

THE SIXTH  
**L O N D O N I A D :**

(COMPLETE IN ITSELF.)

BEING THE POEM ON

**PARLIAMENTARY CHARACTER;**

GIVING AN ACCOUNT OF

*Members Eminent in Literature, Science, and Art;*

22 VICTORIA, SESS. 1859.

ALSO CONTAINING THE

**GREAT PRIZE POEMS ON PRINCE ALBERT,**

AND

**LEOPOLD, KING OF THE BELGIANS,**

**THE TORRINGTON HYMN,**

AND PIECES ON SOME OF THE MOST

**CELEBRATED PERSONAGES IN THE KINGDOM,**

AND IN THE PROVINCES OF

**BRITISH NORTH AMERICA;**

FORMING ALTOGETHER EPISODES IN A GRAND

*National Poem on the Arts.*

BY **JAMES TORRINGTON SPENCER LIDSTONE,**

OF TORQUAY, DEVON, LATE OF TORONTO, UPPER CANADA,

Author of the "Conquest of Canada," "Ancient America," "Pictorial  
Description of the British Provinces in North America," &c.

"Dulcique animos novitate tenebo."—OVID.

LONDON :

PUBLISHED BY THE AUTHOR, AT HIS TOWN RESIDENCE,  
12, LOWER CALTHORPE STREET, W.C.

1859.

(Entered at Stationers' Hall.)

THE AUTHOR RESERVES THE RIGHT OF TRANSLATION.





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*(And upwards of One Hundred beside. Please see General Index attached to Fifth LONDONIAD.)*

# THE LONDONIAD.



## TO THE QUEEN.

"The Queen this day here holds her Parliament."  
*Shakespeare, "King Henry VI.," Part III.*

"Nor reign such queens on thrones alone:  
In cot and court the same,  
Wherever woman's smile is known,  
Victoria's still her name.  
For though she almost blush to reign,  
Though Love's own flow'rets wreathe the chain,  
Disguise our bondage as we will,  
'Tis woman, woman, rules us still."—*Thomas Moore.*

"Rewarde the just, be stedfast, true, and plaine,  
Represe the proud, maintayning aye the right."  
*King James .*

"Serus in cœlum redeas, dinque læto  
Intersis populo."—*Horace to Augustus.*

———— "Victoria is my name."—*Matthew Prior.*  
"Victoria triumph in thy great increase."—*Elijah Fenton.*

"O happy James! content thy ——— mind,  
Grudge not the world, for still thy Queen is kind."  
*George Granville, Lord Lansdowne.*

———— "And cry, Victoria!"—*Jonathan Swift.*

———— "Britain's Queen, amidst the jars  
And tumults of a world in wars,  
Fix'd on the base of her well-founded state,  
Serene and safe looks down, nor feels the shocks of fate."  
*William Congreve.*

"Let old Arcadia boast her ample plain,  
Th' immortal huntress and her virgin train;  
Nor envy, Windsor! since thy shades have seen  
As bright a goddess, and as chaste a QUEEN."  
*Alexander Pope.*

"VICTORIA comes!"—*John Hughes.*



To HER, the Capital of whose kingdom is  
 The Muse's theme, the World's Metropolis,  
 I turn with every science in my train;  
 Nature and Art inspire the adoring strain.  
 I o'er earth's empires took my wonted way:  
 I saw the rise and sunset of their day;  
 Assyrian's, Median's, Persian's doom,  
 The Macedonian's, and the fate of Rome.  
 Where now the blazing throne and stately crown  
 Of monarchs once unrivall'd in renown?  
 What if in history their names appear?  
 'Tis of their evil deeds the most we hear;  
 For these as good, by venal courtiers prais'd,  
 Apotheosis'd, yea, to th' Godhead rais'd.  
 'Twas love of power that oft the ruler mov'd;  
 Many were fear'd, but few, alas! belov'd.  
 There liv'd a Bard, who in Victoria's reign  
 Return'd from exile o'er the Western main;  
 The first of all the Muse's countless throng  
 That made the Arts the subject of his song.  
 Through every age and clime his spirit ran  
 For themes, and thus the exulting Muse began:  
 Hail! glorious Queen, enthron'd in every heart,  
 At thy fond name millions impulsive start.  
 Shall I repeat how thy Royal smile hath  
 Oft shed a sunbeam on the pilgrim's path,  
 Where, dark and bleak, o'er pitfalls wild it lay,  
 An Eden bloom'd, the spring-time of his day?  
 Queen of the ocean, on thy billows ride,  
 And visit us upon the other side;  
 With what enthusiasm will thy people rise,  
 Rapt through th' boundaries of thy Colonies,  
 When th' world's mightiest monarch shall appear,  
 Revealed to the Western hemisphere!  
 Oh little know th' frigid nations of th' North,  
 How at thy name our spirits, bursting forth,  
 Tower over the earth and mount in flame,  
 At ev'ry mention of VICTORIA's name.

Can I express their feelings, far too strong  
For any language, and too deep for song?  
Can Bard inspir'd, or orator? oh, none!  
But the proud supporters of thy glorious throne,  
Who bask in beams of Britain's Majesty,  
And flourish in its light beneath the Western sky,  
They feel!—their wondrous deeds shall yet be seen,  
Emblazed on glory's scroll.  
Should the day come, when in the wondrous West  
Our victorious Lady stands confest,  
Their loyal hearts will leap! from end to end  
Of Canada loud shouts of triumph shall ascend;  
Niagara o'er his granite heights be pour'd  
In tuneful strains to hail our Queen ador'd,  
And there benignant skies, still more serene,  
Shall smile a welcome on the British Queen;  
While from many a classic plain, where lie  
The flower of all the Western chivalry,  
The entranced spirits of th' past shall rise,  
Rolling themselves in rainbow-tinted skies.  
In grateful accents shall the host proclaim,  
We died for Britain on the field of fame;  
And though our souls now in Elysium glow,  
We left our sons to take our place below.  
Through many a wilderness and mighty flood,  
A hundred races come to hail thee great and good;  
And those who never lived in Albion's isle,  
Shall haste to hail their honour'd Queen and smile;  
While those who left Great Britain long ago,  
Shall at that time be all delighted so.  
Or else enchanted, it shall fairly seem,  
Forest-plain, and mountain, and each giant stream,  
With all its cataracts, have found a voice,  
And in one universal hallelujah all rejoice.  
May I be there in that auspicious day,  
To pour in trumpet tones the proud triumphal lay!

I had prepared a long note for the above; but I find, in order to do justice to the subject, I must turn it into poetry, with which will open a future LONDONIAD.

## TO PRINCE ALBERT.

————— "Here my Albert —————!"

*Sir Henry Wotton, 1651.*

————— "On Albert they gazed."

*Lewis's Tales of Wonder.*

"Albert ————— is his name."—*Tchudi, Swiss Poet, 1386.*

"A prince ————— a founder of new ages."

*Samuel Taylor Coleridge.*

"To Albert —————."

*Thomas Campbell's "Gertrude of Wyoming."*

"And Albert —————."—*Dr. Mark Akenside.*

————— "Great ————— Albert."—*T. Little's Poems.*

"Sapientes principes sapientum congressu."—*Plato.*

"What Alfred was, in Anglo-Saxon years,  
Albert, in Queen Victoria's reign, appears \* \* \*"

"Albert, thou know'st, with skill and science grac'd."

*William Falconer.*

————— "Albert now."

*Fitz-Greene Halleck.*

Is there no bard to wreathe a victor's crown,  
To sing of ALBERT's deeds the high renown?  
Is there no genius in this ancient land,  
Whose soul might emulate the tuneful band,  
Whose strains might tremble o'er our prince's name,  
Dance round his feats, and from them gather fame?  
Yes! rise, my Muse, on wings of vestal fire,  
Hang o'er the scene, and paint what you admire;  
Ride on the radiant spheres to utmost day—  
Tread the eternal bounds, and there survey,  
With meteor eye, time's boundless empire o'er.  
And ask the worlds if e'er in years before,  
Through all their realms, did spirit yet appear  
Like his triumphant in its high career?  
Poet! well may your fiery heart rejoice  
That you alone dare raise your lofty voice

To rival the mightiest bards of old,  
In strains unknown to them, to deeds by them untold.  
Sing, Muse! how ALBERT's princely mind outvied,  
With conscious strength, the rolling world beside.  
Back on the past! how bright appears his soul,  
The centre sun round which whole systems roll.  
Not all the heroes, from great Nature's morn,  
On victory's pinions up to empire borne,  
So bright in their careering splendours shone,  
As our Queen's Consort, back in 'fifty-one.  
Adieu! I soon again shall leave the shore,\*  
Where the dear sons of song are heard no more;  
Back to the colonies, bedeck'd with bays  
In merrie England won, and Albert's days.  
May your posterity for ever reign  
O'er th' island kingdom of a northern main.  
Long live our Prince to grace the world below,  
Joy fill his veins, and olive crown his brow;  
And late, full late, when he shall meet his doom,  
May he with honour fill a timely tomb,  
And native roses round his mansion bloom;  
While high above the RED CROSS banner flies  
In folds of beauty through triumphant skies.  
Th' historic Muse shall in her mirror page  
With sunbeams wreath his name in every age;  
A hundred nations shall their tributes bring,  
And scatter flowers while future Pindars sing.

\* Since writing the above, I have decided on living in England.

Proof is extant—with the author of the "LONDONIAD" originated the idea of consolidated empire; thus, Let there be a union of the British North American Provinces, and a perpetual viceroyalty established here in the being of a younger son of Queen Victoria and his descendants.

## LEOPOLD, KING OF THE BELGIANS.

"Belgian state restored,  
And Leopold confess'd."—*Fenton*.

— "In science none exceed  
Th' industrious Belgians."—*Dyer*.

— "Belgian plains, won from the raging deep,  
By diligence amazing, and the strong  
Unconquerable hand of Liberty."

*Thomson's "Seasons."*

"See with what joy *they* Leopold declare!"  
*John Philips's "Blenheim."*

"Victorious — on thee —  
— the Belgic coast relies."—*Ibid.*

— "Dear  
On the — Belgian strand."  
*Sir W. Scott, Songs in the "Pirate," chap. 28.*

"Nicely he gain'd and well possess the throne,  
Not for his father's merit, but his own,  
And reign'd, himself a family alone."  
*George Stepney, "Trans-Juvenal."*

— "To the victory, on that Belgic field  
Achieved, this closing deed magnificent."  
*Wm. Wordsworth's Poems Dedicated to National Independence.*

"Lo, round thy standard Belgia's heroes burn."—*S. T. Coleridge*.

"The Belgian ship unmov'd, like some huge rock  
Inhabiting the sea —."—*Edmund Waller*.

— "That school of Art —  
The masterly labours of Belgium."  
*Robt. Southey, "A Vision of Judgment."*

GRANDLY developèd in every part,  
See Belgium rise—the Paragon of Art,  
Far excelling every living nation,  
Of resources th' same and population.



O'er Matter, Mind, she influence commands,  
In this our age, thro' all surrounding lands.  
You once our British isles exulting hail'd;  
Your Star of Destiny thro' glory sail'd  
To high Perihelion, our expected Queen;  
Ay! still remembering what you might have been—  
You our Prince Consort, we your Charlotte's care—  
Doubly rejoice, O King, in what you are:  
Not the mindless monarch of a sottish race,  
Whose spring-head we by streams of murder trace:  
Your spirit, with a luminary's blaze,  
Creates an epoch in these later days.  
Leopold! Belgia's march shall yet be sung,  
With raptur'd strain by me in English tongue,  
And thus, if possible, make better known  
The fairest country bearing up a crown.  
May self-reliance steer the course meanwhile;  
England t' Belgium, Belgium to our Isle  
Be related in bonds of amity,  
As you're in blood with our own Royal family.  
Never shall the immortal splendours fade  
Of the Nineteenth Century's fourth decade.  
Who heard the Belgian Lion outroar  
The sea! when the storm of Revolution tore  
Its way, and flung its waves in thunders on Batavia's  
shore.  
Blest conquerors! your skiey forms upborne,  
Smil'd radiance in your country's resurrection morn.

## SIR JOSEPH PAXTON.

"In Coventry some time did dwell  
A knight of worthy fame."

*The Birth of St. George in Percy's Reliques.*

— "Sir Joseph —."

*P. Pindar's Complimentary Epistle to Bruce.*

— "Paxton —."

*Pope's "Epilogue to the Satires," Dialogue ii.*

"In the gay gardens his unstay'd desire  
Him wholly carried, to refresh his sprites ;  
There lavish Nature, in her best attire,  
Pours forth sweet odours and alluring sights ;  
And Art, with her contending, doth aspire  
T'excel the natural with made delights."

*Edmund Spenser.*

"Unerring scientific principles, rather than uncertain and unsatisfactory precepts, have become the chief desiderata in the horticultural world."—*Sir Joseph Paxton, "Magazine of Botany and Register of Flowering Plants."*

NOTE.—I have before me the 16 volumes of Sir Joseph's MAGAZINE OF BOTANY, AND REGISTER OF FLOWERING PLANTS, extending from 1834 to 1849, and the FLOWER GARDEN, 1850-3; and in fond remembrance of the early laurels his name brought me in a distant land—of his magnanimity in the days of my literary pilgrimage—when returned to my native country, no less than a love for the subject, I, with a trained habit of thought, followed in fancy through all their floral scenes, and have written a poem thereon, containing, up to the time of the present LONDONIAD going to press, six thousand lines. The University first prize poem on Sir Joseph Paxton, as it appeared on the first page of the first LONDONIAD, was reprinted and copies laid before my friends at the time of canvassing for the poem on Parliamentary character. The first LONDONIAD has since been republished for the purpose of being delivered as per note, *art*, Lord Brougham, in this the sixth LONDONIAD.

## ROBERT STEPHENSON, F.R.S.

"Present, worthy George's son."—*Moore.*

"Among *Strenshelians* happy people nursed."

*Joseph Ritson, 1772.*

— "To Whitby's shrine repair.

— Far upon Northumbrian seas,

— From high Whitby's cloister'd pile."—*Marmion.*

"Still STEPHENSON, and W—ll—ngt—n,  
The everlasting two."—*T. Moore, "Rival Topics."*

"He deserved the warmest panegyrics for the striking proofs he had given of his genius as an Engineer."—*Richard Brinsley Sheridan.*

"Ennobled by himself, by all approved,  
Praised—and honoured by the muse."—*Pope.*

"What change shall happen next,  
Canal, and viaduct, and railway tell!"  
*Wordsworth's Tour, 1833.*

"An Engineer of noted skill."—*Gay.*

(See *Young's "Night Thoughts,"* 9th Night, lines 1322—26.)

"Nature's Nobility! primogenial trait!  
You well scorn'd the 'Sir' whom all the world calls The  
Great. \* \* \* \*"

NOTE.—I have in my mind's eye all the great works in which my hero has been engaged, which, together with the following, will form a large part of the subject-matter in a national poem on the Arts.

RESUMÉ of the RAILWAY SYSTEM AND ITS RESULTS, delivered January, 1856, before the Institution of Civil Engineers, on taking the chair after his election as President.

The Britannia and Conway Tubular Bridges. 1850. 8vo.

Reports on the High Level Line for the Interception of the Drainage North of the Thames; and on the Intercepting Lines South of the River. 1853. 8vo.

Report . . . . in respect of that Portion of the Main Intercepting Drainage, called the Northern Drainage, with the Reports thereon. 1854. 8vo.

Report . . . . on the Report of J. W. Bazalgette and W. Haywood on the Sewage Interception and Main Drainage of the Districts North of the Thames. 1854. 8vo.

Description of the Patent Locomotive Engine made by Messrs. R. S. and Co., for conveying the earth excavated in the construction of a line of railway. 1850, etc. 4to.

London and Westminster Water Company Report. 1840. 8vo.

London, Westminster, and Metropolitan Water Company. Second Report to the Directors. 1841. 8vo.

Note on the above.—Many of the works are included in the publications of the Metropolitan Commission of Sewers.

His Toronto address I shall turn into French.



JAMES TORRINGTON SPENCER LIDSTONE,  
12, LOWER CALTHORPE STREET, (W. C.)

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and all the principal Seats of Learning in Europe,*

Is prepared to supply Individuals, and Public Institutions in  
BRITISH NORTH AMERICA, with New Works to any extent  
from Great Britain and the Continent, 25 per cent. less than any  
*trading house* in London, AT THREE, SIX, NINE, OR TWELVE  
MONTHS' CREDIT.

The facilities obtained by me in Europe will enable me to make  
up Libraries, both public and private, in English, French, German,  
and Italian, and the Classical Languages. My acquaintance with  
the British American provinces (having spent 20 years in that  
enlightened portion of the Empire) has given me a knowledge  
of the people and their requirements that no *mere* publisher in  
Europe can possess. Instead of living in Upper Canada, and estab-  
lishing an agency in London, I have determined, in order to have  
a wider field for action, to remain at head-quarters, the metropolis,  
and establish representatives in the provinces.

J. T. S. LIDSTONE.

*March 1st, 1859.*

12, LOWER CALTHORPE STREET, (W. C.)

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## JAMES CAIRD.

"Lo, Dartmouth, on those banks reclin'd,  
While busy fancy calls to mind  
The glories of his line."—*William Shenstone.*

JAMES CAIRD, 'tis not because you represent  
Dartmouth, in the Imperial Parliament,  
That I your well-known name and person choose  
To grace th' triumph of th' adventurous Muse.  
Albeit, the little education I possess'd,  
Ere I advanc'd unto the wondrous West,  
In common with Devon's youth I shar'd  
In that town represented by James Caird;  
Owner of so much knowledge, yet so plain  
Of manners that he could not help but gain  
The high applause of all who know him: hence  
Respected, honour'd, by all men of sense.  
His works on Agriculture have done more  
To civilise than ever cannon's roar,  
Or flash of sword by human firebrands  
O'er ensanguin'd ocean flung, and blazing lands.

"HIGH FARMING UNDER LIBERAL COVENANTS THE  
BEST SUBSTITUTE FOR PROTECTION."

"Self-reliance is the great secret of prosperity in human affairs,  
and it is this lesson which it is the practical object of these pages to  
inculcate."—*James Caird's "High Farming," &c. (Introduction).*  
See Milton's "Paradise Lost," Book XI., v. 429.

"Oh (cried the goddess) for ———  
Some gentle JAMES, to bless the land."

*Alexander Pope.*

The bard advanc'd, with scrip and sandal shoon,  
To visit the great Farmer of Baldoon,  
And him address'd,—Some mighty tract of land  
Should my fam'd hero have at his command  
In the far West, then, mid the forest gloom,  
Would Caird's fair farms like Milton's Eden bloom.  
AUCHNESS with th' Sabine ranks, and will endure  
For ever in Bucolic literature.



Virgilius's self might take sincere delight  
 On this another Georgica to write.  
 LO PERMANENT IMPROVEMENTS plain are made,  
 And ORDINARY MANAGEMENT display'd!  
 A name for wisdom doth he still maintain,—  
 Witness his notes on game, his notes on foreign  
 grain.

Landlord and tenant must go hand in hand  
 To reap mutual benefit from off the land.  
 This work with others did the minstrel take  
 To Manitoulin Isle in Huron's Lake,  
 Which, struck by tempests, sounded Nature's lyre;  
 There one night, while seated round th' Council Fire,  
 Great Sigonah spake, all wiles disarming,  
 "We'll hear our white brother on High Farming."  
 I read, and what pleas'd th' list'ners very much,  
 Was your Illustration of *The Crutch*.

THE PLANTATION SCHEME; OR, THE WEST OF IRELAND  
 AS A FIELD FOR INVESTMENT.

"Continuing to travel in a western direction."

*Sir Degore, "Romance of Antiquity."*

"Hieland chief and Lawland laird

Maun gie room to ——— Caird."

*Albyn's "Anthology,"* Vol. ii., 1818; and set to  
 Music in Mr. Thomson's Collection, in 1822.

His Ireland and the plantation scheme  
 Theocritus might welcome as a theme:  
 Here that of which he all the world acquaints,  
 Shows a true picture of th' erst Isle of Saints  
 Pure-minded man, who in his glory's noon  
 Himself still styleth Farmer of Baldoon.  
 We, th' explorers, spread sail unto th' blast.  
 Our way:—started from Scotland thro' Belfast  
 To Dublin (near th' Irish sea), thence set out  
 Thro' Ireland by the Western counties route  
 (Please trace upon the map the way we go),  
 To Mullingar, Athlone, Ballinasloe,  
 Aughrim!—for its *battle* faméd afar—  
 Loughrea, Tuam, Ballinrobe, to Castlebar,

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Newport, CLEW BAY (here saw th' Atlantic flow),  
 Thence on to Galway, Ennis, Killaloe;  
 By many a diverse route our way we take,  
 Till rested by Killarney's triple lake.  
 After all this, no doubt you'd like to learn  
 How we did to the "Land of Cakes" return,  
 Across to Mellow, thence to Cork, then back  
 Again to Mellow (you by th' map may track),  
 Up thro' Tipperary in a jiffy,  
 Thro' Queen's County and Kildare t' "Dublin, by  
 th' Liffy;"  
 Dublin next day we left and quickly sped  
 On for Kingston (Black something once) and Holy-  
 head.

### WILLIAM SCHAW LINDSAY.

"And Tynemouth's priory and bay."—*Sir W. Scott.*

—————"The sea,  
 Whose waves rejoice in William's sway."—*Matthew Prior.*

"The Lindsay, then, was loved among his friends."  
*Mac Duff's Cross.*

"Where tropic beams do shower, or polar mountains rise,  
 They say the world doth tell of Lindsay's high emprise."  
*Sir David Lindsay.*

LET other bards of other heroes sing,  
 Heroes like him to me the laurels bring;  
 'Tis men like him that nations elevate,  
 That rule the world and make a country great.  
 Deep thought embued with intellectual ray,  
 For ever on th' move made him what he is to-day;  
 The glory of an enterprising band,  
 The pride and wonder of each sea and land.  
 He, like a new creator, flash'd amain,  
 And spread the world beneath his ardent reign;  
 'Twas energy divine and giant mind  
 Track'd out his fate, and his career design'd.  
 In boldness of conception he aspires,  
 With force of character that never tires;  
 An organized being to impart,  
 Undying genius and a never-failing heart.

