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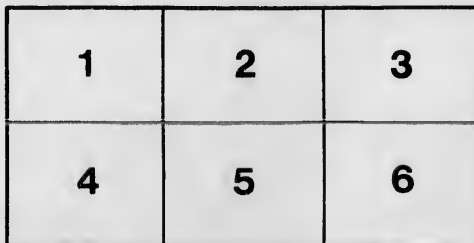
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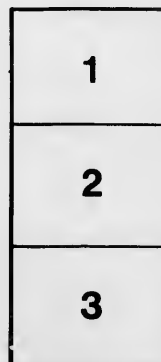
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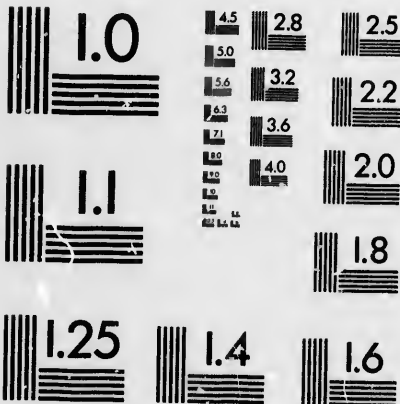
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**CTOR SYNTAX**



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THE REV. DOCTOR SYNTAX.

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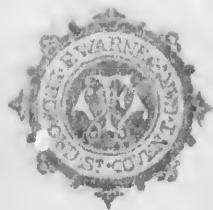
HIS THREE TOURS

IN SEARCH

OF THE PICTURESQUE,

OF CONSOLATION,

OF A WIFE



TORONTO:  
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HIS THREE TOURS

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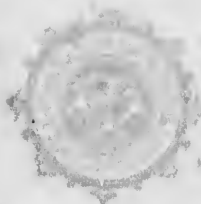
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FEW literary brochures have attained greater celebrity than did the SYNTAX TOURS.

The text is graphic, and the portraits drawn, from DOCTOR DICKY BEND downwards, may still find counterparts in society,—VELLUM, it may be, excepted; as WILLIAM COMBE, the author of Syntax, seems to have known none such, if the report of his latest biographer be correct, who represents him as having been born to wealth, but as having died in poverty, although claiming to have given to the world one hundred books, contributed to a score of journals, and furnished matter for two thousand columns in the newspapers and magazines of his day—1773 to 1823.



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# A TOUR IN SEARCH OF THE PICTURESQUE.

BY  
THE REVEREND DOCTOR SYNTAX.

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## CANTO I.

THE school was done, the bus'ness o'er,  
When tir'd of Greek and Latin lore,  
Good Syntax sought his easy chair, And sat in calm composure there.  
His wife was to a neighbour gone, To hear the chit-chat of the town ;  
And left him the unfrequent power Of brooding through a quiet hour.  
Thus, while he sat, a busy train Of images besieged his brain.  
Of Church-preferment he had none ;  
Nay, all his hope of that was gone :  
He felt that he content must be With drudging in a Curacy.  
Indeed, on ev'ry Sabbath-day,  
Through eight long miles he took his way,  
To preach, to grumble, and to pray ;  
To cheer the good, to warn the sinner,  
And, if he got it,—eat a dinner ;  
To bury these, to christen those, And marry such fond folks as chose  
To change the tenor of their life, And risk the matrimonial strife.  
Thus were his weekly journeys made,  
'Neath summer suns and wintry shades ;  
And all his gains, it did appear,— Were only thirty pounds a year.  
Besides, th' augmenting taxes press To aid expense and add distress :  
Mutton and beef and bread and beer,  
And ev'rything was grown so dear ;  
The boys too, always prone to eat, Delighted less in books than meat ;  
So that when holy Christmas came,  
His earnings ceas'd to be the same,  
And now, alas, could do no more,  
Than keep the wolf without the door.  
E'en birch, the pedant master's boast,  
Was so increas'd in worth and cost,  
That oft, prudentially beguil'd, To save the rod, he spar'd the child.  
Thus, if the times refus'd to mend, He to his school must put an end.

## TOUR OF DOCTOR SYNTAX

How hard his lot ! how blind his fate !  
 What shall he do to mend his state ?  
 Thus did poor Syntax ruminate.  
 When, as vivid meteors fly,      And instant light the gloomy sky,  
     A sudden thought across him came,  
     And told the way to wealth and fame ;  
 And, as th' expanding vision grew      Wider and wider to his view,  
 The painted fancy did beguile      His woe-worn phiz into a smile.  
     But, while he pac'd the room around,  
     Or stood immers'd in thought profound,  
 The Doctor, 'midst his rumination,      Was waken'd by a visitation  
     Which troubles many a poor man's life—      The visitation of his wife.  
 Good Mrs. Syntax was a lady Ten years, perhaps, beyond her hey-day ;  
     But though the blooming charms had flown  
     That grac'd her youth, it still was known  
 The love of power she never lost,      As Syntax found it to his cost :  
 For as her words were used to flow,      He but replied or yes or no.—  
     Whene'er enrag'd by some disaster,  
     She'd shake the boys and cuff the master :  
     Nay, to avenge the slightest wrong,  
     She could employ both arms and tongue,  
 And, if we list to country tales, She sometimes would enforce her nails.  
 Her face was red, her form was fat, A round-about, and rather squat ;  
     And when in angry humour stalking,  
     Was like a dumpling set a-walking.  
 'Twas not the custom of this spouse      To suffer long a quiet house :  
 She was among those busy wives Who hurry-scurry through their lives ;  
 And make amends for fading beauty By telling husbands of their duty.  
 'Twas at this moment, when, inspir'd,      And by his new ambition fir'd,  
 The pious man his hands uprear'd,      That Mrs. Syntax re-appear'd :  
     Amaz'd she look'd, and loud she shriek'd,  
     Or, rather like a pig she squeak'd,  
 To see her humble husband dare      Thus quit his sober ev'ning chair,  
 And pace, with varying steps about, Now in the room and now without.  
     At first she did not find her tongue,  
     (A thing which seldom happen'd long,)  
 But soon that organ grew unquiet,      To ask the cause of all this riot.  
     The Doctor smil'd, and thus address'd  
     The secrets of his lab'ring breast—  
 " Sit down, my love, my dearest dear, Nay, prithee do, and patient hear ;  
     Let me, for once, throughout my life,  
     Receive this kindness from my wife ;  
 It will oblige me so :—in troth,      It will, my dear, oblige us both ;  
     For such a plan has come athwart me,  
     Which some kind sprite from heav'n has brought me,  
 That if you will your counsels join, To aid this golden scheme of mine,  
     New days will come—new times appear,  
     And teeming plenty crown the year :  
     We then on dainty bits shall dine,  
     And change our home-brew'd ale for wine :  
 On summer days, to take the air,      We'll put our Grizzle to a chair ;

While you, in silks and muslins fine,  
 The grocer's wife shall far outshine,  
 And neighb'ring folks be forc'd to own,  
 In this fair town you give the ton."  
 "Oh ! tell me," cried the smiling dame,  
 "Tell me this golden road to fame :  
 You charm my heart, you quite delight it."—  
 "I'll make a TOUR—and then I'll WRITE IT.

You well know what my pen can do, And I'll employ my pencil too :—  
 I'll ride and *write*, and *sketch* and *print*, And thus create a real mint ;  
 I'll *prose* it here, I'll *verse* it there, And *picturesque* it ev'rywhere :  
 I'll do what all have done before ; I think I shall—and somewhat more.  
 At Doctor *Pompous* give a look ; He made his fortune by a book ;  
 And if my volume does not beat it, When I return, I'll fry and eat it.

Next week the boys will all go home,  
 And I shall have a month to come.  
 My clothes, my cash, my all prepare ;  
 While *Ralph* looks to the grizzle marc.  
 Tho' wond'ring folks may laugh and scoff,  
 By this day fortnight I'll be off ;

And when old Time a month has run, Our bus'ness, *Lovey*, will be done.  
 I will in search of fortune roam, While you enjoy yourself at home.

The story told, the Doctor eas'd  
 Of his grand plan, and Madam pleas'd,  
 No pains were spar'd by night or day To set him forward on his way :  
 She trimm'd his coat—she mended all  
 His various clothing, great and small ;  
 And better still, a purse was found With twenty notes of each a pound.  
 Thus furnish'd, and in full condition To prosper in his expedition ;  
 At length the ling'ring moment came  
 That gave the dawn of wealth and fame.

Incurious *Ralph*, exact at four, Led Grizzle, saddled, to the door ;  
 And soon, with more than common state,  
 The Doctor stood before the gate.  
 Behind him was his faithful wife ;—

"One more embrace, my dearest life !"  
 Then his grey palfry he bestrode, And gave a nod, and off he rode.  
 "Good luck ! good luck !" she loudly cried,  
 "*Vale ! O Vale !*" he replied.

## CANTO II.

THE farewell ceremony o'er, Madam went in and bang'd the door :  
 No woeful tear bedew'd her eye, Nor did she heave a single sigh ;  
 But soon began her daily trade, To chide the man and scold the maid ;  
 While Syntax, with his scheme besotted,  
 Along the village gently trotted.  
 The folks on daily labour bent, Whistled and caroll'd as they went ;  
 But as the Doctor pass'd along,  
 Bow'd down their heads, and ceas'd their song.

He gravely nodded to the people ; Then looking upwards to the steeple,  
 He thus, in mutt'ring tones express'd The disappointments of his breast.  
 " That thankless parent, Mother Church,  
 Has ever left me in the lurch ;  
 And while so many fools are seen To strut a Rector or a Dean,  
 Who live in ease, and find good cheer On ev'ry day of ev'ry year,  
 So small her share of true discerning,  
 She turn'd her back on all my learning.  
 I've in my vineyard labour'd hard, And what has been my lean reward ?  
 I've dug the ground, while some rich Vicar  
 Press'd the ripe grape, and drank the liquor ;  
 I've fed the flock, while others eat The mutton's nice delicious meat ;  
 I've kept the hive, and made the honey,  
 While the drones pocketed the money.  
 But now, on better things intent, On far more grateful labour bent,  
 New prospects open to my view : So, thankless Mother Church, adieu !"  
 Thus, having said his angry say, Syntax proceeded on his way.  
 The morning lark ascends on high, And with its music greets the sky :  
 The blackbird whistles, and the thrush  
 Warbles his wild notes in the bush ;  
 While ev'ry hedge and ev'ry tree Resound with vocal minstrelsy.  
 But Syntax, wrapt in thought profound,  
 Is deaf to each enliv'ning sound :  
 Revolving many a golden scheme, And yielding to the pleasing dream,  
 The reins hung loosely from his hand ;  
 While Grizzle, senseless of command,  
 Unguided, pac'd the road along, Nor knew if it were right or wrong.  
 Through the deep vale, and up the hill, By rapid stream or tinkling rill,  
 Grizzle her thoughtful master bore,  
 Who, counting future treasure o'er,  
 And, on his weighty projects bent, Observ'd not whither Grizzle went.  
 Thus did kind Fancy's soothing power  
 Cheat him of many a fleeting hour ;  
 Nor did he know the pacing Sun Had half his daily circuit run.  
 Sweet, airy sprite, that can bestow A pleasing respite to our woe,  
 That can corroding care beguile,  
 And make the woe-worn face to smile !  
 But, ah ! too soon the vision passes, Confounded by a pack of asses !  
 The donkeys bray'd ; and lo ! the sound  
 Awak'd him from his thought profound ;  
 And as he star'd, and look'd around,  
 He said—or else he seem'd to say— " I find that I have lost my way.  
 Oh what a wide expanse I see, Without a wood, without a tree ;  
 No one at hand, no house is near, To tell the way, or give good cheer ;  
 For now a sign would be a treat, To tell us we might drink and eat ;  
 But sure there is not in my sight The sign of any living wight ;  
 And all around upon this common I see not either man or woman ;  
 Nor dogs to bark, nor cocks to crow,  
 Nor sheep to bleat, nor herds to low :  
 Nay, if these asses did not bray, And thus some signs of life betray,  
 I well might think that I were hurl'd Into some sad, unpeopled world.

How could I come, misguided wretch !  
 To where I cannot make a sketch ?"  
 Thus as he ponder'd what to do, A guide post rose within his view :  
 And, when the pleasing shape he spied,  
 He prick'd his steed and thither hied ;  
 But some unheeding, senseless wight,  
 Who to fair learning ow'd a spite,  
 Had ev'ry letter'd mark defac'd,  
 Which once its several pointers grac'd.  
 The mangled post thus long had stood,  
 An uninforming piece of wood ;  
 Like other guides, as some folks say,  
 Who neither lead, nor tell the way.  
 The Sun, as hot as he was bright, Had got to his meridian height :  
 'Twas sultry noon—for not a breath  
 Of cooling zephyr fann'd the heath ;  
 When Syntax cried—" 'Tis all in vain  
 To find my way across the plain ;  
 So here my fortune I will try, And wait till some one passes by :  
 Upon that bank awhile I'll sit, And let poor Grizzle graze a bit ;  
 But, as my time shall not be lost, I'll make a drawing of the post ;  
 And, tho' a flimsy taste may flout it,  
 There's something *picturesque* about it :  
 'Tis rude and rough, without a gloss,  
 And is well cover'd o'er with moss ;  
 And I've a right—(who dares deny it ?)  
 To place yon group of asses by it.  
 Aye ! this will do : and now I'm thinking,  
 That self-same pond where Grizzle's drinking,  
 If hither brought 'twould better seem,  
 And faith I'll turn it to a stream :  
 I'll make this flat a shaggy ridge, And o'er the water throw a bridge :  
 I'll do as other sketchers do— Put any thing into the view ;  
 And any object recollect, To add a grace, and give effect.  
 Thus, though from truth I haply err, *The scene preserves its character.*  
 What man of taste my right will doubt,  
 To put things in, or leave them out ?  
 'Tis more than right, it is a duty, If we consider landscape beauty :  
 He ne'er will as an artist shine, Who copies Nature line by line :  
 Whoe'er from Nature takes a view, Must copy and improve it too.  
 To heighten every work of art, Fancy should take an active part :  
 Thus I (which few I think can boast)  
*Have made a Landscape of a Post.*  
 " So far, so good—but no one passes,  
 No living creature but these asses ;  
 And, should I sit and hear them bray, I were as great a beast as they :  
 So I'll be off ; from yonder down I may, perhaps, descry a town ;  
 Or some tall spire among the trees,  
 May give my way-worn spirits ease."  
 Grizzle again he soon bestrode, And wav'd his whip and off he rode :  
 But all around was dingy green, No spire arose, no town was seen.

At length he reach'd a beaten road :  
 How great a joy the sight bestow'd !  
 So on he went in pleasant mood, And shortly gain'd a stately wood,  
 Where the refreshing zephyrs play'd  
 And cool'd the air beneath the shade.  
 Oh ! what a change, how great the treat,  
 To fanning breeze from sultry heat !  
 But ah ! how false is human joy ! When least we think it, ills annoy :  
 For now, with fierce impetuous rush,  
 Three ruffians issued from a bush ;  
 One Grizzle stopp'd and seiz'd the reins,  
 While they all threat the Doctor's brains.  
 Poor Syntax, trembling with affright, Resists not such superior might,  
 But yields him to their savage pleasure,  
 And gives his purse with all its treasure.  
 Fearing, howe'er, the Doctor's view Might be to follow and pursue ;  
 The cunning robbers wisely counted  
 That he, of course, should be dismounted ;  
 And still that it would safer be, If he were fastened to a tree.  
 Thus to a tree they quickly bound him ;  
 The cruel cords went round and round him ;  
 And, having of all power bereft him,  
 They tied him fast—and then they left him.

## CANTO III.

By the road side, within the wood,  
 In this sad state poor Syntax stood ;  
 His bosom heav'd with many a sigh, And the tears stood in either eye.  
 What could he do ?—he durst not bawl ;  
 His noise the robbers might recall ;  
 The villains might again surround him,  
 And hang him up where they had bound him.  
 Sure never was an hapless wight In more uncomfortable plight :  
 Nor was this all ; his pate was bare, Unshelter'd by one lock of hair ;  
 For when the sturdy robbers took him,  
 His hat and peruke both forsook him.  
 The insect world were on the wing, Whose talent is to buz and sting ;  
 And soon his bare-worn head they sought,  
 By instinct led, by nature taught ;  
 And dug their little forks within The tender texture of his skin.  
 He rag'd and roar'd, but all in vain,  
 No means he found to ease his pain :  
 The cords, which to the tree had tied him,  
 All help from either hand denied him :  
 He shook his head, he writh'd his face  
 With painful look, with sad grimace,  
 And thus he spoke his hapless case !  
 " Ah ! miserable man," he cried, " What perils do my course betide ;  
 In this sad melancholy state, Must I, alas, impatient wait,



Till some kind soul shall haply find me,  
 And with his friendly hands unbind me?  
 Nay, I throughout the night may stay, 'Tis such an unfrequented way:  
 Tho' what with hunger, thirst and fright,  
 I ne'er shall last throughout the night;  
 And could I e'en these ills survive      The flies will eat me up alive.  
 What mad ambition made me roam!  
 Ah! wherefore did I quit my home!  
 For there I liv'd remote from harm;  
 My meals were good, my house was warm;  
 And, though I was not free from strife With other ills that trouble life,  
 Yet I had learn'd full well to bear      The nightly scold, the daily care;  
 And, after many a season past,      I should have found repose at last:  
 Fate would have signed my long release,  
 And Syntax would have died in peace;  
 Nor thus been robb'd, and tied and beaten,  
 -- And all alive by insects eaten."  
 But while he thus at Fate was railing,  
 And fortune's angry frown bewailing,  
 A dog's approaching bark he hears;  
 'Twas sweet as music to his ears;  
 And soon a sure relief appears.  
 For, tho' it bore that gen'ral form,  
 Which oft at home, foretold a storm,  
 It now appear'd an angel's shape      That promis'd him a quick escape:  
 Nor did La Mancha's val'rous Knight,  
 Feel greater pleasure at the sight,  
 When overwhelm'd with love and awe,      His Dulcinea first he saw:  
 For on two trotting palfreys came, And each one bore a comely dame:  
 They started as his form they view;      The horses also started too:  
 The dog with insult seem'd to treat him,  
 And look'd as if he long'd to eat him.  
 In piteous tones he humbly pray'd  
 They'd turn aside, and give him aid;  
 When each leap'd quickly from her steed,      To join in charitable deed.  
 They drew their knives to cut the noose,  
 And let the mournful pris'ner loose;  
 With kindest words his fate bewail,  
 While grateful Syntax tells his tale.  
 The rustic matrons sooth his grief,      Nor offer, but afford relief;  
 And, turning from the beaten road,  
 Their well-lin'd panniers they unload;  
 When soon upon the bank appear'd  
 A sight his fainting spirits cheer'd:  
 They spread the fare with cheerful grace,  
 And gave a banquet to the place.  
 Most haply, too, as they untied him,  
 He saw his hat and wig beside him:  
 So, thus bewigg'd and thus behatted,  
 Down on the grass the Doctor squatted;  
 When he uplifted either eye,      With grateful accents to the sky.



