return to my friend Transit. Bright Luna tipt with silvery hue the surrounding clouds, and o'er the face of nature spread her mystic light; the blue concave of high heaven was illumined by a countless host of starry meteors, and the soft note of Philomel from the grove came upon the soul-delighted ear like the sweet breathings of the Eolian harp, or the celestial cadences of that heart-subduing cherub, Stephens; when we set out on our romantic excursion. Reader, you may well start at the introduction of the plural number; but say, what man could abandon his friend to such a dangerous enterprise? or what moralists refuse his services where there was such a probability of there being so much need for them? But we are poor frail mortals; so a truce with apology, or prithee accept one in the language of Moore:

> "Dear creatures! we can't live without them,
> They're all that is sweet and seducing to man;
> Looking, sighing, about and about them,
> We dote on them, die for them, do all we can."

To be brief: we found excellent accommodation, and spent the night pleasantly, free from the sin of single blessedness. Many a choice anecdote did the Paphian divinities furnish us with of the *gay well-known* among the Chelts; stories that will be told again and again over the friendly bottle, but must not be recorded here. Whether Transit, waking early from his slumbers, was paying his devotions to Venus or the water-bottle, I know not; but I was awoke by him about eight in the morning, and heard the loud echo of the huntsman's hallo in my ear, summoning me to rise and away, for the sons of Nimrod had beset the house; information which I found, upon looking through the window, was alarmingly true, but which did not appear either to surprise or affright the fair occupants of the cottages, who observed, it was only some of the "Berkeley Hunt going out," (See Plate), who, if they did not find any where else, generally came looking after a brush in that neighbourhood.

ENLARGE TO FULL SIZE

Page268

"Then the best thing we can do," said Transit, "is to brush off, before they brush up stairs and discover a couple of poachers among their game." This, however, the ladies would by no means admit, and the huntsmen quickly riding away, we took our chocolate with the lady abbess and her nuns, made all matters perfectly pleasant, saluted the fair at parting, and bade adieu to the Oakland Cottages.

Upon our return to our inn, we received a good-humoured lecture from Blackstrap, who was just, as he phrased it, on the wing for Bristol and Bath, "where" said he, "if you will meet me at old Matthew Temple's, the Castle Inn, I will engage to give you a hearty welcome, and another bottle of the old particular;" a proposition that was immediately agreed to, as the route we had previously determined upon. One circumstance had, during our sojourn in the west, much annoyed my friend Transit and myself; we had intended to have been present at the Doncaster race

meeting for 1825, and have booked both the betting men and their betters. Certainly a better bit of sport could never have been anticipated, but we were neither of us endowed with ubiquity, and were therefore compelled to cry content in the west when our hearts and inclinations were in the north. "If now your 'Spirit in the Clouds,' your merry unknown, he that sometimes shoots off his witty arrows at the same target with ourselves, should archly suspect that old Tom Whipcord was not upon the turf, I would venture a cool hundred against the field, that we should have a report from him, 'ready cut and dried,' and quite as full of fun and whim as if you had been present yourself, Master Bernard, aided and assisted by our ally, Tom Whipcord of Oxford." "Heaven forgive you, Blackmantle, for the sins you have laid upon that old man's back! You are not content with working him hard in the 'Annals' every month, but you must make him mount the box of some of the short stages, and drive over the rough roads of the metropolis, where he is in danger of having his wheel locked, or meeting with a regular upset at every turn." Though Bob has given sufficient proofs of his spirit in danger, I certainly never suspected him to be possessed of the spirit of divination, and yet his prophetic address had scarcely concluded before Boots announced a parcel for Bernard Blackmantle, Esq. forwarded from London, per favour of Mr. Williams. And, Heaven preserve me from the charge of imposing upon my reader's credulity! but, as I live, it was his very hand—another sketch by my attendant sprite, "the Spirit in the Clouds," and to the very tune of Transit's anticipations, and my wishes.

A FAMILIAR EPISTLE TO BERNARD BLACKMANTLE, ESQ.,

HUMOROUS DESCRIPTION OF DONCASTER

RACES, THE GREAT ST. LEGER, HORSES, AND CHARACTERS, IN 1825. BY AN HONEST REVIEWER,

ALIAS "The spirit in the clouds."{1}

"All hail, great master! grave sir, hail! I come
To answer thy best pleasure; be't to fly,
To swim, to dive into the fire, to ride
On the curl'd clouds; to thy strong bidding, task
Ariel, and all his quality.

Prospero. Why, that's my spirit!
Shakspeare—Tempest.

"Good morrow to my worthy masters; and a merry Christmas
to you all!"—The Bellman.

"Mendiei, mimi, balatrones."—Hor.
"Mimics, beggars, and characters of all sorts and sizes."
—Free Translation.

My Good Mr. Spy,

Will you not exclaim, Mercy upon us! here is a text and title as long and as voluminous as a modern publication, or the sermon of the fox-hunting parson, who, when compelled to

1 See last number of the Spy, Part XXI. p. 273.

preach on a saint's day, mounted the pulpit in his sporting toggery, using his gown as "a cloak of maliciousness?" But have patience, sweet Spy; be kindly-minded, dear Bernard: like John of Magna Charta memory, "I have a thing to say;" and do now be a good attentive Hubert to hear me out.

"Indeed, since you have inspirited, if not inspired me, by the 'immortal honour' of dubbing me your 'associate,' I were wanting in common gratitude not to attempt, by the return of moon, for I believe that luminary, like your numbers, comes out new every fourth week, to convey to you the swellings-over of my gratitude for the kind and fine things you have been pleased to cheer me with; although even yet, though the time will come, I can neither withdraw my vizor, nor disclose my 'family cognomen.'

ENLARGE TO FULL SIZE

Page271

It was true, and joy it was 'twas true, that we were at rowings, sailings, feastings, and dancings together, but how comes it we were not at the great racings together? that neither you, nor your ministers, they who,

> "——correspondent to command,
> Perform thy spiriting gently——"

were at the grand muster of the North, the Doncaster meeting? Bernard, I tell thee all the world was there; from royalty and loyalty down to the dustman and democracy. Then such "sayings and doings," a million of hooks could hardly have had an eye to all. You have read of the confusion of tongues, of "Babel broke loose," of the crusaders' contributory encampment peopled by dozens of nations; you have seen the inside of a patent theatre on the first night of a Christmas pantomime, or mingled in an Opera-house masquerade; have listened to a Covent-garden squabble, a Billingsgate commotion, or a watch-house row; but in the whole course of your life, varied as it has been, active as it has proved, you never have, never could have experienced any thing at

all to eclipse or even to equal the "hey, fellow, well met" congregatory musters, and the "beautiful and elegant confusions" of Doncaster town in the race week of (September) eighteen hundred and twenty-five!

I am not, however, about to inflict upon you a "list of the horses," nor "the names, weights, and colours of the riders;" but I cannot help thinking that the English Spy will not have quite completed his admirable gallery of portraits, and his unique museum of curiosities for the benefit and delight of posterity, if he omit placing in their already splendid precincts two or three heads and sketches, which the genius of notoriety is ready to contribute as her own, and which to pass over would be as grievous to miss, as Mrs. Waylett's breeches,{2} characters at the Haymarket Theatre, or a solution of Euclid by one of Dr. Birkbeck's "operatives."

Allow me, then, who am not indeed "without vanity," once more to "stand by your side," or rather for you, and to attempt, albeit I have not your magic pencil, another taste of my quality, by dashing off *con amore* the lions of the North.

2 There frequently occur circumstances in a younker's life which lie never, in all his after career, forgets. I remember a very worthy and a very handsome old gentlewoman, the wife of an eminent physician, once being exceedingly wroth, it was almost the only time I ever knew her seriously angry, because a nephew of hers asserted all women were, what in the vulgate is called "knock-knee'd," and almost threatened to prove the contrary. Had she lived in our days, the truth, almost on any evening on our stage, might be ascertained, and I fear not at all to the satisfaction of the defender of her sex's shape. Nature never intended women to wear the breeches, and the invention of petticoats was the triumph of art. Why will Eve's daughters publicly convince us they are not from top to toe perfect?

As, however, some that attend my sitting are quite as difficult to manage as the conspirators of Prospero's isle, it may be as well if, like Ariel, I sing to them as I lay on the colours of identification. Bear in mind

still, that I am a "spirit in the clouds," and, therefore, there can be nothing of "*michin malachi*" in my melody.

I love a race-course, that I do;
But then, good folks, it is as true,
Only don't blab, I tell it you,
I can't love all its people;

For though I'm somewhat down and fly,
Is slang gone out, sweet Mister Spy?
Of trade with them I am as shy
As jumping from a steeple.

Yet what with fashion's feather'd band,
And pawing steeds, and crowded stand;
Its sights are really very grand,
Which to deny were sin.

But then, though fast the horses run,
Few gain by "clone," and "done," and "done,"
For what a damper to the fun!
Those "only laugh who win."

Oh! what a mixture must we greet
In rooms, at inns, on turf, in street;
Be "hand and glove" with all we meet,
Old files, and new-bronzed faces!

With marquis, lord, and duke, and squire,
We now keep up the betting fire;
And then the guard of the "Highflyer"
We book at Northern races.{3}

3 A song would be no song at all without notes; I must there-fore try a few. I can assure you they are not mere humming ones. *Allons*—"all is not gold that glitters," neither is it all "prunella" that blows a horn upon the stern of a coach. The "York Highflyer" I really am not to go

down gratis "next jour-ney" for puffing it is a good coach, and the guard is a good guard, and he ventured a "good bit" of money on the Léger, and was "floored," for "Cleveland" was a slow one. However, it didn't balk his three days' holiday, nor spoil his new coat, nor blight his nosegay. I saw him after his defeat, looking as rosy as Pistol, and heard him making as much noise as one; "nor malice domestic nor foreign levy" could hurt him.

Look in that room,{4} judge for yourself;
See what a struggle's made for wealth,
What crushings, bawlings for the pelf,
'Twixt high heads and low legs.

That is Lord K——,{5} and that Lord D——-,{5}
That's Gully{6}; yon's fishmonger C;{5}
A octree-man that; that, Harry Lee,{5}
Who stirr'd Mendoza's pegs.

Or walk up stairs; behold yon board,
Rich with its thrown-down paper hoard,
But oh! abused, beset, adored
By wine-warm'd folks o' nights.

The playing cog, the paying peer,
Pigeon and Greek alike are here;
And some are clear'd, and others clear;
Ask Bayner,{6} and such wights.

4 The new subscription room; where down stairs more than the "confusion of tongues" prevails, and above a man's character, if in-sured, would go under the column of "trebly hazardous." It is really a pity that hone-racing should appear so close a neighbour to gambling as it does at Doncastor.

5 My men of letters are not merely alphabet men, but bona fide characters of consideration upon the turf. I confess Lord Kennedy is a bit of a favourite of mine, ever since I

saw him so good-natured at the pigeon-shooting matches at Battersea; and greatly rejoiced was I to find him unplucked at the more desperate wagerings of the North. He really is clever in the main, and no subject for St. Luke's, though he depends much on a bedlamite. Gulley, Crock-ford, and Bland, need no character; and every body knows Harry Lee fought a pluck battle with old Dan. But it is "box Harry" with fighters now.

6 Poor Rayner of C. G. T.—hundreds at one fell swoop! all his morning's winnings gone in one evening's misfortune. Let him think on't when next he plays "the School of Reform."

Nay, thick as plagues of Egypt swarm
These emblems of the devil's charm,
When the fall'n angel works a harm
To Eve's demented brood;

Worse than of famish'd shark the maw,
Worse than snake's tooth, or tiger's claw,
The gambler's fish{7} spits from its maw
Hell's poison-filled food!

But, halt! Who're they so deep in port,
Who jostle thus the dons of sport,
With all th' assumed airs of court,
From which indeed they are?

But not from court of Carlton,
Nor James's Court, nor any one;
But where "the fancy" used to run
To see the creatures spar.

The one's a diamond, that you see,
But yet a black one I agree,
And in the way of chancery
A smart Ward in his time;

The other he's from Vinsor down,
And though a great gun in that town,
Has lately been quite basted brown,
And gone off—out of time.{8}

7 The spotted ball now, worse in its woe-causing than the apple of Ida, is disgorged from a splendidly gilded fish. What a pity it is that the eternal vociforators of "red wins, black loses," et vice versa, could not be turned into Jonahs, and their odd fish into a whale, and let all be cast into the troubled waters (without a three days' redemption) they brew for others!

8 "There never were such times." X Xs, in the ring, and failures in the Fives Court, overcome us now without our special wonder; for boxers are become betters to extents that would make the fathers of the P.R. bless themselves and bolt. Cannon and Ward were, however, both on the right side, and the nods with which they honoured their old acquaintance were certainly improvements upon the style of the academy for manners in Saint Martin's Street.

Look, here's a bevy; who but they!
Just come to make the poor Tykes pay
The charge of post-horses and chay,
That brought them to some tune;

Lo! Piccadilly Goodered laughs,
As when some novice, reeling, quaffs
His gooseberry wine in tipsy draughts,
At his so pure saloon.{9}

Good gracious, too! (oh, what a trade
Can oyster sales at night be made!)
Here swallowing wine, like lemonade,
Sits Mrs. H's man{10}!

And by the Loves and Graces all,

By Vestris' trunks, Maria's shawl,
There trots the nun herself, so tall,
A flirting of a fan,

And blushing like the "red, red rose,"
With paly eyes and a princely nose,
And laced in Nora Crinas clothes,
(Cool, like a cucumber,)

With beaver black, with veil so green,
And huntress boots 'neath skirt quite clean,
She looks Diana's self—*a quean*,
In habit trimm'd with fur.

And Mr. Wigelsworth he flew,{11}
And Miss and Mistress W.
To bow and court'sy to the new
Arrival at their Boy;

9 "Lightly tread, 'tis hallow'd ground." I dare not go on; you have been before me, Bernard: (vide vol. i. p. 295, of Spy). But really it will be worth while for us to look in on Goodered some fine morning, say three, a.m., when he gets his print of Memnon home, to which, at Sheardowns, he was so liberal as to subscribe. He will discourse to you of the round table!

10 "If I stand here, I saw him."—Shakespeare, Hamlet.

11 The host of the Black Boy at Doncastor, who really provided race ordinaries in no ordinary way.

Though he was Black, yet she was fair;
And sure I am that nothing there
With that clear nymph could aught compare,12
Or more glad eyes employ.