What godlike Homer was in realms of song,  
 Is Lindsay, 'mong the great shipowner throng;  
 The fountain-head whence rushing tides are hurl'd,  
 O'er fallen time, along a trembling world.  
 I could for ever sing—but stay your lay;  
 Muse, wheel your flight, and take another way;  
 Show to the enlight'ning of our nation,  
 "THE PROGRESS OF TRADE AND NAVIGATION."  
 And here the expanding mind observant sees,  
 The Rise of our Maritime Rights and Privileges;  
 Th' Genius of Hist'ry th' poet beckon'd  
 To the laws of Cromwell and Charles th' Second;  
 Holland!—comparative progress display'd  
 O' British and Foreign shipping in our trade.  
 The progress of shipbuilding (too he tracks  
 Through ages), th' multiplicity of Acts,  
 And the confusion that they ever cause;  
 (Intricacies there many are in laws.)  
 Of 1850, th' Mercantile Marine  
 Act I have explor'd, and *salvage* seen;  
 Admiralty Courts, their acting, why founded;  
 Laws maritime describ'd and propounded;  
 TRINITY HOUSE (where *brethren* hold their courts),  
 Its high antiquity, and the Cinque Ports;  
 Lo! *Pilotage* and charges of shipping borne;  
 In Calcutta, empress o' th' rising morn;  
 DUTIES OF CONSULS (titles that brought home  
 Unto my mind the classic years of Rome).  
 Here Duties of Shipowners are explain'd;  
 On Emigration see his views maintain'd;  
 Though roaring ocean heart from heart divides,  
 Whole continents are fill'd, and Lindsay guides.  
 Remarks on the Law of Partnership (we  
 Read) and Limited Liability;  
 His correspondence with the great Cobden  
 Thereon does honour to his mind and pen,  
 And plainly shows that sense with truth aspires,  
 At least as high as cabinets, in Austin Friars.

NOTE.—There is, beside, a great Navigation poem, not yet finished.



**LAURIE AND MARNER,  
Coach Builders,**

313, OXFORD STREET, LONDON.

"Then Laurie came \_\_\_\_\_."

James 1st, "*Christ's Kirk on the Green*," Canto I.

"I ask'd a friend, amidst the throng,  
Whose coach it was that roll'd along."—*William Shenstone*.

"Who, touch'd with human woe, redressive search'd  
Into the horrors of the gloomy gaol."—*James Thomson*.

CHARIOTS of the ancient time  
Are far advanc'd in song ;  
They thro' the bounds of classic clime  
In tempests drove along.  
From Pindar's deathless lyre we hear  
The greatest man alive  
Would, acting as a charioteer,  
Thro' startl'd nations drive.  
But those far ages I pass by  
Without a frown or smile,  
And o'er the rolling centuries fly,  
To our own time and isle.  
Here sing the mighty firm renown'd,  
In every land and tongue,  
Who first with bay the poet crown'd,  
And grac'd the deathless song.  
Down thro' enlightening generations,  
John Laurie's name shall e'er honour'd be ;  
Hark ! th' intellectual uprise of nations  
Hailing "THE VOICE OF HUMANITY."  
Cast of lot ! and who would grudge  
The following to infer,  
The Prisoner would be the Judge,  
The Judge the Prisoner.  
England's Arcadia, Devon, hail !  
My native county saw  
Integrity all worth prevail,  
• With Laurie on the Tau.

## JOHN FRANCIS MAGUIRE.

"Their temporal power is now confirmed by the reverence of a thousand years ; their noblest title is the choice of a people whom they had redeemed from slavery."—*Gibbon*.

"To no city on the earth does the stranger direct his steps with feelings of a more varied character, or with a livelier anticipation of what awaits him on his entrance, than to Rome."

*John Francis Maguire's "Rome, its Rulers and its Institutions."*

HERE traces of the early youth we have  
 Of a beloved Pontiff, kind and brave,  
 Until the beauties of Messiah shone  
 In all their glory on the Cæsar's throne.  
 An Amnesty! Yea, when He the soul set free,  
 Enthusiasm blazed! An Amnesty!  
 Rome! Love fill'd all the hearts of Italy;  
 Pius advanced with the people's good!  
 Yea, he forgave, ere yet the suppliant sued;  
 His th' affability, not pompous state,  
 Which only leads reflecting men to hate.  
 But see Him move his clime and ages, Lord,  
 As a pedestrian, the prince ador'd.  
 Bloody Austria became alarm'd,  
 And for invading Rome her legions arm'd;  
 Burning went th' spirit of Old Roma forth,  
 And singed thy pinions, vulture of the North.  
 (Nor shall an English bard forget to pay  
 The tribute of a long-enduring lay,  
 To th' Pontiff's grace in Ireland's evil day.)  
 Politic gusts Italia's skies deform,  
 And seem to herald in a year of storm;  
 Convulsion heav'd! in Rome excitement rag'd,  
 And see the War of Independence wag'd;  
 It fell, alas! beneath the Austrian ban:  
 Freedom lay crush'd beneath thy walls, Milan;  
 Not in night, but in the blaze of day,  
 I see the blood of Rossi ooze away.

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Such 't is, whenever rules the villain mob,  
 Who only aim to murder and to rob.  
 Whom do I see! with more than angel form,  
 Bright'ning as more intensely rolls the storm?  
 Page eighty-seven I with emotion read;  
 Of anger or sorrow were the tears I shed?  
 No more! O language! whither art thou fled?

\* \* \* \*

The Hope of the foe and Despair o' th' friend were  
 all vain;  
 For th' sons of that race, that, thro' their king  
 Charlemagne,  
 Did the keys of the Exarchate cities restore,  
 Which from the grasp o' the Lombard invader they  
 tore,  
 And placed by the high altar of Peter—wherein,  
 A few months from the hour of a damnable sin,  
 And from the flight Pio Nono now return'd to  
 Faith's home—  
 At His feet laid the keys of liberated Rome.

\* \* \* \*

Many of your scenes, portray'd in colours strong,  
 Fain would I translate or turn to song.  
 Yes; I have read your glorious work all through,  
 And hail the whole as sacred Gospel true.  
 Yet, 'midst my other studies will I look—  
 Often, John Francis—into your exciting book.  
 Thus far on fiery wings the Muse hath soar'd,  
 But passes by th' *contest*, much t' be deplor'd.  
 Th' scenè at page one hundred fifty-nine,  
 Maguire! brought tears into these eyes of mine.  
 Well might such tears cheeks o' th' meek and kindly  
 lave,  
 Poring o'er the story of the colour'd slave.

SPEECH ON MAYNOOTH, IN THE HOUSE  
 OF COMMONS, JUNE 27, 1855.

FAR away on wild Ontario's beach,  
 Translated I his ever-famous speech.

In body politic a rankling tooth,  
 And an absorbing subject, was Maynooth.  
 The battle's iron tempest he directs,  
 Thro' breach and barrier, o'er th' fallen sects.  
 Is that the trumpet of the final doom?  
 No! Maguire, in driving th' climax home,  
 Is hurling the denouncing thunders of Pontific Rome.  
 Did his strength equal but his mighty heart,  
 From its foundations would our island start,—  
 Ocean transform'd in lava mountains roll,  
 O'ertow'r all tyranny, and sweep the poll.  
 In his "Removal of the Irish Poor,"  
 His learning is display'd (and, what is more,  
 A purity of mind); as, too, the Work  
 Written by him while he was Mayor of Cork.  
 Th' National Exhibition t' our view  
 Opens, and Ireland's Industrial Movement, '52,  
 Which shall be treated well in all its parts,  
 When I my great poem write upon the Arts.

In consequence of the great length of the foregoing, I have reserved the poem entitled *THE EDITOR*.

### **SIR JOSEPH BAILEY.**

"Bailey, great lord of earth and heir of heaven."

*Benjamin Stillingfleet.*

"He was the pride of Brecknock, and flower of all the Welsh."

*John Grubb, Oxon. 1688.*

Sir Joseph was among the first to honour me with his name on my parliamentary list, but, for obvious reasons, I have reserved his poem for the present.

### **CRAWSHAY BAILEY.**

"No monsters shall be feign'd to guard their store,  
 When British trade secures their golden ore:  
 IRON shall more intrinsic value show,  
 And by Vulcanian art more precious grow."

*Dr. King's "Britain's Palladium." 1712.*

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"Give me —— Iron."—*Romeo and Juliet.*

IRON! what art thou? Ask the artistic bard;  
 Of metals th' most abundant, useful, hard.  
 Thee might well the enlighten'd nations prize,  
 For thou hast done much more to civilize  
 The world, and lift our country to renown,  
 Than any other metal to us known.  
 Look o'er the globe! who was't their freedom sold,  
 Those wretched races, in desire for gold?  
 Who was the presiding genius o' the Main?  
 Who held the Western World? was it not Spain?  
 What was she once? what do we now behold?  
 A coward nation, sunk thro' lust of Gold.  
 But courage, honour, and faith environ  
 Th' race of giant minds that kept to Iron;  
 Its bracing attributes I gladly trace  
 T' th' immortal princes of a lion race,  
 From midway of the universe all round  
 Th' horizon of a hundred realms renown'd;  
 Like networks their railways spread—they sustain  
 The prestige of our isle on every main.  
 Oh, well we know what Iron doth impart:  
 'Tis God's spirit breath'd into every art.  
 Mightiest painters now enthron'd on high,  
 The suns and systems of our moral sky,  
 With Iron oxides pigments do supply.  
 In chemistry thy combinations vast  
 Into the shade all other metals cast;  
 Nor in the mineral kingdom can we find  
 One like thee to string the nerves, expand th' mind.  
 Lo! Electricity, that fills the whole  
 Creation round as with a living soul.  
 In magnetism too, and such as these,  
 We traverse rolling orbs and flying seas.  
 Yea, all that I here name or trace,  
 And millions more, from Iron spring.  
 Of Iron, and the Bailey race,  
 I yet in lengthen'd strains will sing.

## THOMAS EMERSON HEADLAM.

"It has been in operation for several years. During that period, Orders, under its different provisions, have been continually made, and stood the test of experience."

*Thomas Emerson Headlam, in 3rd Edition Trustee Act.*

"I am well aware that the greater portion of the First Edition has been continually used by many members of the profession; and that it has so fully stood the test of experience, as to have created general confidence."

*Headlam's "Preface to Daniell's Practice of the Court of Chancery."*

"Joint Stock Banks are of recent growth in this country. When they were first established, men were sanguine of their success, as they usually are of new commercial speculations."

*Thomas Emerson Headlam's Speech in the House of Commons, May 8th, 1849.*

"Eminent for his treatise."

*Dr. Johnson's "Lives of the Poets." Art. Pope.*

"I rede we ryde to Newe Castell,  
So styll and stalwurthlye.

\* \* \*

————— Newe Castell,  
That stonds so fayre on Tyne."

*Battle of Otterbourne, Richard the Second's time.*

"These," said the spirit, 'you plainly see,  
Are what they call suits in Chancery.'"

*Tom Moore.*

It was Daniell's practice of the High Court  
Of Chancery my patron did import;  
One of the first Law books to me given,  
And I return'd the compliment in '57.  
My hero's third edition then appear'd,  
And strongest minds have by it since been steer'd.  
He too to Daniell's Chancery Practice sent  
Out into the world a welcome supplement.  
It statutes, General Orders doth contain.  
Here knowledge of Decisions we obtain,  
To th' commencement o' th' year '51,  
With Notes and Index: this we know alone  
(A fact acknowledg'd o'er the Western sea)  
Would stamp him a man of great industry.

From Mercia to Northumbria's borders,  
 All hail the New Chancery Acts and General Orders.  
 Him as a star have I thro' glories track'd.  
 The world knows well his famous Trustee Act.  
 Th' Relief Act o' '47—'49  
 Are in that select library of mine.  
 The Extension Act him still proves thrifty,  
 And his crowning Act was that of 1850,  
 For your speech you will receive our age's thanks —  
 Limited Liability in Joint Stock Banks.  
 You show'd, enlight'ning then the nation's mind,  
 How t' th' universal policy o' mankind  
 Our Law was an exception—all confess,  
 That England's experience did not prove success.  
 Fain would I every principle portray,  
 Blest instructor of an earlier day ;  
 Yea, every principle portray and draw,  
 But full well is known your Act to amend the Law.

## CHANCERY POEM.

My hero on this subject hath prevail'd,  
 Where great Coke and better Blackstone fail'd,  
 And many things whole centuries never knew  
 He holds up to our generation's view.  
 Behold the practice in the highest Court  
 Next t' Parliament, where Britons may resort  
 To. Lo! the two distinct tribunals He  
 Illustrates that exist in Chancery :  
 Th' ordinary Court o' Common Law the one,  
 Th' extraordinary where Augmendus shone,  
 And Equity sits on the legal throne.  
 The Trustee Act, great Sir, we owe to you :  
 This in the parliament you carried through ;  
 All unaffected by the syren's song,  
 Ulysses, like my hero, pass'd along,  
 And, like Ithaca's king, he nothing fear'd,  
 But thro' the battling elements he steer'd ;  
 Self-confident, and every danger past,  
 In triumph reach'd the expected isle at last,

Where on the flow'ry shore the immortal Nine  
 With garlands waited and the crown divine,  
 To grace your member, Newcastle-on-Tyne.  
 Ever be Heaven's guardian shield held o'er  
 You, never accident befall you more ;  
 Thro' all the land did strange emotions rise,  
 And young and old throughout did sympathise.

### LIEUT.-COL. WILLIAM HENRY SYKES.

"Brave and ardent, adventurous and persevering, winging his eagle flight amidst the blaze of every science, with an eye that never winks and a wing that never tires."—*John Philpot Curran.*

"———A statist in the van  
 Of public conflicts train'd and bred."

*Wordsworth's Poems of Sentiment and Reflection.*

"And merry Carlisle had he been,  
 And all along the Lowlands fair,  
 All thro' the bonny shire of Ayr,  
 And far as Aberdeen."—*Ibid.* "*Peter Bell.*"

"And thair I had nae tyme to tairy, for bissiness in Aderdene."—  
*The Battle of Harlaw, foughten upon Friday, July 24, 1411, against  
 Donald of the Isles. (Author unknown.)*

"This night by us must certainly be seen,  
 The very handsome town of Aberdeen."—*Peter Pindar.*

"I am content with you, Lieutenant Colonel."  
*The Death of Wallenstein.*

"Tes Phuseos grammateus en, ton calamon apobronreis noun."  
—*Suidas.*

The Great Statistical Poem is by far the longest of any written for the "Londoniad," and would make eleven pages of the present Work ; as it is complete in itself, the propriety of not printing abstractedly will be seen.

Everything of Nature and of Art,  
 What systems hold and sciences impart,  
 Look thro' his almost countless works, and scan  
 The classical scholar and the gentleman.

P.S.—I hope soon to publish the article alluded to above with additions in a very substantial manner.



## EDINBURGH POEM.

"Nisi dominus, frustra."

"First Adam came \_\_\_\_\_."

*Pepys' Collection. See also Spectator, No. 248.*

"Edina! Scotia's darling seat!

All hail thy palaces and towers!"—*Robert Burns.*

Adam appears 71 times in Milton's "Paradise Lost."

## DONALD NICOLL.

"My name it is Donald."—*James Hogg.*

"Will you, Donald, will you, Callum, won't you do so?"

'Tis the way that our forefathers did long ago."

*Robert Tennahill's Poems.*

"Cloth erst framed he."—*Percy's Folio MS.*

"The whole world, without art and dress,  
Would be but one great wilderness."—*Hudibras.*

"Fause flatt'ry nane but fools will tickle,  
That gars me hate it like Nicoll:  
But when ane's of his merit conscious,  
He's in the wrang, when prais'd, that glunshes."

*A. Ramsay's Epistle to Mr. Arbuckle. 1719.*

\_\_\_\_\_ "Our office where?"

\_\_\_\_\_ all honours of our reign

\_\_\_\_\_ the neck-ennobling chain

\_\_\_\_\_ known—o'er all the globe

\_\_\_\_\_ the solemn spreading Robe

\_\_\_\_\_ the mace

\_\_\_\_\_ Pomp and place

\_\_\_\_\_ of high degree

\* \* \* \*

\_\_\_\_\_ Frome

Shall ply the loom."—*Churchill.*

MANUFACTURES with science fraught  
Ne'er did such heights attain,  
Since cloth was first to Britain brought,  
By the *Belgea* o'er the main.  
Why famous over land and sea?  
Speak out! and nothing loth;  
The spring of our prosperity,  
Was it not wool and cloth?

Ere Donald reach'd the prime of life,  
 Such hope of fame inspir'd,  
 (Round his congenial soul  
 Life's tempests harmless roll,)  
 He shot with beams all human strife,  
 And early thus retir'd.  
 Where'er he dwelt, where'er he mov'd,  
 The public smiles were his ;  
 Once th' High Sheriff well belov'd,  
 Of the world's metropolis.  
 My mother says, were she at home,  
 In '56's July,  
*That one vote* she would raise in Frome,  
 And you elect most truly.  
 Honourables and Lords, alas !  
 At Selwood in a pickle ;  
 Our fav'rite did *the two* o'erpass,  
 And he was Donald Nicoll.  
 Here gentlemen at *beer* who scoff  
 And ladies all agree ;  
 For he would take high duties off,  
 Of sugar and of tea.  
 Your wand'ring river in Woodlands rises  
 From many a secret spring ;  
 So for certain reasons in a crisis,  
 I'll for Frome and Donald sing.  
 And need ye hurrying Muses mention,  
 That to no department—all agree—  
 Of national industry  
 (Of instances our hist'ry's full)  
 Has more sedulous attention  
 Been devoted than to Wool,  
 And its manufacture into cloth ?  
 The staple of England ! on the woolsack  
 Sat the belov'd, immortal Brougham ;  
 And high in our national glory's track,  
 Follow'd our honourable member for Frome—  
 Our British islands' ornaments both.

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## GEORGE SKIRROW BEECROFT.

“Through earth's wide bound  
Shall George resound,  
My theme—————by choice.”

*Dr. Edward Young.*

“Being a sincere member of the Established Church himself, he pitied, but condemned not, those that dissented from it.”

*Dr. Welwood's "Life of Nicholas Rowe."*

“So large is that rich empire of his heart,

\* \* \* \* \*

—————Leeds prop'd his fame.”—*Abraham Cowley.*

—————“Wide around

Hillock and valley, farm and village, smile,  
And ruddy roofs and chimney-tops appear,  
Of busy Leeds.”—*John Dyer.*

I THOUGHT t' invoke your aid, ye sacred Nine,  
T' name George Skirrow Beecroft in th' Iron line;  
But other powers that rule the stars and skies  
Have long ere this decided otherwise.  
Begin the strain! Honour'd for ever hence  
By education and intelligence,  
Th' extension of the franchise he would grant  
T' all who rise above th' vilely ignorant.  
My hero was the only man alive  
T' take th' place of your late representative.  
Retired and far away, Leeds him did call  
To take the seat of Mr. Robert Hall.  
Although a private station he preferr'd,  
His voice for this by Leeds would not be heard.  
Convinc'd of his integrity and worth,  
Straight from the Abbey House you brought him  
forth.

Among you born, among you he was bred,  
You saw him up the path to manhood tread:  
In youth's spring-time what feelings him inspir'd,  
And you too saw him afterwards retir'd.  
And now, where'er amendment is requir'd  
He would amend, but not disturb th' nation,  
*Alt'ring for th' sake of alteration.*

George Skirrow Beecroft was return'd—what then?  
 His motto now, as erst, "Measures, not men."  
 Let no Government of the day suppose,  
 For opposition' sake he will oppose  
*These*, or as friends political chime in with *Those*.  
 A friend to England's Church that ever stood,  
 God's chosen on the earth thro' fire and flood;  
 And freedom to all others would he give—  
 All have an equal right in th' world to live.  
 Of Good conservative, lib'ral to all creeds,  
 Is George Skirrow Beecroft, of the borough of Leeds.  
 Eternal honours to my hero's name,  
 He would not wrap surrounding lands in flame,  
 For higher aim he thinks the world affords  
 Than pomp of bloodshed and the flash of swords.  
 Witness his seconding the Royal speech.  
 Such sentiments lift Arts above the reach  
 Of adverse politics, the Vandal storm,  
 And intellect adorns of every form.

### HUMPHREY EWING CRUM-EWING.

"Come, Humphrey, come! thou art a lad of spirit."  
*Southey's "Eclogues."*

—— "He has fixt his name,  
 Immortal, in the rolls of fame;  
 \* \* \* \* \*

——The guardian of that far-famed land  
 Named CALEDONIA, great in arts.  
 \* \* \* \* \*

——Scotchman-like, he tramp't abreed,  
 To yon big town far south the Tweed.  
 \* \* \* \* \*

——Though at distance fate hath set you,  
 Your frien's in Paisley don't forget you."  
*Robert Tannahill.*

WHILE sojourning in a far-distant part,  
 That town elected him by the White Cart,  
 Which did th' attention of the world engage  
 Down from the Pais-light of a Gaelic age.

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See its monastic light the west enflames,  
 Ere yet a burgh 'tis made by the fourth James ;  
 Of Paisley the *Black Book*, so famous long  
 In Scottish antique annals and old song,  
 Purports the wonders in your hist'ry's morn,  
 Before was heard the name of Abercorn.  
 Your *echo* too, when are Acoustics known  
 In high perfection, to a fair renown  
 Will raise th' natural wonders of your town.  
 What though o'er Marjory's tomb should grow the  
     moss,  
 As on Eliza Muir, Euphemia Ross ;  
 Though Hamilton, Dundonald, Bargenny  
 Pass in mist o'er Lethe's realms so fenny,  
 With Cochrane, Semple, Orbistoun, O still  
 Your genius never-ending years shall thrill  
 Scotland, and the world's great heart—Wilson,  
     Tannahill.

## SECOND POEM.

In enterprise we see old Paisley shine ;  
 She th' ART hath borne triumphant of DESIGN  
 Up to the very heaven of intellect :  
 This was what Paisley did herself select ;  
 A robe of glory to the world confest,  
 The long-enduring and for ever blest.  
 Not like barbarous products of Eastern climes,  
 Tasteless, and wrought in slavery, worst of crimes ;  
 No beauty's outline there in shell or petal,  
 Bedaub'd, and only valued for the metal.  
 No! the illusive Arts you here display,  
 Th' charms of lovely Eden's earlier day.  
 Inventive genius these fond works endear,  
 All are arrang'd and all embroider'd here ;  
 Invention, Composition, Colouring,  
 And all the *etceteras* long but blest to sing.  
 These Preliminaries, then the chosen scale,  
 Th' manufacture next, Paisley doth in all prevail.  
 Thus I've invoc'd thy aid, immortal Nine,  
 To write for Paisley's member the poem on Design.

