

POTTERY.

BY ANDREW AGNEW.

(FROM THE SUN.)

Such a man's Sunday starvation bill is as long and perplexing as it is impracticable.

Bills of all sorts I have read—
To say naught of those I've paid—
But a longer Bill than thine,
More perplexing line by line,
Never met these eyes of mine:
'T would do credit—(I'm no railer,
Andrew)—to a bond-street tailor.
Saints of old were wont to cry
That the passports to the sky
Were faith, hope, and charity;
But thy Bill of Bills St. Andrew,
Teaches us (what more can man do?)
That the passport to salvation
Is Sabatrical starvation.
By which I presume you mean
Heaven is only for the lean—
Cheerful creed 'd he but know it,
To each half-starved epic poet!
Prime Apostles of the age—
Now Johnson's* left the stage—
Born to scourge those horrid sinners
Who persist in Sabbath dinners,
And (what's worse) blaspheme their Maker
By encouraging the baker;
Hiring sinful hacks on Sundays,
Shirking Church on hot-cross-bun days,
And quadrilling—awful sight!—
Taro' the live long Christmas night—
Metlinks old Huntingdon I hear
Twang this summons in thy ear—
"Andrew, take the tub and preach,
"Stick to sinners like a leech,
"And to make thy task completer,
"Share it with thy ead St. Peter;†
"Never mind tho' sceptics rail,
"Boys tie crockers to thy tail,
"Wicked Cuck-shanks sketch thy pliz,
"Pamphlets' sneer or journals quiz;
"Thou by preaching up starvation
"To this stiff-necked generation,
"Preaching down all Sunday hacks,
"And the Atheists on their backs,
"Shall in time o'ercome each scruple,
"And the power of cant quadruple,
"For John Bull's sense is I see,
"Dying fast of atrophy;
"Speed then Andrew, thine endeavour,
"Hallelujah! Cant for ever."

Speed, ay speed the man of God,
Make this land the land of Nod;
That is set us all asleep
By thy speeches, heap on heap,
And thy Bill, whose every line
Is a drowsy anodyne;
Speed thee on, but hold, my lays
Are too poor to hymn thy praise;
Worth like thine, so all-commanding,
Passing human understanding,
Can alone be fitly sung!
In our Irving's unknown tongue.

*Johanna Southcote.
†Mr Peter, M.P. for Bodmin, Sir Andrew's fellow-laborer in the vineyard of cant.

A COTTAGE ANECDOTE.

(From real life.)

"Mother," cried little Ellen, "you are melancholy; and ought not, you know to be so, on your birthday night. For my part I make it a rule to be as merry as I can on my birthday, since if I were sad, I should think it a sign that I was going to be unlucky all the next year."
"My dear child," replied the widow Simmons, "may you never have occasion to be otherwise than happy on your birthday; but do you suppose, Ellen love that I am melancholy without a reason?"
"Don't know mother, I'm sure," returned the child doubtfully, "but what should make you so? we have pigs and cows, plenty of milk, eggs, butter bacon and cheese; potatoes, cabbages, sweet herbs sweet garden flowers, and fine fruit too to sell, Nancy is gone to a good service, and Willy to sea."
"True, Ellen, true and thank God for his bounty; but I could wish, dear that Willy your brother, my heart's darling Willy was not gone to sea."
"Why mother?" inquired the little girl, "he loves the great rolling sea, and is making money for himself and us by going upon it. Our king was a sailor once was he not? and his name is William; father too was a sailor and his name was William; so why should not our William go to sea? All Williams I am sure must be meant for sailors."
"Ellen dear, do you recollect your father?"
"No—yes—; was'nt he a tall man, with a handsome good-natured face, very red smiling lips, white teeth, and short black hair that curled all over his head?"
"Ay love ay."
"And didn't he wear a dark blue jacket, striped trowsers, and a black handkerchief tied loosely about his neck? O, I do recollect him now."
"Very perfectly Ellen, considering how young you were when you last saw him. And do you remember what day this is?"
"Why mother, your birthday to be sure."
"Ay, and the day too on which your poor father died."