"Tis thus," he humbly said, "we read  
 In sacred books of heavenly deed :  
 And thus, I find, in my distress,      The Manna of the Wilderness :  
 'Tis Hermit's fare ; but thanks to Heaven,  
 And those kind souls, by whom 'tis given,"  
 'Tis true that bread, and curds, and fruit,  
 Too with the pious Hermits suit ;  
 But Syntax surely was mistaken  
 To think their meals partake of bacon ;  
 Or that those reverend men regale, As our good Doctors do—with ale ;  
 And these kind dames, in nothing loth,  
 Took care that he partook of both.  
 At length 'twas time to bid adieu,  
 And each their different way pursue :  
 A kind farewell, a kiss as kind,  
 He gave them both with heart and mind ;  
 Then off he trudg'd, and, as he walk'd,  
 Thus to himself the Parson talk'd.  
 "Tis well, I think, it is no worse,      For I have only lost my purse :  
 With all their cruelty and pains,  
 The rogues have got but trifling gains ;  
 Poor four-and-four-pence is the measure  
 Of all their mighty pilfer'd treasure ;  
 For haply there was no divining      I'd a snug pocket in my lining ;  
 And, thanks to Spousy, every note Was well sew'd up within my coat.  
 But where is Grizzle ?—Never mind her ;  
 I'll have her cried, and soon shall find her."  
 Thus he pursued the winding way,      Big with the evils of the day :  
 Though the good Doctor kept in view      The favour of his blessings too.  
 Nor had he pac'd it half an hour      Before he saw a parish tow'r,  
 And soon, with sore fatigue oppress'd,      An Inn receiv'd him as its guest.  
 But still his mind with anxious care,      Ponder'd upon his wand'ring mare ;  
 He therefore sent the Bell-man round,      To see if Grizzle might be found.  
 Grizzle, ungrateful to her master,      And careless of his foul disaster,  
 Left him tied up, and took her way,      In hopes to meet with corn or hay ;  
 But, as that did not come to pass,      She sought a meadow full of grass ;  
 The farmer in the meadow found her,  
 And order'd John, his man, to pound her.  
 Now John was one of those droll folk      Who oft take mischief for a joke ;  
 And thought 'twould make the master stare,  
 When he again beheld his mare,  
 (Perhaps the Gem'man might be shockt)  
 To find her ready cropt and dockt :  
 At all events, he play'd his fun :      No sooner was it said than done.  
 But Grizzle was a patient beast,      And minded nought if she could feast :  
 Like many others, prone to think      The best of life was meat and drink,  
 Who feel to-day nor care nor sorrow,      If they are sure to feast to-morrow :  
 Thus Grizzle, as she pac'd around      The purlieu of the barren pound,  
 In hungry mood might seem to neigh      "If I had water, corn, and hay,  
 I should not thus my fate bewail,      Nor mourn the loss of ears or tail."  
 In the mean time, securely hous'd,      The Doctor booz'd it, and carous'd,

The Hostess spread her fairest cheer,  
Her best beef-steak, her strongest beer ;  
And sooth'd him with her winning chat,  
Of—" Pray eat this—and now take that.  
Your Rev'ence, after all your fright,  
Wants meat and drink to set you right "

His Rev'ence prais'd the golden rule, Nor did he let his victuals cool :  
And, having drank his liquor out, He took a turn to look about ;  
When, to the folks about the door, He told the dismal story o'er.  
The country-people on him gaz'd, And heard his perils all amaz'd :  
How the thieves twin'd the cords around him :  
How to a tree the villains bound him !

What angels came to his relief To loose his bonds, and sooth his grief !  
His loss of cash, and what was worse, His saddle, saddle-bags, and horse.  
Thus as their rude attention hung Upon the wonders of his tongue,  
Lo ! Grizzle's alter'd form appears, With half its tail, and half its ears !  
" Is there no law ? " the Doctor cries : " Plenty," a Lawyer strait replies :

" Employ me, and those thieves shall swing  
On gallows-tree, in hempen-string :  
And, for the rogue, the law shall flea him,  
Who maim'd your horse, as now you see him."  
" No," quoth the Don, " your pardon pray ;

I've had enough of thieves to-day :

I've lost four shillings and a groat, But you would strip me of my coat ;  
And ears and tail won't fatten you,  
You'll want the head and carcase too."

He chuckled as he made the stroke, And all around enjoy'd the joke :  
But still it was a sorry sight To see the beast in such a plight :  
Yet what could angry Syntax do ? 'Twas all in vain to fret and stew :

His well stuff'd bags, with all their hoard  
Of sketching-tools, were safe restor'd ;  
The saddle too, which he had sought,  
For small reward was quickly brought ;  
He therefore thought it far more sage  
To stop his threats and check his rage ;

So to the ostler's faithful care He gave his mutilated mare :  
And while poor Grizzle, free from danger,

Cropp'd the full rack and clean'd the manger,

Syntax, to ease his aching head, Smok'd out his pipe, and went to bed.

## CANTO IV.

BLESS'D be the man, said he of yore  
Who Quixote's lance and target bore !  
Bless'd be the man who first taught sleep  
Throughout our wearied frames to creep,

And kindly gave to human woes The oblivious mantle of repose !

Hail ! balmy power ! that canst repair

The constant waste of human care ;

To the sad heart afford relief, And give a respite to its grief ;

Canst calm, through night's composing hours,  
 The threat'ning storm that daily low'rs ;  
 On the rude flint, the wretched cheer, And to a smile transform the tear !  
 Thus wrapt in slumber Syntax lay— Forgot the troubles of the day ;  
 So sound his sleep, so sweet his rest, By no disturbing dreams distress ;  
 That, all at ease, he lay entranc'd, Till the fair morn was far advanc'd.  
 At length the hostess thought it wrong  
 He should be left to sleep so long ;  
 So bid the maid to let him know That breakfast was prepar'd below.  
 Betty then op'd the chamber door And tripping onwards' cross the floor,  
 Undrew the curtains, one by one ; When in a most ear-piercing tone,  
 Such as would grace the London cries, She told him it was time to rise.  
 The noise his peaceful slumbers broke ;  
 He gave a snort or two—and 'woke.  
 Now, as the Doctor turn'd his head, Betty was court'sying by the bed :—  
 "What brought you here, fair maid, I pray ?"  
 "To tell you, Sir, how wears the day ;  
 And that it is my special care To get your Worship's morning fare.  
 The kettle boils, and I can boast No small renown for making toast.  
 There's coffee, Sir, and tea and meat, And surely you must want to eat ;  
 For ten long hours have pass'd away Since down upon this bed you lay !"  
 The Doctor rubb'd his op'ning eyes,  
 Then stretch'd his arms, and 'gan to rise :  
 But Betty still demurely stands, To hear him utter his commands.  
 "Be gone," he cried, "get something nice,  
 And I'll be with you in a trice."  
 Behold him then, renew'd by rest,  
 His chin well shav'd, his peruke dress'd,  
 Conning with solemn air the news, His welcome breakfast to amuse,  
 And when the well-fed meal was o'er, Grizzle was order'd to the door :  
 Betty was also told to say, The mighty sum there was to pay :  
 Betty, obedient to his will, Her court'sy makes, and brings the bill.  
 Down the long page he cast his eye,  
 Then shook his head, and heav'd a sigh,  
 "What ! am I doom'd, where'er I go, In all I meet to find a foe ?  
 Where'er I wander to be cheated, To be bamboozled and ill-treated !"  
 Thus, as he read each item o'er, The hostess op'd the parlour door ;  
 When Syntax rose in solemn state, And thus began the fierce debate.  
 SYNTAX.—"Good woman ; here, your bill retake,  
 And prithee, some abatement make ;  
 I could not such demands afford, Were I a Bishop or a Lord :  
 And though I hold myself as good As any of my brotherhood,  
 Howe'er, by bounteous Fortune crown'd,  
 In wealth and honours they abound :  
 It is not in my power to pay Such long drawn bills as well as they.  
 The paper fills me with affright ;— I surely do not read it right :  
 For at the bottom here, I see Th' enormous total—one pound, three !"  
 HOSTESS.—"The charges all are fairly made ;  
 If you will eat, I must be paid.  
 My bills have never found reproaches  
 From Lords and Ladies in their coaches,

This house that's call'd the Royal Crown,  
Is the first Inn throughout the town :  
The best of gentry, ev'ry day,      Become my guests and freely pay :  
Besides, I took you in at night,      Half-dead with hunger and affright,  
Just 'scap'd from robbers."

SYNTAX.———"That's most true,"

And now I'm to be robb'd by you."

HOSTESS.—"Sir, you mistake ; and did not I  
Disdain rude words, I'd say—you lie.

I took you in last-night, I say."

SYNTAX.—"'Tis true ;—and if this bill I pay  
You'll take me in again to-day."

HOSTESS.—"I gave you all my choicest cheer,  
The best of meat, the best of beer ;

And then you snor'd yourself to rest      In the best bed—I say the best.  
You've had such tea as few can boast,

With a whole loaf turn'd into toast."

SYNTAX.—"And for your beef, and beer, and tea,  
You kindly charge me—one pound three !"

HOSTESS.—"'Tis cheap as dirt—for well I know  
How things with country Curates go :

And I profess that I am loth      To deal unkindly with the cloth :

Nay, oft and oft, as I'm a sinner,      I've given hungry Clerks a dinner."

SYNTAX.—"And there's a proverb, as they say,

That for the Clerks the Parsons pay ;

Which you, I trow, can well fulfil,      Whene'er you make a Parson's bill.

Why one pound three, the truth I speak,

Would keep my household for a week.

Dear Mrs. Syntax, how she'd vapour

Where she to read this curious paper !"

HOSTESS.—"If that's your living, on my life,

You starve your servants, and your wife."

SYNTAX.—"I wish my wife were here to meet you,

In your own fashion she would greet you :

With looks as fierce, and voice as shrill,

She'd make you, mistress, change your bill."

HOSTESS.—"Think you besides, there's nought to pay

For all your horse's corn and hay?

And ointments too, to cure the ail

Of her cropp'd ears and mangled tail?"

SYNTAX.—"I wish the wight would bring the shears

Which dock'd that tail and cropp'd those ears,

And just exert the self-same skill To crop and dock your monstrous bill !

But, I'm in haste to get away, Though one pound three I will not pay :

So, if you'll take one one-half th' amount,

We'll quickly settle the account.

There is your money, do you see?

And let us part in Charity."

HOSTESS.—"Well, as a charitable deed,

I'll e'en consent—so mount your steed,

And on your journey strait proceed :

But well you know, where'er you roam, That Charity begins at home."

## CANTO V.

THE Doctor smil'd, the bill was paid,  
 The hostess left him to the maid ;  
 When Betty stood in humble guise,      With expectation in her eyes,  
     That he was surely so good-hearted,  
     To give her something e'er they parted.  
 Now, Nature, in her wanton freaks,      Had given Betty rosy cheeks ;  
 And caus'd her raven locks to break      In native ringlets on her neck ;  
 The roving bee might wish to sip      The sweetness of her pouting lip :  
 So red, so tempting to the view,      'Twas what the Doctor long'd to do.  
     "You're a nice girl," he smiling said.  
     "Am I ?" replied the simp'ring maid.  
     "I swear you are, and if you're willing  
     To give a kiss, I'll give a shilling."  
     "If 'tis the same thing, Sir, to you,  
     Make the gift two-fold, and take two."  
     He grimly grinn'd, with inward pleasure,  
     And instant seiz'd the purchas'd treasure.  
     "Your lips, my dear, are sweet as honey :  
     So one smack more—and there's your money."  
 This charming ceremony o'er,      The Parson strutted to the door ;  
     Where his poor wounded mare appears  
     In cruel state of tail and ears.  
 The neighbours all impatient wait      To see him issue through the gate ;  
 For country-town or village-green,      Had seldom such a figure seen.  
 Labour stood still to see him pass,      While ev'ry lad and ev'ry lass  
     Ran forward to enjoy the feast,  
     To jeer the Sage, and mourn the beast.  
 But one and all aloud declare      'Twas a fit sight for country-fair ;  
     Far better than a dancing bear.  
     At length, escap'd from all the noise  
     Of women, men, and girls and boys,  
 In the recesses of a lane      He thus gave utt'rance to his pain,  
 "It seems to be my luckless case      At ev'ry point, in ev'ry place,  
     To meet with trouble and disgrace.  
 But yesterday I left my home,      In search of fancied wealth to roam ;  
     And nought, I think, but ills betide me :  
     Sure some foul spirit runs beside me ;  
 Some blasting demon from the east,      A deadly foe to man and beast,  
 That loves to riot in disaster, And plague alike both horse and master.  
 Grizzle, who full five years, and more,      A trumpeter in triumph bore ;  
 Who had in hard-fought battle been, And many a bloody conflict seen ;  
     Who, having 'scap'd with scarce a scar,  
     'Mid all the angry threats of war ;  
 When her best days are almost past,      Feels these ignoble wounds at last  
     Ah ! what can thy fond master do,  
     He's cut and slash'd as well as you !  
     But, though no more with housing gay,  
     And prancing step you take your way ;

On, with your stately rider, lead      The armed troop to warlike deed ;  
While you've a leg you ne'er shall cease To bear the minister of peace.  
Long have you borne him nor e'er grumbled,  
Nor ever started, kick'd or stumbled."

But mildest natures sometimes err From the strict rules of character :

The tim'rous bird defends its young,  
And beasts will kick when they are stung.  
'Twas burning hot, and host of flies,  
With venom'd stings, around them rise :  
They seiz'd on Grizzle's wounded part,  
Who straight began to snort and start ;

Kick'd up behind, rear'd up before,      And play'd a dozen antics more ;  
The Doctor coax'd, but all in vain, She snorted, kick'd, and rear'd again:

"Alas !" said Syntax, "could I pop  
Just now, upon a blacksmith's shop,  
Whose cooling unguent would avail  
To save poor Grizzle's ears and tail !"

When scarce had he his wishes spoke, Than he beheld a cloud of smoke,  
That from a forge appear'd to rise,      And for a moment veil'd the skies,  
While the rude hammers to his ear,  
Proclaim'd the aid he wish'd was near.

By the way-side the cottage rose,      Around it many a willow grows,  
Where Syntax, in a tone of grief,  
Shew'd Grizzle's wounds and pray'd relief.

The sooty Galen soon appear'd, And with fair hopes the Doctor cheer'd.  
"Trust me, good Sir, I've got a plaster,  
Will cure the beast of her disaster ;

And, while the dressing I prepare,      With all becoming skill and care,  
You in that arbor may regale      With a cool pipe and jug of ale :  
I've long a two-fold trade profess'd And med'cine sell for man and beast,

—Syntax now sought the cooling shade,  
While Galen's dame the banquet made :  
She well knew how her guests to please,  
And added meat, and bread, and cheese :  
Besides, she told the village-tale—  
Who came to drink her home-brew'd ale ;  
How that the laughter-loving Vicar  
Would sometimes walk to taste their liquor ;  
That their gay landlord was renown'd,  
For hunting fox, with horn and hound ;

That he'd a daughter passing fair ;      Who was his Honour's only heir ;  
But she was proud, nor could a 'Squire  
Approach to tell his am'rous fire ;

A Lord alone, as it was said,      She would receive into her bed.  
Throughout the village, ev'ry name      Became a subject for the dame ;  
And thus she play'd her chattering part,  
Till Syntax thought it time to start.

And now poor Grizzle re-appears,  
With plaster'd tail and plaster'd ears,  
Which thus cas'd up, might well defy The sharpest sting of gnat or fly.  
The Doctor having had his fill,      Without a word discharg'd his bill.



But, as it was the close of day,           He trotted briskly on his way;  
 And, e'er the sun withdrew his light, An Inn receiv'd him for the night.  
           His frame fatigu'd, his mind oppress'd,  
           He tiff'd his punch, and went to rest.

The morning came, when he arose    In spirits from his calm repose;  
 And while the maid prepar'd the tea, He look'd around the room to see.  
 What story did the walls disclose,    Of human joys, of human woes.

The window quickly caught his eye,  
 On whose clear panes he could descry  
 The motley works of many a Muse:  
 There was enough to pick and choose;  
 And, "Faith," said he, "I'll strive to hook  
 Some of these lines into my book:  
 For here there are both grave and witty,  
 And some, I see, are rather pretty.

From a small pocket in his coat He drew his tablets,—when he wrote  
 Whate'er the pregnant panes possess'd;  
 And these choice lays among the rest.

"If my fond breast were made of glass,  
 And you could see what there doth pass,  
 Kitty, my ever charming fair! You'd see your own sweet image there."

"I once came here a free-booting,  
 And on this fine manor went shooting,  
 And if the 'Squire this truth denies,  
 This glass shall tell the 'Squire—he lies."

"Dolly's as fat as any sow,           And, if I'm not mistaken,  
 Dolly is well dispos'd, I trow,    To trim her husband's bacon."

"Dear Jenny, while your name I hear,  
 No transient glow my bosom heats;  
 And when I meet your eye, my dear,  
 My flutt'ring heart no longer beats.

I dream, but I no longer find    Your form still present to my view;  
 I wake, but now my vacant mind    No longer waking dreams of you.  
 I can find maids, in ev'ry rout,    With smiles as false and forms as fine;  
 But you must hunt the world throughout,  
 To find a heart as true as mine."

"I hither came down           From fair London town  
           With Lucy so mild and so kind;  
 But Lucy grew cool,           And call'd me a fool,  
           So I started and left her behind."

But as he copied, quite delighted, All that the Muse had thus indited,  
 A hungry dog, and prone to steal, Ran off with half his breakfast meal;  
 While Dolly, ent'ring with a kettle,    Was follow'd by a man of mettle,  
           Who swore he'd have the promis'd kiss;  
           And, as he seiz'd the melting bliss,  
           From the hot, ill-pois'd kettle's spout,  
           The boiling stream came pouring out,  
           Which drove the Doctor from the Muse  
           By quickly filling both his shoes.

## CANTO VI.

WHAT various evils man await, In this strange sublunary state !  
 No sooner is he cheer'd by joy, Than sorrows come, and pains annoy ;  
 And scarce his lips were op'd to bless The transient gleam of happiness,  
 Than some dark cloud obscures the sky,  
 And grief's sad moisture fills the eye.  
 Thus, while the Doctor smiling stole  
 From the clear glass each witty scroll,  
 He felt, to interrupt the treat, The scalding torment in his feet :  
 And thus awaken'd from his trance, Began to skip, and jump, and dance.  
 "Take off my shoes," he raving cried, "And let my gaiters be untied."  
 When Dolly with a nimble hand, Instant obeyed the loud command ;  
 And, as he lolled upon the chair, His feet and ancles soon were bare.  
 Away th' impatient damsel run, To cure the mischief she had done ;  
 And quick return'd with liquid store, To rub his feet and ancles o'er ;  
 Nor was the tender office vain ; It soon assuag'd the burning pain.  
 A tear was seen on Dolly's cheek :  
 Who sigh'd as if her heart would break.  
 "Be not, my girl, with care oppress'd ;  
 I'm now," says Syntax, "quite at rest :  
 My anger's vanish'd with the pain ; No more, my dear, shall I complain,  
 Since to get rid of my disaster, So fair a maid presents the plaister."  
 Thus did he Dolly's care beguile, And turn'd her tears into a smile.  
 But, while she cool'd the raging part,  
 She somehow warm'd the Doctor's heart ;  
 And, as she rubb'd the ointment in,  
 He pinch'd her cheeks and chuck'd her chin ;  
 And, when she had redress'd his shanks,  
 He with a kiss bestow'd his thanks ;  
 While gentle Dolly, nothing loth,  
 Consenting smil'd, and took them both.  
 "I think," said she, "you'd better stay, Nor travel further on to-day :"—  
 And though she said it with a smile, His steady purpose to beguile,  
 The Doctor clos'd the kind debate, By ord'ring Grizzle to the gate.  
 Now, undisturb'd, he took his way, And travell'd till the close of day ;  
 When, to delight his weary eyes, Before him Oxford's tow'rs arise.  
 "O, Alma Mater !" Syntax cried, "My present boast, my early pride ;  
 To whose protecting care I owe All I've forgot, and all I know :  
 Deign from your nursing to receive The homage that his heart can give !  
 Hail ! sacred, ever-honoured shades  
 Where oft I woo'd th' immortal maids ;  
 Where strolling oft, at break of day,  
 My feet have brush'd the dews away !  
 By Isis and by Cherwell stream, How oft I wove the classic dream,  
 Or sought the Cloisters dim, to meet Pale science in her lone retreat !  
 The sight of you again inspires My bosom with its former fires :  
 I feel again the genial glow That makes me half forget the woe  
 And all my aching heart could tell,  
 Since last I bid these scenes farewell."