• **RIGHT HON. WILLIAM MONSELL.**

———— “ the Shannon, —————  
 \* \* \* \* \*  
 ————— the flow'ry pastures,  
 That deck fair Limerick county.”—*Tannahill.*

“ I am about to attempt a reproduction.”—*Boyle.*

“ The honours and the burdens of great posts and employs were  
 joined together.”—*Atterbury.*

———— “ provisions destin'd for  
 ————— Limerick.  
 \* \* \* \* \*

*His gracious goodness, piety,  
 In all his deeds did shine;  
 And bounteous was his charity;  
 All attributes divine.*—*Prior.*

THY sacred Isle, Ocean's first-born, has stood  
 Pre-eminent for years beside the flood;  
 The home of Learning and the seat of Arts,  
 The abode of beauty and of manly hearts.  
 Ere Memphis rear'd her gates, or Thebes her towers;  
 Ere Babylon bow'd before her Pagan powers;  
 Ere ships of Carthage rode o'er Ocean's foam;  
 Before was heard the names of Greece and Rome;  
 With heroes and with bards thy clime was blest,  
 The throne of Science, “ School of (all) the West.”  
 In the dark day of Ireland's destiny,  
 Your honour'd name was full well known to me,  
 Clarion'd by angels o'er the sounding sea.  
 Your letters that might ward the stroke of fate,  
 I into French did rapidly translate.  
 And now with full heart, let it be confess'd,  
 They were among the first, yet equal to the best  
 That e'er sprung from the author of these lays,  
 In the strange and stirring times of after days.  
 “ Reproductive employment,” need I state—  
 What th' world knows you were th' first to advocate,  
 With a spirit lit direct from heaven,

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March'd thro' th' famish'd land in '47,  
 And in the year before : praise be to thee given.  
 'Tis not that home and foreign princes join  
 Theirs with the lustre of the Monsell line ;  
 'Tis not what ancestors have done before,  
 From the hour th' son of Sacra reach'd your shore ;  
 But what you—Ireland's benevolent son—  
 Have to your clime by your own spirit done.  
 Hail, Green Limerick ! may thy glory glow ;  
 Ever fruitful be, and prosperous as now.  
 Long as the Shannon on thy north shall flow,  
 How can it fail ? while Munster all inclines  
 To share the actions of the Palatines.

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### JONATHAN RICHARDSON.

————— “this to Jonathan shall come.”

*Dr. Jonathan Swift. 1710.*

————— “by the sun refin'd,  
 Bask in his beams, and bleach me in the wind.”—*Dryden.*

“The white sheet bleaching in the open field.”—*Shakespeare.*

“Mr. Richardson, with the mere advantages of nature, struck out at once, and of his own accord, into a new province . . . . in which he succeeded to admiration. I consider him as truly a great national genius; as great and supereminent in his way as Shakespeare and Milton were in theirs.”—*Dr. Young.*

FROM linen and its historic teaching,  
 I turn t' Lisburn's Member and the art of bleaching ;  
 The mysteries of which, thro' every age  
 Did th' attention of the artistic bard engage.  
 All that Berthollet on the subject wrote,  
 De Charmes, Rupp, and Kirwan, men of note,  
 Higgins, Chaptal, O'Reilly laurels won,  
 But none t' equal Jonathan Richardson.  
 In him alone, 'bove all the human race,  
 We science to its very fountain trace,

The most extensive that the world can show,  
 And none may teach him more than he doth know.  
 We thro' time hence with eye prophetic view—  
 Earth rejoicing in knowledge gain'd from you.  
 Till you arose—let here th' Muses mention—  
 This *science* claim'd but small share of attention;  
 Its processes few, too tedious t' be good,  
 And, withal, not easily understood.  
 On th' rapid progress o' *chemical science*,  
 Lisburn's Member places no reliance.  
 With his own energy experience grows,  
 And he may thank himself for all he knows.  
 He has created—let the truth be told—  
 New Art, not ameliorated Old;  
 Revolutionis'd systems that prevail'd,  
 E'er since Noah on th' universal Deluge sail'd.  
 Antique craft he blew away—his mind's bent  
 On th' accuracy of science e'er intent,  
 Renown'd for expeditious management.  
 Of ancient arts, and many arts now lost,  
 I've read regardless both of time and cost;  
 And th' only theme on bleaching I could see,  
 Was Pliny, lib. xix., and chapter 3.  
 The art of bleaching very wide extends,  
 And variety o' objects comprehends.  
 See them in my hero issuing forth,  
 The great up-risen genius of the North.

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**HON. COLONEL FITZSTEPHEN  
 FRENCH.**

————— "Fitzstephen" —————

*Thomas Moore* (Longman & Co.'s complete edition, p. 563).

"Finch on the Moor, and FRENCH and Middleton."

*Rev. George Crabbe, LL.B.*

"Roscommon————boasts unspotted lays."

*Alexander Pope.*

"The proud prizes of arts and sciences."—*Dr. Law.*

"The chiefest help must be the care of the Colonel."—*Edmund Spenser, on Ireland.*

"Yes, thou pride of Green Erin, thy honours thou'lt have,  
And the song shall ascend, thy bright worth to proclaim."  
*Dirge of Carolan.*

AROUND his brow in early days  
Fair Science bound her fadeless bays.  
He—not low, lizard-like, did creep,  
But spread his wings, and with full sweep  
O'er tempests bounded to th' steep.  
The lustre of his family name  
Was wanted not to gild his fame.  
Long as Roscommon's healthy air  
Floats o'er plains of verdure fair;  
Or numerous herds of cattle thrive,  
In Connaught where th' best gentry live;  
Or Shannon, on the morning side,  
Pours her famed translucent tide;  
Or curlew mountains bound the North;  
The mighty Muse shall herald forth,  
And Permessian dews shall drench,  
The patrician name of French.

### CHARLES PAGET.

"Charles and his virtue."—*Waller.*

———— "A Paget" ————  
*Byron's "English Bards and Scotch Reviewers."*

———— "In Nottingham towne."  
*"Robin Hood and Guy of Gisborne."*

"The way unto faire Nottingham."  
*"The King and Miller of Mansfield,"—Ballad  
of Henry the Second's time.*

T' AGRICULTURE my hero doth impart  
His aid, the fountain-head of every Art.

\* \* \* \* \*

Let's throw ourselves back to romantic years :  
 Here Robin Hood in Sherwood's shade appears.  
 Many scenes in History I'd recall,  
 Were I but once dispos'd to name them all.  
 In th' City of the Caves the Muses halt,  
 Noting the place 'bove all renown'd for malt.  
 See meadows green, hills easy of ascent,  
 From forest wood and coal, and fish from Trent.  
 Hail, ancient town, and castle high and strong,  
 Whose fame's of old in Norse and Saxon tongue ;  
 What time the Dane in tempests march'd his bands  
 O'er trembling oceans and uproarious lands ;  
 Fiery brands the Scandinavian flings  
 On early Mercian and West Saxon kings.  
 Centuries! all thro' the Norman Conquest down,  
 Might I entrance the globe with your renown ;  
 Cause suns and systems that around us burn  
 To stay their course!—list'ning!—these wonders learn.  
 (Long ere on earth Buthred or Alfred came)  
 Of Scandia's chiefs and of Wessexian fame,  
 Though none shall e'er my hero's self outflame  
 (For the Muse shall live when everything beside  
 Lies dead and cold under the Lethean tide).  
 In th' annals of the Arts thro' all our time,  
 Or shed a liv'lier radiance on our clime.  
 Many a *gentleman* whom chance has sent,  
 To represent some place in Parliament,  
 Becomes at once "my highly honour'd Sir."  
 Impertinent and proud as Lucifer ;  
 And to those who voted for *th' man* to-day,  
 He on the morrow will have nought to say.  
 Call, he's "not at home ;" John will affirm it.  
 Good heavens ! and has our member turn'd a hermit ;  
 Or twisting 's mouth, clipping ill-form'd words,  
 Boasts he but speaks to (empty noddl'd) lords.  
 But such Charles Paget we do never find  
 In one like you, straightforward, plain, and kind.  
 Wonder, that th' sons of Art to you inclin'd ?

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Because they found you "steadfast, true, and plain,"  
Thus did you to th' head of the poll attain;  
Your own worth, and *their* conception of it,  
Plac'd you in a post that many covet.

The GLASGOW POEM will appear in the next LONDONIAD.

"When we came in by Glasgowe town,  
We were a comely sight to see."

*Orpheus Caledonius.*

### ARTHUR MILLS.

"Arthur was a youth of such unparalleled courage and generosity, joined with that sweetness of temper and innate goodness, as gained him an universal love."

*Jeffery of Monmouth*, "The British History," Book 9th, chap. 1st.

"Taunton! there is an omen in thy name."

*Rev. Charles T. Brooks.*

— "Your victorious colonies."—*Dryden's "Hind and Panther."*

"If Indian taxation, law, and judicial procedure are to become the battle-field of English parliamentary warfare, it is, at all events, important that we should know what Indian taxation, law, and judicial procedure now are."—*Arthur Mills, "India in 1858."*

YEA, a long summer day the minstrel spent  
On the *Instruments of Indian Government*.  
*Justice in British India* see portray'd,  
How its *Administration* here is sway'd;  
What *Revenue* their system now exacts,  
And the extent up to its *sources* tracks.  
Of *Native States*, the eye observant sees  
Th' *Administration*, and th' long list of *Treaties*.  
*Government Institutions*, this rare list  
Tells what plans for *Education* there exist;  
What *Public Works* on India's ancient shores,  
From those complete to primal *Iron Ores*;  
What *Laws and Public Documents* relate  
To British India's past and present state.

And full attention the Reviewer fixes  
 On three well-detailed Appendixes.  
 Arthur Mills's "Colonial Institutions:"  
 Of rare enigmas here are th' solutions.  
 He awhile the forum leaves, and classic lore,  
 To write "The Law of Rating to the Poor."

## SECOND POEM.

"Glory her course unbounded runs,  
 And fires Damnonia's distant sons,  
 And Acland leads ———."

*Rev. W. Tasker, A.B. 1779.*

'Tis because of his b'loved father-in-law,  
 That I my hero now attempt to draw,  
 Devon's bright Ensample, as her Lord,  
 Yea equally respected and ador'd;  
 His Voice the whole Damnonii oft has thrill'd,  
 His Name our souls with expectation fill'd.  
 Long in the world, O Venerated! live,  
 Friend of man, th' Saviour's representative.  
 Many, once mazed in wilds of dark distress,  
 Praise thy adorable kind-heartedness.  
 Radiant with glory! o'er th' eternal sea  
 Of years to come, Devon will turn to thee,  
 As one great heart with purest love imbued,  
 And eyes with blinding tears of gratitude.  
 Thou, ever gen'rous, ever frank and free,  
 Show'st what an English gentleman should be.  
 Though never yet to action stung by pride,  
 A high demeanour never laid aside,  
 In sympathies with nobleness of mind:  
 The aureola of exalted Nature, shin'd  
 Powers blended—not easily defin'd.  
 Live always blessing, be thyself, too, blest—  
 Late, like the sun enlarging in the west,  
 Precursor of a brighter morning, sink to rest.



## THE TORRINGTON HYMN.

Virtus est sola atque unica nobilitas: "Merit is the chief and only nobility."

ONE voice may rouse a million souls;  
 One touch may wake a thousand strings;  
 Unto a breeze the ocean rolls;  
 And to a Star Creation sings;  
 A single arm hath kingdoms rent;  
 A spark may fire a continent;  
 So, in this little Hymn is seen  
 Great aim—The People and the Queen.

In ages dark marauders came,  
 Equipp'd with pikes and swords;  
 They set our fathers' homes in flame,  
 And thence were styled *Lords*.  
 Long in others' rights they revell'd,  
 Now at last they must be levell'd:  
 Though lords, or gods, themselves they call,  
 They are but robbers after all.  
 Their crimes at length have found them out—  
 Av'ricious, cruel, and mean.  
 Down with them! quickly raise the shout,  
 "The People and the Queen."  
 The rule of battle-axe is o'er;  
 Here murderers shall reign no more.  
 Intelligence must bear the sway,  
 And merit shed the mental day.  
 They say, the Throne a barrier needs,  
 To stem th' popular tide;  
 Them who in merrie England heeds,  
 They throve; but as they lied,  
 They tumults rais'd, themselves to serve,  
 For int'rest they from fealty swerve,  
 But Royalty, by them oppress'd,  
 Finds sanctuary in th' public breast.

Bid them ; and if they will not yield,  
 Then pull the Brigands down !  
 Right our arms, and Heaven our shield,  
 The People and the Crown !  
 Why wonder now that vengeance fires ?  
 —The mem'ry of our slaughter'd sires,  
 Their ancient homes, that should be ours,  
 Have fallen a prey to evil powers.  
 In our own land the tyrant hordes  
 No more our way shall bar ;  
 But through the so-call'd House of Lords,  
 We'll drive the People's car.  
 Hundreds of years of untold wrong  
 At once into the mem'ry throng.  
 Let's rise, my countrymen ! and fling  
 For ever by the paltry thing.  
 Shall Englishmen be longer fool'd  
 By th' soulless and obscene ?  
 Or be by merit, virtue ruled ?—  
 Sing, " England and the Queen."  
 What though the redd'ning tempests speed !  
 The sacred rolls of every creed  
 Shall be protected with due care,  
 And each shall our affection share.  
 Our thoughts, concentrated to one point,  
 Will there intensely burn ;  
 Goodness in every form anoint,  
 The Evil overturn.  
 For hollow-hearted, lazy drones  
 Are no support to virtuous thrones ;  
 No pains for their support they take,  
 But eat the honey others make.  
 Th' Bees, 'tis natural, have a Queen,  
 But where's their House of Peers ?  
*There* such a place is never seen,  
*Her* native worth endears ;  
 But let them dead be or alive,  
 The drones they put out of the hive.

England! "Empress of the Seas,"  
Emulate th' industrious Bees!  
But for these *Lords*, our children might  
More education gain,  
Our parents' elder years were light,  
And free from want and pain.  
The hard-wrung tax that goes to *keep*  
Had better far in darkness sleep,  
Than thus into existence start,  
To dim the soul and hard' the heart.  
But now we early toil, and late,  
Through long and dreary years.  
What follows, but a monstrous state?  
Our hopes are turn'd to tears.  
O shame! why should those tears be shed?  
Those who have plenty, take our bread;  
And very soon, if left alone,  
Would take our homes, and leave us none.  
Caus'd they ever Art to flourish?  
Or Sciences to shine?  
Do they th' rising genius nourish?  
No! these they leave to pine.  
To narrow circle they're confin'd—  
Circle as narrow as their mind.  
'Tis with th' sneaks' and cowards' courage  
They venture out, 'mid us to forage.  
We English to move are slow.  
Granted,—but once in motion,  
Advance we like unto the flow  
Of o'erwhelming ocean;  
And though the good old Saxon heart  
Lay nearly smother'd, now 'twill start  
To memories and recitals,  
"Beating the funeral march" of titles;  
Except t' those gain'd by intellect,  
No def'rence will we pay;  
Enlighten'd winners will select  
The myrtle and the bay.

Down with the weeds by blood manur'd!  
 Remember what our sires endur'd!  
 Though earthquakes rage, or tempests rise,  
 We'll dare them for our paradise.  
 The floods that stagnant spread disease,  
 And countless poisons breed,  
 Will prove more healthy for a breeze,  
 Of venom lopp'd and freed.  
 Britannia here herself uprears:—  
 "My children, now, as pioneers  
 Advance, and clear the horrid shade,  
 Whose darkness doth my Isle invade."  
 Nobles, miscall'd, in every form,  
 Resign, or else retreat;  
 Or ('tis gath'ring) th' remorseless storm  
 Shall thro' your bosoms beat.  
 No mercy you to others show'd,  
 No mercy e'er on us bestow'd;  
 You're in the iron grasp of fate—  
 You cry for mercy?—'tis too late!  
 Spring, England, out of this disgrace,  
 Free yourselves for ever;  
 These ogres of the human race  
 T' demon gods deliver.  
 The eyes of all the nations round  
 Will smile to see the action crown'd;  
 And generations yet to come  
 Will joy in their detested doom.  
 Can human laws or treaties bind  
 A monstrous progeny,  
 Who deal unkindness to mankind,  
 And live upon a Lie?  
 Now three parts of my hymn is done,  
 But *the work* is not begun;  
 Still, its value's not diminish'd—  
 When *commenc'd*, 'twill soon be *finish'd*.  
 'Twas in the stormy times of earth,  
 When little faith had man,

Rapine and Ignorance gave birth  
To their immoral plan.  
They're taught all rights to violate ;  
In blood they sow'd the seeds of hate  
Thro' ruin'd hopes and heart-pav'd tracks,  
Which switches bear for their own backs.  
Can climes to highest honour pass,  
Rare virtue states adorn,  
Where titles, with a certain class,  
Are held *for being born* ?  
Duke, Marquis, Earl, Viscount, Baron—  
We consign the whole to Charon ;  
For those not fools are proven knaves,  
To their own created vices slaves.  
Where is the *privileged person's* spur,  
Him urging on to fame ?  
No instances of good occur—  
Forsooth he has a *name* !  
While his own actions still declare  
Virtue and talent both are rare ;  
And we may well in question call,  
Whether or not he's brains at all.  
They're degenerate, mean in spirit,  
Who favours claim as right :  
What can they ever know of merit,  
Who *flourish* in its spite ?  
Highest worth is all discarded,  
Birth only *honour'd* and rewarded.  
—Impolitic, pernicious, fell,  
Subversion of all principle,  
With nought to do but eat and sleep,  
No wonder that they rust !—  
While meanest crimes their organs steep  
In senseless aims and lust.  
O God of Zion ! by us stand ;  
Lead us with thy red right hand  
To sweep these monsters from our land.

Now, Merit takes the palm alone—  
 Merit,—the People and the Throne.  
 March, England, to a high renown!  
 Shout for "The People and the Crown!"  
 Hark! Hallelujahs close the scene.  
 Up! for the People and Queen.

I alone am responsible for the "Torrington Hymn." It was not written, like most of my other productions, on the spur of the moment, or at the suggestion of any one. It is also written in German and in French; and it will shortly be issued in a much larger form, with the Music.

### RIGHT HONOURABLE BENJAMIN DISRAELI.

"He obeyed the law of his vehement and fiery nature, being one of those men, who, in whatever they undertake, know no medium, but will 'succeed or die.'"—*B. Disraeli*, "*Lord George Bentinck. A Political Biography.*"

"What information he possessed, what knowledge he imparted! How full of resource was his mind, and of variety his conversation! How different from the empty rattle of men whose ideas never moved out of a narrow circle."—*Thomas Hope's "Anastasius,"* Vol. I., p. 367.

"Forth Benjamin ———."

*Cowley's "Davideis,"* 4th Book, line 401.

YOUR countenance, by glorious Art portray'd,  
 In early life was to me familiar made;  
 It then entranc'd a princess of our clime—  
 She ask'd, I gave; and to the present time,  
 'Midst Nature and Art profusely blended,  
 In her wigwam 'tis on high suspended.

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Captain Popanilla! since "Sir John Cheek  
 (Milton) taught Cambridge, and King Edward Greek,"  
 Was ne'er seen so wondrous a translation  
 As in '28 you gave the nation.  
 I have no doubt the ancient "Taprobane"  
 Is "Vraibleusia" of the Indian main;  
 But, my good sir, you give some heavy rubs  
 In exposition of *select* and clubs.  
 The wildly-wond'ring world will hail, for aye,  
 The Hogarth of literature in "Vivian Grey;"  
 The "Duke of St. James," I mean the Young Duke  
 In search of wit,—I found this not the wrong book.  
 (In college-days we on Lake Erie sail,  
 Reading the Young Duke—gay but moral tale.)  
 In "The Revolutionary Epick," he  
 O'erleaps Time's flight and rule of Destiny.  
 All thought! Corsican-like, arms akimbo,  
 Shall I? No! "I'll hurl my lyre to limbo."  
 O Benjamin! 'twas not the lyre you flung,  
 But magic notes that far and fiercely rung;  
 T' flesh and blood transform'd a vap'ry legion,  
 Making a real of a fab'lous region.  
 Many strange thoughts unto the Bard occur'd:  
 This was one th' latter sections o' Book the Third;  
 The which I learn'd by rote beyond the foam,  
 Would suit our worthy friend Maguire's Rome.  
 Disraeli the Younger—true, you've said,  
 Quite young in heart, but rather old in head;  
 The "Crisis Examined," ay, well we know  
 Your rare allusion to the great Ducrow.  
 Fame's golden trump, nigh bursting with the blast,  
 Proclaim'd your arrival to Philippi at last;  
 You knēw your powers, and that the day would come,  
 When, arm'd in might, you'd drive the climax home.  
 And glow when Lilliputs in intellect  
 Pin'd in the cold damp shadows of neglect;  
 You, with intelligence matur'd and grown,  
 Filling both hemispheres with your renown,  
 And destined through all ages to be known,

While they, the mere ephemera of a day,  
 Pass with their setting sun of life away.  
 Love pierc'd me like an intense ray of Sol's,  
 Going thro' "Henrietta Temple"—three vols.  
 "Venetia!" with electric wings my soul,  
 Star-mounting, seems 'midst systems now to roll;  
*Cadurcis, Herbert, Byron! Shelley!*—names  
 That outflame the sun upon his central beams.  
 Alarcos rose a blood-besprinkled shrine  
 Before my exil'd eyes in '39.  
 I paraphrased, yea, did in numbers pour  
 His Athenæum Address in '44.  
 A new creator see him now advance  
 In "Coningsby" (which doth our age entrance),  
 Giving t' social life all th' interest of romance.  
 But for your book, sir, little heed would we  
 At this time give to "Anti-Coningsby,"  
 Though written "By an embryo M.P."  
 My Muse years ago something harass'd her,—  
 A letter written "By a Barrister,"  
 But plainly it appears unto the reader,  
 He acted but the part of special pleader.  
 (Here come in six lines of satire on "A Barrister,"  
     which are reserved.)  
 "Contarini Fleming" opens up the intrigues  
 Of court and politics and diplomatic leagues;  
 Visions o' th' Orient o'er my soul prevail,  
 And drown me in amaze with Alroy's Wondrous  
     Tale.  
 I'll not speak, following your suggestion,  
 With Dr. Granville on the Italian Question.  
     \*      \*      \*      \*      \*  
 Your Father Isaac ever must endure.  
 His "Curiosities of Literature"  
 Is a fam'd household work, and if we  
 Fail to meet with it in a library,  
 That the library's incomplete we all agree:  
 His works and yours in fast-advancing days  
 Shall be the burden of my ardent lays.