But where there is, after all, but little reason in many of the scenes witnessed at the period I quote, why should I continue to rhyme about them? Let it therefore suffice, that with much of spirit there was some folly, with a good deal of splendour an alloy of dross, and, with real consequence, a good deal of that which was assumed. Like a showy drama, the players (there was a goodly company in the north), dresses (they were of all colours of the rainbow), and decorations (also various and admirable), during the time of performance, were of the first order; but that over, and the green and dressing rooms displayed many a hero sunk into native insignificance, and the trappings of Tamerlane degenerated to the hungry coat of a Jeremy Diddler (and there were plenty of "Raising the Wind" professors at Doncaster), or the materiel of the king and queen of Denmark to the dilapidated wardrobe of Mr. and Mrs. Sylvester Daggerwood.

Mais apropos de le drame, Monsieur L'Espion, what is your report of our theatres? Have you seen the monkeys? Are they not, for a classic stage, grand,

```
——Those happiest smiles
That play'd on her ripe lip, seem'd not to know
What guests were in her eyes, which parted thence
As pearls from diamonds dropt. In brief,
Her room would be a rarity most beloved,
If all could so become it."

Shakespeare, a little altered.
```

I would just say here, that if any disapprove of my picture of the lady, they may take Bernard Blackmantle's *magnifique, et admirable*? Do they not awake in you visions of rapturous delight, as you contrast their antics and mimicry, their grotesque and beautiful grimaces, their cunning leers, with the eye of Garrick, the stately action of Kemble, the sarcasm of Cooke, the study of Henderson, the commanding port of Siddons, the fire of Kean, the voice of Young, the tones of O'Neill? When you see them, as the traveller Dampier has it, "dancing from tree to tree over your head," and hear them "chattering, and making a terrible noise," do

you not think of Lord Chesterfield, and exclaim, "A well-governed stage is an ornament to society, an encouragement to wit and learning, and a school of virtue, modesty, and good manners?" Do you not feel, when you behold the flesh and blood punch and man-monkey of Covent Garden Theatre "twist his body into all manner of shapes," or "Monsieur Gouffe," of the Surrey, "hang himself for the benefit of Mr. Bradley," that we may pay our money, and "see, and see, and see again, and still glean something new, something to please, and something to instruct;" and, lastly, in a fit of enthusiasm, exclaim,

> "To wake the soul by tender strokes of art,
> To raise the genius and to mend the heart,
> To make mankind in conscious virtue bold,
> Live o'er each scene, and be what they behold;"
> For this great Jocko's self first leap'd the stage;
> For this was puffd in ev'ry well-bribed page,
> From evening "Courier" down to Sunday "Age!"{13}

13 It is suspicious, to say the least of it, this excess of praise to an old representation; for, after all, punch, the original punch, punch in the street, though not so loud, is ten times more to "our manner born," and much more original. That the beings who banish legitimate performers should puff, till we grow sick, a "thing of shreds and patches!" But "the world is still deceived by ornament."

But Charles Kemble pays well on occasions, and gold would make "Hyperion" of a "satyr." Seriously, Mr. Blackmantle, the town is overrun with monkeys; they are as busy, and as importunate, as Lady Montague's boys on May day, or the Guy Fawkes representatives on the fifth of November. They are "here, there, and every where," and the baboon monopolists of Exeter 'Change and the Tower are ruined by the importation:—a free trade in the article with the patentees of our classic theatres, as the purchasing-merchants, has done the business for Mr. Cross and the beef-eaters. Like the Athenian audience, the "thinking people" of England are more pleased with the mimic than the real voice of nature; and the four-footed puggys of the Brazils, like the true pig of

the Grecian, are cast in the shade by their reasoning imitator! In short, not to be prosy on a subject which has awakened poetry and passion in all, hear, as the grave-diggers say, "the truth on't."{13}

When winter triumph'd o'er the summer's flame,
And C. G. opened, Punchinello came;
Each odd grimace of monkey-art he drew,
Exhausted postures and imagined new:
The stage beheld him spurn its bounded reign,
And frighten'd fiddlers scraped to him in vain;
His seven-leagued leaps so well the fashion fit,
That all adore him—boxes, gallery, pit,{14}

13 It is suspicious, to say the least of it, this excess of praise to an old representation; for, after all, punch, the original punch, punch in the street, though not so loud, is ten times more to "our manner born," and much more original. That the beings who banish legitimate performers should puff, till we grow sick, a "thing of shreds and patches!" But "the world is still deceived by ornament."

14 One Dr. Samuel Johnson has something like this, but then his lines were in praise of a "poor player," of a man who wasted much paper in writing dramas now thought nothing of. This is his doggrel.

But I must have done. Christmas will soon be here, and "I have a journey, sirs, shortly to go" to be prepared for its delights, and to fit myself for its festivities; and yet I am unwilling, acute Bernard, merry Echo, cheerful Eglantine, correct Transit, to "shake hands and part," without tendering the coming season's congratulations; so if it like you, dear spies o' the time, I will, like the swan, go off singing.

Marching along with berried brow,
And snow flakes on his "frosty pow,"
See father Christmas makes his bow,
And proffers jovial cheer;

About him tripping to and fro,

Picking the holly as they go,
And kiss-allowing misletoe,
His merry elves appear.

Then broach the barrel, fill the bowl,
And let us pledge the hearty soul,
Though swift the waning minutes roll,
And time will stay for none;

Lads, we will have a gambo still,
For though we've made the foolish feel,
And shamed the sinner in his ill,
Our withers are unwrung.
"When learning's triumph o'er her barb'rous foes
First rear'd the stage, immortal Skakspeare rose;
Each change of many-colour'd life he drew,
Exhausted worlds, and then imagined new;

Existence saw him spurn her bounded reign,
And panting Time toil'd after him in vain:
His powerful strokes presiding truth impress'd,
And unresisted passion storm'd the breast."

No poison in the cup have ye,
In all your travell'd history,
Pour'd for the hearty, good, and free;
This will your book evince:

So "here's the King!"fill, fill for him,
Then for our Country, to the brim;
With it, good souls, we'll sink or swim.
Huzzah! 'tis gall'd jades wince!

But now, adieu; o'er hill and plain
I scud, ere we shall meet again;
Meantime, all prosp'rous be your reign,
And friends attend in crowds;

Before your splendid course is o'er,
And Blackmantle shall please no more,
You'll know, though yet I'm doom'd to soar,
Your Spirit in the Clouds.{15}"

November, 1825.

Adieu, thou facetious sprite, and may the graybeard Time tread lightly on thy buoyant spirits! Meet thee or not hereafter, thou shalt live in my remembrance a cherished name, long as memory holds her influence o'er the eccentric mind of Bernard Blackmantle. Here, too, must Transit and myself take a farewell of merry Cheltenham, ever on the wing for novelty: our sketches have been brief, but full of genuine character; nor can they, as I hope, be considered in any instance as violating our established rule—of being true to nature, without offending the ear of chastity, or exciting aught but

15 "A. word to the wise," &c. Get honest "Tom Whipcord" to take you by his hand on Valentine's night to the "noctes" muster of the *Sporting Annals* gents. You will know me by a brace of "bleeding hearts" in my plaited neckerchief, and a blue bunch of ribbons in my sinister side, as big as the Herald newspaper, the gifts of my lady-love.

the approving smile of the lovers of mirth, and the patrons of life's merriments. We had intended to have drawn aside the curtain of the theatre and the castle, and have shown forth to the gaze of the public the unhallowed mysteries which are sometimes performed there; but reflection whispered, that morality might find more cause to blush at the recital than her attendants would benefit by the exposure; and is is lamentably true, that some persons would cheerfully forfeit all claim to respectability of character for the honour of appearing in print, depicted in their true colours, as systematic and profligate seducers. To disappoint this infamous ambition, more than from any fear of the threatened consequences, we have left the sable colonel and his dark satellites to grope on through the murky ways of waywardness and intrigue, without staining our pages with a full relation of their heartless

conduct, since to have revived the now forgotten tales might have given additional pain to some beauteous victims whose fair names have dropped into Lethe's waters, like early spring flowers nipped by the lingering hand of slow-paced winter; or, in other instances, have disturbed the repose of an unsuspecting husband, or have stung the aged heart of a doting parent—evils we could not have avoided, had we determined upon rehearsing the love scenes and intrigues of certain well-known Cheltenham amateurs.

Adieu, merry Chelts! we're for quitting our quarters;
Adieu to the chase, to thy walks and thy waters,
To thy hunt, ball, and theatre, and card tables too,
And to all thy gay fair ones, a long, long adieu!

Blackmantle and Transit, the Spy and his friend,
Through Gloucester and Bristol, to Bath onward bend.
To show how amused they have been in your streets,
They give you, at parting, this man of sweetmeats;

A character, famous as Mackey, the dandy,
The London importer of horehound and candy;
The cheapest of doctors, whose nostrums dispense
A cure for all ills that affect taste or sense,

I doubt not quite as good as one half your M.D.'s,
Though sweet is the physic and simple the fees;
This, at least, you'll admit, as we dart from your view
That our vignette presents you with a sweet adieu!

A VISIT TO GLOUCESTER AND BERKELEY.

Sketches on the Mood—Singular Introduction to an old Friend—A Tithe Cause tried—A strange Assemblage of Witnesses—Traits of Character—Effects of the Farmers' Success—An odd Cavalcade—Rejoicings at Berkeley.

The road from Cheltenham to Gloucester affords a good view of the Cotswold and Stroudwater Hills, diversified by the vales of Evesham, Gloucester, and Berkeley, bounded on the east by the Severn, and presenting in many situations a very rich picturesque appearance. We are not of the dull race who dwell on musty records and ancient inscriptions, or travel through a county to collect the precise date when the first stone of some now moss-crowned ruin was embedded in the antique clay beneath. Let the dead sleep in peace; we are not *anti-queer-ones* enough to wish the mouldering reliques of our ancestors arrayed in chronological order before our eyes, nor do we mean to risk our merry lives in exploring the monastic piles and subterranean vaults and passages of other times. No; our office is with the living, with the enriched Gothic of modern courts, and the finished Corinthian capitals of society, illustrating, as we proceed, with choice specimens of the rustic and the grotesque; now laughing over our wine with the Tuscan bacchanal, or singing a soft tale of love in the ear of some chaste daughter of the composite order; trifling perhaps a little harmless badinage with a simple Ionic, or cracking a college joke with a learned Doric; never troubling our heads, or those of our readers, about the origin or derivation of these orders, whether they came from early Greece or more accomplished Home; or be their progenitors of Saxon, Norman, Danish, or of Anglo-Saxon character, we care not; 'tis ours to

depict them as they at present appear, leaving to the profound topographers and compilers of county histories all that relates to the black letter lore of long forgotten days.

Gloucester is proverbial for its dulness, and from the dirty appearance of the streets and houses, was, by my friend Transit, denominated the black city; a designation he maintained to be strictly correct, since it has a cathedral, a bishop, and a black choir of canonicals, and was from earliest times the residence of a black brotherhood of monks, whose black deeds are recorded in the black letter pages of English history; to which was added another confirmatory circumstance, that upon our entrance it happened the assizes for the county had just commenced, and the black gowns of Banco Regis, and of the law, were preparing to try the blacks of Gloucestershire, out of which arose a black joke, that will long be remembered by the inhabitants of Berkeley, and the tenantry of the sable colonel.

We had made our domicile at the Ham Inn, by the recommendation of our Cheltenham host, where we met with excellent accommodations, and what, beside, we could never have anticipated to have met with in such a place, one of the richest scenes that had yet presented itself in the course of our eccentric tour.

The unusual bustle that prevailed in every department of the inn, together with a concatenation of sounds now resembling singing and speaking, and the occasional scraping of some ill-toned violins above our heads, induced us to make a few inquisitive remarks to mine host of the Ham, that quickly put us in possession of the following facts.

It appeared, that a suit respecting the right of the vicar of Berkeley to the great tithes of that town had been long pending in the court of Chancery, in which the reverend was opposed to his former friend, the colonel, the churchwardens of Berkeley, and the whole of the surrounding tenantry. Now this cause was, by direction of the Lord Chancellor, to be tried at these assizes, and, in consequence, the law agents had been most industrious in bringing together, by subpoena, all the ancient authorities of the county, the aged, the blind, and the halt, to

give evidence against their worthy pastor; and as it is most conducive to success in law, the keeping witnesses secure from tampering, and in good-humour with the cause, the legal advisers had prepared such festive cheer at the Bam, for those of the popular interest, as would have done honour to the colonel's banquet at the castle. Such was the information we obtained from our host, to whose kind introduction of us to the lawyers we were afterwards indebted for a very pleasant evening's amusement.

We were ushered into the room by one of the legal agents as two gentlemen from London, who, being strangers in the place, were desirous of being permitted to spend their evening among such a jovial society. The uproarious mirth, and rude welcome, with which this communication was received by the company, added to the clouds of smoke which enveloped their chairman, prevented our immediate recognition of him; but great and pleasant indeed was our surprise to find the most noble, the very learned head of the table, to be no other than our old Eton *con*. little Dick Gradus, to whose lot it had fallen to conduct this action, and defend the interests of the agriculturalists against the mercenary encroachments of the church militant. This was indeed no common cause; and the greatest difficulty our friend Gradus had to encounter was the restricting within due bounds of moderation the over-zealous feelings of his witnesses. It was quite clear a parson's tithes, if left to the generosity of his parishioners, would produce but a small modicum of his reverence's income. The jovial farmer chuckled with delight at the prospect of being able to curtail the demands of his canonical adversary. "Measter Carrington," said he, "may be a very good zort of a preacher, but I knows he has no zort of business with tithing my property; and if zo be as the gentleman judge will let me, gad zooks! but I will prove my words, better than he did the old earl's marriage, when he made such a fool of himsel' before the peers in parliament." "That's your zort, measter Tiller," resounded from all the voices round the table. "Let the clergy zow for themselves, and grow for themselves, as the varmers do; what a dickens should we work all the week for the good of their bodies, when they only devote one hour in the whole seven days for the

benefit of our zouls?" "That's right, Measter Coppinger," said some one next to the speaker; "you are one hundred years of age, and pray how many times have you heard the parson preach?" "I never zeed him in his pulpit in the whole courze of my life; but then you know that were my fault, I might if I would; but I'ze been a main close attendant upon the church for all that: during the old earl's lifetime, I was a sort of deputy huntsman, and then the parson often followed me; and when I got too old to ride, I was made assistant gamekeeper, and then I very often followed the parson; so you zee I'ze a true churchman, every inch of me; only I don't like poaching, and when his reverence wants me to help him sack his tithes, old Jack Coppinger will tell him to his head, he may e'en carry the bag himself." "A toast from the chair! Let's hear the lawyer' zentiments on this zubject," said another; with which request Gradus complied, by giving, "May he who ploughs and plants the soil reap all its fruits!" "Ay, Measter Gradus, that is as it should be," reiterated a farmer on his right, "zo I'll give you, 'The varmers against the parsons,' and there's old Tom Sykes yonder, the thatcher, he will give you a zong about the 'tithe pig and the tenth child,' a main good stave, I do azzure you." A request which the old thatcher most readily complied with, to the great delight of all present; for independent of his dialect, which was of the true rich west-country character, there was considerable wit and humour in the song, and an archness of manner in the performer, that greatly increased the good-humour of the society. In this way the evening was spent very pleasantly; and as the cause was to come on the first thing on the ensuing morning, Transit and myself determined to await the issue, anticipating that, if our merry-hearted companions, the rustics, should be successful, there would be no lack of merriment, and some exhibition of good sport both for the pen and pencil.