Thus Syntax moved in sober pace, Beset with academic grace ;  
 While Grizzle bore him up the town, And at the *Mitre* set him down.  
 The night was pass'd in sound repose,  
 And as the clock struck nine he 'rose.  
 The barber now applies his art,  
 To shave him clean, and make him smart :  
 From him he learn'd that *Dickey Bend*, His early academic friend,  
 As a reward for all his knowledge,  
 Was made the Provost of his College ;  
 And fame declar'd that he had clear  
 At least twelve hundred pounds a year.  
 "O ho !" says Syntax, "if that's true, I cannot surely better do  
 Than further progress to delay, And with *Friend Dickey* pass a day."  
 Away he hied, and soon he found him,  
 With all his many comforts round him.  
 The Provost hail'd the happy meeting,  
 And after kind and mutual greeting,  
 To make enquiries he began ;— And thus the conversation ran.  
 PROVOST.—"Good Doctor Syntax, I rejoice  
 Once more to hear your well-known voice ;  
 To dine with us I hope you'll stay, And share a College feast to-day.  
 Full many a year is gone and past Since we beheld each other last ;  
 Fortune has kindly dealt with me,  
 As you, my friend, may plainly see ;  
 And pray how has she dealt with thee ?"  
 SYNTAX.—"Alas ! alas ! I've played the fool ;  
 I took a wife, and keep a school ;  
 And while on dainties you are fed, I scarce get butter to my bread."  
 PROVOST.—"For my part, I have never married,  
 And grieve to hear your plans miscarried :  
 I hope then my old worthy friend, Your visit here your fate will mend.  
 My services you may command ; I offer them with heart and hand ;  
 And while you think it right to stay,  
 You'll make this house your home I pray."  
 SYNTAX.—"I'm going further, on a scheme,  
 Which you may think an idle dream ;  
 At the fam'd Lakes to take a look, And of my *Journey* make a *Book*."  
 PROVOST.—"I know full well that you have store  
 Of modern as of classic lore :  
 And, surely, with your weight of learning,  
 And all your critical discerning,  
 You might produce a work of name,  
 To fill your purse and give you fame,  
 How oft have we together sought Whate'er the ancient sages taught !"  
 SYNTAX.—"I now perceive that all your knowledge  
 Is pent, my friend, within your college !  
 Learning's become a very bore— That fashion long since has been o'er.  
 A Bookseller may keep his carriage,  
 And ask ten thousand pounds in marriage ;  
 May have his mansion in a square, And build a house for countryair ;  
 And yet 'tis odds the fellow knows If Horace wrote in verse or prose

Could Dr. Grey in chariot ride,      And take each day his wine beside,  
 If he did not contrive to cook,      Each year, his Tour into a book ;  
 A flippant, flashy, flow'ry style,      A lazy morning to beguile ;  
 With every other leaf, a print      Of some fine view in *aqua tint* ?  
 Such is the book I mean to make And I've no doubt the work will take .  
     For though your wisdom may decry it,  
     The simple folk will surely buy it.

I will allow it is but trash,      But then it furnishes the cash."

PROVOST.—"Why things are not the same, I fear,  
     As when we both were scholars here ;  
 But still I doubt not your success,      And wish you ev'ry happiness ;  
 Myself, and my whole College tribe      Depend upon it will subscribe."  
 At length the bell began to call      To dinner, in the college-hall ;  
 Nor did the guests delay to meet,      Lur'd by the bounty of the treat.

The formal salutations over,  
 Each drew his chair and seized his cover ;  
 The Provost, in collegiate pride,      Plac'd Doctor Syntax by his side ;  
 And soon they heard the hurrying feet  
 Of those that bore the smoking meat.

Behold the dishes due appear—      Fish in the van, beef in the rear ;  
 But he who the procession led,      By some false step or awkward tread,  
 Or curs'd by some malignant pow'r,      Fell headlong on the marble floor,  
 Ah, heedless wight ! ah, hapless dish !      Ah ! all the luxury of fish !  
 Thus in a moment spoil'd and wasted ;      Ah ! never, never to be tasted !  
 But one false step begets another,      So they all tumbled one o'er t'other ;

And now the pavement was bestrew'd  
 With roast and boil'd, and fried and stew'd.  
 The waiters squall'd, their backs bespatter'd  
 With scalding sauce ; the dishes clatter'd  
 In various discord ; while the brawl  
 Re-echo'd through th' astonish'd hall.  
 "Well," said a Don, "as I'm a sinner,  
 We must go elsewhere for a dinner."  
 "'Tis no such thing," the *Head* replied,  
 "You all shall soon be satisfied :

We are but ten : and sure there's plenty ;  
 I order'd full enough for twenty.

I see, my friends, the haunch unspoil'd,  
 With chickens roast, and turkey boil'd ;  
 The ven'son pasty is secure,      The marrow puddings safe and sure ;  
 With ham, and many good things more,  
 And tarts, and custards, full a score.

Sure, here's enough to cut and carve ;  
 To-day, I think, we shall not starve :  
 But still I'll make the boobies pay

For the good things they've thrown away."  
 Thus ev'ry eye was quickly cheer'd With all the plenty that appear'd ;  
 They eat, and drank, they smok'd, they talk'd,  
 And round the college-garden walk'd :  
 But the time came (for time will fly)  
 When Syntax was to say—"good bye."

His tongue could scarce his feeling tell,  
 Could scarce pronounce the word, "farewell!"  
 The Provost too, whose gen'rous heart  
 In those same feelings bore a part,  
 Told him, when he should want a friend,  
 To write, or come, to *Dickey Bend*.

Next morning, at an early hour, Syntax proceeded on his Tour;  
 And, as he saunter'd on his way, The scene of many a youthful day,  
 He thought 'twould give his book an air,  
 If *Oxford* were well painted there;  
 And, as he curious look'd around, He saw a spot of rising ground,  
 From whence the turrets of the city Would make a picture very pretty;  
 Where *Radcliff's* dome would intervene,  
 And *Magd'len* tower crown the scene.  
 So Grizzle to a hedge he tied, And onward then impatient hied:  
 But, as he sought to chuse a part Where he might best display his art,  
 A wicked bull no sooner view'd him,  
 Than loud he roar'd, and straight pursu'd him.  
 The Doctor finding danger near, Flew swiftly on the wings of fear,  
 And nimbly clamber'd up a tree, That gave him full security;  
 But as he ran to save his bacon, By hat and wig he was forsaken;  
 His *sketch-book* too, he left behind, A prey to the unlucky wind:  
 While Grizzle, startled by the rout,  
 Broke from the hedge, and pranc'd about.  
 Syntax, still trembling with affright,  
 Clung to the tree with all his might;  
 He call'd for help—and help was near,  
 For dogs, and men, and boys appear;  
 So that his foe was forc'd to yield, And leave him master of the field.  
 No more of roaring bulls afraid, He left the tree's protecting shade;  
 And as he pac'd the meadow round,  
 His hat, his wig, his book he found.  
 "Come, my old girl," the Doctor said;  
 The faithful steed the call obey'd,  
 So Grizzle once more he bestrode, Nor look'd behind—but off he rode.

## CANTO VII.

FIX'D in cogitation deep, Adown the hill and up the steep,  
 Along the moor and through the wood,  
 Syntax his pensive way pursu'd:  
 And now his thoughts began to roam To the good woman left at home:  
 How she employ'd the passing day When her fond mate was far away,  
 For they possess'd, with all their pother,  
 A sneaking kindness for each other.  
 Proud of her husband's stock of learning,  
 His classic skill and deep discerning,  
 No tongue she suffer'd to dethrone  
 His fond importance—but her own.  
 Besides, she was a very bee In bustle and in industry

And though a pointed sting she bore,  
 That sometimes made the Doctor sore,  
 She help'd to make the household thrive,  
 And brought home honey to the hive.  
 He too had not forgot her charms, When first he took her to his arms ;  
 For, if report relates the truth, She was a beauty in her youth :  
 The charming Dolly was well known To be the toast of all the town ;  
 And, though full many a year was gone  
 Since this good dame was twenty-one,  
 She still retain'd the air and mien Of the nice girl she once had been.  
 For these, and other charms beside,  
 She was indeed the Doctor's pride ;  
 Nay, he would sometimes on her gaze  
 With the fond looks of former days,  
 And whatso'er she did or said, He kept his silence and obey'd.  
 Besides his mind he thus consol'd ; " 'Tis classical to be a scold ;  
 For, as the ancient tomes record, Zantippe's tongue was like a sword :  
 She was about my Dolly's age, And the known help-mate of a sage.  
 Thus Socrates, in days of yore, The self-same persecution bore :  
 Nor shall I blush to share the fate Of one so good—of one so great."  
 'Twas now five days since they had parted,  
 And he was ever tender-hearted :  
 When'er he heard the wretched sigh, He felt a Christian sympathy ;  
 For though he play'd the demi-god Among his boys, with ruic and rod ;  
 What ! though he spoke in pompous phrase,  
 And kept the vulgar in amaze ;  
 Though self-important he would stride  
 Along the street with priestly pride ;  
 Though his strange figure would provoke  
 The passing smile, the passing joke ;  
 Among the high, or with the low, Syntax had never made a foe ;  
 And, though the jest of all he knew,  
 Yet, while they laugh'd they lov'd him too :  
 No wonder then, so far from home,  
 His head would shake, the sigh would come.  
 Thus he went gently on his way, Till the sun mark'd declining day.  
 But Thought as well as grief is dry, And, lo ! a friendly cot was nigh,  
 Whose sign, high dangling in the air, Invites the trav'ller to repair,  
 Where he in comfort may regale, With cooling pipe and foaming ale.  
 The Doctor gave the loud command,  
 And sees the Host beside him stand ;  
 Then quits his steed with usual state,  
 And passes through the wicket-gate ;  
 The Hostess opes the willing door,  
 And then recounts the humble store  
 Which her poor cottage could afford, To place upon the frugal board.  
 The home-spun napkin soon was laid, The table all its ware display'd ;  
 The well-broil'd rasher then appear'd,  
 And with fresh eggs his stomach cheer'd ;  
 The crusty pye, with apples lin'd,  
 Sweeten'd the feast on which he din'd,

And liquor, that was brew'd at home, Among the rest was seen to foam.  
The Doctor drank—the Doctor eat, Well pleas'd to find so fair a treat ;  
Then to his pipe he kindly took, And with a condescending look,  
Call'd on the Hostess to relate What was the village name and state ;

And to whose office it was given

To teach them all the way to Heav'n.

HOSTESS.—“ The land belongs to 'Squire Bounty,  
No better man lives in the county.

I wish the Rector were the same ;

One Doctor Squees'em is his name ;

But we ne'er see him—more's the shame !

And while in wealth he cuts and carves,

The worthy Curate prays and starves.”

SYNTAX.—“ I truly wish that he were here

To take a pipe and share my beer ;

I know what 'tis as well as he,

To serve a man I never see.”

Just as he spoke, the Curate came :—

“ This, this is he !” exclaim'd the dame.

Syntax his brother Parson greeted,

And begg'd him to be quickly seated ;

“ Come take a pipe, and taste the liquor,

'Tis good enough for any Vicar.”

CURATE.—“ Alas ! Sir, I'm no Vicar ;—I,

Bound to an humble Curacy,

With all my care can scarce contrive

To keep my family alive.

While the fat Rector can afford

To eat and drink like any Lord ;

But know, Sir, I'm a man of letters, And ne'er speak evil of my betters.”

SYNTAX.—“ That's good ;—but when we suffer pain,

'Tis Nature's office to complain ;

And when the strong oppress the weak,

Justice, though blind, will always speak.

Tell me, have you explain'd your case, With due humility and grace ?”

The great and wealthy must be flatter'd

They love with praise to be bespatter'd :

Indeed, I cannot see the harm, If thus you can their favour charm ;

If by fine phrases you can bend The pride of Power to be your friend.

CURATE.—“ I wrote, I'm sure, in humblest style,

And prais'd his goodness all the while :

I begg'd, as things had grown so dear,

He'd raise my pay ten pounds a year ;

And, as I now had children five,

The finest little bairns alive,

While their poor, fond and faithful mother

Would soon present me with another ;

And, as the living brought him, clear,

At least a thousand pounds a year,

He'd grant the favour I implore, Nor let me starve upon threescore.”

SYNTAX.—“ Now I should like without delay,

To hear what this rich man could say ;

For I can well perceive, my friend, That you did not obtain your end.”

CURATE.—“ The postman soon a letter brought,

Which cost me six-pence and a groat ;

was seen to foam.  
and so fair a treat ;  
descending look,  
name and state ;

Bounty,

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ught,

Nor can your friendly heart suggest  
The rudeness which the page express'd.  
'Such suits as yours may well miscarry,  
For beggars should not dare to marry ;

At least, for I will not deceive you, I never, never will relieve you ;  
And if you trouble me, be sure You shall be ousted from the Cure."

But I shall now, good Sir, refrain,  
Because I know 'twould give you pain,  
From telling all that in his spite, The arch old scoundrel chose to write ;  
For know, Sir, I'm a man of letters, And never will abuse my betters."

SYNTAX.—"Zounds !—'tis enough to make one swear,  
Nor can I such a monster bear :

But, think, my friend, on that great day  
Of strict account, when he must pay

For all his cruelty and lies : Then he shall sink, and you will rise."

CURATE.—"The terms, I own, are not quite civil,

But he's the offspring of the devil ;  
And, when the day of life is past, He'll with his father dwell at last :  
But know, Sir, I'm a man of letters, And ne'er wish evil to my betters."

'Twas thus they talk'd and drank their ale,

Till the dim shades of eve prevail ;

When Syntax settled each demand :

And, while he held the Curate's hand,

Bid him be stout, and not despair, "The poor are God's peculiar care.  
You're not the only one, my friend, Who has with evil to contend !

Resign yourself to what is given :

Be good, and leave the rest to Heaven."

Syntax, we've said, was tender hearted ;

He dropp'd a tear, and then departed.

The evening lower'd,—a drizzly rain

Had spread a mist o'er all the plain ;

Besides, the home-brew'd beer began To prey upon the inward man ;

And Syntax, muddled, did not know Or where he was, or where to go.

An active horseman by him trotted, And Syntax was not so besotted

But he could hiccup out "My friend, Do tell me, if this way will tend,

To bring me to some place of rest?"

"Yes," 'twas replied—"the very best

Of all our inns within a mile, Will soon your weariness beguile."

Who should this be but 'Squire Bounty,

So much belov'd throughout the county,

And he resolv'd, by way of jest, To have the Parson for his guest ;

So on he gallopp'd, to prepare His people for the friendly snare.

The Doctor came in tipsy state ; The 'Squire receiv'd him at the gate,

And to a parlour led him straight ; Then plac'd him in an easy chair

And ask'd to know his pleasure there.

SYNTAX.—"Landlord, I'm sadly splash'd with mire

And chill'd with rain, so light a fire ;

And tell the Ostler to take care Of that good beast, my Grizzle mare ;

And what your larder can afford, Pray place it quickly on the board."

'SQUIRE.—"We've butcher's meat, of ev'ry kind ;

But, if that is not to your mind,



There's poultry, Sir, and if you please, Our cook excels in fricassees."

SYNTAX.—"Tell me, my honest friend, I pray,

What kind of fowl or fish are they?

Besides, my very civil Host, I wish to know what they will cost;  
For a poor Parson can't afford To live on dainties like a lord."

'SQUIRE.—"The Clergy, Sir, when here they stay,

Are never, never ask'd to pay:

I love the Church, and, for its sake, I ne'er make bills or reck'nings take;  
Proud if its ministers receive The little that I have to give."

SYNTAX.—"Why, then, my friend, you're never dull;

Your inn, I trow, is always full:—

'Tis a good rule, must be confest, But, though I blink, I see a jest."

'SQUIRE.—"No, Sir; you see the cloth is laid,

And not a farthing to be paid."

SYNTAX.—"I find my head's not very clear;

My eyes see double too, I fear;

For all these things can never be Prepar'd for such a guest as me:  
A banquet, it must be allow'd, Of which Olympus might be proud."

Thus Syntax eat and drank his fill, Regardless of his morrow's bill;

He rang the bell, and call'd the waiters,

To rid him of his shoes and gaiters.

"Go tell the maid to shew the bed, Where I may lay my aching head;  
Here, take my wig and bring a cap; My eye-lids languish for a nap:

No court'sying, pray; I want no fawning,

For I shall break my jaws with yawning."

Now Kitty, to adorn his crown, Brought him a night-cap of her own;

And, having put it on, she bound it

With a pink ribbon round and round it.

In this fine guise was Syntax led Up the best stairs, and put to bed.

Though mirth prevail'd the house throughout,

Though it was all one revel rout,

He heard it not, nor did he know The merriment he caus'd below;

For, with fatigue and wine oppress'd,

He grunted, groan'd, and went to rest.

But when the sun in Thetis' lap Had taken out his usual nap,

Syntax awoke, and looking 'round, The sight his senses quite confound.

He saw that he had laid his head Within a fine-wrought silken bed:

A gaudy carpet grac'd the floor And gilded mouldings deck'd the door,

Nor did the mirror fail to show His own sweet form from top to toe.

"If I," said he, "remember right, I was most lordly drunk last night:

And, as the Tinker in the play Was taken, when dead drunk he lay,

And made a Lord for half a day;

I think that some one has made free

To play the self same trick with me:

But I'll contrive to be possess'd Of this same secret when I am dress'd;

To find it out—I'll ring the bell; The chamber-maid the truth may tell."

She soon appear'd, and court'sying low:

Requested his commands to know.—

"When and how did I come here? You'll be so good to say, my dear."

"—You came last night, not very late,

About the time the clock struck eight;

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ay, my dear."

And I have heard the servants say,  
They thought that you had lost your way."  
"—Inform me, also, how you call  
This noble inn?" "'Tis *Welcome Hall*."  
"And pray who have you in your house?"  
"We've 'Squire Bountly and his spouse;  
With Lady and Sir William Hearty,  
And, you, good Sir, may join the party:

Indeed, I'm order'd to request That you will be their morning guest."  
To question more he did not stay, But bid the damsel shew the way.  
O! 'twas a very pleasant meeting: The Landlord gave a hearty greeting,  
And plac'd the Doctor in a chair, Between two Ladies, young and fair.  
Syntax, well-pleas'd began to prate, And all his history to relate;  
While mirth and laughter loud prevail, As he let forth the curious tale  
At length the 'Squire explain'd the joke;

When thus the Doctor quaintly spoke:—  
"I beg, Sir, no excuse you'll make, Your merriment I kindly take;  
And only wish the gods would give Such jesting ev'ry day I live."  
The Ladies press'd his longer stay, But Syntax said—he must away,  
So Grizzle soon her master bore, Some new adventure to explore.

## CANTO VIII.

"IN ev'ry way, in ev'ry sense, Man is the care of Providence;  
And whensoe'er he goeth wrong, The errors to himself belong;  
Nor do we always judge aright Of Fortune's favours, or her spite.  
How oft with pleasure we pursue Some glitt'ring phantom in our view;  
Not rightly seen or understood, We chace it as a real good:  
At length the air-born vision flies And each fond expectation dies!  
Sometimes the clouds appear to low'r,  
And threat misfortune's direful hour:  
We tremble at the approaching blast:  
Each hope is fled—we look aghast;  
When lo! the darkness disappears, The glowing sun all nature cheers;  
The drooping heart again acquires Its former joys, its former fires.  
Last night I wander'd o'er the plain  
Through unknown ways and beating rain,  
Nor thought 'twould be my lot to fall On such an inn as *Welcome Hall*:  
Indeed with truth I cannot say When there I came I lost my way,  
For all was good, and nought to pay."  
Thus Syntax, with reflection fraught, Soliloquiz'd the moral thought;  
While Grizzle, all alive and gay, Ambled along the ready way.  
Last night she found it no disaster To share the fortune of her master;  
She, 'mong the finest hunters stood,  
And shar'd with them the choicest food:

In a fine roomy stable plac'd, With ev'ry well-trimm'd clothing grac'd,  
Poor Grizzle was as fair a joke To all the merry stable-folk,  
As the good Doctor's self had been, To the kind gentry of the Inn.  
Enrapt in Contemplation's pow'r, Syntax forgot the fleeting hour;  
Till looking round, he saw the sun Had past his bright meridian run.