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“ Charles the First ” was ever by me prized,  
I mean the edition by yourself revised ;  
For th’ earlier one, by your beloved Sire,  
Fell with my other books in the Toronto fire.  
Living picture of an eventful time,  
Float me down the red waters of a Western clime,  
Or through th’ interminable forest stray,  
Which scarce admits th’ emerald gleam of day.  
What visions throng upon the rainbow floods,  
And fill with forms and echoes all the woods !  
People with scenes the universe for me.  
“ Lord George Bentinck—Political Biography.”  
Since th’ last session, Mr. Alfred Padley  
Seemeth to have prophesied but badly :  
This I know even since I first did pore  
O’er his answer to Chapter 24,  
Which chapter, from its lore, to me appears  
To’ve been by doctor writ in mediæval years.  
Exeter Hall ! “ Sybil ” thee teaches not to roam,  
But t’ look for fitting subjects near at home.  
“ Sybil’s ” value must remain untold ;  
It more than equals those to Tarquin sold.  
Like Gaul’s Corneille, of transcendent name,  
Thank yourself, great man, for all your fame ;  
With strength of soul whole systems to create,  
Undo, remodel, or exterminate.  
Ages past recall, the new abolish,  
And Titan-like build up or demolish.  
He, like Joshua, th’ sun’s race (Peel’s) did check,  
But then a whole creation went to wreck ;  
He sounded that peculiar cycle’s doom,  
But o’er the ruin made an Eden bloom.  
Your Life and Writings of your noble sire  
With warm emotion doth the Bard inspire.  
The Poet’s form a new existence fills ;  
A stream electric every fibre thrills ;  
My heart rolls its red fountains thro’ each vein,  
Its lyre-like strings ring wildly on my brain.

The world's great Past, from Earth's and Ocean's  
tomb,  
Re-live, and live before me all the years to come.  
The narrow Present, too, the Minstrel sees,  
Isthmusing th' continents of two eternities.  
Nadir and Zenith, Equinoctial, Pole,  
Planets and Orbs, here Suns and Systems roll :  
I hold an universe within my soul.  
Whene'er life's ills come on like roaring seas,  
Invigorating waters, grateful breeze,  
Roll, blow—I'll say I love such things as these.  
Quail not, but dare—remember Benjamin,  
The Moral Hero of the World, and win.  
*Crusader*-like, when his horse fell 'neath th' shock  
O' battle, in'ch by inch he fought on foot to *Antioch*.  
A second Theseus! the son of Isaac went,  
Th' unconquer'd and all-conquering, into Parliament.  
So far as Author, have I fill'd my text :  
As Orator and Statesman in my next.

### FREDERICK WINN KNIGHT,

New Reading Room,

BRITISH MUSEUM.

" They entered there a large and lofty dome."  
*Southey's "Maid of Orleans."*

" We entered, where, in well-ranged order, stood  
Th' instructive volumes of the wise and good."  
*Savage's "Wanderer."*

" Knight, in whose transcendent mind,  
Are wisdom, purity, and truth enshrined."  
*Ibid, "Poems."*

" A Trustee of the British Museum."—*Lowndes*.

The Parthenon! Athenæ's prime—  
O'ertopp'd th' Propylæi.  
The Coliseum, in Tiber's clime,  
Tower'd whose arching was the sky.

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Let Roma prize her holy Petro's dome, the Marian  
Arno's wondrous vale adorn,  
Bejapore kneel to Moslem prophet's tomb, and St.  
Sophia light the Golden Horn.

Be these, Titanic intellect, Thy monuments etern.  
This British dome do I select, here of Immortals  
learn,

When nations round are wreck'd, their lamps will  
brightly burn ;

The Holiest of Holies thou, rank with the blest  
abodes ;

Here I in adoration bow, here I approach the gods ;  
They lived the Lights of Ages, through every realm  
on Earth,

And when the final tempest rages, shall upspring to  
brighter birth.

Time and the world no more shall bound the echoings  
of their fame.

High o'er expiring Nature crown'd,  
New creations shall bask in the flame  
Of their souls, when each system and sun  
On axis in orbit no longer shall run,  
And the Nations that died ere those writers  
came forth,

In that Resurrection shall acknowledge their  
worth.

The Kildare Fires, and the Mam Tors, of Human  
mind. Io Pæan !

As truly Heaven's ambassadors, as the Immaculate  
Judean.

What care I for kings or queens, and least of all for  
titled hordes ?

Ephemera of an hour, Eternity's my dower.

I'm borne thro' everlasting scenes, on tides of  
burning words.

Let them sink of Lethe-drink ; but Time, arrested  
in her flight,

With lyre-like wing thy praise shall sing, O Frederick  
Winn Knight !

Like the air of Worcestershire,  
His temper's mild and pure ;  
No vapours dim the soul of him  
Whose Name shall long endure.

### WILLIAM BROWN.

" My days among the dead are past ;  
Around me I behold,  
Where'er these casual eyes are cast,  
The mighty minds of old ;  
My never-failing friends are they,  
With whom I converse night and day."

*Robert Southey.*

—————" William, thou in whom  
Some bright spirit lived."—*Percy Bysshe Shelley.*

—————" Of Brown  
———— we may speak our thought  
Truly, as men of honour ought."

*Charles Churchill.*

" Where Antrim's giant pillars rise  
Abrupt, to prop th' incumbent skies."

*Thomas Dermody.*

FROM th' monumental city of renown,  
Turn to South Lancashire and William Brown.  
Lo Retrospect its mantle o'er me flings ;  
Libraries of Persian or of Hebrew kings,  
Or that which Xerxes from Athenæ bore,  
And Pisistratus to his native shore ;  
Plunder'd by Sylla, rear'd by Hadrian once more.  
Or that which gain'd a very high renown  
On Caicus' banks, Pergamus, Mysian town.  
Or that which roll'd in letter'd gold did shine,  
'The prime treasure of Imperial Constantine.  
Rome's Libraries ! Ulpian ! and the Palatine !  
Æmilius, Lucullus, Pollio,  
Atticus, Severus, others to know,  
Were long, Serenus, many a great man—  
The Emperors Gordian and Trajan.



But the great excellence thou didst give  
 The world, in memory shall for ever live.  
 Syllas may plunder, and Omars may burn,  
 Yet shall not generations cease to learn  
 And bless thy name ; thy name shall still be heard,  
 When millions living are in nameless tombs interr'd.  
 Though earthquakes drain the mountain seas, or pile  
 Usurping billows on our ancient Isle—  
 Your soul shall star-like o'er the tempest smile.

### JAMES WHATMAN, F.R.S., F.S.A.

"Come on — James — this is the time, come on,  
 Receive just honours —."

*William Walsh, "The Golden Age Restored," 1703.*

"Planting societies for peaceful Arts."

*Matthew Prior, "Carmen Seculare" for the year 1700.*

"A gentleman of Wales, a knight of Cales,  
 And a laird of the North country;  
 But a Yeoman of Kent, with his yearly rent,  
 Will buy them out all three."

*"The Winning of Cales," 1596.*

ONE from the finest family in Kent,  
 I choose in realms of Art to represent,  
 Th' whole of its members now in Parliament,—  
 That headland county renown'd in story,  
 Ever from fertile weald t' promontory.  
 Your sires of old were civil and polite,  
 As are their children in the age I write.  
 From these the Bard unwillingly departs,  
 Even to sing o' the Society of Arts.  
 All after ages Shipley will salute,  
 (Hail Franklin's Philosophic Institute!)  
 Time's flight shall never traverse o'er your loss.  
 Rothmell's, or Peele's! Craig's Court by Charing  
 Cross,  
 Heroes of mind, on marching hand in hand,  
 Enlarg'd its bounds of Empire in the Strand.

But for removal hence you soon prepar'd,  
 To that building by th' Brothers Adam rear'd;  
 Of which the Viscount, lib'ral, free, and blythe,  
 From the town titled Dover 'twixt and Hythe.  
 Folkestone, I mean, an ancient town in Kent,  
 Was th' first inaugurated President.  
 Th' Royal Academy's Exhibition,  
 Ere it reach'd its present high position,  
 Wending to glorious halls and classic domes,  
 Originated in our famous rooms.  
 See, what prizes we t' girls and boys award,  
 Since Cosway won a name that thrills the Bard!  
 Immortal those thro' God's eternal year,  
 In Art advanc'd, first gain'd their honours here,  
 Bacon, Nollekens, Flaxman, Lawrence, and  
 Others, whose names are heard in every land;  
 Ross, Barry—but I arrest the Muse's stream,  
 Soon to renew again the fertile theme.  
 One of the features of our age we see,  
 Founded here, the Photographic Society;  
 A New Creator with his glory on,  
 You pour'd a soul thro' Earth in '51.  
 Thus far, much farther, than at first I meant,  
 For th' learn'd and courteous Member of West  
 Kent.

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### WILLIAM JAMES GARNETT.

"Well-remembered Garnett."—*Goldsmith.*

— "He that holds up Lancaster."

*Shakespeare, "Henry VI.," 3rd Part, Act i. Sc. 1.*

There is another very long poem on my hero's prize Report.

My hero's prize Report I once, elate,  
 In college-days, did into French translate.  
 This theme be mine. Another doth o'errule  
 Th' North Lancashire Reformatory School.

From scenes of darkness and of mental strife,  
He snatch'd those stray weeds from the sea of life;  
He planted them, and now they're taking root—  
'Transform'd, soon shall their buds begin to shoot;  
Green branches spread, and glorious be the fruit.  
Oft has it happen'd, unpractis'd and wild,  
Because parentless, hath run th' lowly child;  
Whereas, had he but friends to guide and guard,  
He had been worthy found of high regard:  
All that he wanted was the saviour hand,  
To prove an ornament of this our land.  
Many the wrong pursue—in error lie,  
Only thro' misdirected energy.  
Heard they a leader's voice, would they once fail  
To cause the nations round to bid them hail!  
Like great waters o' the West, the human mind  
Only requires a proper course to find;  
No more in swamps, or in fierce torrents hurl'd.  
It flows along, to irrigate a world.  
Nor shone a Purer Light, since in the hour  
Longovicum held to th' Roman power,  
Than that which now streams fair and far from  
Bleasdale Tower.  
Long o'er Lancastrian lakes in glory spread,  
And smile in day on every mountain's head.  
Gratitude shall Bleasdale's heart enflame,  
And youth by thousands rise to bless your name,  
Because you gave them in the world a place,  
Endued with every intellectual grace.  
Him the benevolence of Nature led,  
Whereby the erring are both clothed and fed.  
Go on! progress, your motto never fail,  
Founder o' th' Reformatory School, Bleasdale.  
To Heaven hosannas! the benison  
Of embryo millions by you be won.  
Kindness and energy enchant! advance!  
Your character is stamp'd upon your countenance.

## EDWARD BALL.

—— "Upon Ball."—*Sir John Oldcastle.*

"Go, Edward, triumph now.

\* \* \*  
—— Good —— Ball,  
Our friend ——."—*Southey.*

—— "He rode, he rode to Cambridgeshire,  
But never a doctor there was so wise  
That could, with his learning, an answer devise."

"*King John and the Abbot of Canterbury.*" (Author not known.)

—— "though we perish, bless the church."—*King Charles the 1st.*

THERE are Balls of many kinds,  
Well to Art and Science known;  
But none are like the living one,  
Who erst as now in virtue shone:  
This th' inquiring Minstrel finds,  
To give or take renown.  
Cambridgeshire—Iceni's glory;  
Rome's Flavia, Cæsariensis;  
From th' Heptarch to Guelph's strange story,  
Sure thy History no offence is.  
Let England to remembrance call  
Her toils in centuries back,  
When tyrants did her clime enthrall  
With gibbet, fire, and rack!  
O'er Inquisitions, Monks, and Nuns,  
Let all your memories wake—  
When England's best and dearest sons  
Perish'd at the stake!  
Will e'er such horrid scenes accus'd  
Again for vengeance cry?  
Not till every heart shall burst,  
And every vein be dry.  
She was, indeed, th' barrier Church—  
A rock she stood 'gainst fire and flood:  
But for her ye were in the lurch;  
Then thank her for your good.

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For Edward Ball July recall,  
 Of eighteen fifty-two—  
 To the poll *above*, he the people's love  
 As with a magnet drew.

### ALDERMAN JAMES KERSHAW.

— "Alderman and mayor."

*King's Imit. Hor. Art. of Poetry.*

"I am all in calicoes."—*Addison's Spectator.*

— "My own alderman conferr'd my bays."—*Pope.*

— "James Kershaw was the man."—*J. P. Lowther.*

MUSE! from theme t' theme like bee 'midst flowers  
 you flow;

Now raise the artistic strain for Calico.

Hail, Alderman! no name has gone so far,

Since Gama, on the coast of Malabar,

Thro' roaring seas by blazing whirlwinds borne

To the far kingdoms of the rising morn,

This work of Art in our possession put,

From the orient genius drawn of Calicut.

All th' world Calicoes of different kinds

In his Lancastrian emporium finds.

Kershaw's plain, printed, painted, stain'd, and dy'd,

All that belongs to this great branch, beside

Chintzes and Muslins too, you here may choose,

All under the generic name of Calicoes.

Ever since th' seventeenth century's seventh decade.

All th' progress that Calico printing made,

From nadir to zenith, are here display'd.

We saw him in the bygone years date,

Manduesse's Alderman and Magistrate;

And his good deeds far sounded o'er the sea,

While Mayor of Manchester in '43.

Unto two Aldermen I pay my court,

Stole-on-Trent Copeland, and Kershaw of Stockport.

## MATTHEW HENRY MARSH.

——— "friend" ——

——— Matthew" ——

*Prior to Earl of Oxford.*

——— "Henry" ——

By a late muse presented in our age."—*Lansdowne.*

——— "Marsh" ——

——— glories gain'd" ——

*William Whitehead. 1756.*

"Salisbury and ye the representative."

*Southey's "Joan of Arc."*

"And well he knew the spire of Sarum."—*Peter Bell.*

"Like shepherd kings and those of Chaldee,  
He knew the stars—the Star of Destiny \* \* \*"

"And sheep-walks populous with bleating lambs."

*Cowper's Task, Book 6.*

See Waller to the Lord Protector, verse 34.

See Burns on Captain Henderson, 1st verse, 2nd, 3rd, and 4th lines. Beside, all through "Richard III." Shakespeare mentions *Henry* 186 times.

THIS is the world-fam'd enterprising man  
Reviv'd Arcadia and the age of Pan.  
In Auster-lands, beyond the roaring main,  
His sheep in myriads whiten all the plain;  
And impetus to New South Wales he gave,  
And left th' inhabitants no more to crave.  
Of the Colonial Council, high in power,  
He yielded up the reins in '54.  
Thro' sunny or thro' stormy times no harsh  
Word could be said of Matthew Henry Marsh.  
And when th' annals of New South Wales be writ,  
His memory shall brightly shine thro' it.  
His family name was honour'd long before  
He left for Southern lands his native shore,  
And now return'd, he goes to represent  
Wilts' ancient capital in Parliament.  
Long as your far-renown'd Cathedral spire  
Shall up into the heaven it loves aspire,

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Or th' western road in mem'ry shall abide,  
 Or Avon rolleth its translucent tide,  
 Or th' extensive downs call'd Salisbury Plain,  
 With Stonehenge and more wonders, shall remain,  
 Your name will vitalize the Poet's strain.  
 I look, and mark across the floodless plain,  
 The shepherd slowly drive his fleecy train;  
 The sheep are cropping grass upon the way,  
 As they have done e'er since the break of day.  
 At noon, they four, or perhaps five miles have stray'd,  
 And now approach the gum-tree's mighty shade;  
 Behold the shepherd at his length is laid.  
 Hark! do we Jew's-harp or accordion hear?  
 Doth classic Drymotis again appear?  
 But list again, the strain and dinner done,  
 Homeward they're bound, until by setting sun,  
 Both sheep and guardian now at home, behold—  
 Man to his hut, and sheep secur'd in fold.

### HENRY PEASE.

"He determined to visit Mr. Pease."—*Samuel Smiles' "Life of George Stephenson,"* p. 184, 5th edit. 1858.

"Words are but a slight tribute to the unexampled worth of Henry."—*Mrs. Shelley's "Frankenstein."*

"Pease, mild and demulcent."—*Arbuthnot.*

"He shall stand before kings."

"And I to Durham, sir, belong."

*Wordsworth's "Alice Fell."*

"So safe he sat in Durham."—*Scott's "Marmion."*

"Himself stood *director.*"—*Sidney.*

THE honour'd name of Durham's Henry Pease  
 Was known to me by the far inland seas,  
 Ere he advancèd like a tow'ring Tor,  
 In presence of the mighty Emperor,

To 'lay, if possible, the storms of Wars,  
 Bellona's thunders and the wiles of Mars;  
 When he before the eyes of Europe stood,  
 The Saviour emblem'g that still'd the flood.  
 Associated with my hero's name,  
 Arise ideas time shall never tame.  
 Methinks I see primeval forests roll  
 Down to th' estuaries and there form coal,  
 Destin'd in countless centuries hence to prove  
 The greatest riches of the land we love.  
 Henry! of Public Works th' fam'd Director;  
 Edward! thee the world hails th' Great Projector.  
 'Midst th' stars of Science you will brightly shine,  
 Who 'stablish'd, thro' a night of storms, the Quaker's  
 Line.

Thy blest sire, O Durham's favour'd son,  
 Was partner with the great GEORGE STEPHENSON.  
 Aye, when that name is mention'd in my strains,  
 I feel the blood go trickling thro' these veins;  
 But I keep down my soul's uprising power,  
 Like him his Locomotive, to ten miles an hour.  
 Unassuming, ever of your own mind  
 The master, in every scene of life ye find  
 You still th' same; associations entwine  
 Fondly for ever round you, in the county Palatine.

## WILLIAM WOOD.

THE

### FACTORY HOMES ASSOCIATION,

For Promoting an improved Factory System, and the Employment, Maintenance, and Training of Orphans, the Deaf and Dumb, and the Destitute.

"Come, bright Improvement! on the car of Time,  
 And rule the spacious world from clime to clime."  
*Thos. Campbell's "Pleasures of Hope," Part 1st.*

THE Great Projector, hail, ye sacred Nine!  
 Who an enlighten'd plan doth well define;

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Factory economy hath rung for years  
 From gong-like tongues upon the nation's cars ;  
 But a panacea at length appears.  
 Witness the system he would institute ;  
 'This shall many a coming age salute—  
 For 'twould with th' ordin'ry factory afford  
 An establishment also for their board.  
 See, workers lodged, instructed too, and train'd—  
 These are the blessings thus to be obtain'd.  
 Employment, and instruction too, to guide  
 The Orphan ; for th' Deaf, and Dumb, and Destitute  
 provide.  
 In other lands, the attending good results  
 Are shown the world in children and adults ;  
 Millions are destin'd yet to prove how true,  
 In a social and commercial point of view.  
 He knows that he's with great obstructions hemm'd,  
 As the Factory system has been much condemn'd.  
 But note the principle, and too the plan,  
 The system pure of our most wondrous man ;  
 That when the workers' hour of labour's o'er,  
 Dispers'd the premises, in crowds they pour,  
 In durance guided and controll'd no more.  
 With acts and words, in truth not over-nice,  
 They fall into improvidence and vice.  
 Thus in mental deterioration,  
 And physical, roll the life-floods of a nation.  
 Know, whereas by such an organization,  
 They'd regulate their deeds, economise  
 Their earnings—which are the surest steps to rise ;  
 Accumulate the surplus, and improve  
 Leisure time, and lift intellect above  
 The mere round of factory-life, to train th' mind,  
 To Arts and Virtue make them more inclin'd.  
 Thy object is the welfare of mankind.  
 Blest pioneer ! on this untrodden tract,  
 Hail, William Wood, M.P. for Pontefract !

At the opening of the Royal edition of the LONDONIAD is at-  
 tached a miniature epic on the member for Pontefract.

## JOHN DOVE HARRIS.

— “Thy prudent care would cultivate  
Leicestrian fleeces.”—*Dyer's "Fleece,"* Book 1st.

————— “Lemster wooll  
As white as snow on Peakish Hull,  
Or swanne that swims the Trent.”—*Michael Drayton.*

“With Leicester's silken wool” —  
*Philips's Cyder Poem,* Book I.

“And Leicester ———  
————— be careful of your fame.”  
*King's "Art of Cookery."*

Who has not heard that unto classic Greece  
Jason from Colchis brought the Golden Fleece?  
How he with th' Argonautæ did prevail,  
On seas unknown spread out the Argo's sail,  
And thro' fierce Charybdis' and Scylla's roar,  
In triumph reach'd fair Æa's distant shore;  
How th' eloquence of Orpheus, loud and long,  
Sav'd the blest Hero from the Syrens' song.  
Eternal glories of a classic realm,  
Whose beamy floods my spirit overwhelm:  
My Muse shall rise like Venus from the main,  
Seas, winds, entranc'd, shall echo to her strain.  
Lo, down the steep of centuries I pour  
The Muse's stream to rival thine, O Soure,  
Whom first I classic make, and give a fame  
Outrivalling the Fosseway and the Roman name.  
We look in vain thy spring of time to see;  
'Tis mist-bound in remote antiquity.  
Yet, fam'd in story, we have often heard  
Of Harry Richmond, Bosworth, Dick the Third—  
Th' last at Leicester (St. Margaret's church) in-  
terr'd.  
Long 'twere, indeed, to tell of such as these,  
Or to recount your numerous privileges;  
And, not the least, from Mid-England to th' roll  
Of Ocean, Leicester's freemen never pay a toll.  
But these I leave, to sing of Leicester wool.

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See, 'mong the primest of our business names,  
 My hero's hail'd upon the banks of Thames;  
 And I for him begin th' earliest strain.  
 O'er every mountain, realm, and rolling plain,  
 Extends his mighty arm of enterprise.  
 Vast and various, he England and th' world supplies:  
 Th' firm of which he is th' exalted head  
 Doth radiance sun-like o'er the nations spread.  
 'Twas Leicester, thro' long ages fam'd for wool,  
 Prepar'd the car, and with him topp'd the poll.  
 Her twice-elected Mayor—thus far my lyre,  
 Thus far doth John Dove Harris me inspire,  
 And for a motto now we'll turn to Dyer.

### RALPH WILLIAM GREY.

“ I'll tell Ralph a tale ”——.—*Beaumont and Fletcher.*

“ Wreaths round William's head.”—*Prior.*

“ The sun upon no happier shone  
 —— than —— Grey.”—*Crabbe's "Eustace Grey."*

“ So on the secretary in his glory went,  
 Over the briny element,  
 By Sir W. Curtis.”

“ A tale of other years.”—*Ossian.*

YES! I was there, the grand turn-out I saw,  
 Th' day that Poulett Thomson grac'd th' Ottawa.  
 To me the Sheriff came, in haste from Thor,  
 And said, “ I want a poem upon th' Governor.”  
 The poem was written: soon in silken dress  
 It came forth, issuing from the Bytown press.  
 The Governor his hand laid on my head;  
 And, turning to the Sheriff, thus he said  
 (Though scarcely heard, because of martial bands):  
 “ Are there here unappropriated lands?”  
 “ Yes, my Lord,” (for he was “ lorded ” now;  
 That day a coronet first deck'd his brow.)