We had strayed after breakfast to view the cathedral, which is very well worthy the attention of the curious, and certainly contains some very ancient relics of the great and the good of earliest times. On our return, the deafening shouts of the multitude, who were congregated outside the Sessions House, proclaimed a favourable verdict for the farmers, who, in the excess of their joy at having beaten their reverend adversary, gave

loose to the most unrestrained expressions of exultation: a messenger was immediately despatched to Berkeley to convey, express, the glad tidings; and the head farmers of the parish, with whom were the church-wardens, determined to commemorate their victory by roasting a bullock whole on the brow of the hill which overlooked their vicar's residence, and for the preparation of which festivity they also sent their instructions. The next grand point was, how to convey the witnesses, who were very numerous, to the scene of action, a distance of eighteen miles. To have despatched them in post-chaises, could they have found a sufficient number in Gloucester, was neither in accordance with economy, nor with the wishes of the parties themselves, who were very anxious to have a grand procession, and enjoy themselves as they went along in smoking, singing, drinking, and proclaiming their triumph to their neighbours and friends. Mine hostess of the Ram, with every female in her establishment, had been, from the moment the verdict was given to the departure of the group, busily engaged in making large blue favours, of the colonel's colour, to decorate the hats of the visitors, until Mr. Boots arrived with the dismaying intelligence, that not another yard of riband, of the colour required, could be obtained in all the city of Gloucester. With equal industry and perseverance the host himself had put in requisition every species of conveyance that he could muster, which was calculated to suit the views of the parties, and form a grand cavalcade; without much attention to the peculiar elegance of the vehicles, to be sure, but with every arrangement for social comfort. It had been decided that my friend Transit and myself should accompany Richard Gradus, Esq. the solicitor to the fortunate defendants, in a post coach in front, preceded by four of mine host's best horses, with postillions decorated with blue favours, and streamers flying from the four corners of the carriage; and now came the marshalling of the procession to follow.

ENLARGE TO FULL SIZE

Page289

One of the colonel's hay vans had been supplied with seats, lengthwise, in which the first division of farmers placed themselves, not, however, forgetting to take in a good supply of ale and pipes with them; next in order was one of the old-fashioned double-bodied stages, which had not been cleaned, or out of the coach-yard, for twenty years before, and both in the inside and on the roof of which the more humble rustics and farmers' labourers were accommodated: this vehicle was drawn by four cart horses, of the roughest description; the rear of the whole being brought up by a long black funeral hearse, with three horses, unicorn fashion, on the roof of which the men sate sidewise, while the interior was, by Gradus's orders, well filled with casks of the best Gloucester ale. About a dozen of the farmers, on horseback, rode by the side of the vehicles; and in this order, with the accompaniment of a bugle in the hay van, and a couple of blind fiddlers scraping on the centre of the roof of the hearse, did we sally forth in most grotesque order, amid the joyous acclamations of the multitude, on our way to Berkeley, every countenance portraying exultation and good-humour, and every where upon the road meeting with a corresponding welcome. A more humorous or whimsical procession cannot well be imagined, men, animals, and vehicles being perfectly unique. By the time we had reached our destination, the potent effects of the Gloucester ale, added to the smoking and vociferous expressions of joy that attended us throughout, had left very few of our rustic friends without the visible and outward signs of their inward devotions to the jolly god. On our arrival near to Berkeley, we were met by crowds of the joyous inhabitants, and proceeded onward to the spot selected for the festive scene, where we found the bullock already roasting on the top of the hill, and where also they had pitched a tent, and brought some small cannon, with which they fired a *feu de joie* on our arrival, taking special care to point their artillery in the direction of the vicar's residence. On the opposite side of the road was the church; and it is not a little singular, that the steeple, belfry, and tower are completely detached from the body of the building.

The vicar, dreading the riotous joy of his parishioners upon this occasion, had locked up the church, and issued his mandate to the wardens to prevent a merry peal; but these persons insisting that as the church was detached from the belfry, the vicar had no authority over it, they directed the ringers to give them a triple bob major, which canonical music was merrily repeated at intervals, to the great dismay of the parson, who, over and above the loss he was likely to sustain in his future interests, had by this defect suffered under a legal expenditure of some thousands of pounds. The colonel did not show, perhaps from prudential motives of respect to his old friend, but his agents were well instructed in their duty, and there was no lack of a plentiful supply of provision and ale for his tenantry to make right merry with. Thus ended our trip to Berkeley, where, after taking a view of the castle on the following morning, and surveying the delightful scenery with which that most ancient building is surrounded, we bade adieu to our friend Gradus, and mounted the Cheltenham coach, as it passed through, on our way to Bristol.

Page291

Page292

A DAY IN BRISTOL.

A Glance at the Bristolians—Their Pursuits and Characteristics—The London Mail—A Walk to the Hot Wells and Clifton—Blackmantle and Transit start for the Territories of King Bladud.

The worthy Bristolians must not feel offended if we pass them by rather briefly; had ours been a tour of business, connected with commercial pursuit instead of a search after whim and character, we should no doubt have found materials enough to have filled a dozen chapters; but such pursuits are foreign to the eccentric volumes of the English Spy, whose sole aim is humour, localized, and embracing characteristic scenes. Such is the above sketch, which struck Transit and myself, as we took a stroll down Bridge-street while our breakfast was preparing at the White Hart; it was a bit of true life, and cannot fail to please: but, after all, Bristol resembles London so closely, at least the eastern part of the metropolis, that although we saw much that would have been worthy the attention of the antiquary and the curious in their several churches and museums, or might, with great advantage, have been transferred to the note book of the topographer, yet we met with none of that peculiar whimsical character that distinguishes the more fashionable places of resort. The sole object of the Bristolians is trade, and every face you meet with has a ledger-like countenance, closely resembling the calculating citizen of London, whose every thought is directed to the accumulation of wealth, by increased sales of merchandize, or the overreaching his neighbour in taking the first advantage of the market.

ENLARGE TO FULL SIZE

Page293

The arrival of the London mail, which comes in about ten o'clock in the morning, afforded Transit another opportunity of picking up what little of character there was to be found. At Bristol there is always a great anxiety to obtain the London news and price current; so much so, that the leading merchants and others assemble in front of the Post-office, which also joins the Exchange, to wait the arrival of the mail (see Plate), and receive the letters of advice which are to regulate their concerns. It is but justice to add, there is no place in the kingdom of the same distance to which the conveyance is quicker, and the facility of delivery more promptly attended to. After breakfast we took a stroll round the docks, and then bent our steps towards the heights, and along the delightful walk which leads to the Hot Wells and Clifton.

To attempt a just description of the magnificent and romantic scenery which surrounds Clifton, as it is viewed from the Downs, would occupy more space than our limits will allow us to devote to the beauties of landscape; and would, besides, interfere with an intention which Transit and myself have in view at some future period of our lives, namely, the making a topographical and characteristic tour through the United Kingdoms, which being divided into counties, and embracing not only the historical and the picturesque, will be enlivened by all the humorous vagaries, eccentric characters, and peculiar sports of each, written in a colloquial style; and embracing the lingual localisms, proverbs, and provincialisms of the inhabitants: thus producing a humorous but most correct view of the present state of society and manners. The materials for such a work have gradually presented themselves during the progress of the present eccentric volumes; but, as our object here has been good-humoured satire joined to comic sketches of existing persons and scenes, more in the way of anecdote than history, we hope to meet with the same kind friends in a more extended work, among those who have journeyed onwards with us through two years—pleasantly we must suppose, by their continued support; and profitably, we are gratefully bound to acknowledge, to all parties interested. An early dinner at Clifton, and a pleasant walk back by the terrace-road, brought us once more into the busy streets of Bristol, where after sauntering away the time until five

o'clock, we mounted a Bath coach, and started forwards with a fresh impetus, and much promise of amusement, to explore the territories of King Bladud.

Page294

Page295

SKETCHES IN BATH.

First View of the elegant City—Meeting with Old Blackstrap —Domicile at the Castle Tavern—Matthew and Mrs. Temple worthy Characters—Sportsmans Hall—Bath Heroes of the Turf the Ring, and the Chace—Portraits and Peculiarities drawn from the Life.

May I ne'er flutter in the thoughtless train
With fashion's elves, the giddy, and the vain;
May I ne'er stroll again with Milsom swells
To Tully's shop, or lounge with pump-room belles;
May I no more to Sidney Gardens stray,
If, Bath, I wrong thee in my hum'rous lay.
Court of King Blad', where crescents circling rise
Above each other till they reach the skies;
And hills o'er-topping with their verdant green
The Abbey Church, are in the distance seen:

Where inns invite ye, and where lodgings smile A ready welcome to some Grecian pile; Where chairmen wait ye, ready to attend And box ye up upon your latter end; Where summer breezes on Hygeia wait, And cards and fashion hold their courts of state. Hither we're come to Bath, to spy and tell What reigning follies mark the beau and belle; What stars eccentric move within thy sphere, Or who's the greatest lion of the year. "Have at ye all," we satirists give no quarter; Yet shall our mirth prove grateful as Bath water.

The distant appearance, or first glimpse of the city of Bath, is enough to impress a stranger with the most favourable opinions of the place. The regularity of the streets, and the tasteful character of the architecture of the principal buildings, are certainly superior to that of any other place of public resort in England; added to which, there is an attention to cleanliness apparent in the costume of the lower classes that is not so conspicuous in other places. "Blest source of health! seated on rising

ground, With friendly hills by nature guarded round; From eastern blasts and sultry south secure, The Air's balsamic, and the soil is pure." Surrounded by delightful scenery, and guarded from the piercing north winds by the hilly barriers of nature, the spot seems above all others best calculated to restore the health of the valetudinarian, whose constitution has become shattered and infirm by a course of fashionable dissipation, or a lengthened residence in the pestilential climates of the Indies. "Sweet Bath! the liveliest city of the land; Where health and pleasure ramble hand in hand, Where smiling belles their earliest visit pay, And faded maids their lingering blooms delay. Delightful scenes of elegance and ease! Realms of the gay, where every sport can please." Thus sings the Bath poet, Bayly; who, if he is somewhat too servile an imitation of Moore in his style, has certainly more of originality in his matter than generally distinguishes poems of such a local nature. One of the greatest characters in the city of Bath was the worthy host of our hotel, the Castle; at whose door stood the rubicund visage of our Cheltenham friend, Blackstrap, ready to give us a hearty welcome, and introduce us to Matthew Temple, who making one of his best bows, led the way into the coffee-room, not forgetting to assure us that Mistress Temple, who was one of the best women in the world, would take the greatest care that we had every attention paid to our commands and comforts; and, in good truth, honest Matthew was right, for a more comely, good-humoured, attentive, kind hostess exists not in the three kingdoms of his Gracious Majesty George the Fourth. In short, Mrs. Temple is the major-domo of the Castle, while honest Matthew, conscious of his own inability to direct the active operations of the garrison within doors, beats up for recruits without; attends to all the stable duty and the commissariat, keeps a sharp look-out for new arrivals by coach, and a still sharper one that no customer departs without paying his bill; and thus having made his daily bow to the inns and the outs, honest Matthew retires at night to take his glass of grog with the choice spirits who frequent Sportsman's Hall, a snug little smoking room on the left of the gateway, where the heroes of

the turf and the lads of the fancy nightly assemble to relate their sporting anecdotes, sing a merry chaunt, book the long odds, and blow a friendly cloud in social intercourse and good fellowship.

I do not know that it matters much at what end of Bath society I commence my sketches; and experience has taught me, that the more fashionable frivolities of high life seldom present the same opportunity for the study of character, which is to be found in the merry, open-hearted, mirthful meetings of the medium classes and the lower orders. The pleasure we had felt in Blackstrap's society at Cheltenham, induced us to engage him to dine in the coffee-room, with our early friends Heartly and Eglantine, both of whom being then at Bath, we had invited to meet us, in the expectation that Dick Gradus, having arranged his legal affairs at Berkeley, would, by the dinner hour, arrive to join such a rare assemblage of old Eton *cons*—a gratification we had the pleasure to experience; and never did the festive board resound with more pleasant reminiscences from old friends: the social hour fled gaily, and every fresh glass brought its attendant joke. Heartly and Eglantine had, we found, been sufficiently long in Bath to become very able instructors to Transit and myself in all that related to the haute class, and old Barnaby Blackstrap was an equally able guide to every description of society, from the mediums down to the strange collections of vagrant oddities which are to be found in the back Janes and suburbs of the city of Bath. It has been well said, in a spirited reply to the Reverend Mr. Ek—r—s—l's illiberal satire, entitled "The Bath Man," that "London has its divisions of good and bad sets as well as Bath; nay, every little set has its lower set; Bank looks down contemptuously upon wealth; those who are asked to Carlton Palace cut the muligatawny set; the ancient aristocracy call law-lords and *parvenues* a bad set; and so downward through the whole scale of society, from Almack's to a sixpenny hop, 'still in the lowest deep a lower deep,' and human pride will ever find consolation that there is something to be found beneath it. Plain men, accustomed to form their notions of good and evil on more solid foundations than grades of fashionable distinctions, will not consent to stigmatize as bad any class of society because there may happen to be a class above it." And what

better apology could we desire for our eccentric rambles through every grade of Bath society? with us every set has its attractions, and I have known my friend Transit cut a nobleman and half a dozen honourables for the delightful gratification of enjoying the eccentricities of a beggars' club, and being enabled to sketch from the life the varied exhibition of passion and character which such a meeting would afford him. It will not, therefore, create any surprise in my readers, that our first evening in Bath should have been devoted to the social pipe; the pleasant account Blackstrap gave us of the sporting party, in Matthew Temple's snuggery, induced us to adjourn thither in the evening, where we might enjoy life, smoke our cigars, join a little chaffing about the turf and the ring, sip our punch and grog, enjoy a good chaunt, and collect a little character for the pages of the English Spy. To such as are fond of these amusements, most heartily do I recommend a visit to the Sporting Parlour at the Castle, where they will not fail to recognise many of the jovial characters represented in the opposite page; and as old Time pays no respect to worth and mellow-hearted mortals, but in his turn will mow down my old friend Matthew and his merry companions, I am desirous to perpetuate their memory by a song, which will include all of note who upon this occasion joined the festive scene.