A shepherd-boy he now espied,      Strolling along the highway side ;  
 And, on his wand'ring flock intent,      The stripling whistled as he went.  
 "My honest lad, perhaps you know,      What distance I shall have to go,  
     Before my eager eyes may greet  
     Some place where I may drink and eat."  
     "Continue, Master, o'er the Down,  
     And soon you'll reach the neighb'ring town :  
 In less, I think, than half an hour,      You'll pass by yonder lofty tow'r :  
     Keep onward by the church-yard wall,  
     When you will see an house of call ;  
     The sign's a Dragon—there you'll find  
     Eating and drinking to your mind."  
 Across the Down the Doctor went,  
 And towards the Church his way he bent.  
 "Thus," Syntax said, "when man is hurld  
 Upwards and downwards in the world ;  
 When some strong impulse makes him stray  
 And he, perhaps, has lost his way,  
 The Church,—Religion's holy seat,  
 Will guide to peace his wand'ring feet !  
 But, hark ! the death-bell's solemn toll      Tells the departure of a soul ;  
 The Sexton, too, I see prepares      The place where ends all human cares.  
 And, lo, a crowd of tombs appear ! I may find something curious here ;—  
 For oft poetic flowers are found      To flourish in sepulchral ground.  
 I'll just walk in to take a look.      And pick up matter for my book :  
 The living, some wise man has said,      Delight in reading of the dead.  
     What golden gains my book would boast,  
     If I could meet a chatty ghost,  
 Who would some news communicate      Of its unknown and present state :  
 Some pallid figure in a shroud,      Or sitting on a murky cloud ;  
     Or kicking up a new-made grave,  
     And screaming forth some horrid stave ;  
 Or bursting from the hollow tomb,      To tell of bloody deeds to come ;  
     Or adverse skeletons embattling,  
     With ghastly grins and bones a rattling ;  
 Something to make the misses stare,      And force upright their curly hair ;  
     To cause their pretty forms to shake,  
     To make them doubt if they're awake :  
 And thus to tonish folks present,      *The Picturesque of Sentiment !*  
     But 'tis, I fear, some hours too soon—  
     Ghosts slumber all the afternoon :  
 I'll ask the Sexton if, at night,      I may perchance pick up a sprite."  
 The Doctor in canonic state,      Now op'd at once the church-yard gate ;  
     While Grizzle too thought fit to pass,  
     Who knew the taste of church-yard grass.  
 "Sir," cried the Sexton, "let me say  
 That you must take your mare away,  
 Or else, believe me, I am bound      To lead her quickly to the pound."  
     "You do mistake my honest friend—  
     'Tis a foul wrong that you intend :  
 A Parson's mare will claim a right      In a church-yard to take a bite ;

And, as I come to meditate      Among these signs of human fate,  
 I beg you will not make a riot,      But let the poor beast feed in quiet."  
 No more the conscious Sexton said,      But urg'd his labours for the dead ;  
     While Syntax cull'd, with critic care,  
     What the sad muse had written there.

## EPITAPHS.

Here lies poor Thomas and his wife,      Who led a pretty jarring life ;  
 But all is ended do you see ?      He holds his tongue, and so does she.  
 If drugs and physic could but save      Us mortals from the dreary grave,  
 'Tis known that I took full enough,      Of the Apothecary's stuff,  
 To have prolong'd life's busy feast      To a full century at least ;  
 But, spite of all the Doctor's skill,      Of daily draught and nightly pill,  
 Reader, as sure as you're alive,      I was sent here at twenty-five.  
 Within this tomb a lover lies,      Who fell an early sacrifice

To Dolly's unrelenting eyes.  
 For Dolly's charms poor Damon burn'd,  
 Disdain the cruel maid return'd :  
 But, as she danc'd in May-day pride,      Dolly fell down and Dolly died,  
 And now she lays by Damon's side.  
 Be not hard-hearted then, ye fair !      Of Dolly's hapless fate beware !  
 For sure, you'd better go to bed,      To one alive, than one who's dead.  
 Beneath the sod the soldier sleeps,      Whom cruel war refus'd to spare :  
 Beside his grave the maiden weeps,      And Glory plants the laurel there.  
 Honour is the warrior's meed,      Or spar'd to live, or doom'd to die ;  
 Whet'er 'tis his lot to bleed,      Or join the shout of Victory ;

Alike the laurel to the truly brave ;  
 That binds the brow, or consecrates the grave.  
 Beneath this stone her ashes rest,

Whose memory fills my aching breast !  
 She sleeps unconscious of the tear      That tells the tale of sorrow here ;  
 But still the hope allays my pain      That we may live and love again ;  
 Love with a pure seraphic fire,      That never, never shall expire.

Syntax the Sexton now address'd,      As on his spade he lean'd to rest.  
 SYNTAX.—"We both, my friend, pursue one trade ;

I for the living, you the dead.  
 For whom that grave do you prepare  
 With such keen haste, and cheerful air ?"

SEXTON.—"An' please your Rev'rence *Lawyer Thrust*,  
 Thank heav'n, will moulder here to dust :

Never before did I take measure      Of any grave with half the pleasure ;  
 And when within this hole he's laid,  
 I'll ram the earth down with my spade :  
 I'll take good care he shall not rise,      Till summon'd to the last assize ;  
 And, when he sues for Heaven's grace,  
 I would not wish to take his place.

He once on cruel deed intent,      Seiz'd on my goods for want of rent ;  
 Nay, I declare, as I'm a sinner,      He took away the children's dinner :  
 For, as they sat around the table,      Eating as fast as they were able,  
 He seiz'd the dishes, great and small,  
 The children's bread and milk, and all !  
 The urchins cried, the mother pray'd,

I begg'd his rigour might be stay'd  
 Till I could on our Parson call,      Who would engage to pay it all ;  
 But he disdain'd a Parson's word,  
 And mock'd the suit which I preferr'd.  
 He knew a better way to thrive ;      To pay two pounds by taking five.  
 Bursting with rage, I knock'd him down,  
 And broke the cruel rascal's crown ;  
 For which in county-gaol I lay,      Half-starving, many a bitter day ;  
 But our good Parson brought relief,  
 And kindly sooth'd a mother's grief.  
 He, while in prison I remain'd,      My little family sustain'd ;  
 And when I was from durance free,      Made me his Sexton, as you see.  
 But Doctor Worthy, he is gone,      You'll read his virtues on the stone  
 That's plac'd aloft upon the wall,      Where you may see the ivy crawl :  
 Oh while his ashes rest below,      He's gone where all the righteous go.  
 I dug his grave with many a moan,      And almost wish'd it were my own.  
 I daily view the earthly bed,      Where Death has laid his rev'rend head ;  
 And when I see a weed appear,      I pluck it up, and shed a tear.  
 The parish griev'd, for not an eye      In all its large extent was dry,  
     Save one :—but such a kindly grace  
     Ne'er deck'd the *Lawyer's* iron face.  
 The aged wept a friend long known,      The young a parent's loss bemoan :  
 While we alas ! shall long deplore      The bounteous patron of the poor."  
 The Doctor heard, with tearful eye,      The Sexton's grateful eulogy :  
     Then sought the stone with gentle tread,  
     As fearing to disturb the dead,  
     And thus, in measur'd tones, he read :  
 "For fifty years the Pastor trod      The way commanded by his God ;  
 For fifty years his flock he fed      With that divine celestial bread  
 Which nourishes the better part      And fortifies man's failing heart.  
 His wide, his hospitable door,      Was ever open to the poor ;  
 While he was sought, for counsel sage,      By ev'ry rank and ev'ry age.  
 That counsel sage he always gave,      To warn, to strengthen, and to save :  
 He sought the sheep that went astray,      And pointed out the better way :  
 But while he with his smiles approv'd      The virtue he so dearly lov'd,  
 He did not spare the harsher part,      To probe the ulcer to the heart ;  
     He sternly gave the wholesome pain  
     That brought it back to health again.  
     Thus, the commands of Heav'n his guide,  
     He liv'd,—and then in peace he died."  
 SYNTAX.—"Pray tell me, friend, who now succeeds  
 This Pastor, fam'd for virtuous deeds ?"  
 SEXTON.—"A very worthy, pious man,  
 Who does us all the good he can ;  
 But he, good Sir, has got a wife ;"  
 SYNTAX.—"Who may perhaps disturb his life ;  
 A tongue sometimes engenders strife."  
 SEXTON.—"No :—she's a worthy woman too ;  
     But then they've children not a few ;  
 I think it is the will of Heav'n      That they are bless'd with six or seven ;  
 And then you will agree with me,      That home's the scene of charity."

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SYNTAX.—"'Tis true ;—nor can your Parson preach  
A sounder doctrine than you teach.

And now, good Sexton, let me ask,

While you perform your mortal task,

As day and night you frequent tread The dreary mansions of the dead,  
If you, in very truth, can boast, That you have ever seen a ghost ?"

SEXTON.—"Your Rev'rence, no ; tho' some folks say

That such things have been seen as they.

Old women talk, in idle chat, Of ghosts and goblins, and all that,

While, round the glimm'ring fire at night,

They fill their hearers with affright.

'Tis said that Doctor Worthly walks,

And up and down the church-yard stalks ;

That often when the moon shines bright,

His form appears all clad in white :

But to his soul it is not given To walk on earth—for that's in Heaven.

All hours I have cross'd this place, And ne'er beheld a spirit's face.

Once, I remember, late at night, I something saw, both large and white,

Which made me stop, and made me stare,—

But 'twas the Parson's grizzle mare.

Such things as these, I do believe, The foolish people oft deceive ;

And then the parish gossips talk How witches dance, and spectres walk."

SYNTAX.—"Your reasoning I much commend ;

So fare you well, my honest friend.

If we act right we need not dread Either the living or the dead :

The spirit that disturbs our rest Is a bad conscience in our breast ;

With that a man is doubly curst :"

SEXTON.—"That spirit haunted *Lawyer Thrust*."

SYNTAX.—"His race is run, his work is o'er—

The wicked man can sin no more ;

He's gone where justice will be done To all who live beneath the sun :

And though he wronged you when alive,

Let not your vengeance thus survive :

Forgive him, now he's laid so low— Nor trample on a fallen foe.

Once more farewell ! But ere we part,

There's something that will cheer your heart."

SEXTON.—"Your rev'rence, 'twill be some time yet

Ere I forgive ;—but to forget—

No, no, for though I may forgive, I can't forget him while I live.

For your good gift, kind Heaven I bless,

And wish you health and happiness :

I thank my God, each coming day, For what he gives and takes away ;

And now I thank Him, good and just,

That he has taken *Lawyer Thrust*."

Syntax along the village pass'd, And to the Dragon came at last ;

Where, as the shepherd-boy had said, There seem'd to be a busy trade ;

And, seated in an easy chair, He found that all he wish'd was there.

## CANTO IX.

ALONG the varying road of Life, In calm content, in toil or strife;  
 At morn or noon, by night or day, As time conducts him on his way,  
 How oft doth man, by care oppress'd, Find in an Inn a place of rest?  
 Whether intent on worldly views,  
 He, in deep thought, his way pursues;  
 Whether by airy pleasure led, Or by Hope's fond delusions fed,  
 He bids adieu to home and strays  
 Through unknown paths and distant ways;  
 Where'er his fancy bids him roam, In ev'ry Inn he finds a home.  
 —Should Fortune change her fav'ring wind,  
 Though former friends should prove unkind,  
 Will not an Inn his cares beguile, Where on each face he sees a smile?  
 When cold winds blow and tempests lower,  
 And the rain pours in angry shower,  
 The dripping traveller looks around, To see what shelter may be found;  
 Then on he drives through thick and thin,  
 To the warm shelter of an Inn.  
 Whoe'er would turn their wand'ring feet,  
 Assur'd the kindest smiles to meet;  
 Whoe'er would go and not depart  
 But with kind wishes from the heart,  
 O let them quit the world's loud din,  
 And seek the comforts of an Inn:  
 And as the Doric SHENSTONE sung,  
 With plaintive music on his tongue—  
 "Whoe'er has travell'd Life's dull round,  
 Where'er his changeful tour has been,  
 Will sigh to think how oft he found  
 His warmest welcome at an Inn."  
 'Twas at an Inn, in calm repose, Heedless of human joys or woes,  
 That Syntax pass'd a quiet night  
 In pleasing dreams and slumbers light;—  
 But in the morn the thunder roar'd,  
 The clouds their streaming torrents pour'd;  
 The angry winds impetuous blew, The rattling casement open flew;  
 Scared at the noise, he rear'd his head;  
 Then starting quickly from the bed,  
 "Is it," he cried, "the day of doom?"  
 As he bestrode the trembling room.  
 The houses' tops with water stream'd, The village-street a river seem'd;  
 While, at the tempest all amaz'd,  
 The rustics from their windows gaz'd.  
 "I'm not," he said "dispos'd to fear, But 'tis not time to loiter here;  
 I'll change the scene and quick retire From flaming flash to kitchen fire;  
 Nay, while rude Nature's threats prevail,  
 I'll lose the storm in toast and ale."  
 Half-dress'd he made a quick retreat, And in the kitchen took his seat,  
 Where an old woman told the host What by the lightning she had lost:

How a blue flash her sow had struck,  
 Had kill'd a cock and lam'd a duck!  
 With open mouth another came,      To tell a rick was in a flame,  
 And then declar'd that on the spire      He saw the weathercock on fire :  
 Nay, that so loud the winds were singing  
 They'd set the peal of bells a-ringing !  
 A dripping tailor enter'd next      And preach'd upon the self-same text :  
 He swore that sitting on his board,  
 While the wind blew and thunder roar'd,  
 A kind of fiery flame came pop,      And bounc'd and ran about his shop ;  
 Now here, now there, so quick and nimble,  
 It sing'd his finger through his thimble ;  
 That all about his needles ran,      If there was any truth in man :  
 While buttons, at least half a score,  
 Were driven through the kitchen door !  
 The Sexton, with important mien,      Gave his opinion on the scene ;  
 And, to the Doctor drawing near,      Thus gently whisper'd in his ear :  
 "The Devil himself his cell has burst,  
 To fly away with *Lawyer Thrust*."  
 Now having with due patience heard  
 The story which each wight prefer'd,  
 Syntax was to the parlour shown,      Where he might breakfast all alone.  
 "I see," said he, "I here must stay      And at the Dragon pass the day :  
 And this same Dragon, on my life,      Just hints that I have got a wife ;  
 Nor can I pass the morning better      Than to indite this wife a letter."  
 He paus'd and sigh'd e'er he began,      When thus the fond epistle ran.  
 "My dearest Doll,—full many a day  
 From you and home I've been away ;  
 But, though we thus are doom'd to part  
 You're ever present in my heart :  
 When'e'r my pray'rs to Heav'n arise,      At morn or ev'ning sacrifice,  
 When'e'r for Heaven's care they sue,      I ask it for my Dolly too.  
 My Journey, like Life's common road,      Has had its evils and its good ;  
 But I've no reason to complain,      When pleasure has outweigh'd the pain.  
 With flatt'ring Fortune in my view,      Glad I the toilsome way pursue ;  
 For I've no fear to make a book,      In which the world will like to look,  
 Nor do I doubt will prove a Mine      For my own comfort, and for thine !  
 But should all fail, I've found a friend  
 In my old school-mate **DICKEY BEND** ;  
 Who, kind and wealthy, will repay,  
 If hope should cheat me on the way,  
 My ev'ry loss I may sustain,      And ease ill-fortune of its pain.  
 He has engag'd to glad our home,      With promise of much good to come.  
 Particulars of what I've seen,      What I have done—where I have been  
 I shall reserve for my return,      When as the crackling faggots burn,  
 I will in all domestic glory,      Smoke out my pipe, and tell my story.  
 But be assur'd I'm free from danger :  
 To the world's tricks I'm not a stranger :  
 Whatever risks I'm forc'd to run,      I shall take care of number one ;  
 While you at home will keep in view,      The self-same care of number two.  
 To my kind neighbours I commend      The wishes of their distant friend ;



*Within ten days, perhaps a week, I shall YORK'S famous city seek.*  
*Where at the post, I hope to find A line from Dolly, ever kind.*  
*And, if you will the pleasure crown, Tell me the prattle of our town;*  
*Of all that's passing and has past, Since your dear Hub beheld it last:*  
*And know the truth which I impart, The offspring of my honest heart,*  
*That wheresoe'er I'm doomed to roam,*  
*I still shall find that Home is Home:*  
*That true to love and nuptial vows, I shall remain your loving spouse.*  
*Such are the tender truths I tell; Conjux carissima—farewell!*

Thus he his kindest thoughts reveal'd—  
 But scarce had he the letter seal'd,  
 When straight appear'd the trembling Host  
 Looking as pale as any ghost:—  
 "A man's just come into the town,  
 Who says the castle's tumbled down:  
 And that with one tremendous blow,  
 The lightning's force has laid it low."  
 "What castle, friend?" the Doctor cried.—  
 "The castle by the river side;  
 A famous place, where as folks say,  
 Some great king liv'd in former day:  
 But this fine building long has been A sad and ruined scene,  
 Where owls, and bats, and starlings dwell,—  
 And where, alas, as people tell,  
 At the dark hour when midnight reigns,  
 Ghosts walk, all arm'd, and rattle chains."  
 "Peace, peace," said Syntax, "Peace, my friend,  
 Nor to such tales attention lend.

—But this new thought I must pursue: A castle and a ruin too;  
 I'll hasten there and take a view."  
 The storm was past and many a ray  
 Of Phœbus now reviv'd the day,  
 When Grizzle to the door was brought  
 And this fam'd spot the Doctor sought.  
 Upon a rock the castle stood, Three sides environ'd by a flood,  
 Where confluent streams uniting lave  
 The craggy rift with foaming wave.  
 Around the moss-clad walls he walk'd,  
 Then through the inner chambers stalk'd,  
 And thus exclaim'd with look profound,  
 The echoes giving back the sound.

"Let me expatiate here awhile: I think this antiquated pile  
 Is, doubtless, in the Saxon style.  
 This was a noble spacious hall, But why the chapel made so small?  
 I fear our fathers took more care Of festive hall than house of prayer.  
 I find these Barons fierce and bold, Who proudly liv'd in days of old,  
 To pray'r prefer'd a sumptuous treat,  
 Nor went to pray when they could eat.  
 Here all along the banners hung;  
 And here the welcome minstrels sung:  
 The wallswith glitt'ring arms bedight Display'd an animating sight:



Beneath that arch-way, once a gate,  
 With helmed crest, in warlike state  
 The bands march'd forth, nor fear'd the toil,  
 Of bloody war that gave the spoil.  
 But now alas ! no more remains Than will reward the painter's pains :  
 The palace of the feudal victor Now serves for nought but for a picture.  
 Plenty of water here I see, But what's a view without a tree ?  
 There's something grand in yonder tower,  
 But not a shrub to make a bower ;  
 Howe'er I'll try to take the view, As well as my best art can do."  
 An heap of stones the Doctor found,  
 Which loosely lay upon the ground,  
 To form a seat, where he might trace The antique beauty of the place :  
 But, while his eye observ'd the line That was to limit the design,  
 The stones gave way, and sad to tell,  
 Down from the bank he headlong fell.  
 The slush, collected for an age, Receiv'd the venerable Sage ;  
 For, at the time, the ebbing flood Was just retreating from the mud :  
 But, after floundering about, Syntax contriv'd to waddle out,  
 Half-stunn'd, amaz'd, and cover'd o'er As seldom wight had been before.  
 O'erwhelm'd with filth, and stink, and grief,  
 He saw no house to give relief ;  
 And, thus amid the village din, He ran the gauntlet to the inn.  
 An angler threw his hook so pat, He caught at once the Doctor's hat :  
 A bathing boy, who naked stood, Dash'd boldly in the eddying flood,  
 And, swimming onward like a grig, Soon overtook the Doctor's wig.  
 Grizzle had trac'd the barren spot, Where not a blade of grass was got :  
 And, finding nought to tempt her stay, She to the Dragon took her way.  
 The ostler cried : " Here's some disaster—  
 The mare's return'd without her master !"  
 But soon he came amid the noise Of men and women, girls and boys :  
 Glad in the inn to find retreat From the rude insult of the street.  
 Undress'd, well wash'd and put to bed,  
 With mind disturb'd, and aching head,  
 In vain poor Syntax sought repose, But lay and counted all his woes.  
 The friendly Host, with anxious care,  
 Now hastes the posset to prepare :—  
 The cordial draught he kindly gives ;  
 Which Syntax with a smile receives :  
 Then seeks, in sleep, a pause from sorrow,  
 In hopes of better fate to-morrow.