"O, I did not remember that," replied the child doing her best to look sorrowful, in spite of the characteristic mirth and bon-homme of her pretty innocent face, "and I don't wonder to see you melancholy now since I dare say your birth-day never comes but what you think of my father."

"Never my dear child, and never will I believe, because there were circumstances connected with his death, too curious to allow it ever to escape my memory."

"Eh, mother, curious did you say? O, tell them, pray tell them to me, you know I do so love to hear curious things."

The widow smiled *malgre* her sorrow, when her little curious daughter enforced this request by creeping close up to her, lounging upon her lap, and peering with most irresistible bright cunning eyes into her face. "Well then Ellen," replied she "if I tell you, you are not to believe in ghosts, you know and to frighten yourself out of your senses as you lie alone at night, when may be I'm gone to drink tea with a neighbour: promise me that."

"No, mother—yes mother; and indeed, indeed, I'm not a bit frightened though I've heard over, and over again, old Sarah's ghost stories, which she is ready to take her Bible oath are all true."

"Old Sarah poor creature, she's childish my dear, and doesn't know what she's talking about."

"And I don't believe in ghosts, though I did see the carriage and horses, and coachman, all 'tis true as life, coming without their heads through the old haunted abbey gate, which nobody goes near if they can help it, night or day. So do tell me what happened when father died."

"It was an evening like this," said Mrs Simmons, "that my poor William was suddenly obliged to leave me, to join his ship then lying in Yarmouth Roads, I say suddenly for he had not expected to be called away for some days, but 'wind and tide wait for no man,' and these things always do come suddenly upon the sailor. I think I never before beheld your poor father so unwilling to depart, and fearing that his delay might injure his prospects, and even cause the ship to sail without him, I own I was exceedingly vexed. Again and would he just step to the garden gate return, kiss me, and say farewell once more; and again and again did I urge him even with tears to be more manly, and depart to his duty."

"Anne said he at last, 'because you desire it I will go but I fear that if I do, we two shall never meet again. I wish to heaven I could give up the sea, and come and live here as a small farmer, with you and the children.'"

"Dear William, said I, 'tis too late to think of such a thing now, when the ship is just going to sail, and you, one of her crew; and as to our never meeting more, you've often thought so when leaving home, and will lose this superstitious fear amongst your mess-mates. So Ellen, at last he went and then down I sat, and had a hearty cry for my heart misgave me your poor father in spite of what I had said to keep up his spirits. An hour had not elapsed ere William was back again; he had forgotten a pair of boots, or some such trifle and returned for them; when seeing how I took on for his loss, he threw himself into a chair protesting that he could not, and would not go. Hereupon we had nearly a violent quarrel since becoming quite vexed at my earnest entreaties that he would depart without further loss of time, he was pleased to say that he saw I wished to get rid of him. Poor fellow! I excused him, for I saw that he was quite overcome, and when at last he did in earnest go, saying in a mournful particular tone, as he shut the garden gate after him,

"Yes I will see you all again."

"I felt as if my heart must break. You my dear Ellen were then too young to remember now exactly, what happened four years ago, but the third day after your father's departure, the 6th of March was my birthday. Upon this occasion I gave you all as usual a little treat of tea and hot buttered buns, and determined that you should sit up with me rather longer than usual, both because of the day and that I also felt very lonesome and sad. It was did I say just such a night as this, if anything I think more stormy, and as I paused now and then between the stories I was telling you, to listen to the wind and rain shivering and shuddering beside our bright fire to hear them, there came on a sudden such an awful blast that I thought it would have fairly carried off the roof of the cottage; nothing remained at rest within it; doors slammed to and bounced open as if they were mad, the casements rattled till I fancied not a pane of glass was in them that would not be shivered to atoms, our house-dog (Carlo poor fellow your father's great pet), howled and barked as if he knew more than we did, and such a volume of smoke rolled down this chimney and filled the room, that we couldn't see each other's faces for it; Lord preserve us, said I what a night is this. And God Almighty be merciful to sailors! Hardly had these words passed my lips, Ellen, when near you door, there glimmered a faint hazy light through the smoke, whiter than that of the fire and in the midst of it I saw your

father standing dressed as usual, and smiling upon us, though looking melancholy as he did when we parted. You all saw him, for each of you called out, 'Look mother, look! there's father!' Bless me William said I, not thinking at the moment of what it was, and how came you here again so soon? He made no answer, how should he? for at that precise moment I lost him, and at that moment too ceased the dreadful hurly of the wintry storm. Then was I sensible that I had received a strange and awful visitation; and then in the midst of all bewildered thoughts did I clearly comprehend that I had lost for ever lost, my poor poor William!