Page300

SPORTSMAN'S HALL.

A SCENE AT THE CASTLE.

Come all you gay fellows, so merry and witty,
Ye Somerset lads of the elegant city,
Ye sons of the turf who delight in a race,
And ye Nimrods of Bath who are fond of the chase;
Come join us, and pledge us, like true brothers all,
At old Matthew Temple's, the Castle and Ball.

Will Partridge, the father of sports, in the chair,
With honest George Wingrove will welcome you there,
While Handy, who once on two horses could ride,
And merry Jack Bedford will meet you beside;
Then for sport or for spree, or to keep up the ball,
We've an excellent fellow, you'll own, in Bill Hall.

Captain Beaven, a yeoman of merry renown,
Will keep up the joke with the gay ones from town,
While, if you'd go off in a canter or speed,
You've only to take a few lessons with Mead;
Then Sharland can suit every beau to a T,
So haste to the Castle, ye lovers of glee.

Sweet Margerim, clerk of the course, will be found
With any young sportsman to trot o'er the ground,
Though his Honesty, since at Wells races 'twas tried,
It must be admitted, has bolted aside;
The Newcombe's are good at all sports in the ring,
While, like Chanticleer, Hunt the Cocker will sing.

Jack Langley, the fam'd 'Squire Western of Bath,
A jolly fox-hunter, who's fond of a laugh,
With mellow Tom Williams, of Brewers a pair,
Are the bacchanals form'd for to banish dull care;

Then haste to the Castle, ye true merry sprites,
Where the song, and the chase, and the fancy delights.

Give a host more to name of the jovial and free,
That my song would extend till to-morrow d'ye see:
But a truce to particulars; take them all round,
There's nothing in Bath like themselves to be found;
Where harmony, friendship, and mirth can combine,
The pleasures of life with kind hearts and good wine.

And in good truth, there is no place within the dominions of King Bladud, where the social man can find more cheerful companions, the sporting man more kindred spirits, and the lovers of the characteristic and the humorous meet with a greater variety of genuine eccentricity, unalloyed with any baser or offensive material. Matthew Temple himself is a great original, pure Somerset, perfectly good-natured, ever ready to oblige, and although for many years the commander-in-chief of the Castle, is yet in all the chicanery of his

profession, and the usual obtrusiveness of a landlord, as unlike the generality of his brethren as a raw recruit is to an effective soldier. Old Master William Partridge is also worthy of notice as the father of the turf, and then if you would ride to hounds, no man in Bath can mount you better, or afford you such good corn, great attentions, and a warm stall for a prime hack. Rich in anecdote, and what is still better, with a charitable purse and a worthy heart, there are few men who have earned for themselves more respect in this life, or deserve it better, than William Handy, Esq. the once celebrated equestrian, who having realized a handsome competency, retired, some years since, to Bath, to enjoy his *otium cum dignitate*: here, at an advanced age, with all the spirits of youth, and a lively interest in every thing relating to sporting, you will meet with the character I have described; and, take my word for it, will not be disappointed in the likeness. Among the bon vivants of Sportsmans' Hall I must not omit that care-killing soul Captain Beaven, whose easy flow of good-humour and love of good sport is not less conspicuous than his love for a pretty lass, and his delight in a good song

and a cheerful glass. Honest George Wingrove, a wealthy baker, and the patriarch of the room, will never prove a crusty customer, I am sure; and if that good-looking fellow Mead, the riding-master, does sometimes "o'erstep the modesty of nature" in his mode of addressing his pupils, adopting the familiar style of addressing them by their christian name—as, for instance, "set upright, Sally; more forward, Eliza; keep your rein-hand more square, Ellen;" and soon; he hath, however, yet many good points that amply compensate for this perverseness of habit. Among the genuine good ones, the real thing, as the sporting phrase has it, not a biped in Bath beats Tom Williams, who, agreeable to our Eton Gradus, is good at every thing: a more jovial, worthy-hearted, respected soul breathes not within the merry court of King Bladud, and very few there that can rival him in a good horse, a long run, or as a lively companion. Tom is married to the sister of Bartley, the comedian, and carries with him into private life the estimation which ever attends him in public. For a rum story, a bit of real life, or a roguish joke, who shall excel Jack Bedford? And then, if your honour would knock the balls about, why "Jack's the lad" to accommodate you. And little Bill Hall, who keeps the Kingston billiard-rooms, will be most happy to make his best bow to you without any view to the mace. But, i' faith, I am sketching away here in Sportsman's Hall at old Matthew Temple's, and could continue so to do for another chapter; forgetting, as Transit says, that we have yet to traverse the whole city of Bath through, spying into the vagaries and varieties of the more polished, and taking a slight occasional glance at the lowest grade of society, in order to diversify and keep up the chiaroscuro of our pictures.

ENLARGE TO FULL SIZE

Page303

Merry reader, for such I hope thou art, we have now travelled on for
nearly two years together; and many a varied scene in life's pilgrimage

have we set before you, from the gilded dome of royalty to the humble
shed of the Emeralder; but our visit to Bath will afford you a richer
treat than aught that has yet preceded it. It was when the party broke
up at Temple's, and that was not before the single admonition of old
father Time had sounded his morning bell, that a few *bon vivants*of the Castle, accompanied by the English Spy and his merry friends,
sallied forth in quest of strange adventure; for it must be admitted,
that in the elegant city

> "Candles and ladies' eyes oft shine most bright,
> When both should be extinguish'd for the night."

A fancy ball at the Upper Rooms on this night had attracted all the elegance, fashion, and beauty to be found within the gay circle of pleasure, and thither we bent our steps, having first provided ourselves with the necessary introductions. The scene above all others in the fascination of gay life and the display of female charms is a fancy ball; a species of entertainment better suited to the modest character of our countrywomen than the masquerade, and, in general, much better liked in this country, where the masked entertainment, unless in private, is always avoided by females of rank and character. One of the most amusing scenes which first presented itself to our notice on approaching the entrance to the rooms was the eager anxiety and determined perseverance of the liveried Mercuries and Bath dromedaries, alias chairmen, to procure for their respective masters and mistresses a priority of admission; an officious zeal that was often productive of the most ludicrous circumstances, and, in two or three instances, as far as indispensable absence from the pleasures of the night could operate, of the most fatal effects. A well-known city beau, who had been at considerable expense in obtaining from London the splendid dress of a

Greek prince, was completely upset and rolled into the kennel by his chairmen running foul of a sedan, in which Lord Molyneaux and his friend Lord Ducie had both crammed themselves in the dress of Tyrolese chieftains. The Countess of D————, who personated Psyche, in attempting to extricate herself from an unpleasant situation, in which the obstinacy of her chairmen had placed her, actually had her glittering wings torn away, unintentionally, from her shoulders by the rude hand of a Bath rustic, whose humanity prompted him to attempt her deliverance. Old Lady L————, in the highest state of possible alarm, from feeling her sedan inclining full twenty degrees too much to the right, popped her head up, and raising the top part of the machine, screamed out most piteously for assistance, and on drawing it back again, tore off her new head-dress, and let her false front shut in between the flap of the chair, by which accident, all the beautiful Parisian curls of her ladyship were rendered quite flat and uninteresting. An old gentleman of fortune, who was suffering under hypochondriacal affection, and had resolved to attempt Sir John Falstaff, received the end of a sedan pole plump in his chest, by which powerful application he was driven through the back part of the machine, and effectually cured of "*la maladie imaginaire*" by the acuteness of a little real pain. The flambeau of a spruce livery servant setting fire to the greasy tail of a Bath chairman's surtout produced a most awkward *rencontre*, by which a husband and wife, who had not been associated together for some years, but were proceeding to the ball in separate chairs, were, by the accidental concussion of their sedans in a moment of alarm, actually thrown into each other's arms; and such was the gallantry of the gentleman, that he marched into the ball-room bearing up the slender frame of his heretofore forsaken rib, to whom he from that time has become reunited. The lady mayoress of the city was excessively indignant on finding her preeminence of *entrée* disputed by the wife of a Bristol butcher; while the chair of the master of the ceremonies was for some time blocked in between the sedans of two old tabbies, whose expressions of alarm, attempts at faintings, and little flights of scandal, had so annoyed the poor M. C. that when he entered the ball-room, he

felt as irritable as a tantalized lover between two female furies. In short, the scene was rich in amusement for the group of merry hearts who had left the Castle in quest of adventure; and while we were enjoying the ludicrous effects produced by the jostling of the sedans, my friend Transit had sketched the affair in his usual happy style, and designated it thus:

THE BATTLE OF THE CHAIRS.

"The chairs are order'd, and the moment comes,
When all the world assemble at the rooms."

page306 (198K)

For the ball-room itself, it was the most splendid scene that the magic power of fancy could devise. The variety of characters, the elegance of the dresses, and the beauty of the graceful fair, joined to their playful wit and accomplished manners, produced a succession of delights which banished from the heart of man the recollection of his mortal ills, and gave him, for the passing time, a semblance of Elysian pleasures. The rooms are admirably calculated for this species of entertainment, and are, I believe, the largest in England; while the excellent regulations and arrangements adopted by the master of the ceremonies to prevent any of those unpleasant intrusions, too often admitted into mixed assemblies, deserved the highest commendation. It is from scenes of this description that the writer on men and manners extracts his characters, and drawing aside from the mirth-inspiring group, contemplates the surrounding gaieties, noting down in his memory the pleasing varieties and amusing anecdotes he has there heard; pleasantries with which at some future time he may enliven the social circle of his friends, or by reviving in print, recall the brightest and the best recollections of those who have participated in their gay delights.

"In this distinguish'd circle you will find
Many degrees of man and woman kind."

And as I am here "life's painter, the very Spy o' the time," I shall endeavour to sketch a few of the leading Bath characters; most of the gay well-known being upon this occasion present, and many an eccentric star shining forth, whose light it would be difficult to encounter in any

other circle. The accompanying view of the rooms by Transit will convey a correct idea of the splendour of the entertainment, and the fascinating appearance of the assembled groups.

"Ranged on the benches sit the lookers-on,
Who criticise their neighbours one by one;
Each thinks herself in word and deed so bless'd,
That she's a bright example for the rest.
Numerous tales and anecdotes they hatch,
And prophesy the dawn of many a match;
And many a matrimonial scheme declare,
Unknown to either of the happy pair;
Much delicate discussion they advance,
About the dress and gait of those who dance;
One stoops too much; and one is so upright,
He'll never see his partner all the night;
One is too lazy; and the next too rough;
This jumps too high, and that not high enough.
Thus each receives a pointed observation,
Not that it's scandal—merely conversation."

A three months' sojournment at Bath had afforded my friend Eglantine an excellent opportunity for estimating public character, a science in which he was peculiarly well qualified to shine; since to much critical acumen was joined a just power of discrimination, aided by a generosity of feeling that was ever enlivened by good-humoured sallies of playful satire. To Horace Eglantine, I may apply the compliment which Cleland pays to Pope—he was incapable of either saying or writing "a line on any man, which through guilt, through shame, or through fear, through variety of fortune, or change of interest, he would ever be unwilling to own." It too often happens that the cynic and the satirist are themselves more than tinged with the foibles which they so severely censure in others. "You shall have a specimen of this infirmity," said Horace, "in the person of Peter Paul Pallet; a reverend gentleman whom you will observe yonder in the dress of a Chinese mandarin. Some few years since this pious personage took upon himself the task of lashing the prevailing follies of society in a satire entitled Bath Characters, and it

must be admitted, the work proves him to have been a fellow of no ordinary talent; but an unfortunate amour with the wife of a reverend brother, which was soon after made public, added to certain other peculiarities and eccentricities, have since marked the satirist himself as one of the most prominent objects for the just application of his own weapon."

```
Come hither, Paul Pallet, your portrait I'll paint:
You're a satirist, reverend sir, but no saint.
```

But as some of his characters are very amusing, and no doubt very correct portraits of the time, 1808, my readers shall have the advantage of them, that they may be the better able to contrast the past with the present, and form their own conclusions how far society has improved in morality by the increase of methodism, the influx of evangelical breathings, or the puritanical pretensions of bible societies. I shall pass by his description of the club; gaming ever was and ever will be a leading fashionable vice, which only poverty and ruin can correct or cure. The clergy must, however, be greatly delighted at the following picture of the cloth, drawn by one of their holy brotherhood. "The Bath church," says the satirist, "is filled with croaking ravens, chattering jays, and devouring cormorants; black-headed fanatics and white-headed 'dreamers of dreams;' the aqua-fortis of mob politics, and the mawkish slip-slop of modern divinity; rank cayenne pepper, and genuine powder of post!" Really a very flattering description of our clerical comforters, but one which, I lament to say, will answer quite as well for 1826, with, perhaps, a little less of enthusiasm in the composition, and some faint glimmerings of light opposed to the darkness of bigotry and the frauds of superstition. Methodism is said to be on the wane—we can hear no better proof that true religion and good sense are coming into fashion. The sketch of Mrs. Vehicle, by the same hand, is said to have been a true copy of a well-known female gambler; it is like a portrait of Sir Joshua Reynolds, a picture worthy of preservation from its intrinsic merits, long after the original has ceased to exist: how readily might it be applied to half a score card-table devotees of the present day! "Observe that *ton* of beauty, Mrs. Vehicle, who is sailing up the passage, supported like a

nobleman's coat of arms by her amiable sisters, the virtuous widow on one side, and the angelic Miss Speakplain on the other. By my soul! the same roses play upon her cheeks now that bloomed there winters ago, the natural tint of that identical patent rouge which she has enamelled her face with for these last twenty years; her gait and presence, too, are still the same—*Vera incessa patuit Dea*; she yet boasts the enchanting waddle of a Dutch Venus, and the modest brow of a Tower-hill Diana. Ah, Jack, would you but take a few lessons from my old friend at the science of shuffle and cut, you would not rise so frequently from the board of green cloth, as you now do, with pockets in which the devil might dance a saraband without injuring his shins against their contents. Why, man, she is a second Breslaw with a pack; I have known her deal four honours, nine trumps to herself three times in the course of one rubber, and not cut a higher card to her adversary than a three during the whole evening. Sensible of her talents, and of the impropriety of hiding them in a napkin, she chose Bath, independence, and her own skill in preference to a country parsonage, conjugal control, and limited pin-money. Her *caro sposo* meanwhile retired to his living; and now blesses himself on his escape from false deals, odd tricks, and every honour but the true one." One more sketch, and I have done; but I cannot pass by the admirable portrait of a Bath canonical, "Jolly old Dr. Mixall, rosy as a ripe tomata, and round as his own right orthodox wig,

'With Atlantean shoulders, fit to bear
The weight of mightiest monarchies!'