## CANTO X.

POOR mortal man in ev'ry state What troubles and what ills await !  
 His transient joy is chas'd by sorrow,  
 To-day he's blest ;—a wretch to-morrow.  
 When in the world he first appears,  
 He hails the light with cries and tears :  
 A school-boy next, he fears the nod  
 Of pedant pow'r, and feels the rod :

When to an active stripling grown  
 The Passions seize him as their own ;  
 Now lead him here, now drive him there,  
 The alternate sport of Joy and Care ;  
 Allure him with their glitt'ring treasure,  
 Or give the brimming cup of pleasure ;  
 While one eludes his eager haste,      The other palls upon the taste.  
 The pointed darts from Cupid's quiver,  
 Wound his warm heart, and pierce his liver ;  
 While charm'd by fair Belinda's eyes,  
 He dines on groans, and sups on sighs.  
 If from this gay and giddy round      He should escape both safe and sound,  
 Perhaps, if all things else miscarry,  
 He takes it in his head to marry ;  
 And in this lottery of life,      If he should draw a scolding wife,  
 With a few children, eight or ten  
 (For such things happen now and then),  
 Poor hapless man ! he knows not where  
 To look around without a care.  
 Ambition in its airy flight,      May tempt him to some giddy height ;  
 But, ere the point he can attain,      He tumbles, ne'er to rise again.  
 Pale Av'rice may his heart possess,      The bane of human happiness,  
 Which never feels for others' woe,      Nor ever does a smile bestow ;  
 A wretched, meagre, griping elf,      A foe to all, and to himself.  
 Then comes Disease, with baneful train,      And the pale family of Pain ;  
 Till death appears in awful state,      And calls him to the realms of Fate.  
 —How oft is Virtue seen to feel      The woeful turn of Fortune's wheel,  
 While she with golden stores awaits,      The wicked in their very gates.  
 But Virtue still the value knows      Of honest deeds, and can repose  
 Upon the flint her naked head ;      While Vice lays restless on the bed  
 Of softest down, and courts in vain      The opiate to relieve its pain.  
     It was not Vice that e'er could keep  
     Dear Syntax from refreshing sleep ;  
 For no foul thought, no wicked art,      In his pure life e'er bore a part  
     Some ailment dire his slumbers broke,  
     And, e'er the sun 'rose he awoke ;  
     When such a tremor o'er him pass'd ;  
     He thought that hour would prove his last.  
 His limbs were all besieg'd by pain ;      He now grew hot, then cold again ;  
     His tongue was parch'd, his lips were dry,  
     And, heaving the unbidden sigh,  
     He rang the bell, and call'd for aid,  
     Then groan'd so loud th' affrighted maid  
     Spread the alarm throughout the house,  
     When straight the landlord and his spouse  
     Made all dispatch to do their best  
     And ease the sufferings of their guest.  
 "Have you a Doctor?" Syntax said ;      "If not, I shortly shall be dead."  
 "O yes ; a very famous man ;      He'll cure you, Sir, if physic can  
     I'll fetch him quick ; a man renown'd  
     For his great skill the country round."

The Landlord soon the Doctor brought,  
 Whose words were grave, whose looks were thought :  
 By the bed-side he took his stand, And felt the patient's burning hand;  
 Then, with a scientific face, He told the symptoms of the case  
 "His frame's assail'd with fev'rish heats ;  
 His pulse with rapid movement beats ;  
 And now, I think, 'twould do him good,  
 Were he to lose a little blood :

Some other useful matters too, To ease his pain, I have in view.  
 I'll just step home, and in a trice, Will bring the fruits of my advice ;

In the mean time, his thirst assuage  
 With tea that's made of balm or sage."

He soon return'd,—his skill applied,—  
 From the vein flow'd the crimson tide,  
 And, as the folk behind him stand,

He thus declar'd his stern command ;  
 "At nine these *powders* let him take ;  
 At ten this *draught*,—the phial shake ;  
 And you'll remember at eleven,

Three of these *pills* must then be given ;

This course you'll carefully pursue, And give, at twelve, the *bolus* too ;

If he should wander, in a crack Clap this broad *blister* on his back ;

And, after he has had the blister, Within an hour apply the *clyster*.  
 I must be gone ; at three or four I shall return with *something more*."

Now Syntax and his fev'rish state Became the subject of debate.

The mistress said she was afraid No medicine would give him aid ;

For she had heard the screech-owl scream,  
 And had besides a horrid dream.

Last night the candle burn'd so blue ; While from the fire a coffin flew ;  
 And, as she sleepless lay in bed, She heard a death-watch at her head.

The maid and ostler too declar'd

That noises strange they both had heard.

"Aye," cried the Sexton, "these portend To the sick man a speedy end ;

And, when that I have drank my liquor,  
 I'll e'en go straight and fetch the Vicar."

The Vicar came, a worthy man, And like a good Samaritan

Approach'd in haste the stranger's bed,

Where Syntax lay with aching head ;

And, without any fuss or pother, He offer'd to his rev'rend brother  
 His purse, his house, and all the care

Which a kind heart could give him there.

Says Syntax, in a languid voice, "You make my very soul rejoice ;  
 For if within this house I stay, My flesh will soon be turn'd to clay :

For the good Doctor means to pop Into my stomach all his shop.

I think, dear Sir, that I could eat, And physic's but a nauseous treat :

If all that stuff's to be endur'd, I shall be kill'd in being cur'd.

"O," said the Vicar, "never fear ; We'll leave the apparatus here.

Come, quit your bed—I pray you, come,—

This arm shall bear you to my home,

Where I, and my dear mate will find

Med'cine more suited to your mind."

Syntax now rose, but feeble stood,  
 From want of food and loss of blood ;  
 But still he ventur'd to repair      To the good Vicar's house and care ;  
 And found at dinner pretty picking,  
 In pudding boil'd and roasted chicken.  
 Again, 'twas honest Grizzle's fate  
 To take her way through church-yard gate ;  
 And, undisturb'd, once more to riot  
 In the green feast of church-yard diet.

The Vicar was at Oxford bred,      And had much learning in his head ;  
 But, what was far the better part,      He had much goodness in his heart :  
 He also had a charming wife      The pride and pleasure of his life ;  
 A loving, kind and friendly creature,      As blest in virtue as in feature,  
 Who, without blisters, drugs, or pills,      Her patient cured of all his ills.

Three days he stay'd a welcome guest,  
 And eat and drank of what was best ;  
 When, on the fourth, in health renew'd,  
 His anxious journey he pursued.

In two days more before his eyes      The stately towers of York arise.  
 "But what," said he, "can all this mean !

What is yon crowded busy scene ?

Ten thousand souls, I do maintain,      Are scatter'd over yonder plain."

"Aye, more than that," a man replied,

Who trotted briskly by his side,

"And if you choose, I'll be your guide :

For sure you will not pass this way,      And miss the pleasure of the day :  
 These are the races, to whose sport      Nobles and gentry all resort."  
 Thought Syntax I'll just take a look ;      'Twill give a subject to my book.  
 So on they went ;—the highway friend      His services did thus commend.  
 "I will attend you to the course,      And tell the name of ev'ry horse ;  
 But first we'll go and take a whet,      And then I'll teach you how to bet ;

I'll name the horse that's doom'd to win—  
 We'll take the knowing fellows in."

Just as he spoke, the sports began ;  
 The jockies whipp'd, the horses ran ;  
 And, when the coursers reach'd the post,  
 The man scream'd out—Your horse has lost :

I've had the luck—I've won the day,  
 And you have twenty pounds to pay."  
 Syntax look'd wild—the man said "Zounds !

You know you betted twenty pounds ;  
 So pay them down, or you'll fare worse,  
 For I will flog you off the course."

The Doctor rav'd, and disavow'd      The bold assertion to the crowd  
 What would have been his hapless fate,      In this most unexpected state

May well be guess'd : But, lo ! a friend

Fortune was kind enough to send.

An honest 'Squire, who smok'd the trick,

Appear'd well-arm'd with oaken stick,

And placing many a sturdy blow      Upon the shoulders of the foe

"It is with all my soul I beat      This vile, this most notorious cheat"

The 'Squire exclaim'd ; "and you, good folk,  
Who sometimes love a pleasant joke,  
As I am partly tired of thumping,  
Should treat the scoundrel with a pumping."  
The crowd with their commission pleas'd  
Rudely the trembling Black-leg seiz'd,  
Who, to their justice forc'd to yield,  
Soon ran off dripping from the field.

Syntax his simple story told,— The 'Squire, as kind as he was bold,  
His full protection now affords,  
And cheer'd him both with wine and words.

"I love the Clergy from my heart, And always take a Parson's part.  
My father, Doctor, wore the gown— A better man was never known :  
But an old uncle, a poor elf, Who to save riches, starv'd himself,

By his last will bequeath'd me clear  
At least two thousand pounds a year,  
And sav'd me all the pains at college,  
To pore o'er books and aim at knowledge :

Thus free from care, I live at ease ; Go where I will, do what I please,  
Pursue my sports, enjoy my pleasure,  
Nor envy Lords their splendid treasure.

I have an house at York beside,  
Where you shall go and straight reside,  
And ev'ry kindness shall be shown,  
Both for my Dad's sake, and your own :  
For know, good Sir, I'm never loth  
To mark my friendship for the Cloth.

*Hearty's* my name, and you shall find  
A welcome, Doctor, to your mind :

And I've a wife so blithe and gay, Who ne'er says *yes* when I say *no*."  
Syntax observ'd, "that was a blessing  
A man might boast of in possessing."

At length arriv'd, a lady fair Receiv'd them with a winning air.

"Ah," said the 'Squire, "I always come,  
My dearest girl, with pleasure home :  
You see a rev'rend Doctor here,  
So give him of your choicest cheer :"

"Yes," she replied, "O *yes*, my dear."

"Nor fail all kindness to bestow :—" "O *no*, my dear," she said, "O *no*."  
Thus happy Syntax join'd the party Of Madam and of 'Squire *Hearty*.

## CANTO XI.

IN this sad, variegated life, Evil and good, in daily strife,  
Contend, we find, which shall be master :  
Now Fortune smiles—then sad disaster  
Assumes in turn its frowning power,  
And gives to man his chequer'd hour.  
With chequer'd hours good Syntax thought,  
And well he might, his journey fraught ;

But still he hop'd, when all was past,  
 That he should comfort find at last.  
 Thus, with unlook'd-for kindness blest,  
 No fears alarm his tranquil breast ;  
 He eats, and drinks, and goes to rest ;  
 And when the welcome 'morrow came,  
 The 'Squire and Madam were the same.  
 Just as the Minster-clock struck nine,  
 Coffee and tea, and fowl and chine,  
 Appear'd in all their due array,      To give the breakfast of the day.  
 The 'Squire then the talk began,      And thus the conversation ran.  
      'SQUIRE HEARTY.—"Doctor, you truly may believe  
      The pleasure which I now receive  
 In seeing you, as you sit there,      On what was once my father's chair.  
 I pray you think this house your home,—  
 Aye, though it were three months to come.  
 Here you will find yourself at ease—  
 May read or write—just as you please.  
 At nine we breakfast, as you see—      Dinner is always here at three ;  
 At six my wife will give you tea."  
      MRS. HEARTY.—"And should you find the evening long,  
      I'll play a tune and sing a song."  
      'SQUIRE HEARTY.—"Besides, you'll range the country round,  
      Some curious things may there be found :  
 Your genius too may chance to trace,      Within this celebrated place,  
      Some ancient building worth a look,  
      That may perhaps enrich your book.  
 I'm a true Briton, as you see :      I love good cheer, and liberty ;  
 And what I love myself, I'll give      To others, while I'm doomed to live.  
 This morning I intend to go      To see the military show.  
 The light dragoons now quarter'd here      Will all in grand review appear :  
 They are a regiment of renown,      And some great Gen'ral is come down  
 To see them all, in bright array,      Act the fierce battle of the day.  
      If you should like such sights as these,  
      If warlike feats your fancy please,  
 We'll to the common take a ride,      And I myself will be your guide :  
 So, if you please, within an hour      Our nags shall be before the door."  
      SYNTAX.—"I will be ready to attend  
      The summons of my worthy friend.  
 The laurell'd Hero's my delight,      With plumed crest and helmet bright :  
 E'en when a boy, at early age,      I read in Homer's lofty page  
      How the stout Greeks, in times of yore,  
      Brought havoc to the Phrygian shore :  
 I revell'd in that ancient story,      And burn'd with ardent love of glory.  
      Whene'er I trac'd the Fields of Troy  
      My heart beat high with martial joy.  
      'Tis true, I pray that war may cease,  
      And Europe hail returning Peace ;  
 Yet still I feel my bosom glow      When British heroes meet the foe ;  
 When our arm'd legions make him fly,      And yield the palm of Victory ;  
 Or when our naval thunders roar,      And terrify the Gallic shore.



This grand review will give me pleasure,  
And I shall wait upon your leisure."

But, as no time was to be lost, Syntax now hasten'd to the post :  
The post obey'd his loud command, And gave a letter to his hand.  
With eager haste the seal he broke, And thus the fond epistle spoke.

"My dearest husband,—on my life

I thought you had forgot your wife,

While she, to her affection true, Was always thinking, Love, on you.

By this time, I presume, you've made

No small advancement in your trade :

I mean, my dear, that this same book, To which I with impatience look,  
Is full of promise ; and I'm bold To hope for a return in gold.

I have no doubt that ample gains Will well reward your learned pains,

And with a bounteous store, repay Your anxious toil of many a day ;

For well, my dearest friend, I know, Where'er you are compell'd to go,

You still must sigh that you should be So long away from Love and me.

I truly say my heart doth burn With ardent wish for your return ;

And that I may my Syntax greet With all due honour when we meet ;

The milliner is now preparing A dress that will be worth the wearing,

Just such an one as I have seen In ACKERMAN'S LAST MAGAZINE,

Where, by the skilful painter's aid, Each fashion is so well display'd.

A robe of crape with satin boddice, Will make me look like any goddess :

A mantle too is all the ton, And therefore I have order'd one :

I've also got a lilac bonnet, And plac'd a yellow feather on it :

Thus I shall be so very smart, 'Twill vex Miss Raisin to the heart !

Oh ! it will make me burst with laughter,

To plague the purse-proud grocer's daughter ;

While through the town as you shall see No one will be so fine as me.

Oh ! with what pleasure and delight I shall present me to your sight ;

How shall I hug you, dearest honey,

When you return brimfull of money."

Syntax exclaim'd, in accents sad,

"The woman's surely gone stark mad !

To ruin, all her airs will tend ; But I'll read on, and see the end."

"As to the news, why you must know, Things in their usual order go :

Jobson the Tanner's run away, And has not left a doit to pay :

Bet Bunkin was last Thursday married,

And Mrs. Stillborn has miscarried.

In the High-street, the other day, Good Mrs. Squeamish swoon'd away,

And was so ill, as it is said, That she was borne away for dead ;

But Mother Gossip, who knows all

The neighbours round, both great and small,

Has hinted to me, as she thinks, That pious Mrs. Squeamish drinks.

—There is a Lady just come down, A dashing, frisky dame from town.

To visit Madam Stapleton ;

She's said to be a London toast, But has no mighty charms to boast ;

For it is clear to my keen sight, That she lays on both red and white.

She drives about, in chaise and pair,

And, I have heard can curse and swear :

But I mind not these things, not I, I never deal in calumny,  
So fare you well, my dearest life.— And I remain your loving wife."



*P.S.—“But if you fear that you shall come  
Without a bag of money home,  
'Twere better far that you should take A leap at once into the Lake :  
I'd rather hear that you were drown'd,  
Than that you should my hopes confound !”*

These tender lines did not impart  
Much comfort to the Doctor's heart ;  
He therefore thought it would be better, To lay aside this pretty letter ;  
Nor suffer its contents to sour      The pleasure of the present hour.  
The 'Squire now became his guide, So off they trotted, side by side ;  
And, e'er they pass'd a mile or two,      Beheld the scene of the review.  
The troops drawn up in proud array,      An animating sight display ;  
The well-form'd squadrons wheel around,  
The standards wave, the trumpets sound,  
When Grizzle, long inur'd to war,      And not without an honour'd scar,  
Found all her former spirits glow      As when she used to meet the foe :  
No ears she prick'd, for she had none :  
Nor cock'd her tail, for that was gone :  
But still she snorted, foam'd, and flounc'd ;  
Then up she rear'd and off she bounc'd ;  
And, having play'd these pretty pranks, Dash'd all at once into the ranks !  
While Syntax, though unus'd to fear, Suspected that his end was near.  
But, though his courage 'gan to addle,  
He still stuck close upon his saddle ;  
While to the trumpets on the hill, Grizzle sped fast, and then stood still :  
With them she clos'd her warlike race,  
And took with pride her ancient place ;  
For Grizzle, as we've told before,      Once to the wars a trumpet bore.  
At length recover'd from his fright,  
The Doctor stay'd and view'd the sight ;  
And then with heart as light as cork,  
He with his friends jogg'd back to York,  
Where was renew'd the friendly fare, And ev'ry comfort promis'd there.  
The time in chit-chat pass'd away, Till the chimes told the closing day :  
“And now,” says pleasant Madam Hearty,  
“What think you if our little party  
Should each to sing a song agree ?      'Twill give a sweet variety.  
Thus let the passing moments roll,  
Till Thomas brings the ev'ning bow ;  
The Doctor, sure, will do his best      And kindly grant my poor request.”  
The Doctor, though by nature grave, And rather form'd to tune a stave,  
Whene'er he got a little mellow,      Was a most merry pleasant fellow ;  
Would sing a song, or tell a riddle,      Or play a hornpipe on the fiddle ;  
And, being now a little gay,      Declar'd his wishes to obey.  
“Then I'll begin,” Squire Hearty said,  
“But though by land my tours are made,  
Whene'er I tune a song or glee,      I quit the land, and go to sea.”

THE 'SQUIRE'S SONG.

The signal given, we seek the main,  
Where tempests rage, and billows roar ;  
Nor know we if we e'er again      Shall anchor on our native shore.

But, as through surging waves we sail, And distant seas and isles explore,  
 Hope whispers that some future gale Will waft us to our native shore;  
 When battle rages all amain, And hostile arms their vengeance pour,  
 We British sailors will maintain The honour of our native shore.  
 But, should we find a wat'ry grave, A nation will our loss deplore;  
 And tears will mingle with the wave That breaks upon our native shore.  
 And after many a battle won, When ev'ry toil and danger's o'er,  
 How great the joy, each duty done, To anchor on our native shore!

## MRS. HEARTY'S SONG.

CUPID, away! thy work is o'er: Go seek Idalia's flow'ry grove!  
 Your pointed darts will pain no more;  
 HYMEN has heal'd the wounds of Love.

HYMEN is here, and all is rest; To distant flight thy pinions move:  
 No anxious doubts, no fears molest;  
 HYMEN has sooth'd the pangs of Love.

CUPID, away! the deed is done! Away, 'mid other scenes to rove:  
 For *Ralph* and *Isabel* are one, And HYMEN guards the home of Love.

The Doctor now his reverence made, And Madam's smiling nod obey'd.  
 "Your songs," said he, "have giv'n me pleasure

As well in subject as in measure;  
 But, in some modern songs, the taste  
 Is far, I'm sure, from being chaste:

They do not make the least pretence To poetry or common sense.  
 Some coarse conceits, a lively air, With a *da capo*, here and there,  
 Of uncouth words, which ne'er were found  
 In any language above ground;  
 And these set off with some strange phrase,  
 Compose our sing-song now-a-days.

The dancing-master of my school In this way oft will play the fool  
 And make one laugh—one knows not why,—  
 But we had better laugh than cry.

The song, which you're about to hear Will of this character appear;  
 From London it was sent him down,  
 As a great favourite through the town."

## DOCTOR SYNTAX'S SONG.

I've got a scold of a wife, The plague and storm of my life;  
 O! were she in coal-pit bottom, And all such jades, 'od rot 'em!  
 My cares would then be over, And I should live in clover,  
 With harum scarum, horum scorum,  
 Stew'd prunes for ever! Stew'd prunes for ever!

Brother Tom's in the codlin-tree, As blithe as blithe can be;  
 While Dorothy sits below, Where the daffodillies grow;  
 And many a slender rush, And blackberries all on a bush:

With harum scarum, &c. &c.  
 We'll all to the castle go Like grenadiers all of a row,  
 While the horn and trump shall sound As we pace the ramparts round,  
 Where many a lady fair Comes forth to take the air,  
 With harum scarum, &c. &c.