"When I" (for well was urg'd the prime intent!)  
 "Return unto the seat of government,"  
 Said he, "a deed shall to the Bard be sent."  
 Months roll'd away, and what meantime took place,  
 'Twere long indeed in hurrying song to trace;  
 Suffice to say, the last thing that he sign'd,  
 Almost when on his dying bed reclin'd,  
 Was for 300 acres of wild land;  
 Which enabled me in after times t' stand  
 A Candidate, what time I did engage  
 That clime's attention, 19 years of age.  
 "You were a Minor—how could that be done?"  
 They took me (I was tall) for twenty-one;  
 Nor was the question of me ever ask'd:  
 Thus I in sunshine of their favour bask'd.  
 Grey now—as Secretary he appears  
 To Sydenham, in those eventful years;  
 To Canada, where once Ralph William mov'd,  
 Thro' that society in youth belov'd,  
 May he again by Sovereign power be sent,  
 Head o' the Provincial Union's Government.  
 Thus shall Ralph William Grey stand forth confest,  
 To that Great Land, the Young Giant of the West.

**EDW. GEOFFREY SMITH STANLEY,  
 14th EARL OF DERBY.**

"Stanley, Earl of Derby, king in Man."—*Hertzner*, 16th century.

"First minister of state."—*Churchill*.

"Fortunæ majoris honos, erectus et acer."—*Claud.*

"Nec pluribus impar."—*Motto Louis XIV.*

"He who, if he had claimed it, might have obtained the diadem,  
 was not likely to be denied the laurel."—*Dr. Johnson's "Lives of  
 the Poets."*

— "The time when Richard was depos'd,  
 And high and low with happy Harry clos'd.  
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In deference ——— I forbear  
To show you what the rest in order were.

\* \* \* \* \*  
He needs no foyl ; but shines by his own proper light."

*Dryd. imit. Chaucer.*

\* \* \* \* \*

AND when the opponent had the road to clear,  
You hung not then upon his broken rear ;  
But on enchanted wings you seem'd to go,  
O'erleap'd his course and faced the flying foe.  
I saw you in the Parliament elate,  
There rightly named the Rupert of debate ;  
Yes, like the nephew of the Martyr King,  
At one bound you'd in th' midst of conflict spring.  
Ensigns and trophies, as by tempests torn,  
Flutter'd in rags o'er prostrate hosts forlorn ;  
While midst the raging storm's politic gloom,  
Like Henry at Ivri, show'd your guiding plume,  
'Till thro' mountains o'erthrown on every side,  
Stanley triumphant sail'd on Victory's tide.  
My soul back, t' an earlier epoch goes,  
When the mail'd championship of either Rose  
Each other in th' grey dawn at Bosworth sought,  
And hand to hand all day for *England* fought.  
A grave or empire ! was the thrilling cry—  
(The burden of the winds that passed by  
Our groaning sires !—succour is on the sea !)  
Cheering Harry Richmond on t' victory,  
'Twas your great ancestor his triumph led,  
And plac'd th' crown on their deliverer's head.  
Your family, since th' epoch of Bosworth,  
From dark obscurity brought many forth ;  
And were I, or to-morrow or to-day,  
A candidate for th' laurel or the bay,  
No other hand would th' ardent poet choose,  
To deck the car of his triumphant Muse.  
Like others, then, might I to Stanley owe,

All that I am and all I yet may know.  
 But I, self-crown'd, advanced long ago.  
 My heart-strings thrill, and all my soul's on fire ;  
 My spirit's entered in a living lyre ;  
 But I arrest! else tow'ring, deep and strong,  
 Ocean-like, endlessly might I prolong,  
 And fill the entire LONDONIAD with the Derby song.

Poems are already written for the friends of my early youth; and will appear in the next LONDONIAD. Many of them appear in the present work: John, Lord Bishop of Toronto; Sir John Beverly Robinson, Chief Justice of Upper Canada; Hon. Col. Prince; George Gurnett, Esq., many times Mayor of Toronto; Stewart Derbishire, Esq.; *Hon. Henry Sherwood*; Sir Allan Napier M'Nab; and the Hon. John Ross. The two last-mentioned noble-minded personages allowed me to refer to them while engaged in the first LONDONIAD (at which time they were in England). Their proffered kindness was only the more valued, if possible, because it was not required—I being in the land of my birth, and in the midst of friends, second to none in influence; nevertheless, their spontaneous kindness of heart I greatly honour.

"The truly generous are the truly wise."

### CHARLES CAVENDISH CLIFFORD.

"Beside the shores of Wight."—*Wordsworth.*

'THE *Names* you bear, inspire my lays,  
 Were foremost in renown ;  
 With laurels deckèd, crown'd with bays,  
 Thro' ev'ry age were known ;  
 In England's most eventful days,  
 Could give or hold a crown.

\* \* \* \*

While other youth' in morning's prime  
Lie dull as English fogs,  
You from dear Greece's classic clime  
To Britain brought THE FROGS;  
With English idioms to suit,  
Convey'd to Northern Seas  
The spirit great and resolute  
Of Aristophanes.  
To you, these later ages trace,  
Athenian Æschylus—  
The giant of Titanic race,  
Enchain'd on Caucasus.  
See! hear! again the ocean rings,  
All Nature is astir,  
Prometheus defiance flings  
To the fierce Thunderer.  
Nereides from o'er the sea  
Come upon their mission;  
And Terra's son that He be free  
Recommends submission.  
Though anguish tear immortal nerves,  
His heart the vultures' food,  
This, even this, but only serves  
To show his fortitude.  
Hark! the Eternal's thunders roar,  
Convulsions seize the world,  
Lightnings confound the sea and shore—  
He's to the abyss hurl'd.  
Here, EVERLASTING, do thy worst,  
Thou hast not power to kill;  
Bound as I am, thou god accurst,  
I fling *defiance* still.  
My panting Muse would fain aspire,  
By theme and hero led—  
The Poet's soul is all on fire,  
But, Language, thou art fled.

**GEORGE POULETT SCROPE, F.R.S.,  
F.G.S., &c.**

"He possessed the great qualities of tact and judgment in determining the course to be pursued."—*George Poulett Scrope*, "*Life of Lord Sydenham*."

"Indocti discant, et ament meminisse periti."

"All may not Stroud's vestures wear."—*Dyer*.

"By Scrope — then be taught."—*Dr. William King*.

In countries far, by rivers wild and loud,  
I heard of you, George Poulett Scrope, of Stroud.  
As a Geologist fain would I write,  
And back thro' all the periods take my flight;  
But as Biographer in this our time,  
Choose th' most learn'd gentleman of England's  
clime.

'Twas, I believe, in 1844,  
I first o'er Lord Sydenham's Life did pore;  
Then soon in French a paraphrase was seen—  
That thrilling page 117.

Many a passage, long in after days,  
Fill'd with new fire the Author of these lays.  
Thy brother! his self-confidence I held,  
Ever against the world my guardian shield;  
Led by his example ne'er to despise,  
Or treat with disrespect minorities.  
Oh that he now, or others of that ilk,  
Were still alive to cheer the trade in silk,  
And once more to expose th' Nomination  
System, throughout all our age and nation;  
A mode of levying taxes to explain,  
And show excessive taxation no gain.  
His sanitary measures! oh that names  
Of equal worth would now enchant the Thames!  
See him in early life t' eminence pass.  
How when far absent he elected was,  
Principles laid down, and th' arrangements made  
By him, were after follow'd by the Board of Trade.

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Children and young persons in factories!  
 Hark! songs of gratitude to him arise;  
 And I remember well page 89.  
 'Twas he the School establish'd of Design.

\* \* \* \* \*

Many another act might grace my strain,  
 M'Leod's protection, and the wilds of Maine.  
 O Canada Company! before him  
 Yon star o' Destiny, as it should, grew dim.  
 He with meteor-eye the swindling race  
 Of Yankees to their bloody den did trace.

\* \* \* \* \*

The Weak inspir'd the Brave—they all rely  
 On his force o' character and energy;  
 Even 'gainst Fate his steadfast march he takes—  
 Her rampir'd heights are brambles in the brakes;  
 Mountains, transform'd, in cloud-like billows spread,  
 And clear in light before my hero's tread.

The above is an episode in the Conquest of Canada.

## JOHN, LORD BISHOP OF TORONTO.

"He stood before me

The embodied vision of the brightest dream,  
 That like a dawn heralds the day of life;  
 The shadow of his presence made my world  
 A paradise."—*Percy Bysshe Shelley.*

"I am deeply sensible of the privilege I have enjoyed, in having been honoured, for so many years, by the friendship of the Bishop of Toronto, and of the advantage I have often derived from his Lordship's kind and prudent counsels."—*Dr. Burnside.*

THERE have been many eras in my life,  
 Known by their brightness, darkness, peace or strife;  
 But that which brighter, more resplendent blazed,  
 Was when I first upon our Bishop gazed.  
 Then my soul spurn'd the might of earthly chains;  
 Wild floods of electricity shot through my veins,  
 And soaring high, I saw array'd in him,  
 An incarnation of the Seraphim.  
 Beloved and venerated Bishop, hail!

In vain fanatics rage, sectarians rail  
 Against our Zion's holy mountains high,  
 While so good and pure a man as you are nigh.  
 (Unlike mere "Professors" of THEOLOGY,  
 Whose very acts betray a rancorous lie;  
 Sin in their looks and poison in their veins,  
 Their villain forms the brand of Cain retains;  
 On their brows the frontispiece of Hell engraven.  
 As in the coward countenance of BEVAN.)  
 Like Satan, rising at Ithuriel's spear,  
 Exploded sins before your presence clear.  
 Live long and happy, through the flight of years,  
 And finally, a home beyond the spheres,  
 May God, Lord Bishop! to yourself supply,  
 And your fine, noble-hearted family.

It is known to the learned that the Lord Bishop of Toronto was  
 tutor to Sir David Wilkie; his kindness to me in the morning of  
 my life will never be forgotten.

## SIR JOHN B. ROBINSON,

CHIEF JUSTICE OF UPPER CANADA.

I was a very young man in the day that I first stood in the pre-  
 sence of the prince of his race; he gave me his name then, and  
 many a time after.

"We see that even in these times, when merit often fails of its  
 due, he has ascended the legal throne, although he be a person of  
 learning and eminence, in a great degree."—*Dr. Jonathan Swift's*  
*Letters.*

HAIL! star of learning, prince of worth, we all look  
 up to thee,  
 In these far regions of the earth, for light and ma-  
 jesty.  
 The well-beloved—for every voice its willing anthems  
 raise;  
 And every list'ner will rejoice to hear their chieftain's  
 praise.

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Yes! many years before I came to see the mighty  
 one,  
 'Twas my desire to have thy name, Chief Justice  
 Robinson!  
 And I have got it—and afar **THY NAME** shall sweep  
 sublime,  
 Out like a full-rigg'd man-of-war down all the streams  
 of time.

---

**TO GEORGE GURNETT, ESQUIRE,**  
 OF TORONTO,

Several times elected Mayor of Toronto, and now Minister of  
 Police, and head Magistrate of Western Canada.

“A fine old English Gentleman.”—*Old Song.*

SAINT GEORGE he was a valiant knight,  
 As e'er drew sword in hand;  
 He rose a light, through Pagan night,  
 The Patron of our land.  
 Then shout his praise, with sound of seas,  
 Till every sphere be rent;  
 And spread his fame, with lightning's flame,  
 Around the Continent.  
 Let poet's song the strain prolong;  
 Dare Time to overturn it,  
 For you are blest, **QUEEN OF THE WEST!**  
 In having *Dear Mayor Gurnett.*

I had often occasion to, and not unavailingly did I, invoke the  
 aid of this truly wise and honourable gentleman while fighting the  
 battle of life in a distant land.

---

**TO STEWART DERBISHIRE, ESQ.,**

HEAD PRINTER TO THE QUEEN'S MOST EXCELLENT MAJESTY,  
 AND LATE MEMBER FOR BYTOWN.

To him who stretched the saviour hand to the young poet;  
 written with the ardour of youth and in the days of exile.

"Now shall thy deathless memory be entwined  
With all that conquers, charms, or rules the mind."

*Thomas Babington Macaulay.*

HAIL, prototype of Deity, to thee I peal  
My orisons! thou CENTRE SUN of worth;  
Could language now express but what I feel,  
To what eloquence would gratitude give birth.  
Were I the highest Bard in Paradise,  
I'd throw my wings aside, and lowly kneel  
To THEE! my morning star! my song should rise  
In noblest anthems thro' enchanted skies,  
While God's right hand should stamp the approving  
seal  
On thy immortal brow, Creation's prize!  
And Fame's loud tocsin thro' earth, sea and air,  
With Heaven's high courts should ring with STEWART  
DERBISHIRE.

### HON. COLONEL PRINCE.

To a glorious specimen of the true English gentleman, his Name, and the Names of those my friends in the Western colonies here mentioned, are in other songs prepared for the Conquest of Canada. My spirit still wanders through the forests and on the floods in that land of the setting sun as in all my early days. My destiny is strange indeed. Reared in a clime where none of my kindred had ever been, I found friends among many races. I had worked a way as I hoped to prosperity and eminence; and when I had well-nigh conquered, returned to a native country more foreign in aspect than any I had ever seen in fancy, and where there was but little motive for action, for everything seemed to have been prepared generations ago.

I shall be glad to hear from the Colonel, and indeed from any of the moving spirits of Canada, who may

"Send me some cordial endearing report  
Of a land I shall visit no more."

"Ages on ages shall your name admire,  
No future day shall see your fame expire."—*Byron.*

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"Most versatile, most wondrous are his powers  
In council, in debate, in war, in policy,  
With much that's good and kindly in him too."—*Henry II.*

"And soone to Sandwich I arrivde."—*The Legend of King Arthur.*

A NOBLER heart ne'er beat in human breast,  
Than beats in yours the Saviour of the West,  
Who tore Rebellion's reeking standard down,  
And flung a brighter radiance o'er the crown;  
But, like the mightiest men in eras gone,  
In vain for tyranny your splendour shone—  
In vain 'gainst traitors and for *men of straw*,  
You fought with English might for English law;  
But hark! when they shall join the "*common lot*,"  
Their names—the age in which they lived—forgot,  
Yours, like beams through Orient gates of morn,  
Shall light up future days, and other lands adorn:  
Long may you live and cause nonentities to wince,  
And good men to rejoice, dear, gallant COLONEL  
PRINCE!

### SIR ALLAN NAPIER M'NAB.

"Then I proved \_\_\_\_\_  
In deeds of armes the doughtyest knight,  
That in those days — was."—*Percy's Reliques.*

LIKE the great Augustus of Imperial Rome,  
Beyond equality in your high sphere,  
The great and small with you are quite at home,  
From condescension you have nought to fear.

### RIGHT HON. JAMES WHITESIDE.

Inscribed with great affection to my friends of Irish origin in  
Upper Canada.

"Cedant arma togæ, concedat laurea linguæ."  
"Thou art the first of Orators; only he  
Who best can praise thee, next must be."—*Cowley.*  
"No more are Mars and Jove poetic themes,  
But the celestial — and just James."—*Lansdowne.*

MANY a time your words have thrill'd me thro',  
 In Western lands beyond the waters blue ;  
 In wigwam, girt by shaggy wilderness,  
 Children of Erin would the bard caress.  
 Wherefore ? I deliver'd an oration  
 Of yours, moving spirit of your nation !  
 Yea, I would in thy spirit's splendour steep  
 My own : in evening realms beyond th' deep,  
 Your speeches ever were my fond delight ;  
 With voice uprais'd in forests black as night,  
 Or by the roaring cataract, I'd recite.  
 Then would my soul go bounding o'er th' main,  
 A sight of your immortal form to gain ;  
 For I had read your glorious works before,  
 Of all the wonders done on Tiber's shore ;  
 And heard of palms in college days you bore  
 Away ; and when you did fore me appear,  
 Then inspiration fill'd the atmosphere ;  
 My heart-strings like th' Æolian lyre 'gan play,  
 And, all instructive, thus commenced the lay.

\* \* \* \*

Muse, mark we now an Advocate's advance,  
 Invested with the interest of romance ;  
 To those yet struggling hard, who hope to gain  
 The heights my blessed hero doth attain.  
 But oh ! my spirit to *that period* flies,  
 When the whole world upon him turn'd its eyes.  
 Yea ; 'twas the turning point of fortune then—  
 Seized with felicity, his fellow-men  
 He soar'd above them all ; with eagle ken,  
 Undazzled on the orb of Fame he gazed,  
 Though fiercely thro' this sphere globose it blaz'd.  
 On the mountain peak of eminence he stood,  
 Nor look'd contemptuous on the evil brood ;  
 That, void of energy and tow'ring soul,  
 Are left by Fate, where they were born to roll,  
 In mire. Without compare in this our time,  
 Th' first Advocate of Britain's triple clime.

(Here follow three pages on his oratorical career.)

"The Vicissitudes of the Eternal City,"—  
 Here the enlighten'd world at once agrees,  
 That he made many strange discoveries.  
 "Murray's Hand-book," got up to *sell*, no more  
 Th' inquirer leads by classic Tiber's shore.  
 We all condemn a publisher, who made  
 Guide-books the merest articles of trade.  
 Still, the learned can never fail to see  
 The brutal ignorance and falsity :  
 Murray here tells a very wondrous tale—  
 Ægeria's placed in Caffarella's vale!!!  
 While we know classical authority,  
 And modern topographers, fling back th' lie.  
 Men of integrity may sometimes err ;  
 But in those Hand-books constantly occur  
 Notes the most reckless, shameless, and barefaced,  
 That ever th' inscriptions of th' blest defaced.  
 That man is God's and human nature's foe,  
 Which most to censure, Sir, I scarcely know ;  
 Th' meanness of getting up such books for pay,  
 Or th' cruelty of leading minds astray :  
 Pilgrims in bright realms are thus ill-fated,  
 Though on th' paths of knowledge elevated.

[The scholar will find the situation of the valley  
 and cave of Ægeria, as too the celebrated wood of  
 Camenæ, determined by Juvenal, iii. 10, etc. I have,  
 beside, a long list of errors from the same source,  
 soon to appear.]

'Tis not to crush beneath my feet the carle,  
 As th' French would say, of Rue d'Albemarle ;  
 Nor shall the Muse extend a Reign of Terror,  
 Knowing greater men have been in error.  
 Whatever spirit might in James preside,  
 I matters of opinion throw aside ;  
 But *his* integrity I find erect,  
 And his classical references correct.

[More so, indeed, than those of Luigi Canina himself, all of whose great works are now before me. One of many inaccuracies that have met my eye—the situation of the Temple of Venus, Erycinæ—see indicated by Livy, xxx. 38; but I now respectfully refer the intelligent reader to “*Indicazione Topografica di Roma Antica in Corrispondenza dell’ Epoca Imperiale del Commendatore LUIGI CANINA.*” Quarta Edizione.—Roma, 1850.

For a confutation of “Murray’s Hand-book for Central Italy,” page 351, concerning the basilica of Santa Maria Maggiore, see the above excellent work.]

### WILLIAM STIRLING.

— “To Stirling —.”—*Robert Burns.*

“O lovely Spain! renown’d romantic land!”—*Childe Harold.*

“All Art and Artists Theseus could command.”—*Dryden.*

“que envidioso

Dejará al mas antiguo y celebrado

De quien hoy ha quedado

Horando sic memoria

Eternos quadros de divina historia.”

*Lope de Vega, “Laurel de Apolo” (ninth silva).*

I SAW Spain rise up in a single day,  
 And too almost as rapidly decay;  
 Her solar height Hispania attain’d,  
 When Ferdinand and Isabella reign’d.  
 Two centuries sufficed to give birth  
 To that one mighty wonder of the earth—  
 Era of Literature and Art in Spain,  
 In which her pow’r extended o’er the main;  
 Its dawn was like an Eden’s morn confest,  
 And when it sank, enlarging in the West,  
 ’Twas like some mighty Titan going to rest.  
 Spain’s songs thro’ mediæval ages rung,  
 And the inspiring mantle still is flung,  
 As of old, o’er the career of heroes,  
 Field and altar, by th’ Castalian Romancers.



Th' North's religion tinges, the rising morn's  
 Imagination, strain and shrine adorns.  
 'Twas in the famous "Catholic Sovereigns'" reign,  
 When a new continent came home to Spain;  
 Painting, Hist'ry, productions for the stage,  
 New empires founded in that wondrous age.  
 At what my hero here vividly shows,  
 My spirit with a borrow'd splendour glows.  
 A debt to him our clime for knowledge owes ;  
 For his Annals I my thanks here render,  
 And hope yet to steep my spirit in their splendour.  
 Yea! then shall notices of Art be seen  
 To the year 15 hundred and 16 ;  
 And show how high did th' mind its standard fix  
 In Fifth Charles' reign, t' 1556.  
 Then who shall say that Second Philip err'd,  
 When he on Art and Artists smiles conferr'd ?  
 How, from commanders and viceroys, he turn'd,  
 From where the tide of battle roll'd and burn'd,  
 And more enduring honours thus he earn'd,  
 When Andalusia on herself relied,  
 And royally patronized Castile outvied ;  
 How with Third Philip Architecture rose,  
 And with th' Fourth Literature did all its charms  
 disclose ;  
 And show that trophies few indeed were won  
 By th' Fifth Charles' last inglorious son.  
 Whene'er my eyes on every page I cast,  
 My Hero's learning, his conceptions vast,  
 Th' freedom with which he knowledge doth impart,  
 Made me, if possible, delight still more in Art.  
 (William Stirling puts us in possession  
 O' stirring times—"The War of the Succession.")  
 Mere opinion evil or good may trace  
 To many sovereigns of th' Bourbon race.  
 But honour we the reign in which was paid  
 Respect to Art, when pictures were not made  
 For exportation, a mere branch of trade.

Enough! I soon will sound the lay again  
 For Perthshire's honour'd member and for Spain.  
 Then once more the artistic lyre I'll thrill  
 With the immortal painter of Seville.  
 Well might His lovely work restring my lyre,  
 Inscib'd to the memory of his sire.

PRIVATE NOTE.—The "Cloister Life of the Emperor Charles V." 2nd edit. 1853, was first shown me by the Rev. Mr. Ford, namesake of the one to whom he dedicates the work—strange coincidence!

I'll notice when I write, among the rest,  
 Cantillon and *Napoleon's Bequest*.

His famed assassination speech, Feb. 12, 1858—I have reserved this for the Satires, because other names are then to be introduced.

## THOMAS WILLIAM BOOKER- BLAKEMORE.

"Hail, Herefordian plant" —

*J. Philips' Cyder Poem, Book I.*

"Red glows the forge in Striguil's bounds,  
 And hammers din, and anvil sounds,  
 ——— with iron toil

On fair Glamorgan."—*Scott, "The Norman Horse-shoe."*

I HAD written the Geological Poem for Mr. Booker-Blakemore, this being his favourite science, as it is one of the two I most delight in, viz., Geology and Astronomy. I, however, reserve it at least for a short time. Had that enlightened gentleman been spared to the present session, I should have received from his hands on his arrival in the metropolis a copy of the poem written by him on Torquay, which, although made public many years ago, so truly depicted the future of my birth-place, that it might well be supposed by the uninitiated to be a work of the present day.