Awful and huge, he treads the ground like one of Bruce's moving pillars of sand! What a dark and deep abyss he carries before him—the grave insatiate of turtle and turbot, red mullet and John Dories, haunches and pasties, claret, port, and home-brewed ale! But his good-humour alone would keep him at twenty stone were he to cease larding himself for a month to come; and when he falls, may the turf lie lightly on his stomach! Then shall he melt gently into rich manure;

'And fat be the gander that feeds on his grave.'"

"But now for the moderns," said Horace; "for the

enchanting fair,

'Whose snow-white bosoms fascinate the eye,
Swelling in all the pride of *nudity*;
The firm round arm, soft cheek, and pouting lip,
And backs exposed below the jutting hip;
To these succeed dim eyes, and wither'd face»,
And pucker'd necks as rough as shagreen cases,
But whose kind owners, hon'ring Bladud's ball,
Benevolently show their little all.'"

But I must not particularize here, as I intend sketching the more prominent personages during a morning lounge in Milsom-street; when, appearing in their ordinary costume, they will be the more easily recognised in print, and remain a more lasting memorial of Bath eccentrics,

page311 (27K)

SKETCHES IN BATH— CHAPTER II.

Well-known Characters in the Pump-room taking a Sip with King Bladud—Free Sketches of Fair Game—The awkward Rencontre, or Mr. B——and Miss L.—Public Bathing or stewing alive—Sober Thoughts—Milsom-street Swells—A Visit to the Pig and Whistle, Avon-street—of the Buff Club.

To the pump-room we went, where the grave, and the gay,
And the aged, and the sickly, lounge time away;
Where all the choice spirits are seen making free
With the sov'reign cordial, the true *eau de vie*.

ENLARGE TO FULL SIZE

Page312

The *déjeuné* over, the first place to which the stranger in Bath is most desirous of an introduction is the Pump-room; not that he anticipates restoration to health from drinking the waters, or imagines the virtues of immortality are to be found by immersion in the baths; but if he be a person of any condition, he is naturally anxious to *show off* make his bow to the gay throng, and, at the same time, elucidate the exact condition of Bath Society. If, however, he is a mere plebeian in search of novelty, coupling pleasure with business, or an invalid sent here by his doctors to end his days, he is still anxious, while life remains, to see and be seen; to observe whom he can recognise among the great folks he has known in the metropolis, or perchance, meet consolation from some suffering fellow citizen, who, like himself, has been conveyed to Bath to save his family the misery of seeing him expire beneath his own roof. "What an admirable variety of character does this scene present," said

Transit, who, on our first entrance, was much struck with the magnificence of the rooms, and still more delighted with the immense display of eccentricities which presented themselves. "I must introduce you, old fellow," said Eglantine, "to a few of the oddities who figure here. The strange-looking personage in the right-hand corner is usually called Dick Solus, from his almost invariably appearing abroad by himself, or dangling after the steps of some fair Thespian, to the single of whom he is a very constant tormentor. Mrs. Egan of the theatre, 'who knows what's what,' has christened him Mr. Dillytouch; while the heroes of the sock and buskin as invariably describe him by the appellation of Shake, from an unpleasant action he has both in walking and sitting. The sour-visaged gentleman at this moment in conversation with him is the renowned Peter Paul Pallet, esq., otherwise the Reverend Mr. M ————-. Behind them appears a celebrated dentist and his son, who has attained the rank of M.D., both well known here by the titles of the Grand Duke of Tusk-aney and Count Punn-tusk-y, a pair of worthies always on the lookout for business, and hence very constant attendants at the promenade in the Pump-room. The old gentleman in the chintz morning-gown hobbling along on crutches, from the gout, is a retired vinegar merchant, the father of a Chancery M.P., of whom the Bath wags say, 'that when in business, he must always have carried a sample of his best vinegar in his face.'" At this moment old Blackstrap advanced, and requested permission to introduce to our notice Jack Physick, an honest lawyer, and, as he said, one of the cleverest fellows and best companions in Bath. Jack had the good fortune to marry one of the prettiest and most attractive actresses that ever appeared upon the Bath stage, Miss Jamieson, upon which occasion, the wags circulated many pleasant *jeux d'esprits* on the union of "love, law, and physic." The arrival of a very pompous gentleman, who appeared to excite general observation, gave my friend Eglantine an opportunity of relating an anecdote of the eccentric, who figures in Pultney-street under the cognomen of the Bath bashaw. "There," said Horace, "you may see him every morning decorated in his flannel *robe de chambre* and green velvet cap, seated outside in his balcony, smoking an immensely large German pipe, and

sending forth clouds of fragrant perfume, which are pleasantly wafted right or left as the wind blows along the breakfast tables of his adjoining neighbours. This eccentric was originally a foundling discovered on the steps of a door in Rath, and named by the parochial officers, Parish: by great perseverance and good fortune he became a Hambro' merchant, and in process of time realized a handsome property, which, much to his honour and credit, he retired to spend a portion of among the inhabitants of this city, thus paying a debt of gratitude to those who had protected him in infancy when he was abandoned by his unnatural parents. The little fellow yonder with a military air, and no want of self-conceit, is a field-officer of the Bath volunteers, Adjutant Captain O'Donnel, a descendant from the mighty King Bryan Baroch, and, as we say at Eton, no *small beer man*, I assure you." "Who is that gigantic fellow just entering the rooms'?" said Heartly. "That is Long Heavisides," replied Eglantine, "whom Handsome Jack and two or three more of the Bath wits have christened, in derision, Mr. Light-sides, a right pleasant fellow, quite equal in intellect and good-humour to the altitude of his person, which, I am told, measures full six feet six." "Gentlemen," said the facetious Blackstrap, "here comes an old lady who has paid dearly for a bit of the Brown, lately the relict of the late Admiral M'Dougal, and now fresh at seventy the blooming wife of a young spark who has just attained the years of discretion, at least, as far as regards pecuniary affairs; for before leading the old lady into church, she very handsomely settled three thousand per annum upon her Adonis, as some little compensation to his feelings, for the rude jests and jeers he was doomed to bear with from his boon companions." "Eyes right, lads," said Eglantine; "the tall stout gentleman in a blue surtout and white trowsers is General B————-."

"Pshaw! never mind his name," said Heartly; "what are his peculiarities?" "Why—imprimis, he has a lovely young female commander in chief by his side—is a great reader with a very little memory. A very good story is told of him, that I fear might be applied with equal justice to many other great readers; namely, that some wags having at different times altered the title-page, and pasted together

various leaves of a popular Scotch novel, they thus successfully imposed upon the General the task of reading the same matter three times over—by this means creating in his mind an impression, not very far from the truth, that all the works of the Great Unknown bore a very close similitude to each other; an opinion which the General is said to maintain very strenuously unto this hour. Of all the characters in the busy scene of life which can excite a pleasurable sensation in the close observer of men and manners, is your gay ancient, whether male or female; the sprightly Evergreens of society, whose buoyant spirits outlive the fiery course of youth, while their playful leafage buds forth in advanced life with all the freshness, fragrance, and vigour of the more youthful plants. Such," said Eglantine, "is the old beau yonder, my friend Curtis, who is here quaintly denominated the Everlasting.

ENLARGE TO FULL SIZE

Page315

The jolly Bacchanalian, who accompanies him in his morning's lounge, is Charles Davis, a right jolly fellow, universally respected, although, it must be admitted, he is a *party* man, since in a show of hands, Charles must always, unfortunately, be on one side." A promenade up and down the room, and a visit to the goddess Hygeia, for such, I suppose, the ancient matron who dispenses the healing draught must be designated, gave us an opportunity of observing the fresh arrivals, among whom we had the pleasure to meet with an old naval officer, known to Heartly, a victim to the gout, wheeled about in a chair, expecting, to use his own sea phrase, to go to pieces every minute, but yet full of spirits as an admiral's grog bottle, as fond of a good joke as a fresh-caught reefer, and as entertaining as the surgeon's mate, or the chaplain of the fleet. "I say, Master Heavtly," said the captain, "the frigate yonder with the brown breast works, and she with the pink facings, look something like privateers. My forelights, Master Heartly, but if I had the use of my under works, I should be for firing a little grape shot across their

quarters to see if I could not bring them into action!" "And I will answer for it, they would not show any objection to lie alongside of you, captain," said Eglantine, "while you had got a shot left in your locker. Mere Cyprian traders, captain, from the Gulf of Venus, engaged in gudgeon bawling, or on the lookout for flat fish. The little craft, with the black top, is called the Throgmorton; and the one alongside the Ormsby of Berkeley is the Pretty Lacy, a prime frigate, and quite new in the service. If you have a mind to sail up the Straits of Cytherea, captain, I can answer for it we shall fall in with a whole fleet of these light vessels, the two Sisters; the Emery's; the yawl, Thomson; that lively little cutter, Jackson; the transports, King and Hill; the lugger, Lewis; and the country ship, the Lady Grosvenor, all well found, and ready for service, and only waiting to be well manned. A good story is just now afloat about the Lacy, who, being recently taken up for private trade by Commodore Bowen, was discovered to be sailing under false colours. It appears, that during the commander's absence a dashing enemy, the captain of the Hussar, a man of war, had entered the cabin privately, and having satisfied himself of the state of the vessel, took an opportunity to overhaul the ship's stores, when drinking rather freely of some choice love-age, a cordial kept expressly for the commodore's own use, he was unexpectedly surprised by the return of the old commander on board; and in making his escape through the cabin window into a boat he had in waiting, unfortunately left his time-piece and topmast behind. This circumstance is said to have put the commodore out of conceit with his little frigate, who has since been paid off', and is now chartered for general purposes." At this little episode of a well-known Bath story, the captain laughed heartily, and Transit was so much amused thereat, that on coming in contact with the commodore and the captain in our perambulations, he furnished the accompanying sketch of that very ludicrous scene, under the head of

The Bath beau and frail belle,
Or Mr. B——and Miss L——-.

An excellent band of music, which continues to play from one to half past three o'clock every day during the season, greatly increases the attraction to the rooms, and also adds much to the cheerfulness and gaiety of the scene. We had now nearly exhausted our materials for observation; and having, to use Transit's phrase, booked every thing worthy of note, taken each of us a glass of the Bath water, although I confess not swallowing it without some qualmish apprehensions from the recollection of the four lines in Anstey's Bath Guide.

"They say it is right that for every glass,
A tune you should take that the water may pass;
So while little Tabby was washing her rump,
The ladies kept drinking it out of the pump."

A very pleasant piece of satire, but somewhat, as I understand, at the expense of truth, since the well from which the water in the pump room is obtained is many feet below the one that supplies the baths; situation certainly assists the view of the satirist. I ought not to pass over here the story told us by our old friend Blackstrap, respecting the first discovery of these waters by Bladud, the son of Lud Hudibras, king of Britain; a fabulous tale, which, for the benefit of the city all true Bathonians are taught to lisp with their horn book, and believe with their creed, as genuine orthodox; and on which subject my friend Horace furnished the following impromptu.

Oh, Lud! oh, Lud! that hogs and mud{1}
Should rival sage M.D.'s;
And hot water, in this quarter,
Cure each foul disease.

"Throw physic to the dogs, I'll have none on't,'" said Horace: "if hot water can effect such wonders, why, a plague on all the doctors! Let a man be content to distil his medicine fresh from his own teakettle, or make his washing copper serve the double purpose for domestic uses and a medicated bath.

'But what is surprising, no mortal e'er view'd
Any one of the physical gentlemen stew'd.
  From the day that King Bladud first found out these

bogs,

And thought them so good for himself and his hogs,
Not one of the faculty ever has tried
These excellent waters to cure his own hide;
Though many a skilful and learned physician,
With candour, good sense, and profound erudition,
Obliges the world with the fruits of his brain,
Their nature and hidden effects to explain.'

1 See the fabulous account alluded to in Warner's History of Bath, where Bladud is represented to have discovered the properties of the warm springs at Beechen Wood Swainswick, by observing the hogs to wallow in the mud that was impregnated therewith, and thus to have derived the knowledge of a cure for 'tis leprous affection.

But *allons*, lads," said Horace, "we are here to follow the fashion, and indulge in all the eccentricities of the place; to note the follies of the time, and depict the chief actors, without making any personal sacrifice to correct the evil. Our satire will do more to remove old prejudices when it appears in print, aided by Bob Transit's pencil, than all our reasonings upon the spot can hope to effect, although we followed Mr. M'Culloch's economy, and lectured upon decency from break of day to setting sun. In quitting the pump-room we must not, however, omit to notice the statue of Beau Nash, before which Transit appears, in *propria personæ*, sketching off the marble memento, without condescending to notice the busts of Pope and Newton, which fill situations on each side; a circumstance which in other times produced the following epigram from the pen of the witty earl of Chesterfield.

"The statue plac'd the busts between
Adds satire to the strength;
Wisdom and Wit are little seen,
But Folly at full length."

Such is the attachment of man to the recollections of any thing associated with pleasure, that it is questionable if the memory of old Joe Miller is not held in higher estimation by the moderns than that of

Father Luther, the reformer; and while the numerous amusing anecdotes in circulation tend to keep alive the fame of Nash, it is not surprising that the merry pay court to his statue, being in his own dominions, before they bow at the classic shrine of Pope, or bend in awful admiration beneath the bust of the greatest of philosophers.

"'Twas said of old, deny it now who can,
The only laughing animal is man."

And we are about to present the reader with a right merry scene, one, too, if he has any fun in his composition, or loves a good joke, must warm the cockles of his heart. Who would ever have thought, in these moralizing times, when the puritans are raising conventicles in every town and village, and the cant of vice societies has spread itself over the land, that in one of our most celebrated places of fashionable resort, there should be found baths where the young and the old, the beauteous female and the gay spark, are all indiscriminately permitted to enjoy the luxurious pleasure together. That such is the case in Bath no one who has recently participated in the pleasures of immersion will dispute, and in order to perpetuate that gratification, Bob Transit has here faithfully delineated the scene which occurred upon our entering the King's Bath, through the opening from the Queen's, where, to our great amusement and delight, we found ourselves surrounded by many a sportive nymph, whose beauteous form was partially hidden by the loose flannel gown, it is true; but now and then the action of the water, produced by the continued movements of a number of persons all bathing at the same time, discovered charms, the which to have caught a glimpse of in any other situation might have proved of dangerous consequences to the fair possessors. The baths, it must be admitted, are delightful, both from their great extent and their peculiar properties, as, on entering from the Queen's Bath you may enjoy the water at from 90 to 96 degrees, or requiring more heat have only to walk forward, through the archway, to obtain a temperature of 116. The first appearance of old Blackstrap's visage floating along the surface of the water, like the grog-blossomed trunk of the ancient Bardolph, bound up in a Welsh wig, was truly ludicrous, and produced such an unexpected burst of laughter from my

merry companions, that I feared some of the fair Naiads would have fainted in the waters from fright, and then Heaven help them, for decency would have prevented our rushing to their assistance. The notices to prevent gentlemen from swimming in the baths are, in my opinion, so many inducements or suggestions for every young visitor to attempt it. Among our mad wags, Horace Eglantine was more than once remonstrated with by the old bathing women for indulging in this pleasure, to the great alarm of the ladies, who, crowding together in one corner with their aged attendants, appeared to be in a high state of apprehension lest the loose flannel covering that guards frail mortality upon these occasions should be drawn aside, and discover nature in all her pristine purity—an accident that had very nearly happened to myself, when, in endeavouring to turn round quickly, I found the water had disencumbered my frame of the yellow bathing robe, which floated on the surface behind me.