The vessel spreads her sails To catch the rising gales,  
 And dances o'er the wave; While many a love lorn slave

To his mistress tells his tale,      Far off in the distant vale ;  
     With harum scarum, &c. &c.  
 When the dew is on the rose,      And the wanton zephyr blows ;  
 When lilies raise their head,      And harebells fragrance shed,  
 Then I to the rocks will hie,      And sing a lullaby :  
     With harum scarum, &c. &c.  
 By fam'd Ilyssus' stream      How oft I fondly dream,  
 When I read in classic pages      Of all the ancient sages ;  
 But they were born to die !      And so were you and I ;  
     With harum scarum, horum scorum,  
 Stew'd prunes for ever ?      Stew'd prunes for ever !  
 Thus with many a pleasant lay,      The party clos'd th' exhausted day.

## CANTO XII.

LIFE is a journey,—on we go Through many a scene of joy and woe :  
 Time flits along and will not stay,      Nor let us linger on the way :  
     Like as a stream, whose varying course  
     Now rushes with impetuous force ;  
 Now in successive eddies plays,      Or in meanders gently strays.  
 It still moves on, till spreading wide,      It mingles with the briny tide ;  
     And, when it meets the ocean's roar,  
     The limpid waves are seen no more.  
     Such, such is Life's uncertain way ;—  
     Now the sun wakes th' enliv'ning day :  
 The scene around enchants the sight ; To cool retreat the shades invite ;  
     The blossoms balmy fragrance shed ;  
     The meads a verdant carpet spread ;  
     While the clear rill reflects below  
     The flowers that on its margin grow,  
 And the sweet songsters of the grove      Attune to harmony and love.  
     But lo ! the clouds obscure the sky,  
     And tell the bursting tempest nigh,  
 The vivid flash, the pelting storm      Fair Nature's ev'ry grace deform ;  
 While their assailing powers annoy      The pensive pilgrim's tranquil joy :  
 But, though no tempests should molest      The bower where he stops to rest,  
 Care will not let him long remain,      But sets him on his way again.  
     Thus Syntax, whom the 'Squire had press'd  
     For three whole months to take his rest ;  
 Sigh'd when he found he could not stay      To loiter through another day :  
     " No," he exclaim'd, " I must away :—  
 I have a splendid book to make,      To form a Tour,—to paint a Lake ;  
 And, by that well projected *Tome*,      To carry fame and money home :  
 And should I fail, my loving wife      Will lead me such a precious life,  
 That I had better never more      Approach my then forbidden door."  
 'Twas thus he ponder'd as he lay,      When the sun told another day,  
     Nor long the downy couch he press'd,  
     Where busy thought disturb'd his rest ;  
     But quick prepar'd with grateful heart,  
     From this warm mansion to depart.

The 'Squire to his professions true, Thus spoke at once his kind adieu.

'SQUIRE.—"I'm sorry, Sir, with all my heart,

That you and I so soon must part :

Your virtues my regard engage ; I venerate the rev'rend sage ;

And, though I've not the mind to toil

In Learning's way, by midnight oil,

Yet still I feel the rev'rence due To all such learned men as you :

Nor can I urge your longer stay, When Science calls you far away :

But still I hope you'll not refuse My friendly tribute to the Muse ;

And when again you this way come,

Again you'll find this house a home.

Besides, I mean to recommend Your labours to a noble friend

Who well is known to rank as high In learning as in quality ;

Who can your merits well review ; A statesman and a poet too :

He will your genius truly scan, And though a Lord, a learned man.

For C\*\*\*\*\* is an honour'd name, Whose virtue and unsully'd fame

Will decorate the historic page, And live through ev'ry future age.

That courteous Lord doth condescend To know me for a faithful friend ;

And, when you to his Lordship give

The letter which you now receive,

Expect, on his right noble part, A welcome that will cheer your heart.

To ——— then repair, And Honour will attend you there.

Nor fear, my friend, that gilded state

Will frown upon your humble fate ; My Lord is good as he is great."

SYNTAX.—"Your kindness, surely, knows no end ;

You are in truth a real friend ;

Nor can my feeble tongue express This unexpected happiness :

For if this noble Lord should deign My feeble labours to sustain,

With the all-cheering, splendid rays Of his benign, protecting praise,

My fortune will at once be made,

And I shall bless the author's trade."

Thus, as he spoke, 'Squire Hearty gave

The letter Syntax long'd to have ;

And with it a soft silky note,

On which two coal-black words were wrote ;

The sight of which his sense confounds,

For these said words were *Twenty Pounds*.

"Check," said the 'Squire, "your wond'ring look ;

'Tis my subscription to your book ;

And when 'tis printed, you will send A copy to your Yorkshire friend ;

Besides, I'll try to sell a score Among my neighbours here, or more."

The Doctor's tongue made no reply,

But his heart heav'd a grateful sigh :

Nor, as he sits can we do better Than to repeat the promis'd letter.

"MY LORD,—*This liberty I take, For laughter and for merit's sake ;*

*And when the bearer shall appear In your fine mansion's atmosphere,*

*His figure will your spirits cheer.*

*You need no other topic seek ; He'll furnish laughter for a week.*

*But still I say, and tell you true, You'll love him for his merit too.*

*You'll see at once in this Divine, Quixote and Parson Adams shine ;*

*An hero well combin'd you'll view For FIELDING and CERVANTES too ;  
 Besides, my Lord, if I can judge, In classic lore he's us'd to drudge.  
 O do but hear his simple story ; Let him but lay it all before you ;*

*And you will thank me for my letter,  
 And say that you are HEARTY'S debtor :  
 Nay, when your sides are tir'd with mirth,  
 Your heart will feel his real worth.  
 I know your kindness will receive him,  
 And to your favour thus I leave him.  
 So I remain with zeal most fervent,  
 Your Lordship's true and hearty servant.*

YORK, Thursday.

R. H."

The Doctor now prepar'd to go, With heart of joy and look of woe ;  
 He silent squeez'd the 'Squire's hands,  
 And ask'd of Madam her commands.  
 The 'Squire exclaim'd, "why so remiss? She bids you take a hearty kiss ;  
 And if you think that one won't do,  
 I beg, dear Sir, you'll give her *two* :"  
 "Nay then," says Syntax, "you shall see ;"  
 And straight he gave the Lady *three* ;  
 Nor did he linger to exclaim, "He ne'er had kiss'd a fairer dame."  
 The Lady blushing thank'd him too, And in soft accents, said—"Adieu !"  
 Syntax, since first he left his home,  
 Had no such view of good to come,  
 As now before his fancy rose To bid him laugh at future woes.  
 "Fortune," he cried, "is kind at last, And I forgive her malice past ;  
 Clad in C——'s benignant form,  
 Her power no more will wake the storm,  
 Nor e'er again her anger shed In frequent showers upon my head ?"  
 Now after a short morning's ride, In eager Hope and Fancy's pride,  
 The Doctor views with conscious smile,  
 Fair ——'s splendid pile.  
 Not Versailles makes a finer show, As, passing o'er the lofty brow,  
 The stately scene is viewed below.  
 The Lord received him with a grace  
 Which mark'd the sov'reign of the place ;  
 Nor was poor Syntax made to feel The pride which fools so oft reveal  
 Who think it a fine state decorum,  
 When humble merit stands before 'em :  
 But here was birth from folly free, Here was the true nobility  
 Where human kindness gilds the crest ; The first of virtues and the best  
 An hour in pleasant chit-chat past, The welcome dinner came at last  
 And now the hungry Syntax eats Of high regouts and dainty meats  
 Nor was the good man found to shrink  
 Whenever he was ask'd to drink.  
 MY LORD.—"What think you, Doctor, of the show  
 Of pictures that around you glow ?"  
 SYNTAX.—"I'll by-and-by enjoy the treat ;  
 But now, my Lord, I'd rather eat."

MY LORD.—“What say you to this statue here?  
Does it not flesh and blood appear?”

SYNTAX.—“I’m sure, my Lord, ’tis very fine;  
But I, just now, prefer your wine.”

SIR JOHN.—“I wonder you can keep your eye  
From forms that do with nature vie!  
Nay, in my mind, my rev’rend friend,  
Nature’s best works they far transcend.

Look at that picture of the Graces,  
What lovely forms!—what charming faces!”

SYNTAX.—“Their charms, Sir John, I shall discover,  
I have no doubt, when dinner’s over;  
At present, if to judge I’m able,      The finest works are on the table:  
I should prefer the cook just now,      To *Rubens* or to *Gerrard Dow*.”

MY LORD.—“I wish to judge by certain rules,  
The Flemish and Italian schools;  
And nicely to describe the merits  
Or beauties which each school inherits.”

SYNTAX.—“Tho’, in their way they’re both bewitching;  
I now prefer your Lordship’s kitchen.”

The dinner done, the punch appears,  
And many a glass their spirits cheers.

The festive hours thus pass’d away, Till time brought on the closing day:  
The Doctor talk’d, nor ceas’d his quaffing,  
While all around were sick with laughing.

MY LORD.—“Again the subject I renew,  
And wish you would the pictures view.”

SYNTAX.—“To view them now would be a trouble,  
For faith, my Lord, my eyes see double.”

MY LORD.—“To bed then we had best repair,—  
I give you to the Butler’s care;

A sage grave man, who will obey Whate’er your Rev’rence has to say.”  
The sage grave man appear’d, and bow’d:

“I am of this good office proud;

But ’tis the custom of this place,      From country-yeomen to his Grace,  
Whene’er a stranger guest we see,      To make him of the cellar free,  
To you the same respect we bear, And therefore beg to lead you there;  
Where ev’ry noble butt doth claim      The honour of some titled name.”

The servants waited on the stairs,  
With cautious form and humble airs.

“Lead on,” said Syntax, “I’ll not stay,  
But follow where you lead the way.”

The Butler cried, “You’ll understand It is our noble Lord’s command  
To give this rev’rend Doctor here      A sample of our strongest beer;  
So tap her grace of *Devonshire*.”

At length the potent liquor flows,  
Which makes poor man forget his woes.

Syntax exclaim’d, “Here’s Honour’s boast;—  
The health of our most noble Host—And let fair *Devon* crown the toast.”  
The cups were cheer’d with loyal song;  
But cups like these ne’er lasted long,



And Syntax stammer'd, "do you see? Now I'm of this fam'd cellar free,  
 I wish I might be quickly led      'T' enjoy my freedom in a bed."  
 He wish'd but once, and was obey'd,      And soon within a bed was laid,  
     Where, all the day's strange bus'ness o'er,  
 He now was left to sleep and snore.

## CANTO XIII.

How oft, as through Life's vale we stray,  
     Doth fancy light us on the way!  
 How oft, with many a vision bright,      Doth she the wayward heart delight  
 And, with a fond enliv'ning smile,      The heavy hour of care beguile.  
     But though so oft she scatters flowers,  
     To make more gay our waking hours,  
 Night is the time when o'er the soul      She exercises full controul,  
     While Life's more active functions pause,  
     And sleep its sable curtain draws:  
     'Tis then she waves her fairy wand  
     And strange things rise at her command:  
 She then assumes her motley reign      And man lives o'er his life again;  
 While many an airy dream invites      Her wizzard masks, her wanton sprites:  
 Through the warm brain the phantoms play      And form a visionary day.  
     Thus Syntax, while the bed he prest,  
     And pass'd the night in balmy rest,  
 Was led in those unconscious hours,      By Fancy, to her fairy bowers  
 Where the light spirits wander free      In whimsical variety.  
     No more an humble Curate now,      He feels a mitre on his brow  
     The mildew'd surplice, thus withdrawn,  
     Yields to the fine, transparent lawn,  
 And peruke, that defied all weather,      Is nicely dress'd to ape a feather  
 Grizzle no more is seen to wail,      Her mangled ears and butcher'd tail  
 Six Grizzles now, with ev'ry ear,      And all their flowing tails appear  
     When, harness'd to a light barouche,  
     The ground they do not seem to touch;  
     While onward whirl'd in wild surprise,  
     The air-blown Prelate thinks he flies.  
     Now through the long cathedral aisle  
     Where vergers bow and virgins smile,  
 With measur'd step and solemn air      He gains at length the sacred chair  
 And to the crowd, with look profound,      Bestows his holy blessing round  
 Above the pealing organs blow,      To the respondent choir below  
 When, bending to religion's shrine,      He feels an energy divine  
     Now, 'scap'd from Dolly's angry clutches,  
     He thinks he's married to a Duchess;  
 And that her rank and glowing beauty      Enliven his prelatic duty  
     Thus Fancy, with her antic train,  
     Pass'd nimbly through the Doctor's brain:  
     But, while she told her varying story  
     Of short-liv'd pomp and fading glory,



A voice upon the vision broke,—When Syntax gave a grunt—and woke,  
 “And may it please you, I’ve a word

To tell your Rev’rence, from my Lord.”

“A Lord,” he cried, “why to be free, I’ve been as good a Lord as he  
 Throughout the night, I’ve been as great  
 As any Lord, with all his state ;

But now that fine-drawn scene is o’er, And I’m poor Syntax as before.  
 You spoil’d my fortune, ’tis most certain,  
 The moment you withdrew the curtain,

So, if you please, my pretty maid, You’ll tell me what my Lord has said.”

“—My Lord has sent to let you know

The breakfast is prepared below.”

“—Let my respects upon him wait,

And say that I’ll be with him straight.”

Out then he bounc’d upon the floor :

The maid ran shouting through the door,

So much the figure of the Doctor, In his unrob’d condition shock’d her.  
 Syntax now hasten’d to obey      The early summons of the day.

He humbly bow’d and took his seat ; Nor did his Lordship fail to greet

With kindest words his rev’rend guest—As how he had enjoy’d his rest ;

Hop’d ev’ry comfort he had found ;

That his night slumbers had been sound,

And that he was prepar’d to share, With keen regard, his morning’s fare.

The Doctor smil’d, and soon made free      With my Lord’s hospitality ;

Then told aloud his golden dream,

Which prov’d of mirth a fruitful theme.

“’Tis true,” he said, “when I awoke,

The charm dissolv’d, the spell was broke ;

The mitre and its grand display,      With my fine wife, all pass’d away :

Th’ awak’ning voice my fortune cross’d ;

I op’d my eyes, and all was lost ;—

But still I find, to my delight,      I have not lost my appetite.”

SIR JOHN.—“As for the mitre and the gold,

Which Fancy gave you to behold,

They, to a mind with learning fraught, Do not deserve a passing thought ;

But I lament that such a bride      Should thus be stolen from your side.”

SYNTAX.—“For that choice good I need not roam ;

I’ve got, Sir John, a wife at home,

Who can from morn to night contrive      To keep her family alive :

Such sprightly measures she can take,

That no one sleeps when she’s awake.

For me, if Fortune would not show’r

Some portion of her wealth and pow’r,

I would forgive her on my life,      Though she forgot to add a wife.

Indeed, Sir John, we don’t agree,      Nor join in our philosophy ;

For did you know what that man knows,

Had you e’er felt his cutting woes,

Who has of taunts a daily plenty,

Whose head is comb’d, whose pocket’s empty,

You ne’er would call those shiners trash

Whose touch is life—whose name is Cash.

MY LORD.—“A truce, I pray, to your debate ;  
 The hunters all impatient wait ;  
 And much I hope our learned Clerk Will take a gallop in the Park ;  
 SYNTAX.—“Your sport, my Lord, I cannot take ;  
 For I must go and hunt a Lake ;  
 And while you chase the flying deer, I must fly off to *Windermere* ;  
 'Stead of hallooing to a fox, I must catch echoes from the rocks ;  
 With curious eye and active scent, I on the *picturesque* am bent ;  
 This is my game, I must pursue it, And make it where I cannot view it ;  
 Though in good truth, but do not flout me,  
 I bear that self-same thing about me.  
 If in man's form you wish to see The *picturesque*, pray look at me  
 I am myself without a flaw, The very *picturesque* I draw  
 A Rector, on whose face so sleek In vain you for a wrinkle seek  
 In whose fair form, so fat and round, No obtuse angle's to be found  
 On such a shape no man of taste Would his fine tints or canvas waste  
 But take a Curate who's so thin,  
 His bones seem peeping through his skin,  
 Make him to stand, or walk or sit, In any posture you think fit  
 And, with all these nice points about him,  
 No well-taught painter e'er would scout him :  
 For with his air, and look, and mien, He'd give effect to any scene  
 In my poor beast, as well as me, A fine example you may see  
 She's so abrupt in all her parts— O what fine subjects for the arts  
 Thus, thus we travel on together, With gentle gale or stormy weather  
 And, though we trot along the plains Where one dead level ever reigns  
 Or pace where rocks and mountains rise,  
 Who lift their heads, and brave the skies ;  
 I, Doctor Syntax, and my horse, Give to the landscape double force  
 —I have no doubt I shall produce A volume of uncommon use  
 That will be worthy to be plac'd Beneath the eye of men of taste  
 And I should hope, my Lord, that you Will praise it and protect it too  
 Will let your all sufficient name The two-fold patronage proclaim  
 That time may know, till time doth end,  
 That C——— was my honour'd friend.”  
 SIR JOHN.—“And can you, learned Doctor see  
 When that important hour shall be ?”  
 SYNTAX.—“Sir Knight, that was not wisely spoke ;  
 The point's too serious for a joke ;  
 And you must know, by Heav'n's decree,  
 That hour will come to you and me,  
 And then succeeds—Eternity.”  
 MY LORD.—“Peace, peace, Sir John, and let me tell  
 The Doctor that I wish him well :  
 I doubt not but his work will prove, Most useful to the arts I love  
 But pray, good Sir, come up to town,  
 That seat of wealth and of renown :  
 Come up to town nor fear the cost, Nor time nor labour shall be lost  
 I'll ope my door and take you in—  
 You've made me laugh, and you shall win :  
 We'll then consult how I can best Advance your real interest

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And here this piece of writing take ;— You'll use it for the donor's sake :  
I mean, you see, that it shall crown Your wishes while you stay in town ;  
But you may, as it suits you, use it,— No one, I fancy, will refuse it."  
The Doctor, when he view'd the paper, Instead of bowing—cut a caper.

My Lord now sought th' expected chace,  
And Syntax, in his usual pace,  
When four long tedious days had past,  
The town of Keswick reach'd at last,  
Where he the famous work prepar'd, Of all his toil the hop'd reward.  
Soon as the morn began to break, Old Grizzle bore him to the Lake,  
Along the banks he gravely pac'd, And all its various beauties trac'd :  
When, lo, a threat'ning storm appear'd !  
Phœbus the scene no longer cheer'd ;  
The dark clouds sunk on ev'ry hill ; The floating mists the vallies fill :  
Nature, transform'd began to low'r ;  
And threaten'd a tremendous shower.

"I love," he cried, "to hear the rattle, When elements contend in battle ;  
For I insist, though some may flout it, Who write about it, and about it,  
That we the *picturesque* may find In thunder loud, or whistling wind :  
And often, as I fully ween, It may be heard as well as seen :  
For, though a pencil cannot trace A sound as it can paint a place,  
The pen, in its poetic rage, Can make it figure on the page."  
A fisherman, who pass'd that way, Thought it civility to say—  
"And, please you, Sir, 'tis all in vain To take your prospects in the rain ;  
On horseback too you'll ne'er be able—  
'Twere better sure to get a table."—  
"Thanks," Syntax said, "for your advice,  
And faith I'll take it in a trice ;

For, as I'm moisten'd to the skin, I'll seek a table at the Inn ;"—  
But Grizzle, in her haste to pass, Lur'd by a tempting tuft of grass,  
A luckless step now chanc'd to take, And sous'd the Doctor in the Lake :  
But, as it prov'd, no worse disaster Befel poor Grizzle and her master,  
Than both of them could well endure,  
And a warm Inn would shortly cure.  
To that warm Inn they quickly hied, Where Syntax, by the fire-side,  
Sat in the Landlord's garments clad, But neither sorrowful nor sad ;  
Nor did he waste his hours away, But gave his pencil all its play,  
And trac'd the landscapes of the day.

## CANTO XIV.

nd let me tell  
to the arts I love

our shall be lost

our real interest

"NATURE, dear Nature, is my goddess,  
Whether array'd in rustic boddice,  
Or when the nicest touch of Art, Doth to her charms new charms impart  
But still I, somehow, love her best, When she's in ruder mantle drest :  
I do not mean in shape grotesque, But when she's truly *picturesque*."  
Thus the next morning as he stray'd,  
And the surrounding scene survey'd,  
Syntax exclaim'd.—A party stood Just on the margin of the flood,  
Who were, in *statu quo*, to make A little voyage on the Lake.