"Alas! news arrived indeed, not many days afterwards of the wreck of his vessel, amongst many others, in the dreadful night and gale of the 9th of March, when he, and several of his unfortunate mess-mates perished. Have I not reason then Ellen, to be melancholy upon my birthday? Go dear, fetch your new book, and read to me, whilst I knit, for the wind moans drearily, the rain and hail fall heavily, and I don't like to hear them. May God preserve your darling brother, and may the Lord be merciful to all poor sailors on such a night as this."

CURE FOR GIN-DRINKING.—On Saturday week an Irish Chelsea pensioner, named James Kennedy, was charged before the Lord Mayor with having refused to assist his wife, in consequence of which she became chargeable to the parish-officers stated that the defendant used to leave with them the power to take up his pension, to indemnify them for the expense incurred by his wife.—He had however, thought proper of late to refuse to give any assistance and they were obliged to make him responsible before the Lord Mayor. They were they said rather surprised at hearing that the plea of the defendant was that he was not a married man. The defendant said it was true he had lived with the woman in Ireland, but that her fondness for whiskey had reduced him to the last extremity and he ran away from her. She however, found him out, and he was weak enough to be misled by her again; but as her love of gin was as great as her love of whiskey he was resolved to cut her for ever and the most effectual way to do that was to let her make out a living for herself.

The Lord Mayor—I suppose the poor woman is your wife?

Defendant—Not herself in troth. Nelly, jewel tell God's truth.

Mrs. Kennedy—Why, then Jim dear, ist you that axes me to sell my sowl? Oh, then it's you that knows we were married fast enough twenty years ago.

The Lord Mayor—Who married you?
Mrs. Kennedy—Who! the priest to be sure. He was Thady Devoe. I wish he was here to make Jim ashamed; but he couldn't come for he was drowned.

Defendant—Why then Nell Smith, drop all this humbugging; the devil a one of her was ever married to me no more nor your lordship. Do you think if she was my wife I'd have her in this way?

The Lord Mayor—She has been twenty years living with you as a wife at any rate, and it is cruel to cast her off now. I should never expect that in an old soldier.

Defendant—But she drinks me out of house and home. You might drink in the dark with her she would find the way to her mouth.

Mrs. Kennedy—Jim honey, I'll take my oath I will never touch a drop of gin again. Let us go home together, ayra.

Defendant—No, I mustn't be guilty of the sin any more. I've taken to serious thinking lately; so good bye to you Mrs. Smith.

The Lord Mayor—Now you belong to a warm hearted nation, and I am sure you will not desert this poor woman after having been her companion for so many years.—Come what will you give out of your pension to enable her to live? She has nobody else in the world to look to, and I know you are a good fellow.

Defendant—Why, then upon my sowl, you tell a man how to do his duty better nor any one I ever saw since I was born.

The Lord Mayor—You look just as if you'd settle upon her the half of your pension.

Defendant—Why then it's I that won't make a liar of my looks; but I'm afraid that I shall look like a fool after I have done it.

The Lord Mayor—Depend upon it you'll fell like an honest man.

The Irishman then gave the parish officers authority to receive the half of his pension. The pensioner had fought at Waterloo.

ORIGIN OF QUARANTINE.—Browning an Englishman, who wrote a book on preventing the plague, says that Quarantine was first established by the Venetians in the year 1487.

Le Bret in his *History of the Republic of Venice*, tells us that the grand Council of Venice in 1348, chose three prudent persons whom they ordered to investigate the best means for preserving health, and to lay the result of their inquiry before the Council.