ENLARGE TO FULL SIZE

Page321

One circumstance which made our party more conspicuous, was, the rejection of the Welsh wigs, which not all the entreaties of the attendant could induce any of the wags to wear. The young ladies disfigure themselves by wearing the black bonnets of the bathing women; but spite of this masquerading in the water, their lovely countenances and soul-subduing eyes, create sensations that will be more easily conceived than prudently described. A certain facetious writer, who has published his "Walks through Bath," alluding to this practice, speaks of it as having been prohibited in the fifteenth century. How long such prohibition, if it ever took place, continued, it is not for me to know; but if the Bath peripatetic historian had made it his business to have seen what he has described, he would have found, that the practice of bathing males and

females together in *puris naturalibus* was still continued in high perfection, in spite of the puritans, the Vice Society, or the prohibition of Bishop Beckyngton.{2}

2 It appears, that about the middle of the fifteenth century it was the custom for males and females to bathe together, in puris naturalibus, which was at length prohibited by Bishop Beckyngton, who ordered, by way of distinction, the wearing of breeches and petticoats; this indecency was suppressed, after considerable difficulty, at the end of the sixteenth century, (quere, what indecency does our author of the "Walks through Bath" mean? the incumbrance of the breeches and petticoats, we must imagine). It also seems, that about 1700 it was the fashion for both sexes to bathe together indiscriminately, and the ladies used to decorate their heads with all the advantages of dress, as a mode of attracting attention and heightening their charms. The husband of a lady in one of the baths, in company with Beau Nash, was so much enraptured with the appearance of his wife, that he very im-prudently observed, "she looked like an angel, and he wished to be with her." Nash immediately seized him by the collar, and threw him into the bath; this circumstance produced a duel, and Nash was wounded in his right arm: it however had the good effect of establishing the reputation of Nash, who shortly after became master of the ceremonies.

"You cannot conceive what a number of ladies
Were wash'd in the water the same as our maid is:
How the ladies did giggle and set up their clacks
All the while an old woman was rubbing their backs;
Oh! 'twas pretty to see them all put on their flannels,
And then take the water, like so many spaniels;
And though all the while it grew hotter and hotter,
They swam just as if they were hunting an otter.
'Twas a glorious sight to behold the fair sex
All wading with gentlemen up to their necks,
And view them so prettily tumble and sprawl
In a great smoking kettle as big as our hall;

```
And to-day many persons of rank and condition
Were boil'd, by command of an able physician."
```

From the baths we migrated to the grand promenade of fashion, Milsom Street, not forgetting to take a survey of the old Abbey Church, which, as a monument of architectural grandeur without, and of dread monition within, is a building worthy the attention of the antiquarian and the philosopher; while perpetuating the remembrance of many a cherished name to worth, to science, and to virtue dear, the artist and the amateur may derive much gratification from examining the many excellent pieces of sculpture with which the Abbey abounds. But for us, gay in disposition, and scarcely allowing ourselves time for reflection, such a scene had few charms, unless, indeed, the English Spy could have separated himself from the buoyant spirits with which he was attended, and then, wrapt in the gloom of the surrounding scene, and given up to serious contemplation, the emblems of mortality which decorate the gothic pile might have conjured up in his mind's eye the forms of many a departed spirit, of the blest shades of long-lost parents and of social friends, of those who, living, lent a lustre to the arts, of witty madcaps frost-bitten by the sable tyrant Death, nipped in the very bud of youth, while yet the sparkling jest was ripe upon the merry lip, and the ruddy glow of health upon the cheek gave earnest of a lengthened life———But, soft! methinks I hear my reader exclaim, "How now, madcap, moralizing Mr. Spy? art thou, too, bitten by the desire to philosophize, thou, 'the very Spy o' the time,' the merry buoyant rogue who has laughed all serious scenes to scorn, and riding over hill, and dale, and verdant plain upon thy fiery courser, fleet as the winds, collecting the cream of comicalities, and, beshrew thee, witling, plucking the brightest flowers that bloom in the road of pleasure to give thy merry garland's perfume, and deck thy page withal, art thou growing serious? Then is doomsday near; and poor, deserted, care-worn man left unprotected to the tempest's rage!" Not so, good reader, we are still the same merry, thoughtless, laughing, buoyant sprite that thou hast known us for the last two years; but the archer cannot always keep his bow upon the stretching point; so there are scenes, and times, and fancies produced by

recollective circumstances and objects, which create strange conceits even in the light-hearted bosom of the English Spy. Such was the train of reflections which rushed in voluntarily upon my mind as I noted down the passing events of the day, a practice usual with me when, retiring from the busy hum of men, I seek the retirement of my chamber to commit my thoughts to paper. I had recently passed through the depository where rest the remains of a tender mother—had sought the spot, unnoticed by my light-hearted companions, and having bedewed with tears of gratitude her humble grave, gave vent to my feelings, by the following tribute to a parent's worth.

MY MOTHER'S GRAVE.

Beneath yon ivy-mantled wall,
In a lone corner, where the earth
Presents a rising green mound, all
Of her who lov'd and gave me birth

Lies buried deep. No trophied stone,
Or graven verse denotes the spot:
Her worth her epitaph alone,
The green-sward grave her humble lot.

How silent sleep the virtuous dead!
For them few sculptured honours rise,
No marble tablet here to spread
A fame—their every act implies.

No mockery here, nor herald's shield,
To glitter o'er a bed of clay;
But snow-drops and fresh violets yield
A tribute to worth pass'd away.

Tread lightly, ye who love or know
En life's young road a parent's worth,
Who yet are strangers to the woe
Of losing those who gave you birth,

Who cherish'd, fondled, fed, and taught
From infancy to manhood's pride,
Directing every opening thought,
Teaching how Reason's power should guide.

Ye rich and bold, ye grave and gay,
Ye mightiest of the sons of men,
Wealth, honours, fame shall sink away,
And all be equalized again;

Save what the sculptor may pourtray,
And any tyrant, fool, or knave
Who has the wealth, may in that way
His name from dull oblivion save;

That is, he may perpetuate
His worthlessness, his frauds, and crimes;
No matter what his tomb relate,
His character lives with the times.

Shade of my parent! couldst thou hear
The voice of him, thine only child,
Implore thy loss with filial tear,
And deck thy grave with sonnets wild,

'Twould all thy troubles past repay,
Thy anxious cares, thy hopes and fears,
To find as time stole life away,
Thy mem'ry brighten'd with his years.

Yes, sacred shade! while mem'ry guides
This ever wild eccentric brain,
While reason holds or virtue chides,
Still will I pour the filial strain.

"What," said my old friend Horace Eglantine, after reading this tribute to parental worth, "Bernard Blackmantle moralizing; our Spy turned monody-maker, writing epitaphs, and elegies, and odes to spirits that

have no corporal substance, when there are so many living subjects yet left for his merrier muse to dwell upon? Come, old fellow, shake off this lethargy of the mind, this vision of past miseries, and prepare for present merriments.

'The streets begin to fill, the motley throng
To see and to be seen, now trip along;
Some lounge in the bazaars, while others meet
To take a turn or two in Milsom-street;
Some eight or ten round Mirvan's shop remain,
To stare at those who gladly stare again.'

In short, my dear fellow, we are all waiting your company to join the swells in Milsom-street; where, I have no doubt, you will find many a star of fashion, whose eccentricities you will think justly entitles him to a niche in your gallery of living characters.

'Lords of the creation, who, half awake,
Adorn themselves their daily lounge to take;
Each lordly man his taper waist displays,
Combs his sweet locks, and laces on his stays,
Ties on his starch'd cravat with nicest care,
And then steps forth to petrify the fair.'

Such, for instance, is that roué yonder, the very prince of Bath fops, Handsome Jack, whose vanity induces him to assert that his eyebrows are worth one hundred per annum to any young fellow in pursuit of a fortune: it should, however, be admitted, that his gentlemanly manners and great good-nature more than compensate for any little detractions on the score of self-conceit. What the son is, the father was in earlier life; and the old beau is not a little gratified to observe the estimation in which his son is held by the fair sex, on account of his attractive person and still more prepossessing manners.

"You have heard of Peagreen Hayne's exploits at Burdrop Park; and here comes the proprietor of the place, honest Tom Calley, as jovial a true-hearted English gentleman as ever followed a pack of foxhounds, or gloried in preserving and promoting the old English hospitalities of the table: circumstances, the result of some hard runs and long odds, have a

little impaired the family exchequer; however the good wishes of all who know him attend him in adversity. But the clouds which have for a time obstructed his sunshine of mirth are fast wearing away, and when he shall return to the enjoyment of his patrimonial acres, he will be sure to meet a joyous welcome from all surrounding him, accompanied with the heartfelt congratulations of those to whom in Bath he is particularly endeared. The smart little fellow driving by in his cabriolet is beau Burgess, a single star, and one of no mean attraction among the fair spinsters, who can estimate the merits and admire the refulgence of ten thousand sovereign attendant satellites.

ENLARGE TO FULL SIZE

Page327

Bath is, perhaps, now the only place in the kingdom where there is yet to be found a four-in-hand club; a society of gentlemen Jehus, who formerly in London cut no inconsiderable figure in the annals of fashion, and who, according to our mode of estimating the amusements of the gay world, were very unfairly satirized, seeing, that with the pursuit of pleasure was combined the additional employment of a large number of mechanics, and a stimulus given, not only to the improvement of a noble breed of horses, but to the acquirement of a knowledge, the perfection of which in the metropolis is particularly necessary to the existence of the peripatetic pleasures of his majesty's subjects. Here we have Colonel Allen, who puts along a good team in very prime style, and having lately been spliced to a good fortune, is a perfect master in the *manage*-ment of the bit.

"Squire Richards is, also, by no means a contemptible knight of the ribbons, only he sometimes measures his distance a little too closely; a practice, which if he does not improve upon, may some day, in turning a corner, not bring him off right. 'A follower of the Buxton school and a true knight of the throng,' says old Tom Whipcord in the Annals of Sporting, 'must not expect to drive four high-bred horses well with an

opera-glass stuck in his right ogle.' A bit of good advice that will not only benefit the squire if he attends to it, but perhaps save the lives of one or two of the Bath pedestrians. The leader of the club, who, by way of distinction from his namesake the colonel, is designated Scotch Allen, is really a noble whip, putting along four horses in first-rate style, all brought well up to their work, and running together as close and as regular as the wheels of his carriage. The comical little character upon the strawberry pony is the Bath Adonis; a fine specimen of the Irish antique, illustrated with a beautiful brogue,and emblazoned with a gold coat of arms. The amours of old B————-in Bath would very well fill a volume of themselves; but the anecdote I gave you in the Pump-room of little Lacy and her paramour will be sufficient to show you in what estimation he is held by the ladies." "Give me leave to introduce you to a Raer fellow," said Heartly; "an old friend of mine, who has all his lifetime been a wholesale dealer in choice spirits, and having now bottled off enough for the remainder of his life, is come to spend the evening of his days in Bath among the bon vivants of the elegant city, enjoying the tit bits of pleasure, and courting the sweet society of the pretty girls. By heavens! boys, we shall be found out, and you, Mr. Spy, will be the ruin of us all, for here comes our old sporting acquaintance, Charles Bannatyne, with his Jackall at his heels, accompanied by that mad wag Oemsby, the Cheltenham amateur of fashion, and the gallant little Lieutenant Valombre, who having formerly made a rich capture of Spanish dollars, is perhaps upon the look-out here for a frigate well-laden with English specie, in order to sail in consort, and cruize off the straits of independence for life. Well, success attend him," said Heartly; "for he well deserves a good word whether at sea or on shore. The military-looking gentleman yonder, who is in close conversation with that rough diamond, Ellis, once a London attorney, is the highly-respected Colonel Fitzgerald, whom our friend Transit formerly caricatured under the cognomen of Colonel Saunter, a good-humoured joke, with which he is by no means displeased himself." "But, my dear fellows," said Transit, "if we remain fixed to this spot much longer, we shall have the eyes of all the *beau monde* upon us, and stand a chance of

being pointed at for the rest of the time that we remain in Bath." A piece of advice that was not wholly unnecessary, for being personally known to a few of the sporting characters, our visit to the elegant city had spread like wildfire, and on our appearance in Milsom-street, a very general desire was expressed by the beaux to have a sight of the English Spy and his friend Transit, by whose joint labours they anticipated they might hereafter live to fame.

One of the most remarkable personages of the old school still left to Bath is the celebrated Captain Mathews, the author of "a short Treatise on Whist," and the same gentleman who at an early period of life contested with the late R. B. Sheridan, upon Lansdowne, for the fair hand of the beauteous Miss Lindly, the lady to whom the wit was afterwards married. In this way did my pleasant friends Heartly and Eglantine continue to furnish me with brief notices of the most attractive of the stars of fashion who usually lounge away the mornings in Milsom-street, exchanging the familiar nod and "How d'ye do?" and holding sweet discourse among their fragrant selves upon the pursuits of the *haute classe*, the merits of the last new novel, or the fortune of the last unmarried feminine arrival. To these may be added reminiscences of the last night's card-table and remarks upon the Balls at the rooms; for

> "Two musical parties to Bladud belong,
> To delight the old rooms and the upper;
> One gives to the ladies a supper, no song,
> And the other a song and no supper."