The Doctor forward stepp'd to shew      The wealth of his port-folio  
 The ladies were quite pleas'd to view      Such pretty pictures as he drew  
     While a young man, a neighb'ring 'Squire,  
     Express'd a very warm desire,  
     Which seem'd to come from honest heart,  
     That of their boat he'd take a part.  
     Now from the shore they quickly sail'd  
     And soon the Doctor's voice prevail'd.

"This is a lovely scene of nature ; But I've enough of land and water  
 I want some living thing to show      How far the *picturesque* will go

LADY.—"See, Sir, how swift the swallows fly,  
 And lo, the lark ascends on high,      We scarce can view him in the sky  
 Behold the wild-fowl, how they spread      Upon the Lake's expansive bed  
 The kite sails through the airy way,      Prepar'd to pounce upon its prey  
     The rooks too, from their morning food,  
     Pass cawing to the distant wood."

SYNTAX.—"When with a philosophic eye  
 The realms of Nature I descry,  
 And view the grace that she can give      To all the varying forms that live  
 I feel with awe the plastic art      That doth such wond'rous pow'rs impart  
 To all that wing the air, or creep      Along the earth, or swim the deep  
 I love the winged world that flies      Through the thin azure of the skies  
 Or, not ordain'd those heights to scan,      Live the familiar friends of man

And, in his yard or round his cot,  
 Enjoy, poor things ! their destin'd lot :  
 But though their plumes are gay with dyes,  
 In endless bright diversities,  
 What, though such glowing tints prevail,  
 When the proud peacock spreads his tail ;  
 What though the nightingales prolong  
 Through the charm'd night th' enchanting song ,  
 What, though the blackbird and the thrush  
 Make vocal ev'ry verdant bush ;

No one among the winged kind      Presents an object to my mind  
     Their grace and beauty's nought to me ;

In all their vast variety      The *picturesque* I cannot see  
 A carrion fowl ty'd to a stake      Will a far better picture make  
 When as a scare-crow 'tis display'd      To make all thievish birds afraid  
 Than the white swan, in all its pride,      Sailing upon the crystal tide  
 As a philosopher I scan      Whate'er kind Heav'n has made for man  
 I feel it a religious duty      To bless its use and praise its beauty

I care not whatsoe'er the creature,  
 Whate'er its name, its form and feature,  
 So that fond Nature will aver      The creature doth belong to her  
     But though indeed, I may admire

The greyhound's form, and snake's attire,  
 They neither will my object suit      Like a good shaggy, ragged brute  
 I will acknowledge that a goose      Is a fine fowl of sov'reign use

But for a picture, she's not fitted—  
 The bird was made but to be spitted.  
 The pigeon, I'll be bound to show it,      Is a fine subject for a poet

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In the soft verse his mate he woos,  
Turns his gay neck, and bills and coos,  
And, as in am'rous strut he moves,  
Soothes the fond heart of him who loves :  
But I'll not paint him, no, not I— I like him better in a pic,  
Well rubb'd with salt and spicy dust, And thus embody'd in a crust.  
How many a bird that haunts the wood,  
How many a fowl that cleaves the flood,  
With their sweet songs enchant my ear,  
Or please my eye as they appear,  
When in their flight, or as they row Delighted on the lake below !  
But still, whate'er their form or feather,  
You cannot make them group together;  
For let them swim or let them fly, The *picturesque* they all defy.  
The bird that's sitting quite alone Is fit but to be carv'd in stone;  
And any man of taste 'twould shock  
To paint those wild geese in a flock :  
Though I like not a single figure, Whether 'tis lesser or 'tis bigger :  
That fisherman so lean and lank, Who sits alone upon the bank,  
Tempt not the eye ; but, doff his coat,  
And quickly group him with a boat,  
You then will see the fellow make A pretty object on the Lake.  
If a boy's playing with a hoop, 'Tis something, for it forms a group.  
In painter's eyes—O what a joke To place a bird upon an oak :  
At the same time, 'twould help the jest, Upon the branch to fix a nest.  
A trout, with all its pretty dies Of various hues, delights the eyes ;  
But still it is a silly whim To make him on a canvas swim :  
Yet, I must own, that dainty fish Looks very handsome in a dish ;  
And he must be a thankless sinner Who thinks a trout a paltry dinner.  
"The first, the middle, and the last, In *picturesque* is bold contrast :  
And painting has no nobler use Than this grand object to produce.  
Such is my thought, and I'll pursue it ;  
There's an example—you shall view it.  
Look at that tree—then take a glance At its fine bold protuberance ;  
Behold those branches—how their shade  
Is by the mass of light display'd :  
Look at that light, and see how fine  
The backward shadows make it shine :  
The sombre clouds that spot the sky  
Make the blue vaulting twice as high ;  
And where the sun-beams warmly glow,  
They make the hollow twice as low.  
The Flemish painters all surpass In making pictures smooth as glass :  
In Cuyp's best works there's pretty painting ;  
But the bold *picturesque* is wanting.  
"Thus, though I leave the birds to sing,  
Or cleave the air with rapid wing—  
Thus, though I leave the fish to play Till the net drags them into day—  
Kind Nature, ever bounteous mother !  
Contrives it in some way or other,  
Our proper wishes to supply In infinite variety.

The world of quadrupeds displays    The painter's art in various ways;  
 But, 'tis some shaggy, ragged brute    That will my busy purpose suit;  
     Or such as, from their shape and make,  
     No fine-wrought, high-bred semblance take.  
 A well-fed horse, with shining skin,  
 Form'd for the course, and plates to win,  
 May have his beauties, but not those    That will my graphic art disclose:  
     My raw-bon'd mare is worth a score  
     Of these fine pamp'erd beasts, and more,  
 To give effect to bold design,    And decorate such views as mine.  
 To the fine steed you sportsmen bow,    But *picturesque* prefers a cow;  
     On her high hips and horned head  
     How true the light and shade are shed:  
 Indeed I should prefer by half,    To a fine colt, a common calf:  
 The unshorn sheep, the shaggy goat,    The ass with rugged, ragged coat,  
 Would to a taste-inspir'd mind,    Leave the far-fam'd *Eclipse* behind:  
     In a grand stable he might please,  
     But ne'er should graze beneath my trees."  
     Caught by his words, the northern 'Squire  
     Fail'd not his learning to admire:  
 But yet he had a wish to quiz    The Doctor's humour and his phiz.  
     "I have a house," he said, "at hand,  
     Where you my service may command;  
 There I have cows, and asses too,    And pigs, and sheep, Sir, not a few;  
     Where you, at your untroubled leisure,  
     May draw them as it suits your pleasure.  
 You shall be welcome with your mare,    And find a country 'Squire's fare;  
     If a few days with us you pass,—  
     We'll give you meat—and give her grass."  
 Thus 'twas agreed; they came on shore,    The party saunter'd on before;  
     But, ere they reach'd the mansion fair,  
     Grizzle had borne her master there.  
 It was indeed a pleasant spot    That this same country 'Squire had got;  
 And Syntax now the party join'd    With salutation free and kind.  
     'SQUIRE.—"This, Doctor Syntax, is my sister:  
     Why, my good Sir, you have not kiss'd her."  
     SYNTAX.—"Do not suppose I'm such a brute  
     As to disdain the sweet salute."  
     'SQUIRE.—"And this, Sir, is my loving wife,  
     The joy and honour of my life."  
     SYNTAX.—"A lovely Lady to the view!  
     And with your leave, I'll kiss her too."  
     Thus pleasant words the converse cheer'd  
     Till dinner on the board appear'd;  
 Where the warm welcome gave a zest    To all the plenty of the feast.  
     The Doctor eat, and talk'd and quaff'd;  
     The good Host smil'd, the Ladies laugh'd.  
     'SQUIRE.—"As you disdain both fowl and fish,  
     Think you your art could paint that dish?"  
     SYNTAX.—"Though 'twill to hunger give relief,—  
     There's nothing *picturesque* in beef:



But there are artists—if you'll treat 'em ;  
Will paint your dinners ; that is—eat 'em."

'SQUIRE.—"But sure your pencil might command  
Whate'er is noble, vast and grand,—The beasts, forsooth, of Indian land;  
Where the fierce, savage tiger scowls, And the fell, hungry lion growls."

SYNTAX.—"These beasts may all be subjects fit ;

But, for their likeness, will they sit ?

I'd only take a view askant, From the tall back of elephant ;  
With half a hundred Indians round me,

That such sharp claws might not confound me,

But now, as we have ceas'd to dine, And I have had my share of wine,  
I should be glad to close the feast

By drawing some more harmless beast."

The Doctor found a quick consent, And to the farm their way they bent.

A tub inverted, form'd his seat ; The animals their painter meet :

Cows, asses, sheep, and ducks and geese,

Present themselves, to grace the piece :

Poor Grizzle, too, among the rest, Of the true *picturesque* possest,

Quitted the meadow to appear, And took her station in the rear :

The sheep all baa'd, the asses bray'd,

The moo-cows low'd, and Grizzle neigh'd !

"Stop, brutes," he cried, "your noisy glee

I do not want to hear—but see ;

Though by the *picturesque* laws, You're better too with open jaws."

The Doctor now, with genius big, First drew a cow, and next a pig :

A sheep now on the paper passes,

And then he sketch'd a group of asses :

Nor did he fail to do his duty In giving Grizzle all her beauty.

"And now," says Miss, (a laughing elf)

"I wish, Sir, you would draw yourself."

"With all my heart," the Doctor said,

"But not with horns upon my head."

"—And then I hope you'll draw my face."

"In vain, fair maid, my art would trace

Those winning smiles, that native grace.

The beams of beauty I disclaim ; The *picturesque's* my only aim :

My pencil's skill is mostly shown In drawing faces like my own,

Where time, alas, and anxious Care,

Have plac'd so many wrinkles there."

Now all beneath a spreading tree They chat, and sip their ev'ning tea

Where Syntax told his various fate, His studious life and married state ;

And that he hop'd his Tour would tend

His comforts and his purse to mend.

At length they to the house retreated,

And round the supper soon were seated ;

When the time quickly pass'd away,

And gay good humour clos'd the day.



## CANTO XV.

"VIRTUE embraces ev'ry state; And, while it gilds the rich and great,  
 It cheers their heart who humbly stray Along Life's more sequester'd way:  
 While, from beneath the portals proud,  
 Wealth oft relieves the suppliant crowd,  
 The wayworn pilgrim smiles to share, In lowly homes, the welcome fare.  
 In splendid halls and painted bow'rs  
 Plenty may crown the festive hours ;  
 Yet still within the secret dell      The hospitable Virtues dwell ;  
 And in this Isle, so brave and fair,      Kind Charity is ev'rywhere.  
 Within the city's ample bound      Her stately piles are seen around ;  
 Where ev'ry want, and ev'ry pain      That in man's feeble nature reign,  
 Where the sad heir of pining grief May, bless'd be Heaven! obtain relief;  
 While, on the humble village-green,      How oft the low-roof'd pile is seen,  
 Where poverty forgets its woes,      And wearied age may find repose.  
 "Thrice happy Britons ! while the car      Of furious, unrelenting War  
 Leaves the dire track of streaming gore  
 On many a hapless, distant shore,—  
 While a remorseless tyrant's hand  
 Deals mis'ry, through each foreign land,  
 And fell destruction, from the throne  
 To him who doth the cottage own,  
 Peace beams upon your sea-girt Isle,  
 Where the bright virtues ever smile ;  
 Where hostile shoutings ne'er molest      The happy inmate's genial rest.  
 Where'er it is his lot to go,      He will not meet an armed foe ;  
 Nay, wheresoe'er his way doth tend,  
 He sure may chance to find a friend."  
 Thus, having rose at early day, As through the fields he took his way,  
 The Doctor did his thoughts rehearse,  
 And, as the Muse inspir'd, in verse :  
 For, while with skill each form he drew, His Rev'rence was a poet too.  
 But soon a bell's shrill, tinkling sound,  
 Re-echo'd all the meads around,  
 And said as plain as bell could say— "Breakfast is ready—come away."  
 The welcome summons he obey'd, And found an arbour's pleasing shade,  
 Where, while the plenteous meal was spread,  
 The woodbine flaunted o'er his head.  
 "Ah ! little do the proud and great, Amid the pomp and toil and state,  
 Know of those simple, real joys,      With which the bosom never cloy !  
 O ! what a heart reviving treat      I find within this rural seat !  
 All that can please the quicken'd taste      Is offer'd in this fair repast.  
 The flowers, on their native bed,      Around delicious odours shed :  
 A bloom that with the flow'ret vies  
 On those fair cheeks, attracts my eyes ;  
 And what sweet music greets my ear,  
 When that voice bids me welcome here !  
 Indeed, each sense combines to bless      The present hour with happiness."

Thus Syntax spoke, nor spoke in vain ;  
 The ladies felt the flatt'ring strain ;  
 Nor could they do enough to please      The Doctor for his courtesies,  
 "All that you see, if that's a charm,      Is, Sir, the produce of our farm :  
     The rolls are nice, our oven bakes 'em ;  
     Those oat cakes too, my sister makes 'em.  
     The cream is rich, pray do not save it ;  
     The brindled cow you drew, Sir, gave it :  
 And here is some fresh gather'd fruit— I hope it will your palate suit :  
 'Tis country fare which you receive,      But 'tis the best we have to give."  
     "O !" said the 'Squire, "the Doctor jokes  
     With us poor harmless country folks :  
 I wonder that with all his sense,      And such a tickling eloquence,  
 He has not turn'd an humble priest      Into a good fat dean, at least.  
 We know how soon a Lady's ear      Will list the honey'd sound to hear :  
 At the same time, I'm free to say      I think the men as vain as they.  
 How happens it my learned friend,      That you have not attain'd your end ?  
     That all your figures and your tropes  
     Have not fulfill'd your rightful hopes ?  
 I should suppose your shining parts      And above all your flatt'ring arts,  
     Would soon have turn'd your grizzly mare  
     Into a handsome chaise and pair.  
 I live amidst my native groves,      And the calm scene my nature loves :  
 But still I know, and often see,      What gains are made by flattery."  
 "That may be true," the Doctor said ;      "But flattery is not my trade.  
     Indeed, dear Sir, you do me wrong—  
     No sordid interest guides my tongue ;  
 Honour and Virtue I admire,      Or in a Bishop or a 'Squire ;  
     But falsehood I most keenly hate,  
     Tho' guilt with wealth, or crown'd with state.  
 For *TRUTH* I'm like a lion bold ;      And a base lie I never told :  
 Indeed, I know too many a sinner      Will lie by dozens for a dinner ;  
     But, from the days of earliest youth,  
     I've worshipp'd, as I've practis'd Truth ;  
 Nay, many a stormy, bitter strife      I've had with my dear loving wife,  
     Who often says she might have seen  
     Her husband a fine, pompous Dean :  
     Indeed, she sometimes thinks her spouse  
     Might have a mitre on his brows,  
 If, putting scruples out of view,      He'd do as other people do.  
 No—I will never lie nor fawn,      Nor flatter to be rob'd in lawn.  
 I too, can boast a certain rule      Within the precincts of my school :  
 Whatever faults I may pass by,      I never can forgive a lie.  
 I hate to use the birchen rod ;      But, when a boy forswears his God ;  
     When he in purpos'd falsehood deals,  
     My heavy strokes the culprit feels.  
 Vice I detest, whoever shows it,      And, when I see it, I'll expose it :  
 But, to kind hearts my homage due      I sure will pay, and pay to you ;  
 Nor will you, Sir, deny the share      I owe to these two ladies fair."  
     The 'Squire replied, "I e'en must yield,  
     And leave you master of the field :

These Ladies will I'm sure agree That you have fairly conquer'd me ;  
 But, be assur'd, all joke apart, I feel your doctrine from my heart.  
 Your free-born conduct I commend, And shall rejoice to call you friend :  
 O ! how it would my spirits cheer If you were but the rector here !  
     Our Parson, I'm concern'd to say,  
     Had rather drink and game—than pray :  
 He makes no bones to curse and swear, In any rout to take a share,  
     And what's still worse, he'll spring a hare.  
 I wish his neck he would but break, Or tumble drunk into the Lake !  
     For, know the living's mine to give,  
     And you should soon the cure receive :  
 The Benefice, I'm sure, is clear, At least three hundred pounds a year "  
     " I thank you, Sir, with all my heart,"  
     Said Syntax, " but we now must part."  
     The fair-ones cry'd—" We beg you'll stay,  
     And pass with us another day."  
 "—Ladies, I would 'twere in my pow'r, But I can't stay another hour :  
 I feel your kindness to my soul, And wish I could my fate controul ;  
 Within ten days the time will come When I shall be expected home ;  
 Nor is this all—for strange to say, I must take London in my way."  
     Thus converse kind the moments cheer'd,  
     Till Grizzle at the gate appear'd.  
     " Well," said the 'Squire, " since you must go  
     Our hearty wishes we bestow :  
 And if your genius bids you take Another journey to the Lake,  
 Remember *Worthy-Hall*, we pray, And come and 'make a longer stay :  
     Write too, and tell your distant friends  
     With what success your journey ends.  
 We do not mean it as a bribe, But to your work we must subscribe."  
 The Ladies too, exclaim'd—" repeat Your visit to our northern seat."  
     Poor Syntax knew not how to tell The gratitude he felt so well ;  
     And, when at length he said—" Good bye,"  
     A tear was bright in either eye.  
 The Doctor pac'd along the way Till it grew nigh the close of day,  
     When the fair town appear'd in sight,  
     Where he propos'd to pass the night :  
 But as he reach'd the destin'd Inn, The landlord, with officious grin,  
 At once declar'd he had no bed Where Syntax could repose his head ;  
 At least, where such a rev'rend guest Would think it fit to take his rest ;  
 A main of cocks had fought that day And all the gentry chose to stay.  
     " Observe, my friend, I mind not cost,"  
     Says Syntax to his cringing host ;  
 " But still at least I may be able To sleep with Grizzle in the stable ;  
 And many a Doctor after all, Is proud to *slumber in a stall* :  
 In short, I only want to sleep Where neither rogue nor knave can creep.  
 I travel not with change of coats, But in these bags are all my notes :  
     Which, should I lose, would prove my ruin,  
     And be for ever, my undoing."  
     Thus as he spoke, a lively blade,  
     With dangling queue and smart cockade,  
 Reply'd at once, " I have a room ; The friend I looked for is not come ;

And of two beds where we may rest,  
 You, my good Sir, shall have the best :  
 So you may sleep without alarm ; No living wight shall do you harm :  
 You may depend upon my word ;—  
 I serve the King and wear a sword.”  
 “Your offer, Sir, I kindly greet,” Says Syntax, “but you’l let me treat  
 With what is best to drink and eat ;  
 And I request you will prepare, To your own taste, the bill of fare.”  
 The Doctor and the Captain sat, Till tir’d of each other’s chat,  
 They both agreed it would be best To seek the balmy sweets of rest.  
 Syntax soon clos’d his weary eye, Nor thought of any danger nigh ;  
 While, like the ever-watchful snake, His sharp companion lay awake,  
 Impatient to assail his prey ; When, soon as it was dawn of day,  
 He gently seiz’d the fancied store ; But as he pass’d the creaking door,  
 Syntax awoke, and saw the thief ; When loudly bawling for relief,  
 He forward rush’d in naked state, And caught the culprit at the gate :  
 Against that gate his head he beat,  
 Then kick’d him headlong to the street.  
 The ostler from his bed arose, In time to hear and see the blows.  
 Says Syntax, “I’ll not make a riot ;  
 I’ve sav’d my notes, and I’ll be quiet.  
 The rascal, if I’m not mistaken, Will ask his legs to save his bacon :  
 But what a figure I appear ! I must not stand and shiver here :  
 So take me back into the room,  
 From hence in this strange way I’ve come.”  
 The ostler then the Doctor led, To the warm comforts of his bed :  
 Into that bed he quickly crept, Beneath his head his bags he kept,  
 And on that pillow safely slept.