## PATRICK M'MAHON.

————— "Patrick, ———  
 Good morrow."—*Two Gentlemen of Verona.*

"M'Mahon."—*Thomas Moore's "Twopenny Post Bag."*

————— "To the county of Wexford."  
*Dean Swift to Thos. Sheridan, Aug. 2, 1721.*

\* \* \* \*

A TRANSLATION I took in hand,  
 Of "Retribution due to Ireland;"  
 Associations flood my eyes  
 As before me that fam'd paper lies.  
 I rejoice too in possession,  
 "Ireland—Review of the last Session;"  
 Seven Acts, five Bills, for his nation,  
 Are 'neath surgical operation.  
 Measures for Ireland, Acts, Reports, are here,  
 Which his own native light of soul makes clear:  
 This article your name will long endear;  
 While your remarks on Scrope, on Thornton, Mill,  
 Might a patriot's heart intensely thrill.  
 Tillage, Waste Lands, Fixity of Tenure,—  
 These my hero elevates 'mong men pure  
 In spirit: all are, need the Muse declare,  
 With a mighty mass of learning brought t' bear.  
 Like a star I've watch'd for many a year  
 'Thro' Libra's constellation your career;  
 I saw you still in equilibrium shine,  
 Ever on the morning side of Virgo's sign.

\* \* \* \*

P.S.—I have beside another poem writ,  
 But 'tis *so safe* I cannot get to it.  
 Most carefully I know I put it by,  
 But it at present does not meet my eye;  
 But when it does, I'll send it forth to print,  
 I know there's something very wondrous in't.

## THE MACKINNON, M.P. F.R.S.,

CHIEF OF CLAN FHP'NNON, &c.

Inscribed to my Celtic friends in Canada.

"Cuimhnich bas Alpin!"

(Remember the death of Alpin!)

*Cath-Ghairm, or Battle-shout of the Mackinnons.*

"Is Rioghal mo dhream."

(Trans. "My race is Royal.")

"Son of an old and honourable house,

— Mackinnon" —.—*Robert Southey, 35th Inscription.*

— "Known amidst the pathless wastes of Reay,

In Harries known, and in Iona's piles,

Where rest from mortal coil the Mighty of the Isles."

*Sir Walter Scott.*

"The Mackinnons, a very ancient race, the descendants of Alpin, a Scottish monarch in the 9th century."—*Thomas Pennant, "A Tour in Scotland and Voyage to the Hebrides," 1772, 4to. London, 1790.*

— "And Rye's — port."—*Dyer's "Fleece," Book 4th.*

"We finally arrived at the Port of Rye."

*Hertzner, 16th century.*

"What a benefactor! What glory in the world awaits the head of the Clan Mackinnon!"—*Patriot Letters, 1842.*

"I have endeavoured not only to avoid, but to divest myself, as far as the weakness of our nature will admit, of all Party bias or political feeling in the following pages."—*William Alexander Mackinnon, M.P., F.R.S., Preface, "History of Civilization," 2 vols. London, 1846.*

THRO' the North for long ages their fame loudly  
rung,

Their race is most royal, from Great Alpin they  
sprung;

The national annals of septentrional seas

Their spirits emblazon'd, they were saints and Cul-  
dees.

I could trace them down centuries from the high  
Celtic throne,

And thro' the darkest of eras by their own light alone.

Their heroic character to the nations is known.  
 With the gallant Montrose they swept on like a sea,  
 And were present at the fiercely-fought Inverlochai.  
 The Chief rais'd a battalion for Charles and his  
 throne,

And fought bravely at Worcester, 1651.

The gods of their race, strong as fire, and as pure,  
 On in thunders they march'd thro' the deep Sherramuir.

They mov'd for their country; an animate shield,  
 Whose beams shot affright on Culloden's last field:  
 They, like th' ridge-wave of ocean, on the tide of war  
 rose,

And swept o'er the lines and encircled their foes;  
 And when the loved Prince and his attendants did  
 fly,

The Mackinnon entertain'd them at his castle in  
 Skye.

See him the fugitives conduct, and in his own  
 curach sail,

And leave them in charge of McDonald of Boisdale.  
 When rebellion in Canada broke out like a Hell,  
 And its red mountains from Gaspé to Huron did  
 swell,

1000 Highlanders thro' their present fam'd Chief.

To the Loyalists undertook to tender relief.

And 'twas finally intended that this sturdy band  
 (The storm over) should settle on allotments of land.  
 The living Chief of the race of Mackinnon of yore  
 Is fourth in descent from the good Lachlan Mor,  
 Who fought like a Lion for the royal and good,  
 And bathed his sword to the hilt in Cromwellians'  
 blood.

Their possession doth Arran, Griban in Mull too  
 declares,

And a very great part of Leth-iocrach was theirs.

In the Isle of Tiree I behold their bright path—

At Pabay, Tobermoree, and Scalpa, and Strath.

The chieftains by Ossian sung never shall die ;  
 Thy fate be likè theirs, O Mackinnon of Rye !  
 Thy domains by excambion or otherwise advance ;  
 The account of the Gillies overtops all romance.  
 The seas they retreat, and the mountains they  
     bow,  
 But thy fame shall ever flow or high tower as  
     now.  
 In Holy Iona are thy ancestors' land—  
 Their sculptur'd crosses are in the Reilig Ouran dis-  
     play'd.

[I am preparing a great Celtic poem. Here I leave  
 the Gaël for the present.]

During the fiery period of Reform,  
 His standard blazed above its wildest storm ;  
 His voice was heard though loud the tempest blew,  
 In March the 20th, 1832.  
 Him as Philanthropist Hygeia crowns:  
 Witness "The Improvement of Health in Towns."  
 I have examin'd num'rous works thereon,  
 Most impartially I trust, pro and con ;  
 Yea, ever since the year of '41.  
 For Mammalia in vain th' Bard inquires,  
 Where martyrs' souls outblazed the Smithfield fires :  
 My hero's work on Public Opinion  
 Proves this in free lands must hold dominion.  
 His "History of Civilization,"  
 'Thro' many an old and classic nation  
 Leads ; to tell th' truth, sir, it appear'd to me  
 Much like "The History of Barbarity."  
 P.S.—For the present, adieu ! I'll soon again take  
     up my pen,  
 A Biographical Sketch of our Chieftain shall then  
 Prove what he is—the true prince of all men,  
 From the day he first enter'd the Parliament House,  
 To that in which a deed might the coldest arouse.

And what, I believe, was never heard of before,  
And can hardly suppose will take place any more —

ADDRESS TO

**W. A. MACKINNON, ESQ. M.P.,**

FROM FIFTY THOUSAND OF THE  
NATIONAL UNITED TRADES ASSOCIATION.

**JOHN ARTHUR ROEBUCK.**

Inscribed to my friends on the Ottawa.

"Recorded eminent."—*Paradise Lost*, Book 5th.

"If his political views and the acts of his public life are well known, his evidence will be the more strictly scrutinized, and received with that caution and allowance which a known partiality requires."—*John Arthur Roebuck*, "*Hist. Whig Ministry*," 1830.

"A Sheffield blade ———."—*Chaucer*, "*The Reve's Tale*."

GREAT was the havoc that John Arthur made,  
With my old friends join'd in the lumber trade;  
Yea, often laid their schemes upon the rack,  
But they with interest always paid him back—  
A matter of opinion at the best;  
So, if you please, we'll let that subject rest.  
With great ferocity he systems tore,  
But, one good trait, delighted not in gore;  
Why should he who from Nature's nobles sprung,  
Who the mental day o'er many nations flung?  
England's bright rolls doth Roebuck's name adorn:  
John the 1st was at old Sheffield born;  
Thro' this terrene, its continents and floods,  
As manufacturer of Sheffield goods  
Was famed.—Years flew, and John the 2nd rose,  
And did th' inheritance of Mind disclose;  
This, join'd with a liberal education,  
Made him th' wonder of his time and nation;



As student, th' great Doddridge's peculiar pride,  
 And friend of Dyson and of Akenside.  
 Many were th' palms he in Edina won,  
 Lov'd of th' historians, Hume and Robertson.  
 Far from his Island in a northern sea,  
 In Leyden he obtained a degree.  
 Not low indeed the mark that he would strike;  
 Lo! Muschenbroek, Van Royen, Osterdyke,  
 Albinus, Gaubius, as far their great names  
 Have gone as roll of seas or solar beams.  
 These his diploma sign'd, and forth he went,  
 With honours gather'd thro' the continent.  
 His high career 'twere very long to trace,  
 Or track in deeds the Titan of his race;  
 His knowledge of chemistry did extend  
 To arts and manufactures without end.  
 At length, when in th' full splendour of his mind,  
 Having left th' friends of life's morn far behind,  
 He rear'd (here every former age outvied)  
 An Iron Foundry by the Carron side:  
 Here lay the scenes of Ossian's ancient lays,  
 Fingal met Caracal in other days;  
 Here Oscar, Ossian's son, withstood the shock,  
 That came like tumbling waves on Crona's rock.  
 The strain congenial gladly I'd prolong,  
 Rolling thro' ev'ry age the tide of song.

\* \* \* \* \*  
 Your name was all-familiar and well-known  
 While I was young, a stranger to renown,  
 And hardly knew who wore the British crown.  
 On "The Colonies of England" I clap  
 My eyes, and all at once admire the map;  
 Yea! I behold, sir, at a single glance,  
 The retrospective History, and advance;  
 And hereafter, as I've read th' work all thro',  
 Shall give it a Poetical Review.

## HISTORY OF THE WHIG MINISTRY, 1830.

HE tracks the course of the exulting storm  
 That ragéd in th' period of Reform;  
 The secret springs of action he surveys,  
 What them propels, and too what motive sways.  
 He shows the so-call'd *great* in those far times,  
 Triumphant in the very worst of crimes;  
 Such as would exile *th' low* to penal climes.  
 Of Affairs a gen'ral view here 's given,  
 Extending from '15 t' '27;  
 How Test and Corporation Acts away  
 Pass'd in the next year, all in the month of May;  
 Of weakness th' weasel politic doth see  
 Many a sure sign in the ministry;  
 To things momentous doth a cause assign,  
 Until the session ends in '29.  
 The session 1830 see commence,  
 Into the month of June extending thence;  
 The ministerial standard tempest tost,  
 Meteoric streams, and 4th George gives up the ghost:  
 From differing premises see all inferr'd;  
 Epithets bandied, notes mysterious heard,  
 Till the session ends July 23rd.  
 England reel'd! nor even when October  
 Came, were elements or parties sober;  
 Down fell Wellington's Administration,  
 And Grey th' helm held of the British nation.  
 Grey, and Brougham, and other actors mix,  
 In the 1st Volume's famous APPENDIX.  
 The 2nd Volume now,—and Book the Second,  
 Among the most exciting may be reckon'd;  
 For here we see the Parliament meet,  
 And understand the Ministry's defeat.  
 Again we hear the stormy war of words,  
 Th' second Reform Bill defeated in "Th' Lords;"  
 Lord Grey defeated in the House of Peers;  
 The ministerial resignation here appears;

From the resignation o' th' Whigs, May, '32,  
 Till the Reform Bill pass'd triumphant thro';  
 From thence we pass events in full career,  
 Unto the session's end in the same year.  
 A BILL just at the end he doth affix,  
 As a most valuable Appendix;  
 Though seldom 'tis in politics I deal,  
 Yet such rare interest did the poet feel,  
 That thro' a long, long burning summer day,  
 To eat, or drink, or rest he would not stay;  
 And when the night came on, and, ready spread,  
 Before him lay his well-known Buffalo bed,  
 "Please take it away," I said; "rest, nor bit, nor sup  
 I'll have, for I'll keep the excitement up."  
 Thus by John Arthur thro' that epoch borne,  
 I wanton'd in luxury till the rising morn.  
 Systems that had 'gainst his genius striven,  
 Dispers'd like clouds by the red lightnings riven.  
 Witness his speech, February, '37:  
 "EXISTING DIFFICULTIES!" ay, that was  
 Back in the dark ages of the Canadas.  
 Hayward's paper, Falconer's note thereon,  
 Portraying scenes in youthful years bygone,  
 Had better by the Bard be left alone.  
 Live long, John Arthur! know 'tis not for pay,  
 But from my heart I pour the Roebuck lay.

### JOHN BRAMLEY-MOORE.

"There are docks ——."—*Addison.*

"They'll disagree in all but honouring *Bramley-Moore.*"

*Thomas Moore.*

John is mentioned by Shakespeare more than 200 times.

This Dock was named in honour of John Bramley-Moore, Esq., who was chairman of the Liverpool Dock Trust at the time when the magnificent series of Docks which I am now describing was

planned, and, to a great extent, executed. The Docks of Liverpool form the most perfect artificial harbour ever made by the skill of man. The fourth of the Northern Docks is the Bramley-Moore Dock. This Dock communicates both with the Wellington Half-tide Dock, and with the Nelson Dock. Its gates are sixty feet wide; its area is nine acres and 3,106 square yards; its quay frontage is 935 yards.—Baines' "*History of Liverpool*," p. 832.

HE gave to Liverpool a second birth,  
 Making it the emporium of the earth;  
 And when that town shall represented be  
 By one having a soul for poetry,  
 Not a stanza, epigram, or sonnet,  
 But an Epic will I write upon it.  
 I have search'd thro' many a famous book,  
 By Troughton, Robinson, and Richard Brooke;  
 And that resplendent work by Thomas Baines  
 Might well inspire th' aspiring poet's strains;  
 And Picton's famous papers charm'd me,  
 —Liverpool's Architectural Hist'ry.  
 Th' "Moore Papers," while beyond th' sea, in  
 College,  
 Contributed to the Poet's knowledge.  
 Owners of property, they heights attain  
 In Liverpool, far back as Lackland's reign.  
 The Cheetham publications I have read;  
 They lie in evidence before me spread.  
 Thro' various epochs hath the minstrel trod,  
 With Brereton and Dr. Ormerod;  
 For Liverpool many an hour I've spent  
 On th' num'rous local Acts of Parliament.  
 When th' House of Hanover commenced its reign,  
 Suffic'd one dock o' 4 acres to contain  
 All the shipping and commerce of the Port.  
 How different when th' whole world doth here  
 resort;  
 Insufficient now are 30 Docks, which  
 Cover in av'rage 7 acres each.

(My hero has a large collection of manuscripts, gathered by his own diligence, of everything relating to Liverpool, for more than the last fifty years.)

'Twas Mrs. Bramley-Moore, O Muse, declare,  
Th' kind-hearted wife of th' then existing Mayor,  
Her heaven-directed soul displaying,  
Who first the idea form'd of paying,  
With spirit lady-like all frank and free,  
Off th' heavy debts of the Infirmary;  
As of th' Northern and Southern Hospitals,  
Which had defied so many "kindly calls,"  
To the amount of sev'ral thousand pounds.  
This to the honour of her race redounds;  
And which led t' one o' th' most brilliant festivals  
That th' History of Liverpool recalls;  
The high result of which the poet learns  
Was th' debts of those benevolent concerns  
Entirely paid :\* the triumph they gave her,  
Left a mighty balance in their favour.  
The sylvan realm, for three successive days,  
Was fill'd with mirth, and lit with beauty's blaze;  
Nor once through August grew the gay scene dark,  
While was held the Fancy Fair in Prince's Park;  
From La Plata t' Amazonia void o' hills,  
Your name was known, and still its glory fills  
Th' Meridional Arcady, Brazils.

### CHARLES BUXTON.

"Buxton, whose fame, &c."—*Mary Queen of Scots' Translation of Cæsar's verses upon Feltria.*

"Vigour, energy, resolution, firmness of purpose,—these carry the day."—*Sir Thomas Fowell Buxton.*

"Thy memory will be fresh among mankind;  
Africk with all her tongues will speak of thee,  
With Wilberforce and Clarkson."—*Southey.*

\* Realized net £9,563 6s. 2d.

My hero's Lecture on Sir Thomas More  
 Reveals to us the 16th century's lore ;  
 Beside the Work that thrills all nations' hearts,  
 Memoirs of his immortal Sire—Three Parts.  
 It so inspir'd that I would fain rehearse  
 The Work complete, and turn it into verse.

A SURVEY OF THE SYSTEM OF NATIONAL  
 EDUCATION IN IRELAND.

If follow'd, a congenial soul would smile,  
 In enlight'ning sunbeams o'er our sister isle.  
 In INDIA now we Newport's Member see,  
 "The Question raised by the Mutiny."  
 The olive wand behold he waves afar—  
 "Limitation to severity in War."  
 "Italy," sole living classic nation,  
 Of this he gives a wondrous relation,  
 In the Young Men's Christian Association.

LIBERATION OF THE SLAVES IN THE  
 WEST INDIES, AUGUST 1st, 1834.

As midnight hour approach'd, upon their knees they  
 fell,  
 All hush'd in silent prayer; but when from Chapel  
 bell  
 The stirring peal was heard, up on their feet they  
 bound,  
 Thro' every western isle rang the inspiring sound,  
 And wild enchantment seized the land-lock'd Caribbee:  
 The driver's chains are broken, and the colour'd  
 slaves are free!

ON SEEING SIR THOS. FOWELL BUXTON'S  
 STATUE IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

FROM ransom'd races vast and countless host,  
 West Indies, Sierra Leon', and th' Cape Coast,

The wild children of Kaffraria bring  
 Their tributes to this shrine. No English king  
 That ever held hereditary sway  
 Could boast of what I here gaze on to-day ;  
 Oh, rear'd by grateful millions far away !  
 Could animation seize the marble now,  
 And fill the limbs with all a spirit's glow,  
 How would we down this ancient Abbey walk,  
 Of other days, and lands, and races talk.  
 But other Bards will rise in times to come,  
 To speak of Thee ; when to my long last home,  
 Unheeded over nameless graves I'm borne,  
 Whose silent eve, alas ! shall know no morn.  
 Adieu, shall I to-morrow thee behold ?  
 Give me thy hand in surety—thou'rt cold,  
 The eve is dim, we are alone—Alarm !  
 There is none now. I know that thou art warm—  
 Warm in the heart's living empire, whose blood  
 In Freedom rolls, and shall live though th' old flood  
 Atlanta circumbeate this pile,  
 And make his hoary depth once more of Thorney  
 Isle.

**RICHARD SOUTHWELL BOURKE,  
 LORD NAAS.**

“ ————We see oftentimes a titled scion of nobility a laughing-  
 stock and a bore.”—*Lord Naas, “St. Petersburg and Moscow.”*

“ Now we'll get o'er the ground at a great rate.  
 I shall not be particular in stating  
 His journey, we've so many tours of late :  
 Suppose him then at Petersburg ; suppose  
 That pleasant capital of painted snows.”

*Byron, “Don Juan,” Canto ix., Stanza xlii.*

“ In Moscow and in proud Petropolis.”—*Robert Southey, “Odes.”*

“ CAN you write a poem upon my Books ? ” I'll strive.  
 On the eve of th' Derby day, '45,



Lord Naas got news whereby he quickly took  
Th' journey that ended in a double Book.  
With introduct'ry letters now we sail  
From London, in the *Countess of Lonsdale*.  
Many wonder why Russia he selects.  
Well! Elbe, Hamburg, th' Hanse Towns, monkish  
architects,  
Old paintings, Lübeck, Blucher, fire, slaughter,  
Finland's gulf, Petersburg from the water;  
—On churches, statues, population dwells;  
Nobility, fruits and flowers, and th' want of hotels.  
At four-and-twenty Lord Naas hurried forth  
To th' capital Imperial of the North.  
Warlike ensigns most wondrous; but mark  
Them surrounding the peaceful patriarch.  
The Russian's God, oh give the serf his due,  
Is a God of war, just like that of th' Jew.  
Fêtes, nobility, of course the Grand Duke,  
Language—make up th' 5th chapter of first Book  
But ah! th' patriot's very heart it rends,  
T' see how that interesting chapter ends.  
Although a sovereign were to die to-morrow,  
There would be more curiosity than sorrow  
To see the pall; the horses, coachmen drive,  
Than e'er there was to greet him when alive.  
Palaces, bridges, wants a middle class.  
I think indeed, my Honourable Lord Naas,  
That this vile mode of classing now should end;  
'Tis wearing out on this, you may depend.  
Nathless, those who happen to be th' strongest,  
'Tis very likely they will reign th' longest;  
Though some, being not aware of their own strength,  
Or void of energy, do at full length  
Lie listless; one effort, a single blow,  
Down fall whole systems, and up others go.  
One idea, like ascetic lonely,  
Lives in my skull; so one reason only  
I have for writing this poem, 'pon my word:  
I know the English dearly love a lord;

And as at present the entire world goes,  
 I take or give, and when in Rome do as Rome does ;  
 And out o' *due* respect for that *fine* feeling,  
*I'll be after* with your travels dealing.  
 7th chapter, 1st vol., climate, trade, he gathers ;  
 The Russian ruler then, all fuss and feathers.  
 Lord Naas mines, arts, and universities,  
 And literature in the 8th supplies.  
 Th' Empress ! Queens are always amiable—  
 It takes th' pen of after days the truth to tell ;  
 Concerts, and Courts, with which I end my theme,  
 Shows judges are not quite the angels they would  
 seem.

Now, pen in hand, my rapid numbers roll,  
 O'er the 1st chapter of the 2nd vol.  
 Here I see the Czar instructs each legion  
 In use of the sword and of religion.  
 Occupations, horses, trav'ling, changing,  
 With cruel drivers over bad roads ranging.  
 Agriculture ! pass it, 'tis not in bloom—  
 Villages, sleeping *al fresco*—oh don't presume !  
 And here peasants, the women, and costume.  
 Serfs, serfdom, posting, and more long to sing,  
 But I can't forget the Emperor journeying.  
 Now to the ancient city of the Czars,  
 Well known to those whose study is the Wars ;  
 Here mode of worship, pilgrims of the Greek  
 Church, Tartar and Moslem, and if the reader seek  
 To know monastic lore—I'm not joking—  
 Let him but look here ; for sentiment and smoking,  
 Russian gardens, railroads, prison, fortress,  
 Here a sentinel slain by a portress.  
 But we depart with a will most hearty,  
 And spend th' day out with a merry party.  
 Lost in th' woods and ev'ry succour from us,  
 We sit us down and read th' "Masque of Comus."  
 But the Mammoth is what I delight in:  
 Such I prize, on this I'd fain be writin(g).

Can Hist'ry, Travels, or Romance prevail  
 Without the insertion of a "Lover's Tale?"  
 Now has the hurrying Muse just clapp'd her  
 Eyes on the 2nd vol. and th' 9th chapter.  
 Thro' realms where next to God are Emperors,  
 We gladly join the fête at Helsingfors;  
 Thro' Finland's antique capital we roam,  
 Fill'd with ideas of good pensions home.  
 Thus we pass thro' many tribes and nations,  
 And give the world "Concluding Observations."