"The *jolie* dame to the right," said Horace, "is the mother of England's best friend, the Secretary for the Foreign Department, George Canning, a man to whom we are all indebted for the amalgamation of party, and the salvation of the country The clerical who follows immediately behind Mrs. Hunn is a reverend gentleman whose daughters both recently eloped from his house on the same morning attended by favoured lovers to bind with sacred wreaths their happy destinies at the shrine of Hymen." We had now reached the bottom of the street again, after having made at least a dozen promenades to and fro, and were on the point of retiring to our hotel to dress for dinner, when Heartly directed

my attention to a dashing roue, who, dressed in the extreme of superlative style, was accompanied by a beautiful piece of fair simplicity in the garb of a Puritan. "That," said my friend, "is the beautiful Miss D**T—one of the faithful, whom the dashing Count L***c***t has recently induced to say ay for life: thus gaining a double prize of no mean importance by one stroke of good luck—a fine girl and a fine fortune into the bargain." I must not forget our friend the consulting surgeon H***ks, or omit to notice that in Bath the faculty are all distinguished by some peculiar title of this sort, as, the digestive Physician, the practical Apothecary, and the operative Chemist; a piece of quackery not very creditable to their acknowledged skill and general respectability. At dinner we were again joined by our facetious friend Blackstrap, who, to use his own phraseology, having made "a good morning's work of it," hoped he might be permitted to make one among us, a request with which we were most willing to comply. In the evening, after the bottle had circulated freely, some of our party proposed a visit to the theatre, but as Bath theatricals could not be expected to afford much amusement to London frequenters of the theatres royal, Transit suggested our sallying forth for a spree;" for," said he, "I have not yet booked a bit of true life since I have been in Bath. The pump-room, the bathers, and the swells in Milsom-street, are all very well for the lovers of elegant life; but our sporting friends and old college chums will expect to see a genuine touch or two of the broad humour of Bath—something suburban and funny. Cannot you introduce us to any thing pleasant of this sort!" said Transit, addressing Blackstrap: "perhaps give us a sight of the interior of a snug convent, or show us where the Bath wonderfuls resort to carouse and sing away their cares."—"It is some years since," said Blackstrap, "that in the company of a few merry wags, I paid a visit to the Buff-club in Avon-street: but as you, gentlemen, appear disposed for a little fun, if you will pledge yourselves to be directed by me, I will undertake to introduce you to a scene far exceeding in profligacy and dissipation the most florid picture which our friend Transit has yet furnished of the back settlements in the Holy-land." With this understanding, and with no little degree of anticipatory pleasure, did our merry group set forth to

take a survey of the interior of the long room at the Pig and Whistle in Avon-street. Of the origin of this sign, Blackstrap gave us a very humorous anecdote: the house was formerly, it would appear, known by the sign of the Crown and Thistle, and was at that time the resort of the Irish Traders who visited Bath to dispose of their linens. One of these Emeralders having lost his way, and being unable to recollect either the name of the street or the sign of his inn, thus addressed a countryman whom he accidentally met: "Sure I've quite forgotten the sign of my inn." "Be after mentioning something like it, my jewel," said his friend. "Sure it's very like the Pig and Whistle," replied the enquirer. "By the powers, so it is:—the Crown and Thistle, you mean;" and from this mistake of the Emeralder, the house has ever since been so designated. Upon our visit to this scene of uproarious mirth, we found it frequented by the lowest and most depraved characters in society; the mendicants, and miserable of the female sex, who, lost to every sense of shame or decency, assemble here to indulge in profligacies, the full description of which must not stain the pages of the English Spy.

ENLARGE TO FULL SIZE

Page332

As a scene of low life, my friend Transit has done it ample justice, where the portraits of Lady Grosvenor as one of the Cyprian frequenters is designated, the Toad in a Hole, and Lucy the Fair, will be easily recognised. A gallon of gin for the ladies, and a liberal distribution of beer and tobacco for the males, made us very welcome guests, and insured us, during our short stay, at least from personal interruption. It may be asked why such a house is licensed by the magistracy; but when it is known that characters of this sort will always be found in well-populated places, and that the doors are regularly closed at eleven o'clock, it is perhaps thought to be a measure of prudence to let them continue to assemble in an obscure part of the suburbs, where they

congregate together under the vigilant eye of the police, instead of being driven abroad to seek fresh places of resort, and by this means increase the evils of society.

The next morning saw my friend Transit and myself again prepared to separate from our friends Heartly and Eglantine, on our way to Worcester, where we had promised to pay a visit to old Crony on our road back to London. Reader, if our sketches in Bath are somewhat brief, remember we are ever on the wing in search of novelty, and are not disposed to stay one day longer in any place than it affords fresh food for pen and pencil In the characters we have sketched we disclaim any thought of personal offence; eccentrics are public property, and must not object to appear in print, seeing that they are in the journey through life allowed to ride a free horse, without that curb which generally restrains the conduct of others But I must here take my farewell of the elegant city of that attractive spot of which Bayley justly sings

"In this auspicious region all mankind
(Whate'er their taste) congenial joys may find;
Here monied men may pass for men of worth;
And wealthy Cits may hide plebeian birth.
Here men devoid of cash may live with ease,
Appear genteel, and pass for what they please."

WAGGERIES AT WORCESTER.

The meeting with an old friend at Worcester induced us to domicile there for the space of three days, during which time I will not say we were laid up with Lavender, but certainly near enough to scent it. Most of our Worcester acquaintance will however understand what is meant by this allusion to one of the pleasantest fellows that ever commanded the uncivil customers in the Castle, since the time of the civil wars. The city is perhaps as quiet a dull place as may be found within his majesty's dominions, where a cannon-ball might be fired down the principal street at noon-day without killing more than the ruby-nosed incumbent of a fat benefice, a superannuated tradesman, or a manufacturer of crockery-ware. No stranger should, however, pass through the place without visiting the extensive China works of Messrs. Flight and Barr, to which the greatest facility is given by the proprietors; and the visit must amply repay any admirer of the arts. A jovial evening, spent with our old friend of the Castle, had ended with a kind invitation from him to partake of a spread at his hotel on the following morning; but such was the apprehensions of Transit at the idea of entering this mansion of the desolate, from being troubled with certain qualmish remembrances of the previous night's debauch, that not all my intreaties, nor the repeated messages of the worthy commander of the Castle, could bring our friend Transit to book.

To those who know my friend John, and there are few of any respectability who do not both know and admire him, his facetious talent will require but little introduction. Lavender is what a man of the world, whose business it has been to watch over the interests of society, should be, superior in education and in mind, to any one I ever met with filling a similar situation: the governor of the Castle is a companion for a lord, or to suit the purposes of justice, instantly metamorphosed into an out and

outer, a regular knowing cove, whose knowledge of flash and the cant and slang used by the dissolute is considered to be superior to that of any public officer. A specimen of this will be found in the following note, which a huge fellow of a turnkey brought to my bedside, and then apologised for disturbing me, by pleading the governor's instructions.

"QUEER COVES,

"I hope you have left your dabs,{1} and nobs,{2} all right: perhaps prime legs{3} is queer in the oration-box{4} from a too frequent use of the steamer{5} last darky.{6} I make this fakement{7} to let you know I and morning spread are waiting.

Steel-hotel, Yours, &c.

June 9, 1825. LOCKIT."

ENLARGE TO FULL SIZE

Page335

My readers will very readily conceive that with such a companion we were not long in tracing out what little of true life was to be found in Worcester, and certainly one of the pleasantest scenes in which we participated was a visit to the Subscription Bowling Alley, where, in the summer time, the most respectable of the inhabitants of Worcester meet every evening

1 Beds.

2 Heads.

3 Cruikshank..

4 Cranium.

5 A pipe.

6 Night.

7 A note.

for recreation; and a right pleasant company we found them. The Caleb Quotem of the society, Dr. Davis, united in one person all the acquirements of the great original: he not only keeps the time of the city, but keeps all the musicians of the place in time; regulates the watch and the watches, and plays a solo *à la Dragonetti* upon the double bass. Sam Swan is another choice spirit, who sings a good chant, lives well respected, and sails down the stream of time as pleasantly as if he was indeed a royal bird.

An old Burdettite, Will Shunk, recognised in us a partizan of the government candidate at one of the Westminster Elections: "But, sir," said Will, "politics and I have nearly parted; for you must know, I am tolerably *well breeched*, and can fairly say I am hand and glove with all the first nobility in the kingdom." A truth to which Captain Corls readily assented by explaining that Master William Shunk was a first-rate glover, and considered worth a plum at least: "in short, sir," said the captain, "he is a nabob here, and brings to my mind some of the eastern princes with whom I have met during my Campaigns in the East." The very mention of which exploit induced our friend the governor to tip us the office, and the joke was well humoured until silver Powell, who they say comes from Norfolk, interrupted our travels in India, with, "Captain, can't you see that ere Athlantic fellow, the governor, is making fun of you to amuse his London friends." A hint that appeared to strike the Captain very forcibly, for it struck him dumb. A good-humoured contest between honest Joe Shelton, and Probert the school-master, elicited some very comical exposures in the way of recriminations. Joe, it would appear, is an artist in economy; and an old story about a lobster raised Joe's ire to its height, and produced the Lex taliones on Probert, whose habits of frugality wanted his competitor's humour to make them pass current. Transit, who had been amusing himself with sketching the characters,

had become acquainted with a sporting Reverend, whose taste for giblets had proved rather expensive; and who was most desirous of appearing in print: a favor merry Stephen Godson, the lawyer, requested might also be extended to him." "Ay," said John Portman, "and if you want a character for your foreground rich in colour, my phiz is much at your service; and here's George Brookes, the radical, to form a good dark object in the distance." In this way the evening passed off very pleasantly. Our friend had made the object of our visit to the Bowling Alley known to some few of his intimates, circumstance that I have no doubt rather operated to prevent a display of some of those good-humoured eccentricities with which it is not unfrequently marked. Upon my return to town, I received a farewell ode from my Spirit in the Clouds, evidently written under a misconception that the English Spy was about to withdraw himself for a time, from his sketches on men and manners, when in fact, although his labours will here close with the completion of a Second Volume, his friends will find, that he is most desirous of still engaging their attentions in a new form, attended not only by all his former associates, but uniting in his train the brightest and the merriest of all the choice Spirits of the Age.

BERNARD BLACKMANTLE TO HIS READERS.

To prevent a misconception, and do himself justice, the author of the English Spy feels it necessary to state, that in every instance the subjects for the Plates illustrating this work have been furnished by his pen, and not unfrequently, the rough ideas have first emanated from his own pencil; while he states this fact to prevent error, he is most anxious to acknowledge the great assistance he has derived from the inimitable humour and graphic skill in the execution of the designs, by his friend Robert Transit.

Page338

A SHORT ODE AT PARTING,

FROM HIS "SPIRIT IN THE CLOUDS"

TO THE ENGLISH SPY.

Prospero. Now does my project gather to a head;
My charms crack not; my spirits obey:
——How's the day?

Ariel. On the sixth hour; at which time, my lord,
You said our work should cease.

—Shakspkare's Tempest.

So fare you well; I have left you commands.
Ibid.—As you like it.

"'Tis true, and pity 'tis, 'tis true,"
That though on fairest winds we flew,
I in the clouds, beneath them you,
We still must parted be;

And that, e'en whilst the world still hung
On what you wrote, and what I sung,
Enamour'd of our double tongue,
Exits my Bernard B——-.

Well, all great actors must have pause,
When toiling in a patriot cause,
And ere another scene he draws,
New characters to cast,

Secure of having played his part,
As nature dictates, from the heart,
'Tis fair before another start,
He brush up from the last.

But how will humbugs of the age,
(I don't mean Mr. B.'s dull page,)
Crow that they scape satiric rage,
And get off in whole skins;

How will dramatic fools rejoice!
No more is heard great Bernard's voice,
And that, Heav'n knows, there is a choice,
Their flummery begins.{1}

But go your ways; it may be wise,
To let these puny, pestering flies
Buzz about people's ears and eyes,
A season or two longer;

There must be evil mixed with good,
A bottom to the clearest flood,
And let them stand where others stood,
Till shown who is the stronger.

Then, fortune-hunting squires of Bath,
Fine as the Burmese jewell'd Rath,{2}
Pray totter o'er your Bond-street path,
A respite short is yours.

1 I speak of would-be actors (male and female), vain and incompetent managers, flippant and unequal critics, puffed and translating authors, in short, of all before and behind the curtain who have injured, or may injuro, the legitimate drama. Let the theatres, like our trade, be free, and monopoly thrive not, and for their success the Spirit will ever pray; at present, it is "a mad world, my masters;" and I am afraid Mr. Rayner with his long and set speeches, as

chairman of Thomas's Shakspeareans, will not mend the matter. We note this to him in a friendly way; seeing, that he is a worthy fellow, and a clever Caliban, and really loves Shakspeare next to Newmarket and Doncaster.

2 The Burmese carriage is certainly a curious machine of Indian workmanship; but it is, we should fancy, mere outside—fine to look at, but a "rum one to go," like the be-togged, be-booted, be-spurred, furred, and cloaked half pays, fortune-hunters, gentlemen with the brogue, &c. that pay their court so assiduously to Mrs. Dolland's cheesecakes and Mr. Heaviside's quadrilles. But the world is often ornament caught.

> And daughter-selling mothers, still
> Lure the young boys, their eyes may kill,
> To wed your flesh and blood, and fill
> Your purse, and pay your tours.
>
> Ye London blacks, ye Cheltenham whites,{3}
> Ye turners of the days to nights,
> Make, make the most of all your flights,
> Whilst I and Bernard doze;
>
> But still be sure, by this same token,
> We still shall sleep with one eye open{4}
> And the first hour our nap is broken,
> You'll pay for't through the nose.

3 There are indeed "black spirits and white spirits" of all sorts and sizes, at all times and places; and a well-cut coat and a white satin dress are frequently equally dangerous glossings to frail and cunning mortality within. To be sure, we have brought down the "tainted wethers of dame Nature's flock" with the double barrels of wit and satire, right and left; but like mushrooms or mole-hills, they are a breeding, increasing species, and it will be only a real battue of sharp-shooting that will destroy the

coveys. Nevertheless,

"I have a rod in pickle,
 Their————————"

I declare the Spirit is growing earthly.

4 The Bristol men "down along," sleep, they say, in this way and hence is it rare for Jew or Gentile, Turk or infidel, to get the blind side of them. Some of them, however, have ere now been done brown, and that too by being too fanciful and neat in their likings. These tales of the sleepers of an eye are too good to be lost; they shall be bound up in the volume of my brain, hereafter to be perused with advantage. At present,

"I hear a voice thou canst not hear;
I see a hand thou canst not see;
It calls to me from yonder sphere,
It points to where my brethren be."

When that time comes, and come it must,
For what we say is not pie-crust,
To yield to every trifling thrust,
England shall see some fun.

Like "eagles in a dove-cote," we
Both rooks and pigeons will make flee,
Whilst every cashless company
Shall, laugh'd at, "cut and run."

Thus telling painted folly's sect,
What they're to look to, what expect,
My farewell words I now direct
To thee, migrating Spy;

That done, deliver'd all commands,
I man a cloud-ship with brave hands,

And sail to (quitting mortal lands),
My parlour in the sky.

Bernard, farewell; may rosy health
Companion'd by that cherub wealth,
Be constant to you, like myself,
Your own departing spirit.