The plague which broke out after, in 1478 rendered it necessary that some permanent means should be adopted, and on that ac-

count a peculiar magistracy of three noblemen was instituted in 1485. As these were not able to stop the progress of the disease, the painful office was imposed upon them in 1504, of imprisoning people against whom complaints might be lodged, and even of putting them to death; and in 1585, it was declared that from the determination of these judges there should be no appeal.—Their principal business was the inspection of the lazarettos erected in certain places at some distance from the city, and in which it was required that all persons and merchandise coming from suspected parts should continue a stated time fixed by the law. The captain of every ship was also obliged to show them the bill of health which he had brought along with him.

It is supposed that the space of forty days being chosen, originated from some superstitious notions with regard to Lent.

An Irish knight was married to the daughter of a noble lord, a connexion of which the knight was somewhat proud. Boasting of this union once to a friend, he observed that his lordship had paid him the highest compliment in his power. "He had seven daughters," said he, "and he gave me the *oudest*, and he told me, too, that if he had an *oudder* I should have her."

A witness under examination in an Irish court of justice, had just stated that he was suddenly roused from his slumbers by a blow on the head. "And how did you find yourself?" asked the examining counsel, "*Fast asleep*," replied the witness.

Doctor John Thomas, Bishop of Lincoln, was married four times. The motto, or poetry, on the wedding-ring, at his fourth marriage was—

"If I survive
I'll make them five."

A country Paper says, "The Corporation are about to build two free-schools, one of which is *finished*."

THE SHOWER BATH.

Quoth Dermont, (a lodger of Mrs. O'Flynn's),
"How queerly my shower bath feels!
"It shocks like a posse of needles and pins,
"Or a shoal of electrical eels."

Quoth Murphy, "then mend it, and I'll tell you how,
"Is all your own fault, my good fellow;
"I used to be bothered as you are, but now
"I'm wiser—I take my umbrella."

WORSE AND WORSE.

Doctor Perne happening to call a clergyman a fool, who was not totally undeserving of the title, but who resented the indignity so highly, that he threatened to complain to his diocesan, the Bishop of Ely. "Do so," says the Doctor, "and he will confound you."

CHANGING SIDES.—"I am come from Naples to support you," said one of the old opposition one night to a member on the ministerial benches. "From Naples!" was the ready rejoinder; "much farther—you are come from the other side of the House!"

RELIGION.—Men will wrangle for religion; write for it; fight for it; die for it; any thing but—*live* for it.

MATCH MAKING.—Lord Chesterfield being told that a certain terragant and scold was married to a gamster, replied "that cards and brimstone made the best matches."

Why was the celebrated cabinet council of Charles II. called the Cabal?

Because the initials of the names of the five councillors formed that word thus—

- Clifford,
- Arlington,
- Buckingham,
- Ashley,
- Lauderdale.

When Cibber was within a few days of 84 a friend told him he was glad to see him look so well. "Faith," said he, "it is very well that I look at all."

A young student, showing the Museum at Oxford to a party, produced a sword, which he assured them was the identical sword with which Balaam was about to kill his ass. One of the company observed that he thought Balaam had no sword, but only wished for one. "You are right," said the student, "and this is the very sword that he wished for!"

READY WIT.—A young man, in a large company, descending very flippantly on a subject, his knowledge of which was evidently very superficial, the Duchess of Devonshire asked his name. "Tis *Scarlet*," replied a gentleman who stood by. "That may be," said her Grace, "and yet he is not *deep* read."

A NICE LITTLE WORD.—Among the dramatic library at Messrs. Sotheby's is a musical comedy composed by Miles Peter Andrew Esq., entitled—*The Baron Kinkervankotsdorsprakingatchdern*. The meaning of this word would make a famous prize for the young students at the King's College.

DUTY OF PUBLISHING TRUTH.—"Keep your opinions to yourself," said Queen Caroline to the honest William Whiston. "If" said Whiston, "Calvin and Luther had kept their opinions to themselves, where would your Majesty have been?"