P.S.—Lo, scenes that might the hardest heart appal;  
 The Strelitzes! Petersburg's Arsenal.  
 Copied Memoirs of the Count Rostopchin,  
 Would make even Ionian Gladstone grin.  
 Had Lord Naas boasted of being a lord,  
 No strain would the enlightening Muse afford,  
 For I pay no respect but to the mind.  
 T' a Youth of sense I string my lyre.  
 "Who is he?" after years inquire;  
 Go and direct to his Two Volumes sign'd,  
 "By Richard Southwell Bourke, Esq."

### SIR CHARLES NAPIER.

"Napier! take up anew thy pen,  
 To mark the deeds of mighty men,  
 And whose more glorious canst thou trace  
 Than heroes of thy name and race?  
 No other house hath ever borne  
 So many of them to adorn  
 The annals of our native land  
 In virtue, wisdom, and command."—*Walter Savage Landor.*  
 "Our old friend Sir Charles,"  
*Goldsmith, "She Stoops to Conquer," Act III.*

Go, trace the brightest annals of renown!  
 Concentred radiance lights from Merchistoun.  
 No trick could sway, nor sordid int'rest blind  
 Thee, no Destroyer, but Preserver of mankind;  
 Thousands of happy hearts now beat for thee—  
 The friend of man, their saviour on the sea—

Who, when the hoary Anarchs, wrapt in wiles,  
 Sent forth th' flower of all the British Isles,  
 (Whate'er state policy there lurk'd beneath,)  
 The darlings of our land, to instant death;  
 But God opposed, their efforts were in vain—  
 You brought them back in safety o'er the main.  
 The wolves in power—I will not call them men—  
 Were pack'd, to beard the Lion in his den;  
 Conscious of strength and worth, he shook his mane  
 In reeking thunders o'er their prostrate train.  
 Applauding millions cheer'd—their anthems free  
 Entranc'd the islands of our Northern Sea;  
 And mighty Bards in every after year  
 Shall hail our age's Prince—Sir Charles Napier.  
 The very atmosphere in which you move  
 Is redolent of all a country's love.  
 We would, were't possible, make you a King;  
 Not King alone of one realm, but we'd bring  
 Diadems o' many nations at your feet;  
 And then, to make the happy scene complete,  
 We to the Godhead would our Hero raise,  
 And make th' whole Universe resound his praise.  
 But hark! when realms from their foundations start,  
 You'll live, and hold the stronger Empire of the  
 Heart.

**WILLIAM PARSONS, D.C.L., K.P.;**  
**3rd EARL OF ROSSE.**

"For several years I have been engaged in a series of experiments in hope of increasing the power of the telescope."—*Lord Oxmantown, F.R.S., 1840, "Philosophical Transactions of the Royal Society of London," Vol. 130, part 2nd.*

— "The circuit of the stars,  
 The golden zones of heaven."  
*Dr. Mark Akenside, "Pleasures of Imagination."*

"The old — astronomers in vain  
 Attempt the heav'nly bodies to explain."  
*Sir Richard Blackmore.*

'Twas my blest hero of a world's renown,  
 The Right Honourable Lord Oxmantown,  
 Who led my spirit beyond Heaven's cope,  
 In his work on the Reflecting Telescope:  
 Which was receiv'd (how well did all agree),  
 And by him read to the Royal Society.  
 In th' 1st year of our cent'ry's 5th decade,  
 Receiv'd th' 9th o' May, and on June th' 18th read.  
 Letters on the state of Ireland,  
 In 1847 came to hand;  
 Which, if trusting to th' ever-changing *Times*,  
 Had never appear'd in th' Western climes.  
 In Montréal, where Gaul and Saxon mix,  
 To French I turn'd soon the Appendix:  
 And now I turn to 1856.  
 Th' "Memorandum" spoken o' by Sir James South,  
 I've heard of from many a learned mouth;  
 But what came after from Bath's William Tite,  
 To speak more publicly I think not right.

#### THE EARL OF ROSSE'S TELESCOPES.

With liberal heart and an enlighten'd head,  
 He ever aids that knowledge may be spread.  
 Where's the Astronomer of equal note,  
 That doth th' sublime science so much promote?  
 His advantages are great, and given  
 T' th' most exalted purpose under heaven.  
 Having satisfied (hail, Godlike senses!)  
 Himself by experiments with lenses,  
 That the (honour *we* th' science that *He* lov'd)  
 Refracting Telescope could not be much improv'd  
 (Adding to th' laurels he already earn'd),  
 He his attention to Reflectors turn'd;  
 Object of Experimentors, this th' first  
 (Trust th' Muse all shall be truthfully rehears'd)  
 Had always been since science' natal hour,  
 To increase the Magnifying Power  
 And Light by the construction, need I tell,  
 Of a Mirror as large as possible.

So that his Lordship, whom we here anoint,  
 Directed his attention to this point.  
 Sir W. Herschel long explor'd th' skies  
 With a *large one*, when one o' a smaller size  
 Would have done equally as well almost,  
 T' explore th' bright islets on th' ethereal coast.  
 Since the great Newton made (oh fam'd for aye!)  
 His *Specula*, until the present day,  
 Opinions numerous have been given;  
 Vainly too has each with th' other striven,  
 For not with best o' temper, like unalloy'd  
 Metals, as to th' metals to be employ'd  
 In their construction, and then would arise  
 Another opinion as t' quantities  
 In which they should be mix'd: we see,  
 Thus no one mind with the other agree.  
 But we turn, and o'er th' everlasting Fosse  
 Way of the Angels, greet the Earl of Rosse.  
 He saw the difficulties that did surround  
 Him, that his predecessors small successes crown'd;  
 He set about *it* with inspiring zeal,  
 And thus the presage of triumph did feel.  
 And need the Minstrel to all ages state,  
 His Lordship plainly seems ordain'd by Fate —  
 And Nature too her quota here supplies,  
 Rare combination! Talent to devise;  
 And Patience disappointments long to bear,  
 And Energy that spurs to persevere;  
 Knowledge of Mathematics that astound  
 Our age, skill in Mechanics most profound.  
 Uninterrupted pleasure if he please,  
 To spend a life in contemplative ease;  
 And yet all these would not the Earl suffice,  
 Were he not able to command *the price*.  
 But th' present age has seen them all combin'd,  
 And centred in His one capacious mind;  
 That thus to th' highest branch of knowledge soars,  
 Astronomy! a science that the Bard adores.

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Next to the One who made the worlds, I feel,  
Must be th' other who would those worlds reveal.

*(Here comes in a description of the Monster Telescopes.)*

Sir J. Herschel's (I here from mem'ry draw)  
Was the finest that the world ever saw,  
And seem'd the very bound of Nature's law ;  
But now 'tis surpassèd by th' object shown,  
And into insignificance is thrown,  
By the Speculum, diameter six feet !

\* \* \* \* \*

Beyond, Nature's decree forbids, alas !  
All human ingenuity to pass,  
And marks the one spot in radiant lines,  
On that great circle which our power defines,  
Which is so seldom reach'd by man below,  
And for that reason we of it so little know.  
Fain I'd (but I keep down poetic rage)  
Sing the great works in which thou didst engage ;  
But to describe, or yet to name them all,  
Doth even my self-conscious Muse appal.  
Thee, Ethereal Mariner, I hail  
Columbus of th' heavens ; when thou sett'st sail  
Over the vast unbounded universe,  
Fain would I follow and thy flight rehearse,  
Where, countless as the sands stranding the sea  
Shore, are systems in that Ocean of Eternity.  
Not since Time's morn was over Eden flung,  
When Nature's zodiacal lyre was strung,  
And the Seven Great Cantos of Creation sung,  
In full presence o' th' Almighty, was e'er the abode  
Of being, th' million-world empire, except by God,  
Seen at a glance before the times of Thee,  
Thou prototype of Heaven's Eternal Majesty !





True! that which we as rubbish may despise,  
 As curiosities long after ages prize.  
 Why? go ask th' learned, for the learned know,  
 Such th' arts and hist'ry of lost nations show.

"My own opportunities have accidentally been extremely great in this department of archæology; for in very early life I witnessed and watched the enormous excavations of the Custom House, and from that period, down to almost the present time, scarcely a year has passed in which, in the space between the Tower to London Bridge, I have not had the foundations of large warehouses and other buildings under my personal inspection."—*William Tite*, "*Archæologia*," vol. xxxvi., pp. 208, 209.

"Archæologia," th' work that I adore,  
 In 1855 I pored o'er,  
 And saw the discovery made in '54.  
 Th' ROMAN PAVEMENT February doth appear,  
 Read on the 15th of June in the same year.  
 A plan of London, th' line o' each Roman Road,  
 Their possible continuation, show'd  
 His great experience on the subject, and  
 As usual did great attention command.  
 His observations on that distant day  
 Has with the wrong idea done away—  
 That London mighty was in Cæsar's time,  
 Or even the capital of British clime;  
 A city built of bricks it may have been,  
 But not of stone, nor was't th' Island's Queen.  
 He knows the city, every inch of ground,  
 In late days fam'd or ancient years renown'd.  
 All ask advice, and readily accede  
 Ever to what my hero is agreed;  
 The ablest, e'er they think or speak or write,  
 And the most influential, with delight  
 Welcome a suggestion from William Tite.

**SIR WILLIAM FENWICK  
WILLIAMS.**

AN EPISODE IN A POEM ON THE SIEGE OF KARS.

"Bonum virum facile dixeris—magnum libenter."

HEROES and Statesmen down the rolls of time,  
The bright'ning ORBS of every age and clime,  
Like evening skies adorn'd with lustrous stars,  
In darkness sink before the Sun of Kars.  
Hail, Saviour of our race! a title high  
Th' Muses give—Hero of Humanity.  
Above the mightiest sons of classic Greece,  
Where'er you warr'd, you only strove for peace.  
More godlike still than any Chief of Rome,  
You tribes preserved—to nations gave a home.  
Intrigues of kings, and courts, and rival states,  
And all th' opposing powers of adverse fates,  
With wiles of Cabinets, were driven hence  
Before your triumph of Omnipotence.  
Why wonder when appointed from above,  
Your warriors gods, and you yourself the Jove,  
Towards you the beating hearts of millions burn'd,  
And all th' world's eyes at once were on you turn'd.  
Your bright name, O ever glorious Williams!  
Shall overflame and startle long Millenniums.  
Each coming age, as every past, shall own,  
The Great Defender single in renown.  
Bellona's chariot and the Shield of Mars,  
Thunder and blaze no more; the fame of Kars,  
Radiant with everlasting splendours, blent  
In characters of light o'er every Continent  
And Sea, shall           \*           \*           \*  
         \*           \*           \*           \*           \*

Hark! I hear the coming ages strive  
With that alive;  
Anxious to grasp in their expanse of days  
Our wondrous champion's praise.  
Ocean attuned mounts hymning to the sky,  
And all the planets join in symphony;

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The chorus earth and elements rehearse,  
 And one loud anthem fills the universe ;  
 Continuing, thro' never-ending years,  
 To thrill th' vast concave of both hemispheres ;  
 Though after choirs of Angels sing your worth,  
 While hailing to the realms of second birth  
 Jehovah's bright and last Ambassador to Earth.

\* \* \* \* \*

Look back to eras verging Noah's flood ;  
 Advance the train of all that ever stood  
 Pre-eminent in age, or clime, or race,  
 And they must yield our hero higher place.  
 That in romance and chivalry we view,  
 Dress'd up in fiction's in our WILLIAMS true ;  
 His power is felt o'er many nations far,  
 Like Nestor famed in council as in war.  
 Had Hesiod never lived in ages gone,  
 But thro' the times in which our hero shone,  
 Then had the Poet's wondrous pages told,  
 Of feats beyond all gods and giants old,  
 And placed him high in his Titanic lays.  
 As to the planets are the sun's meridian rays ;  
 Or I transcend the Bards of modern days,  
 Homeric warriors, and the fictitious train  
 Of fiery phantoms thro' Virgilian strain.  
 Godfrey, Tancred, Gama, yea all must yield ;  
 Tasso, Camoens, in description leave the field ;  
 Sultans and Caliphs, each historic shrine—  
 Cœur de Lion ! arm'd host of Palestine.  
 Many are these, and others long to tell,  
 But you're reality, Truth's parallel.  
 O my beloved Pharsalia ! had Lucan  
 Lived in the period of my wondrous man,  
 How had his Muse exulted in his hero,  
 And flung defiance in the face of Nero  
 How blest am I, that in these later days  
 I rear my brow deck'd with perennial bays.  
 Auspicious times ! in Thebes' or Ilium's  
 Palmy day, did Chief e'er equal WILLIAMS ?

**SIR EDWARD GEORGE EARLE  
LYTTON BULWER-LYTTON.**

"Mighty nations and their gods are dead, but the Muse liveth  
for ever \* \* \*"

"And no God on heaven or earth—  
Not the Paphian Queen of Mirth,  
Nor the vivid Lord of Light,  
Nor the triple Maid of Night,  
Nor the Thunderer's self, shall be  
Blest and honour'd more than thee!"

*Nydia's Chant in "The Last Days of Pompeii."*

BUT the immortal progeny  
Of Jupiter and Mnemosyne ;  
Clio with her Trump and Lute,  
Euterpe with her Flowers and Fruit,  
Thalia with her Shepherd's Crook,  
And the Maid with Serious Look,  
And She that in the Dance doth bound,  
And She with Rose and Myrtle crown'd,  
And She that comes all Veil'd in White,  
That Bulwer made our land's delight,  
And Calliope Recording Wars,  
And the Muse Diadem'd with Stars,—  
These Everlasting shall combine  
To glorify that Soul of Thine.

---

MILTON is my Idol among the English of past generations, and the Great Man whose long poem is written, but reserved for the next LONDONIAD—my favourite among the living.

**GLADSTONE, HOMER, AND IONIA.**

Will appear in the next LONDONIAD.

"A work which I would fain hope may soon be committed to the press, with reference to various branches of the Homeric History, Religion, Polity, and Poetry."—*Gladstone, "Oxford Essays."*

**ROTHSCHILD.**

—————"To Lionel;  
————— He was a man,  
Hard, selfish, loving only gold."—*Shelley.*

"Jew Rothschild and his fellow Christian Baring."—*Byron.*

———"all the catalogue of wares,  
——— in dry vats from Frankfort fairs."

*Butler's "Hudibras."*

WHAT is a Cit? A Fanfaron  
Very fond o' Austrian Baron.  
Doth London need for Saxon culture  
The presence of th' Northern vulture?  
There's something, if not quite obscene,  
At least unutterably mean,  
In bringing forth ill-omen'd men,  
Whose good acts never met our ken,  
To serve no purpose, for no end;  
Only Cash doth recommend.  
I can understand full well,  
If one in public rise and tell  
He was our father's friend, or he  
Oftentimes befriended me;  
"Therefore," as Lord John would say,  
"I give him here my vote to-day."  
Or perchance his family name  
Dazzled our vision with its flame.  
Or perhaps the man has intellect;  
We've hope of him, and him elect.



But then, these Cits, what do they do?  
 Elect *because* the man's a Jew.  
 Would I in politics enlist,  
 For Catholic or Methodist,  
 Presbyterian or English Church?  
 No, I'd soon leave them in the lurch,  
 And the candidate I'd take  
 Should have some *principle* at stake.  
 Go on! and if the Jews prevail,  
 You'll set the Crown up next for sale;  
 As when the tyrant's evil doom  
 Darken'd over falling Rome.  
 The Londoners do surely err;  
 "If Moses, why not Abubeker?"  
 Hark! "We citizens must not be blam'd;  
 We own that we're half asham'd.  
 We undertook t' carry a point,  
 And Israel would fain anoint;  
 With the stubbornness o' John Bull,  
 When an Idea got in's skull,  
 We determin'd to carry't thro',  
 Even to th' electing of a Jew.  
 We show'd our strength, and *did* elect;  
 And th' same next time we will reject."

There are 100 Satires written, *and they will not be altered*; many of them will appear in the next LONDONIAD.

### LORD JOHN RUSSELL.

"Had much talk about politics and Lord John."—"Memoirs, Journal, and Correspondence of Thomas Moore." London, 1853, Vol. III., p. 74.

PRIVATE NOTE.—I had an idea at one time of taking Lord John Russell's description of Alberoni for a motto to this poem, but, like that of the early Edinburgh Reviewers, I found it "too near the truth to be admitted." See, however, "Memoirs of the Affairs of Europe," &c. (1824), p. 455; Roebuck's "Whig Ministry;" "Letters of Junius;" Rochester's "Session of the Poets;" Dr. Johnson's "Lives," art. "Otway," note "Don Carlos."



MEMOIRS OF THE AFFAIRS OF EUROPE  
FROM THE PEACE OF UTRECHT.

STRANGE facts and legends here our minds engage,  
Of Courts and Courtiers of a monstrous age;  
In tome the 2nd he stands more elate,  
Speaking more freely of th' affairs of state.  
I've read the famous volumes often thro'  
Of '24 and '29—the two;  
But it has been to me like hope deferr'd:  
I'm very anxious to go through the third.  
He that gives his whole life to politics  
Must oft play, yea be himself, th' prey of tricks:  
This your num'rous letters, tracts, and speeches,  
To our present age and country teaches.  
"Who reads a preface?" I do, and often rove  
Thro' your Calendar of Nature, Mrs. Grove.  
While shower the sun's bright beams, or ocean's  
roar

Rocks with its voice the world's utmost shore,  
So long shall live your Memoirs of Moore.  
It shows a soul not entirely blind,  
Not quite an abrupt is your spacious mind;  
Amidst earthquakes and conflagrations  
That uproot the greatest hearts among the nations.  
(Dermody to translate I was preferr'd,  
Moira! then first it was the name I heard.)  
And now we'll turn to your Life of William  
Lord Russell: I think nor Thebes nor Ilium  
Would e'er this personage a hero deem,  
Or take him for th' angel you'd make him seem;  
Whither secluded like ascetic lone,  
Or high in court he like a meteor shone.  
The 1st Lord William minded Number One.  
Tavistock! Woburn! did I think't worth while,  
How, when, th' Russells got them, would cause a  
smile

At this late day; although many a sigh  
It cost our sires in ages long gone by.

I much regret that those broad Abbey lands,  
 Laid out by piety, should fall to lordling's hands;  
 Nor do I think th' honour'd Baron Pasquier  
 Has aught from Lord John's inuendoes t' fear;  
 Nor would I trust one who gives such sample  
 Of doubt in th' integrity of Dalrymple.  
 Was't merit of the heart or head? aye, *wit*:  
 So "God's good providence, a lucky hit."  
 Not that I'd have th' vent'rous Muse miscarry,  
 Or draw a minion of the Blue Beard Harry.  
 Posterity has left him in the lurch,  
 As martyr politic—like Cranmer in the church.  
 By great writers, and need we be surprised,  
 On Art *Russell*, this William is despised.  
 "The Sayings and Doings," speak, dauntless Muse,  
 O' those who praise him flourish but in Reviews.  
 If th' reader doubt that this remark true is,  
 I refer to Perronet, or Lewis.  
 Heterogeneous abstracts, aroynt!  
 They're chosen by these pests to prove a point;  
 And *He* himself who would not others spare,  
 Was destin'd th' Royal Clemency to share.  
 Space is scarce, so I for the present shelve  
 Th' disjointed Memorials of Charles James Fox;  
 These I'll note when I write upon the twelve  
 Political apostles on the Anston blocks.

TO HIS GRACE THE  
**ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY.**

The following poem, often sung in the Hudson Bay territory,  
 was written under very peculiar circumstances, far away from the  
 diocese of our beloved Bishop of Toronto, amidst the barbarous  
 races of Massachusetts.

YE whom the English spirit clears from taint of  
 heresy,  
 Who thrill to the tales of other years, come raise the  
 song with me;

While honour fires each mantling vein in nature's  
strength elate,  
Let's raise on high th' inspiring strain for England's  
church and state.

The eternal majesty of light, by all our race beloved,  
Will guide her always in the right, that she may ne'er  
be moved ;  
Throned upon a height sublime, above the storms of  
fate,  
Bright landmark in the floods of time, old England's  
church and state.

Nor loyalty nor honour they could ever, ever feel,  
Who'd fail to join the festal lay and glorify thy weal,  
Then join with me your hearts and hands, and let us  
celebrate,  
'Midst these wild floods and forest lands, blest Eng-  
land's church and state.

Hers the ministers endear'd, and prelates of renown,  
'Twas thou, O God, so greatly fear'd, didst Zion's  
temples crown ;  
To thee we pour the heartfelt prayer, to thee, O  
God, alone,  
That thou wouldst take thy wonted care of England's  
church and throne.

In Her the matrons of our race look'd on their  
bridal morn,  
Our fathers bow'd in lowly grace, our children too  
were born.

Through infancy her sacred aisles resounded with  
our praise,  
And when the world was nought but smiles, in youth's  
romantic days ;  
And by our country's mighty names, come let us  
emulate  
Those who braved the martyrs' flames for England's  
church and state.

The last pure shrine of piety in all these later times,  
 Applauding millions look to thee, sole light of various  
 climes ;

Still guard the weak and guide the strong in empires'  
 noon or late,

And God for e'er thy weal prolong, loved England's  
 church and state.

Great God, whose form creation fills ! should e'er a  
 prayer ascend,

From mortal to thy holy hills that she her reign may  
 end ;

Let th' thunders of Omnipotence blast the wretch,  
 and be it shown,

That thou wilt guard for ever hence old England's  
 church and throne.

### LORD BROUGHAM.

"It will be the duty of the historian and sage, in all ages, to let no occasion pass of commemorating this illustrious man ; and, until time shall be no more, will a test of the progress which our race has made in wisdom and virtue be derived from the veneration paid to the immortal name of"—LORD BROUGHAM.

MAGI ! Sophi ! Druid ! yea, what you will,  
 Can names the measure of his greatness fill ?  
 No ; nor yet all the winds that ever blew,  
 If brought together now, and poured through  
 An archangel's trump, one continuing blast,  
 From the present till nature's day be past,  
 Could his high name and mightier deeds proclaim  
 To realms and spheres that never heard his name ;  
 They all have heard, and felt ; each heart that beats  
 Feels an emotion that every living tongue repeats.  
 Go, ask the slaves in burning lands that pine,  
 The spirit ask of injured Caroline.  
 Inquire of millions on our isles that throng,  
 And of the bard who now indites the song :  
 He answer'd long ago ; with joy and pride  
 To this delightful task himself applied.

But ah! the lyre was sounded then in vain,  
 Lost, like th' echoings of some distant main,  
 That never bore along a whitening sail,  
 Nor lifted up a voice upon the gale.  
 But now, like thine own fame, 'twill sky-ward spring,  
 Entrance the world, and make all ages ring.  
 Here every art and science seems enshrined  
 With harmony, in a stupendous mind.