Not that you're going to die; no, no,
You'll only take a nap or so;
But yet I wish you, 'fore you go,
These blessings to inherit.

Bernard, farewell; pray think of me,
When you ride earth, or cross the sea;
On both, you know, I've been with thee,
And sung some pretty things;

Great Spy, farewell; when next you rise
To make of fools a sacrifice,
You'll hear, down-cleaving from the skies,
The rustle of my wings.

January, 1826.

Bernard Blackmantle and Bob Transit,

Page343

THE END.

*** END OF THE PROJECT GUTENBERG EBOOK THE ENGLISH SPY ***
Updated editions will replace the previous one—the old editions will be renamed.
Creating the works from print editions not protected by U.S. copyright law means that no one owns a United States copyright in these works, so the Foundation (and you!) can copy and distribute it in the United States without permission and without paying copyright royalties. Special rules, set forth in the General Terms of Use part of this license, apply to copying and distributing Project Gutenberg™ electronic works to protect the PROJECT GUTENBERG™ concept and trademark. Project Gutenberg is a registered trademark, and may not be used if you charge for an eBook, except by following the terms of the trademark license, including paying royalties for use of the Project Gutenberg trademark. If you do not charge anything for copies of this eBook, complying with the trademark license is very easy. You may use this eBook for nearly any purpose such as creation of derivative works, reports, performances and research. Project Gutenberg eBooks may be modified and printed and given away—you may do practically ANYTHING in the United States with eBooks not protected by U.S. copyright law. Redistribution is subject to the trademark license, especially commercial redistribution.
START: FULL LICENSE

THE FULL PROJECT GUTENBERG™ LICENSE

PLEASE READ THIS BEFORE YOU DISTRIBUTE OR USE THIS WORK

To protect the Project Gutenberg™ mission of promoting the free distribution of electronic works, by using or distributing this work (or any other work associated in any way with the phrase “Project Gutenberg”), you agree to comply with all the terms of the Full Project Gutenberg License available with this file or online at www.gutenberg.org/license.

Section 1. General Terms of Use and Redistributing Project Gutenberg electronic works

1.A. By reading or using any part of this Project Gutenberg electronic work, you indicate that you have read, understand, agree to and accept all the terms of this license and intellectual property (trademark/copyright) agreement. If you do not agree to abide by all the terms of this agreement, you must cease using and return or destroy all copies of Project Gutenberg electronic works in your possession. If you paid a fee for obtaining a copy of or access to a Project Gutenberg electronic work and you do not agree to be bound by the terms of this agreement, you may obtain a refund from the person or entity to whom you paid the fee as set forth in paragraph 1.E.8.

1.B. “Project Gutenberg” is a registered trademark. It may only be used on or associated in any way with an electronic work by people who agree to be bound by the terms of this agreement. There are a few things that you can do with most Project Gutenberg electronic works even without complying with the full terms of this agreement. See paragraph 1.C below. There are a lot of things you can do with Project Gutenberg electronic works if you follow the terms of this agreement and help preserve free future access to Project Gutenberg electronic works. See paragraph 1.E below.

1.C. The Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation (“the Foundation” or PGLAF), owns a compilation copyright in the collection of Project Gutenberg electronic works. Nearly all the individual works in the collection are in the public domain in the United States. If an individual work is unprotected by copyright law in the United States and you are located in the United States, we do not claim a right to prevent you from copying, distributing, performing, displaying or creating derivative works based on the work as long as all references to Project Gutenberg are removed. Of course, we hope that you will support the Project Gutenberg mission of promoting free access to electronic works by freely sharing Project Gutenberg works in compliance with the terms of this agreement for keeping the Project Gutenberg name associated with the work. You can easily comply with the terms of this agreement by keeping this work in the same format with its attached full Project Gutenberg License when you share it without charge with others.

1.D. The copyright laws of the place where you are located also govern what you can do with this work. Copyright laws in most countries are in a constant state of change. If you are outside the United States, check the laws of your country in addition to the terms of this agreement before downloading, copying, displaying, performing, distributing or creating derivative works based on this work or any other Project Gutenberg work. The Foundation makes no representations concerning the copyright status of any work in any country other than the United States.

1.E. Unless you have removed all references to Project Gutenberg:

1.E.1. The following sentence, with active links to, or other immediate access to, the full Project Gutenberg License must appear prominently whenever any copy of a Project Gutenberg work (any work on which the phrase “Project Gutenberg” appears, or with which the phrase “Project Gutenberg” is associated) is accessed, displayed, performed, viewed, copied or distributed:

> *This eBook is for the use of anyone anywhere in the United States and most other parts of the world at no cost and with almost no restrictions whatsoever. You may copy it, give it away or re-use it under the terms of the Project Gutenberg™ License included with this eBook or online at www.gutenberg.org. If you are not located in the United States, you will have to check the laws of the country where you are located before using this eBook.*

1.E.2. If an individual Project Gutenberg electronic work is derived from texts not protected by U.S. copyright law (does not contain a notice indicating that it is posted with permission of the copyright holder), the work can be copied and distributed to anyone in the United States without paying any fees or charges. If you are redistributing or providing access to a work with the phrase “Project Gutenberg” associated with or appearing on the work, you must comply either with the requirements of paragraphs 1.E.1 through 1.E.7 or obtain permission for the use of the work and the Project Gutenberg trademark as set forth in paragraphs 1.E.8 or 1.E.9.

1.E.3. If an individual Project Gutenberg electronic work is posted with the permission of the copyright holder, your use and distribution must comply with both paragraphs 1.E.1 through 1.E.7 and any additional terms imposed by the copyright holder. Additional terms will be linked to the Project Gutenberg License for all works posted with the permission of the copyright holder found at the beginning of this work.

1.E.4. Do not unlink or detach or remove the full Project Gutenberg License terms from this work, or any files containing a part of this work or any other work associated with Project Gutenberg.

1.E.5. Do not copy, display, perform, distribute or redistribute this electronic work, or any part of this electronic work, without prominently displaying the sentence set forth in paragraph 1.E.1 with active links or immediate access to the full terms of the Project Gutenberg License.

1.E.6. You may convert to and distribute this work in any binary, compressed, marked up, nonproprietary or proprietary form, including any word processing or hypertext form. However, if you provide access to or distribute copies of a Project Gutenberg work in a format other than “Plain Vanilla ASCII” or other format used in the official version posted on the official Project Gutenberg website (www.gutenberg.org), you must, at no additional cost, fee or expense to the user, provide a copy, a means of exporting a copy, or a means of obtaining a copy upon request, of the work in its original “Plain Vanilla ASCII” or other form. Any alternate format must include the full Project Gutenberg License as specified in paragraph 1.E.1.
1.E.7. Do not charge a fee for access to, viewing, displaying, performing, copying or distributing any Project Gutenberg works unless you comply with paragraph 1.E.8 or 1.E.9.
1.E.8. You may charge a reasonable fee for copies of or providing access to or distributing Project Gutenberg electronic works provided that:

- • You pay a royalty fee of 20% of the gross profits you derive from the use of Project Gutenberg works calculated using the method you already use to calculate your applicable taxes. The fee is owed to the owner of the Project Gutenberg trademark, but he has agreed to donate royalties under this paragraph to the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation. Royalty payments must be paid within 60 days following each date on which you prepare (or are legally required to prepare) your periodic tax returns. Royalty payments should be clearly marked as such and sent to the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation at the address specified in Section 4, “Information about donations to the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation.”
- • You provide a full refund of any money paid by a user who notifies you in writing (or by e-mail) within 30 days of receipt that s/he does not agree to the terms of the full Project Gutenberg™ License. You must require such a user to return or destroy all copies of the works possessed in a physical medium and discontinue all use of and all access to other copies of Project Gutenberg™ works.
- • You provide, in accordance with paragraph 1.F.3, a full refund of any money paid for a work or a replacement copy, if a defect in the electronic work is discovered and reported to you within 90 days of receipt of the work.
- • You comply with all other terms of this agreement for free distribution of Project Gutenberg™ works.

1.E.9. If you wish to charge a fee or distribute a Project Gutenberg™ electronic work or group of works on different terms than are set forth in this agreement, you must obtain permission in writing from the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation, the manager of the Project Gutenberg™ trademark. Contact the Foundation as set forth in Section 3 below.
1.F.

1.F.1. Project Gutenberg volunteers and employees expend considerable effort to identify, do copyright research on, transcribe and proofread works not protected by U.S. copyright law in creating the Project Gutenberg™ collection. Despite these efforts, Project Gutenberg™ electronic works, and the medium on which they may be stored, may contain “Defects,” such as, but not limited to, incomplete, inaccurate or corrupt data, transcription errors, a copyright or other intellectual property infringement, a defective or damaged disk or other medium, a computer virus, or computer codes that damage or cannot be read by your equipment.

1.F.2. LIMITED WARRANTY, DISCLAIMER OF DAMAGES - Except for the “Right of Replacement or Refund” described in paragraph 1.F.3, the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation, the owner of the Project Gutenberg™ trademark, and any other party distributing a Project Gutenberg™ electronic work under this agreement, disclaim all liability to you for damages, costs and expenses, including legal fees. YOU AGREE THAT YOU HAVE NO REMEDIES FOR NEGLIGENCE, STRICT LIABILITY, BREACH OF WARRANTY OR BREACH OF CONTRACT EXCEPT THOSE PROVIDED IN PARAGRAPH 1.F.3. YOU AGREE THAT THE FOUNDATION, THE TRADEMARK OWNER, AND ANY DISTRIBUTOR UNDER THIS AGREEMENT WILL NOT BE LIABLE TO YOU FOR ACTUAL, DIRECT, INDIRECT, CONSEQUENTIAL, PUNITIVE OR INCIDENTAL DAMAGES EVEN IF YOU GIVE NOTICE OF THE POSSIBILITY OF SUCH DAMAGE.

1.F.3. LIMITED RIGHT OF REPLACEMENT OR REFUND - If you discover a defect in this electronic work within 90 days of receiving it, you can receive a refund of the money (if any) you paid for it by sending a written explanation to the person you received the work from. If you received the work on a physical medium, you must return the medium with your written explanation. The person or entity that provided you with the defective work may elect to provide a replacement copy in lieu of a refund. If you received the work electronically, the person or entity providing it to you may choose to give you a second opportunity to receive the work electronically in lieu of a refund. If the second copy is also defective, you may demand a refund in writing without further opportunities to fix the problem.

1.F.4. Except for the limited right of replacement or refund set forth in paragraph 1.F.3, this work is provided to you ‘AS-IS’, WITH NO OTHER WARRANTIES OF ANY KIND, EXPRESS OR IMPLIED, INCLUDING BUT NOT LIMITED TO WARRANTIES OF MERCHANTABILITY OR FITNESS FOR ANY PURPOSE.

1.F.5. Some states do not allow disclaimers of certain implied warranties or the exclusion or limitation of certain types of damages. If any disclaimer or limitation set forth in this agreement violates the law of the state applicable to this agreement, the agreement shall be interpreted to make the maximum disclaimer or limitation permitted by the applicable state law. The invalidity or unenforceability of any provision of this agreement shall not void the remaining provisions.

1.F.6. INDEMNITY - You agree to indemnify and hold the Foundation, the trademark owner, any agent or employee of the Foundation, anyone providing copies of Project Gutenberg™ electronic works in accordance with this agreement, and any volunteers associated with the production, promotion and distribution of Project Gutenberg™ electronic works, harmless from all liability, costs and expenses, including legal fees, that arise directly or indirectly from any of the following which you do or cause to occur: (a) distribution of this or any Project Gutenberg work, (b) alteration, modification, or additions or deletions to any Project Gutenberg work, and (c) any Defect you cause.

Section 2. Information about the Mission of Project Gutenberg

Project Gutenberg is synonymous with the free distribution of electronic works in formats readable by the widest variety of computers including obsolete, old, middle-aged and new computers. It exists because of the efforts of hundreds of volunteers and donations from people in all walks of life.

Volunteers and financial support to provide volunteers with the assistance they need are critical to reaching Project Gutenberg's goals and ensuring that the Project Gutenberg collection will remain freely available for generations to come. In 2001, the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation was created to provide a secure and permanent future for Project Gutenberg and future generations. To learn more about the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation and how your efforts and donations can help, see Sections 3 and 4 and the Foundation information page at www.gutenberg.org.

Section 3. Information about the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation

The Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation is a non-profit 501(c)(3) educational corporation organized under the laws of the state of Mississippi and granted tax exempt status by the Internal Revenue Service. The Foundation's EIN or federal tax identification number is 64-6221541. Contributions to the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation are tax deductible to the full extent permitted by U.S. federal laws and your state's laws.

The Foundation's business office is located at 41 Watchung Plaza #516, Montclair NJ 07042, USA, +1 (862) 621-9288. Email contact links and up to date contact information can be found at the Foundation's website and official page at www.gutenberg.org/contact

Section 4. Information about Donations to the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation

Project Gutenberg™ depends upon and cannot survive without widespread public support and donations to carry out its mission of increasing the number of public domain and licensed works that can be freely distributed in machine-readable form accessible by the widest array of equipment including outdated equipment. Many small donations ($1 to $5,000) are particularly important to maintaining tax exempt status with the IRS.

The Foundation is committed to complying with the laws regulating charities and charitable donations in all 50 states of the United States. Compliance requirements are not uniform and it takes a considerable effort, much paperwork and many fees to meet

and keep up with these requirements. We do not solicit donations in locations where we have not received written confirmation of compliance. To SEND DONATIONS or determine the status of compliance for any particular state visit www.gutenberg.org/donate.

While we cannot and do not solicit contributions from states where we have not met the solicitation requirements, we know of no prohibition against accepting unsolicited donations from donors in such states who approach us with offers to donate.

International donations are gratefully accepted, but we cannot make any statements concerning tax treatment of donations received from outside the United States. U.S. laws alone swamp our small staff.

Please check the Project Gutenberg web pages for current donation methods and addresses. Donations are accepted in a number of other ways including checks, online payments and credit card donations. To donate, please visit: www.gutenberg.org/donate.

Section 5. General Information About Project Gutenberg electronic works

Professor Michael S. Hart was the originator of the Project Gutenberg concept of a library of electronic works that could be freely shared with anyone. For forty years, he produced and distributed Project Gutenberg eBooks with only a loose network of volunteer support.

Project Gutenberg eBooks are often created from several printed editions, all of which are confirmed as not protected by copyright in the U.S. unless a copyright notice is included. Thus, we do not necessarily keep eBooks in compliance with any particular paper edition.

Most people start at our website which has the main PG search facility: www.gutenberg.org.

This website includes information about Project Gutenberg, including how to make donations to the Project Gutenberg Literary Archive Foundation, how to help produce our new eBooks, and how to subscribe to our email newsletter to hear about new eBooks.