*(Here comes in a poetical Biography.)*

\* \* \* \*

Through the long burning day and cheerless night  
 His unexhausted soul pursued its flight.  
 He scaled the cliffs opposed by flood and wind,  
 Defied the heavens, and left the vales behind.  
 On he passèd to a deathless renown;  
 And as he pass'd he tore the bridges down  
 O'er which he pass'd to victory or defeat!  
 Advancing on, for him was no retreat;  
 From mountain peak to mountain peak he trod,  
 Flamed o'er the world, and stood confess'd a God!  
 Mountains fell tributary, oceans ran  
 Before the genius of our mighty man;  
 Though clouds and tempests oft encompass'd wide,  
 His eagle mind with energy supplied  
 The springs of power that shook and rent  
 Nature's dominion o'er the Continent;  
 "But envy still a foe to worth will prove,  
 To worth, though guarded by the arm of Jove."  
 Sometimes like Abdiel he stood alone,  
 Yet still in his original brightness shone.  
 A mariner on life's dark sea star,  
 With eyes still fix'd upon the Polar Star,  
 That was to guide him to the headland, where,  
 Planting his standard in the purer air,  
 It might o'er new establish'd empires fly,  
 Picturing the splendours of Beulah's sky.  
 Long may the wonder of the world be heard  
 And seen—ILLUSTRIOUS ONE—where you appear'd,

Like Uriel, oft amidst a recreant band ;  
 Heaven's standard-bearer to your native land.  
 Like Ocean's realm which nature's law surrounds,  
 You kept the mountain tide within its bounds.  
 When politics the fiercest souls engaged,  
 And the red tempésts, arm'd with fury, raged,  
 Your mighty mind did eloquence unfold,  
 Second to thunders that round Sinai roll'd,  
 Startling all Israel in the days of old.

\* \* \* \*

Intellect—the Archangel's diadem—  
 Decks his brow—first of terrestrial birth ;  
 He is a walking God upon the earth,  
 Messiah of his clime, and Saviour of this age ;  
 Daylight of Poet's song and History's page,  
 Harmonious spirit, tuned to anthems high,  
 Sole representative of Deity.  
 His thoughts are deep as that abyss profound  
 That heard the Almighty Maker's voice resound,  
 Ere all the worlds existing at his word  
 Sprung radiant to the presence of the Lord ;  
 And mind exalted as Heaven's towers divine,  
 That to the resplendence of Jehovah shine ;  
 Expansive as the rolling universe,  
 That with harmonious beams God's praise rehearse.  
 His thoughts are stars—and stars appear to me  
 Like golden sands stranding the ocean of eternity.  
 Guardian of all the rights of these fair climes,  
 To thee we turn our eyes in stormy times ;  
 For, God-like Henry Brougham, without THEE  
 The Constitution's Ark would sometimes be  
 A phantom-ship upon a vapoury sea.

\* \* \* \*

Aye ! like that fiery column that in deserts shone,  
 Lighting the pilgrim tribes in ages gone,  
 Your soul resplendent clears away the night,  
 And lighting the march to Empire, takes its flight.

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Who would attempt with slander to disgrace  
Thee! primest ornament of human race?  
They should have been in other planets born,  
Worn horrid shapes in dismal climes forlorn,  
Gave reptiles birth, lived through a dreary dream,  
No God to guard them, no Messiah to redeem.  
What deathless lays—what fadeless laurels crown  
THEE, the dear idol of a world's renown!  
Great orator! whose all-entrancing words  
Drown the cannon's loud roar and clash of swords,  
Here turn my heart-strings to Æolian wires,  
My soul's rapt wings transform to angel lyres,  
Till uncreated time—untraversed spheres,  
Caught by attraction, fill the waste of years;  
These join with other worlds explored, advance  
With all their multitudes, and thus enhance  
The praises due by Heaven and Earth to him,  
Bright incarnation of the Cherubim.  
Long as the rolling world on which he trod  
Flames o'er the deep, we'll never want a God!  
Hadst thou been born in times and climes that lie  
Shrouded in mist of far antiquity,  
To thee had temples tower'd, and altars blazed,  
BRIGHT, IMMORTAL, to the GODHEAD raised;  
Discoverers through remotest nations—  
After thee had call'd—New Constellations!  
Friend of human life, gratitude with tears,  
O'er many lands and seas through following years,  
Shall spread thy name, by teeming millions blest,  
Loved of all nations! splendour of the west!  
And fain would I believe, when years no more  
Shall roll their tides along creation's shore,  
In radiant realms far distant we shall find,  
Angels adore Thee, mighty monarch of the mind!



## LORD MACAULAY.

"Now shall thy deathless memory be entwined  
With all that conquers, charms, or rules the mind."

DEMOSTHENES in Philip's time beam'd like a radiant  
star,  
So o'er the world in every clime thy glory spreads  
afar ;  
Great Stentor's godlike tongue rang o'er the Trojan  
plain,  
So victory follows thee along, and triumphs in thy  
train.  
Cicero, born of Sabine kings, swept like a flood o'er  
Rome,  
So Macaulay his splendour flings, and drives the  
climax home.  
Great Mirabeau, and thousands more on Europe's  
continent,  
Did eloquence in torrents pour, or give their ven-  
geance vent.  
In virtue's cause, like solid rocks, their awful spirits  
stood!  
Witness a Chatham, Pitt, and Fox, a Curran, Grattan,  
Flood ;  
Illustrious orators ! that then surrounding kingdoms  
woke.  
The tongue (and lyre) of Sheridan, of Burke, and  
Bolingbroke ;  
All bright immortals, like thee, rose to light the  
world with day,  
Whose reign of splendour ne'er shall close, T.  
Babington Macaulay.

## CANADA.

INSCRIBED TO MY FRIENDS IN OTTAWA, KINGSTON, AND  
TORONTO.

## UNIVERSITY FIRST PRIZE POEM.

BY JAMES TORRINGTON SPENCER LIDSTONE.

"Plus je vis l'étranger, plus j'aimai ma patrie."

"Great people! as the sands shalt thou become;  
Thy growth is swift as morn; when night must fade,  
The multitudinous earth shall sleep beneath thy shade."

*Percy Bysshe Shelley.*

LET pioneers of warlike Carthage boast,  
And colonies from Phœnicia's coast;  
A greater PRIDE be ours through days to come,  
Than e'er a province felt for Pagan Rome.  
Arcadian groves and Tempe's fair domain,  
Here on a larger scale revive again;  
We swell the grandeur, share the high renown,  
Of HER on whose wide realm Sol ne'er goes down.  
See through millennial ages! arts and enterprise  
In their continuing spring flush o'er the Western  
skies;

New cities tower afar their stately spires,  
In day's meridian gleam like lambent fires.  
See varied Nature her broad mantle fling,  
And birds in millions o'er the landscape sing;  
The atmosphere is gay with dancing loves,  
And Graces throng o'er all thy waves and groves.

*(Here comes in a long and beautiful description of  
Canada at the various seasons of the year.)*

While anacamptonic floods take up the song,  
And in commingling rainbows roll along;  
Such the fair scenes that long for twenty years  
Of youth and childhood charm'd my eyes and ears,  
And seem like fairy vision now to rise  
O'er all thy bounds, thou first of colonies.

See Commerce spread abroad her snowy sails  
 O'er the blue inland seas to westering gales ;  
 Here golden harvests, undulating free,  
 Wave round the horizon like a sunlit sea ;  
 In milder light rejoicing streamlets flow,  
 And skies inverted bound the depths below ;  
 While mightier Falls, whence foamy wreaths are  
     flung,  
 Seem walls of amethyst with garlands hung ;  
 Like vestal fires on altars now behold  
 The foliage wave, or animated gold.  
 Where once arose the painted warriors' yell,  
 Glad tidings come, and songs of Zion swell ;  
 In other days was savage ardour rife,  
 Now on all sides are scenes of civil life ;  
 Here youth and virgins joyous mazes tread  
 At eventide along the flowery mead ;  
 Nor seem to mourn, with an affection blind,  
 The happy isles their fathers left behind.  
 The star of Empire sheds its rising beams  
 In well-laid streets and navigable streams :  
 And, radiating from Niagara, makes  
 One halo bright from ocean to the lakes.  
 Our inland navigation for extent  
 Is all unrivall'd on this continent ;  
 Our roads, Macadamized and plank'd, appear  
 The best in all this Western hemisphere.  
 Soon from the borders of Atlantic main  
 To Huron's waste shall rush the electric train,  
 And Upper Canada stand forth confest,  
 The world's highway up through the mighty West.  
 What wondrous destiny, great land, is thine,  
 Which like an universe no bounds confine ;  
 A startled continent beholds in thee  
 The finisher of highest Heaven's decree.  
 Thy youth and energy, sublimely grand,  
 Long as thy fame and QUEENSTOWN HEIGHTS shall  
     stand,

Amid the wreck of empires and decline  
 Of races, and their rise—a long and varied line;  
 Resound in marts, bloom fresh in pathless woods,  
 Roll with the sun, and mirror in the floods.  
 Bright in thy fame rejoicing ages run,  
 As circling planets in their orb the Sun,  
 And all thy history over Time uprears  
 A radiant cycle gay with smiling years.  
 While other countries pine and die away,  
 You, like a spring in nature's morning gay,  
 Gladden our times and empire's early day.  
 This is the land where our good English live,  
 Where the Scotch prosper, and the Irish thrive;  
 And here whole generations yet advance  
 On from the streamy vales of flowery France;  
 And that shrewd race from Europe's mother-land,  
 Through all the world renown'd, great Allemand;  
 And many more are destined yet to go  
 By happy isles in Lake Ontario.  
 Could I divide myself in thousand parts,  
 And in each part enshrine ten thousand hearts,  
 For thee, young giant land, I love so well,  
 Each pulse should beat, and aspiration swell;  
 The throne of Science and the seat of Arts,  
 The abode of beauty and of manly hearts.  
 Dishonour never darken'd thee with shame,  
 Never attach'd itself to thy fair fame;  
 Noted for high integrity, not fraud,  
 Beloved at home, respected far abroad;  
 No "Ohio certificates," no "Penn-  
 Sylvania bonds," come from your race of MEN;  
 No federal government usurp'd by knaves,  
 No pirate races trample on their slaves.

\* \* \* \*

You never, when the enemy invades,  
 Fly behind sticks, and stones, and ambuscades;  
 From Abraham plains to Queenstown heights—aye,  
 more,

From Montmorency to Niagara's roar—  
 Where'er the war-notes sounded, came the throng  
 That like a burning ocean roll'd along ;  
 Of rebel and the Yankee clear'd the track,  
 And sent above the blaze of war the UNION JACK.  
 From sire to son, all generations down,  
 Descended the green laurel of renown,  
 And ev'ry era, ev'ry tribe, shall bring  
 Traditions of Oriskany and Wyoming ;  
 Detroit and Lundy's Lane our race inspire,  
 And wing the spirits of our clime with fire.  
 In elder years, when earthquakes rock'd the West,  
 O'er floods and tempests danced your regal crest ;  
 On gallant deeds of fathers long to tell,  
 Thy sons in distant lands and times shall dwell.  
 Long peace be thine ! But should, from o'er the  
 seas,

The war-cry come, th' old tomahawk o' th' refugees,  
 And fire-side legends, long, long laid to rest,  
 Shall up ; and where your dauntless fathers prest,  
 For Canada, th' young lion of the West,  
 We'll march and win, as we have ever done,  
 For Britain's empire of the setting sun—  
 Prophetic voices now pronounce thy doom !  
 To England's legislative halls shall come  
 Some favour'd son of thine, to represent  
 The rising empire of the Occident ;  
 Emoluments, and offices, and fame  
 Be with imperialists and colonists the same !

\* \* \* \* \*

Are you a statist ? Trace the last decade,  
 And mark the improvement that our province made.  
 No other country in the world can show  
 The tide of human life in equal flow ;  
 Far o'er those sunny regions cast your sight,  
 Where ten years back waved forests black as night,  
 And find them open, cultivated, clear'd—  
 Temples and towns amid the landscape rear'd.

Our public schools examine; these he'll put  
 O'er Massachusetts and Connecticut,  
 Above the Empire State, New York, and Ohio.  
 How high those tower aloft, these sink how low!  
 Behold our mills, our foundries, tanneries!  
 Mechanics' shops on ev'ry hand arise.  
 Our artisans intelligent, and stood  
 First in their line in homes beyond the flood.  
 Sterling morality goes hand-in-hand  
 With government throughout this happy land!  
 A finer system Americ never saw,  
 Than our jurisprudence! Justice, not law,  
 Alone bears sway; the character discern,  
 The ability of our judges learn,  
 And I challenge comparison with those  
 Whose births in epochs on the world arose;  
 The lights of centuries, pride of ev'ry clime,  
 That loom like landmarks in the floods of time!

\* \* \* \* \*

No heavy taxes in our clime oppress;  
 Want never comes, none ever know distress.  
 Here energy is capital, and enterprise;  
 Fortune awaits, and all may catch the prize.  
 No fever-fit of over-trading here  
 Leaves us in ruin ev'ry other year;  
 No wild-cat banks here hourly overturn,  
 Leaving whole families hopelessly to mourn.  
 Where oozed the mossy spring, so dank and low,  
 Botanic gardens bloom, and fountains flow;  
 Here statues rise, extend the libraries  
 Where hieroglyphics glared on branchless trees!  
 I hear in College-halls their learned themes,  
 And songs of native bards by classic streams.  
 Home of my youth! the Muse thy fame uprears  
 O'er many lands and seas; through following years  
 Be e'er, as now, by teeming millions blest!  
 Loved of all nations! splendour of the West!



## INTRODUCTION TO THE COUNTY COURT SYSTEM.

“ Belle leçon certes à tout juge pour demeurer tousiours en soy, et ne laisser fluctuer sa conscience dedans les vagues d'une imaginaire faveur, qui pour fin de jeu le submerge.”—*Pasquire*.

O'ER Persia's realm once ruled a worthy king,  
The fountain-head from whence all honours spring;  
He found a judge who 'gainst the Right would strive,  
And him he order'd to be flay'd alive.  
Then nail'd the skin, to close a judgment fit,  
Flat on the seat where he was wont to sit—  
A warning; and say, who'd the sentence grudge,  
To any future scoundrel of a judge?  
Thus even on yon bench your hide I'd stretch,  
You mean-soul'd, yellow-skin'd, cantankerous wretch!

I shall return to this subject again. Whoever that member may be, who shall undertake to cause an inquiry to be made into the County Court system and its working, will deserve the thanks of the nation. I myself have some revelations to make, that will startle people of other lands, as well as the uninitiated in our own, and which in due time will be laid before the Secretary of State.

### GREENWICH.

(Published and copyrighted before the election.)

“ No place on earth (he cry'd) like Greenwich —”

*Pope to Bolingbroke.*

'MONG th' kindliest o' Israel's sons,  
We place undaunted Salomons,  
(For him a Lord Mayor's ode I made,  
Please see the First LONDONIAD.)

Unsurpass'd in mind and mien,  
 Th' beloved race of Angerstein.  
 Few gentlemen have hearts so true  
 As honest honour'd Montague.  
 Consistency more than atones  
 For foible in Ernest Jones.  
 But whence this Campbell who can tell?  
 Have you parchment *honourable*?  
 Just leaped out of your shell,  
 Are you a vampire or a ghoul?  
 "I'm effete of a judicial owl."  
 Then we'll chop you up for spinach,  
 If you stay an hour in Greenwich.

### THE POLITICAL MILLENNIUM.

"That state called the Millennium."—*Burnet's "Theory of the Earth."*

"There's a whole map behind of names."—*Cowley.*

THE Trump is sounded o'er the vast  
 Universe, another Being's cast.  
 Life's in the Hills they would advance!  
 The oceans to the morning dance;  
 Not from the pole, to centre  
 Only of the earth would enter  
 Th' thrill unspeakable; like a sea  
 Of light, in their deep harmony  
 Do all the suns and systems roll,  
 Inspir'd with one enchanted soul;  
 From nadir to zenith, up you go,  
 With th' Eternal Oratorio.

\* \* \* \*

#### PARADISE.

See to th' Muse's temple summon'd  
 Brocklehurst, Dalglish, Dillwyn, Drummond,  
 Hope, Gard, Salisbury, and Napier,  
 Hutt, Cowan, Foley, Heathcoat, Greer;  
 Destin'd in everlasting song  
 T' live, Sir Smith, Beaumont, Walpole, Young,  
 H. B. Sheridan, Martin, and  
 Smollett, Cobbett, ALDERMAN COPELAND,

The Ricardos, Warren, Kemeys Tynte.  
(All, more, shall yet appear in print.)

## LIMBO.

The scientific Muse shall blaze  
All your names to distant days.  
The Backwoods now receive a tinge  
Varied as thy career, Levinge.  
St. David here, from "kingdom come,"  
Hails once more his Cambrian home :  
And teaches Bruce, now no more "crabbit,"  
How he invented ye Welsh rabbit.  
I want a rhyme, so, if you please,  
I'll take—ah! I remember, cheese  
Rhymes with cathedral libraries.  
Oh! how that name doth me inspire :  
Excuse the Cockney rhyme, Beriah.  
"I mount, I fly,"—Oh! no. I must  
Own this, not sky, but clouds of dust.  
Marshall no more "hates to see a book,"  
Decency's instill'd in cotton Crook.  
John Bright no more is Russell's zany ;  
Shrewsbury thanks heaven for any-  
Thing—forgets her smallbird-Slaney.  
C. Wood, B. Hall, H. Labouchere,  
No more in history appear ;  
Nor Palmerston, that hoary anarch ;  
Nor thy bloodless scarecrow, Lanark ;  
Nor those professing but few arts,  
And knowing less, the two Ewarts.  
Let them to oblivion pass  
With Baxter, Massey, and with Bass ;  
Nor the Premier martyr vex,  
With the brewer-clown of Middlesex.  
Craufurd, with Ayrshire bonnet on,  
Here haileth Locke of Honiton.  
Evans mock martial shades environ ;  
And Beale moves robed in rusty iron.  
Matheson hath lost th' strange belief,  
That an isle can make a Celtic chief.

(Muse, in description, please be brief.)  
 By storms embodied torn away,  
 Through shadowy realms he's borne away;  
 Echo, India's woe, and Stornaway.  
 Fitzgerald plays pipe so scannel,  
 And here's Akroyd toss'd up in flannel;  
 Transform'd as t' Australian Dingo,  
 Pechell howls out "San Domingo!"  
 Wilson economy doth yield  
 Up, and turns to sturdy Chesterfield;  
 Who, present, in his presence bow'd:  
 Wilson did th' same, straight in a cloud  
 He through the spirit-mansion roll'd,  
 And there was nothing to behold!  
 Wonder? On earth 'twas the nature  
 Of th' Beast," t' be civil t' no creature.  
 Another; but the Muse's rury,  
 For thy brutal bully, Bury,  
 For the present the Bard reserves,  
 To give him soon what he deserves.  
 Wrightson from Lethe's flood doth fish up,  
 Thirty-first cousin of a bishop.  
 Willcox, from brooding like a mavis,  
 Here emulates thy deeds, Sir Bévis.

## THE RESURRECTION.

Monckton Milnes writes readable strains,  
 And Gordon Lennox is possess'd of brains.  
 Laurels bloom for Bill of Bandon,  
 And 's civil prototype, V. Sandon.  
 But oh! th' vent'rous Muse must turn her  
 Eyes. Here comes th' ghost of plebeian Turner!

## TO MY FRIENDS.

It will be seen that the names I here introduce are not those of mere Members of Parliament, for on such I would not write, being, as I am, the *protégé* of no one; I hail no patron; which last is, according to Dr. Johnson, "Commonly a wretch who supports with insolence, and is paid with flattery." I have made allowance for the isolated position, topographically and socially, of my countrymen, as well as for the effects of climate upon the temperament.

Where I have found them coarse in manners, or at fault in head or heart, I have left them out, although their names were on my list. I have said nothing in the present LONDONIAD that I would not willingly enlarge upon, and say over again with tenfold force, had we a language capable of conveying the thought. The *mind* of man I have striven to honour. I consider Intellect a ray emanating from Deity,—*vide* prospectus—and modes of speech being more or less the invention of Man, I know that no power of humanity can portray attributes of the Eternal; as well might we attempt to perfume the gales of Araby, or gild the sunbeams. Veneration animated me; servility never prompted; involuntary obedience I pay to nothing created. Our names will be here associated for many generations; and I would fain hope, for ever. The poems, as they appear in this the Sixth LONDONIAD, will form part in any and every complete edition of my Works that may be published in after times, unless remodelled for the better. And here let me pay a tribute to the Muse who strengthened me in the contemplation of the deeds of so many moving spirits of our age; who has been my Cicerone among the monuments of the mind; who has borne me triumphantly to an hitherto undiscovered world, and never, in exploring for a moment by night or by day, forsook me—never forsook the adventurous pioneer, whose full heart pours one deep diapason to thee, Spirit of Poetry, who art wider spread, longer lasting, and more exalted than all the works of Man. And now I speak not in “the spirit of unfeeling commerce:” the smallest number on my list is 50 copies, as may be seen, from thence up to 1000, but generally ranging from 100 to 250, which, considering the smallness of the amount, the immense edition, and the personages with whom I have the honour of being associated, is not to be wondered at. If it so happen that my friends may not find it quite convenient to distribute their copies immediately, instead of the number taken, they can have, if they please, the Six LONDONIADS that have yet appeared, bound together; or the Parliamentary Edition by itself, in the highest style of Art, not in split leather or skiver, but in the best double-grained morocco, and illustrated; among the rest, the well-known portrait of Prince Albert, by Say, and Mote, the plate of which is now in my possession. I rejoice in being able to lay this beautiful work of Art before my friends, not for his being a Prince, but because he has done more for the expanding of the mind, and enlightening of the world, than all that destiny ever placed near or on a throne in any other land, and more than all the kings of England put together since the time of Saxon Alfred, and before him.

12, LOWER CALTHORPE STREET, W.C.

25th March, 1859.

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THE  
SIXTH LONDONIAD.

THE 1ST, 2ND, 3RD, 4TH, AND 5TH LONDONIADS  
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READY FOR DELIVERY.

In the year 1860, the Author intends to issue "A GRAND NATIONAL POEM ON THE ARTS." The heroes and machinery will be taken from the Names and Articles that may appear until then in the various editions of the LONDONIAD. We find that poets in various times and countries have taken those, for heroes, known only for warlike exploits: He chooses personages connected with the Arts.

A wide and fertile field before him lies; and if familiarity with almost every department of public life, combined with a fair share of general knowledge, be his, they shall be given with untiring energy for the realization of the great object of his life, and what he wants in genius, he will make up through industry.

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A FRENCH AND GERMAN LONDONIAD are now ready for the  
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