## CANTO XVI.

FAIR Virtue is its own reward,  
 For Heaven remains its constant guard ;  
 And it becomes us all to trust In this grand truth—that Heaven is just.  
 Whatever forms the human lot, Whether in palace or in cot,  
 In the calm track or frequent strife, Man leads his variegated life ;  
 Whether he feast his smiling hours In stately halls or painted bow’rs ;  
 Whether he labours through the day In Winter cold or Summer’s ray ;  
 Or in long nights of tort’ring pain,  
 He strives to close his eyes in vain,  
 Comfort will on his lot attend If Virtue be his bosom friend.  
 In youth, when Love’s creative pow’r  
 Forms the young Passion’s roscate bow’r ;  
 When, life-matur’d, the eager game  
 That hunts for wealth or seeks for fame,  
 Is subtly play’d, with various art, To seize the mind and fill the heart :  
 When Pleasure doth its charms display, And Syrens sing but to betray ;  
 If Virtue’s call’d it will defy Th’ attack of ev’ry enemy.  
 When age comes on with stealing pace,  
 And the crutch marks the closing race,

Virtue supports her champion's cause,  
And cheers him with her fond applause :  
Nay, e'en at Death's resistless hour,  
She still displays her conscious pow'r ;  
Nor fails to make the flow'rets bloom  
Round the dark confines of the tomb.

Thus Syntax ponder'd—when around  
His head he turn'd, and grateful found  
His bags and notes all safe and sound :

Pleas'd with the prospect, he was feign To yawn, and go to sleep again.  
But, while he still enjoy'd his dream, His story was the gen'ral theme  
Of ev'ry tongue, and made a din Through all the purlieus of the Inn.  
The ostler told it to the maid, And she the whole, and more, betray'd ;  
Nay, in her idle, eager prate, Mistook the window for the gate :  
For, though she lay all snug and quiet,  
And slept, unconscious of the riot,

She swore that, all within her view, The Parson from the window threw  
A full grown man into the street Who haply lighted on his feet,  
And then ran off through all the dirt, With night-cap on, and half a shirt.  
The Barber caught the story next, Who stuck no closer to the text ;  
But left a face half-shav'd, and ran To tell it to the Clergyman.  
'O ! bless me, Sir," he cried, " I fear To utter, what you now must hear :  
At the *Blue Bell* there's been such doing—  
The house, I'm certain, it must ruin ;

Nay, as I live, I'll tell no further,— A Bishop has committed murder !  
He seiz'd a Captain by the pate, And dash'd it so against the gate,  
That all the planks are cover'd o'er  
With scatter'd brains and human gore !  
His Lordship gave him such a banging,  
That he will scarce escape with hanging.

They quarrell'd, Sir, as it was said, About the colours black and red :  
The Captain manfully profess'd That the bright scarlet was the best ;  
And they, who that fine colour wore, The first of all professions bore,  
While black (it was not very civil) Was the known liv'ry of the devil.

Thus soon a loud dispute arose,  
Which from hard words went on to blows ;  
And ended in this bloody strife, Which robb'd the Captain of his life ;  
And, if fair Justice does not falter, She'll deck the Bishop with a halter."  
The Parson smil'd, and bid the calf Go home and shave the other half ;  
But, when he came, the lather'd elf, Had shav'd the other half himself.  
The tailor laid aside his needle To hear the story from the Beadle,

Who swore he had strange news to tell  
Of what had happen'd at the *Bell* :—  
" Would you believe it, that, last night, A highwayman, a man of might,  
Down in his bed a Lawyer bound, And robb'd him of a thousand pound ;  
Then gagg'd him, that he might not rouse  
The people sleeping in the house."

" No, no," says Snip, " however strong  
No gag will stop a Lawyer's tongue ;  
And, after all, the stolen pelf, Is what, I'm sure, he stole himself ;  
For, if the real truth we knew, He's the worst villain of the two !

They're thieves in grain—they never alter—  
 Attornies all deserve a halter.  
 If that is all, I'll mind my stitches,  
 Nor lay aside John Bumkin's breeches."  
 The blacksmith, while a traveller stay'd  
 That a new horse-shoe might be made,  
 Inform'd him that a rev'rend Clerk Last night was strangled in the dark,  
 No one knew how—'twas at the *Bell*,  
 The murd'rer not a soul could tell :  
 The Justice, though, would make a rout, And try to find the fellow out.—  
 Thus Rumour spread the simple case,  
 In ev'ry form throughout the place.  
 The Doctor now unclos'd his eyes,  
 And thought that it was time to rise :  
 So up he got, and down he went, To scold the Landlord fully bent ;  
 Who, pale, and trembling with affright  
 At what had happen'd in the night,  
 Approach'd with such an humble look,  
 The Doctor's rage at once forsook  
 His Christian breast ; and, with a voice  
 That did the poor man's heart rejoice,  
 He bid him soon as he was able, To let the coffee grace the tab'e.  
 "I do aver," the Landlord said, " That since I've carried on my trade,  
 Since I've been master of the *Bell*, As all throughout the town can tell,  
 (And that is now ten years or more) I ne'er knew such mishap before.  
 The fellow, Sir, upon my word, Let loose his money like a Lord :  
 I receive all who come this way. And care not, Sir, how long they stay,  
 So they but eat and drink—and pay.  
 I ask not from whence people come,  
 What is their name, or where their home ;  
 That he's a rogue, I think is clear, Nor e'er again shall enter here.  
 He is some sharper, I suppose, Who round about the country goes ;  
 While, to assist his lawless game, He takes the soldier's noble name.  
 I understand the rogue you bang'd,  
 And in good time, Sir, he'll be hang'd :  
 I hope that all your notes you've found,—  
 I'm told they're worth a thousand pound."  
 "Prove that," says Syntax, " my dear honey,  
 And I will give you half the money.  
 Think not, my friend, I'm such a fool,  
 That I have been so late at school,  
 To put my bank-notes in a bag, That hangs across my Grizzle nag ;  
 No, they were notes to make a book ;  
 The thief my meaning, friend, mistook :  
 For know, the man would not have found  
 Them worth—to him—a single pound :  
 Though much I hope that they will be  
 The source of many a pound to me."  
 Thus Syntax cheer'd the Landlord's heart  
 'Till the time warn'd him to depart ;  
 When soon, along the beaten road, Poor Grizzle bore her rev'rend load.



The Doctor's pleasant thoughts beguile  
 The journey onward many a mile ;  
 For many a mile he had not seen      But one unvarying, level green ;  
 Nor had the way one object brought  
 That wak'd a *picturesquish* thought.  
 A spire, indeed, across the down, Seem'd to denote a neighb'ring town ;  
 And that he view'd with some delight—  
 For there he hop'd to pass the night.  
 A farmer now, so blithe and gay, Came trotting briskly on his way.  
 "Will you," says Syntax, "tell me, friend,  
 If to yon town this way doth tend ?"  
 "This road, good Sir, will take you there ;  
 You're surely going to the fair ;  
 'Tis the first mart both far and near,  
 For horses, cows, and such like geer ;  
 And, from the beast I've in my eye,      You're going, Sir, a nag to buy :  
 I think, if I the truth may tell,      You have not got a nag to sell ;  
 For not a person in the fair      Will give ten shillings for your mare."  
 Syntax, who dearly lov'd a joke,      And long had liv'd 'mong country folk,  
 Thought he could work a little mirth      Out of this rustic son of earth ;  
 So thus the conversation flow'd,      As they jogg'd on the beaten road.  
 SYNTAX.—"Believe me, Farmer, long together,  
 In sun-shine, and in stormy weather,  
 My mare and I have trotted on,      Nor is as yet our labour done ;  
 And, though her figure you despise,      Did you but know her qualities,  
 You would not rate her quite so low      As now you seem dispos'd to do."  
 FARMER.—"I'll lay a pound, if you are willing,  
 She does not fetch you twenty shilling."  
 SYNTAX.—"First, my good friend, one truth I'll tell ;  
 I do not want my mare to sell :  
 While to lay wagers I am loth ;      The practice would disgrace my cloth ;  
 Nor ever, while Life's path I trace,      Will I my sacred rank disgrace :  
 But yet I think you under-rate      Poor Grizzle's qualities and state.  
 'Tis true, she's past the age of beauty ;  
 Yet still the old girl does her duty ;  
 And some one surely will be found  
 To think, at least, she's worth a pound :  
 Nay, to amuse the country folk,      We'll put her up, by way of joke,  
 But no one must the wager smoke :  
 And I propose that, if you lose,      (No Christian will the bet refuse)  
 The money to the poor you'll give,      'Twill be a Christian donative :  
 And if my old and faithful mare      Should so be treated in the fair,  
 That not a person would be willing      To offer for her twenty shilling,  
 On honour I will do the same,      As sure as Syntax is my name.  
 Such are the terms that I propose,      So let us now the bargain close."  
 "Give me your hand," the Farmer said,  
 "The terms I'll keep, the bargain's made."  
 Thus they rode on and reach'd the town :—  
 The pipe and bowl the ev'ning crown.  
 The 'morrow came, and through the fair  
 The Farmer led the grizzle mare.



Says one, "I would not bid a pound : She's only fit to feed a hound ;  
 But would a hound the gift receive,  
 For she has nought but bones to give?  
 Where must we look her ears to find?  
 And faith, she's left her tail behind!"  
 "Why," says another, "view her scars :  
 She must have left them in the wars."

As a warm Yeoman pass'd along He heard the jeerings of the throng  
 And felt a strong desire to know What pleas'd the laughing people so.

"A Parson, Sir," says one, "distress'd,  
 Would sell that poor, that wretched beast ;  
 And asks, I hear, a pound or two :  
 I think he'll ne'er get that from you."

"If that's the case," the Yeoman said,—

"I'll ease his heart, and buy the jade.

I'll bid two pounds, my friend, that's plain,  
 And give him back his beast again."

The Farmer own'd the wager lost, And op'd his bag to pay the cost,  
 "No, Sir," says Syntax, "'tis to you To pay where'er you think it due :  
 But, as we pass'd the Common o'er, I saw beside a cottage door,  
 A woman with a spinning-wheel, Who turn'd her thread around the reel,  
 While joyful frolick'd by her side Three children, all in Nature's pride ;  
 And I resign it to your care To leave the welcome bounty there."

The Yeoman, when he heard the joke,

In friendly words to Syntax spoke.

"I, Sir, an humble mansion own, About five furlongs from the town ;  
 And there your Rev'rence I invite To go and dine, and pass the night.  
 To-day I give an annual feast, Where you will be a welcome guest,

I love the cloth,—and humbly crave

That we may there your blessing have.

Come then, and bring your mare along ;

Come, share the feast, and hear the song ;

And in the ev'ning will be seen The merry dancers on the green."

"With joy," said Syntax, "I receive The invitation which you give ;  
 In your kind feast I'll bear a part, And bring with me a grateful heart."

"I," said the Yeoman, "must be gone :

But shall expect you, Sir, at one."

Nor did the Doctor long delay : To the farm-house he took his way ;  
 And chang'd the bustle of the fair, For a kind, noiseless welcome there.

## CANTO XVII.

YE Courtesies of life, all hail ! Whether along the peaceful vale,  
 Where the thatch'd cot alone is seen, The humble mansion of the green,  
 Or in the city's crowded way, Man—mortal man, is doom'd to stray ;  
 You give to joy an added charm, And woe of half its pangs disarm.  
 How much in every state he owes To what kind Courtesy bestows ;  
 To that benign, engaging art Which decorates the human heart,  
 And, free from jealousy and strife, Gilds all the charities of life.  
 To ev'ry act it gives a grace ; It adds a smile to ev'ry face ;

- And Goodness' self we better see      When dress'd by gentle Courtesy.  
     Thus Syntax, as the house he sought,  
     Indulg'd the grateful, pleasing thought ;  
     And soon he step'd the threshold o'er,  
     Where the good Farmer went before :  
 Plenty appear'd, and many a guest      Attended on the welcome feast.  
 The Doctor then, with solemn face,      Proceeded to the appointed place,  
     And, in due form, pronounc'd the grace.  
 That thankful ceremony done,      The fierce attack was soon begun ;  
     While meat and pudding, fowl and fish,  
     All vanish'd from each ample dish.  
     The dinner o'er, the bowl appear'd ;  
     Th' enliv'ning draughts the spirits cheer'd ;  
 Nor did the pleasant Doctor fail,      Between the cups of foaming ale,  
     To gain the laugh by many a tale.  
 But it so hap'd—among the rest—      The Farmer's Landlord was a guest ;  
 A buckish blade, who kept a horse,      To try his fortune on the course ;  
     Was famous for his fighting cocks,  
     And his staunch pack to chase the fox :  
     Indeed, could he a booby bite,  
     He'd play at cards throughout the night ;  
 Nor was he without hopes to get      Syntax to make some silly bet.  
     " I never bet," the Doctor said,  
     While a deep frown his thoughts betray'd :  
 " Your gold I do not wish to gain,      And mine shall in my purse remain :  
 No tempting card, no gambling art,      Shall make it from my pocket start.  
 Gaming, my worthy Sir, I hate ;      It neither suits my means nor state :  
     'Tis the worst passion, I protest,  
     That's known to haunt the human breast !  
 Of all vile habitudes the worst ;      The most delusive and accurst :  
 And, if you please, I'll lay before you      A very melancholy story ;  
     Such as, I think, will wring your heart ;  
     And wound you in the tend'rest part ;  
 That will in striking colours show      The biting pangs—the bitter woe,  
     That do, too oft, from gaming flow."  
 " Nay," said the Squire, " I don't deny      I often like my luck to try ;  
 And no one here, I'm sure, will say      That when I lose I do not pay :  
 But as you think it such a sin      Pray try to cure me—and begin."  
 SYNTAX.—" How many of the human kind  
     Who to their common honour blind,  
 Look not in any path to stray      But where fell passion leads the way :  
 Who, born with ev'ry real claim      To wear the fairest wreath of Fame,  
 Reject the good by Nature given,      And scoff at ev'ry boon of Heaven !  
     Yes ; such there are, and such we find  
     At ev'ry point that gives the wind :  
 But, when among the crowd we see      One whom, in prodigality,  
 Fortune and Nature had combin'd      To fill his purse and form his mind ;  
     Whose manly strength is grac'd with ease,  
     And has the happy pow'r to please ;  
     Whose cooler moments never heard  
     The frantic vow to Heav'n preferr'd ;

gentle Courtesy.

e welcome feast.  
appointed place,

as soon begun ;

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I do not pay :  
—and begin."

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rm his mind ;

And near whose steps Repentance bears The vase of purifying tears ;  
When such a victim we behold, Urg'd by the rampant lust of gold,  
Yielding his health, his life, his fame, As offerings to the god of game ;

The tear grows big in Virtue's eye,  
Pale Reason heaves the poignant sigh ;

The guardian spirit turns away, And hell enjoys a holiday.

"Is there on earth a hellish vice ? There is, my friend, 'tis avarice :  
Has avarice a more hellish name ? It has, my friend—the lust of game."

All this, perhaps, you'll thus deny :—

'There's no one, with more grace than I,

Lets shillings drop and guineas fly !

To the dejected hapless friend My door I ope, my purse I lend ;

To purchase joy my wealth I give, And like a man of fashion live."

—This may be true—but still your breast

Is with the love of gold possest.

Why watch whole nights the fatal card, Or look to dice for your reward ?

Why risk your real wealth with those

Whom you know not, and no one knows ;

With maggots whom foul fortune's ray

Has rais'd from dunghills into day ;

Who would in your misfortune riot, And seek your ruin for their diet ?

Pleasure it cannot be, for pains Will mingle with your very gains—

Will hover round the golden store, Which ere the passing moment's o'er,

May, horrid chance ! be yours no more.

"As yet, you cannot use the plea Of beggar'd men—necessity ;

Plenty as yet adorns your board, And num'rous vassals own you Lord ,

Your woods look fair—their trunks increase,

The Hamadryades live in peace ;

But cards and dice more pow'ful far Than e'en the sharpest axes are :

At one dire stroke have oft been found

To level forests with the ground :

Have seiz'd the mansion's lofty state,

And turn'd its master from the gate.

"A youth in wealth and fashion bred, But by the love of gaming led,

Soon found that ample wealth decay ; Farm after farm was play'd away,

Till, the sad hist'ry to complete, His park, his lawns, his ancient seat,

Were all in haste and hurry sold, To raise the heaps of ready gold !

They, like the rest, soon pass'd away,

The villains' gain, the sharpers' prey ;

While he, alas ! resolv'd to shun The arts by which he was undone,

Sought, by hard labour, to sustain His weary life of woe and pain :

But Nature soon refus'd to give

The strength by which he strove to live ;

And nought was left him but to try What casual pity would supply ;

To stray where chance or hunger led, And humbly ask for scanty bread.

One day, to his despairing eyes, He saw a stately mansion rise ;

Nor look'd he long before he knew

Each wood and copse that round it grew ;

For all the scene that seem'd so fair, Once knew in his a master's care.

Struck with the sight, and sore oppress'd,

He sought a bank whereon to rest ;

There long he lay, and sigh'd his grief ;—  
 Tears came—but did not bring relief :  
 At last he took his tott'ring way Where once he lov'd so well to stray,  
 And, press'd by hunger, sought the gate  
 Where suppliant Want was used to wait—  
 Where suppliant Want was ne'er deny'd  
 The morsel left by glutt'd Pride.  
 But, ah ! these gen'rous times were o'er,  
 And suppliant Want reliev'd no more.  
 The mastiff growl'd—the liv'ried thief With insolence denied relief :—  
 The wretch, dissolving in a groan, Turn'd from the portal, once his own ;  
 But ere he turn'd, he told his name,  
 And could have more the love of game ;  
 Then sought the lawn, for Nature fail'd,  
 And sorrow o'er his strength prevail'd.  
 Beneath an oak's wide spreading shade  
 His weary limbs he careless laid ;  
 Then call'd on Heaven :—(the bitter pray'r  
 Of Mis'ry finds admittance there !)  
 And ere the sun, with parting ray, Had heighten'd the last blush of day,  
 Sunk and worn out, with want and grief, He found in death a kind relief.  
 " The oak records the doleful tale,  
 Which makes the conscious reader pale ;  
 And tells—' In this man's fate behold  
 The love of play—the lust of gold.'  
 No moral, Sir, I shall impart ; I trust you feel it in your heart.  
 " ' You're young,' you'll say, ' and must engage  
 In the amusements of the age.'  
 Go then, and let your mountain bare, The forest's verdant liv'ry wear ;  
 Let Parian marble grace your hall, And Titian glow upon your wall ;  
 Its narrow channels boldly break, And swell your riv'let to a lake :  
 To richer harvests bend your soil, While labour fattens in the toil :  
 Encourage Nature, and impart The half-transparent veil of Art.  
 Let Music charm your melting breast,  
 And soothe each passion into rest ;  
 Let Genius from your hand receive The bounty that can make it live ;  
 And call the Muses from on high, To give you immortality.  
 To these the hardy pleasures join, Where Exercise and Health combine :  
 At the first op'ning of the morn, O'er hill and dale, with hound and horn,  
 Boldly pursue the subtle prey, And share the triumphs of the day :  
 Nor let the evening hours roll Unaided by the social bowl ;  
 Nor should fair Friendship be away,  
 But crown with smiles the festive day.  
 Say, need I add the joys they prove  
 Who live in bounds of virtuous love ?  
 Where fond affection fills the heart The baser passions shall depart.  
 While the babe hangs on Beauty's breast,  
 While in a parent's arms caress'd,  
 Each low-bred thought, and vicious aim,  
 The pure, domestic mind disclaims :  
 Virtue inspires his ev'ry sense, Who looks on cherub innocence :

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innocence :

Then seek a shield 'gainst passion's strife  
In the calm joys of wedded life.

"This is to live, and to enjoy

Those pleasures which our pains destroy :

This is to live, and to receive The praises which the good will give :

This is to make the use of wealth

Which heightens e'en the flush of health ;

Improves the heart, and gives a claim

To a fair, fragrant wreath of Fame."

"I thank you, Sir," the Farmer said ;—

"Tis a sad tale you have display'd.

How I the poor man's lot deplore ! The more I think, I feel the more :

And much I wish my Landlord too

Would keep his wretched fate in view ;

But while my poor good woman weeps,

Behold how very sound he sleeps.

I beg that we may change the scene And join the dancers on the green."

Sal now exclaim'd, "The people say *Ralph* is so drunk he cannot play :"

"Then I'll be Fiddler," Syntax cried !

"By me his place shall be supply'd !

Ne'er fear, my lasses, you shall soon Be ambling to some pretty tune,

And in a measur'd time shall beat The green-sod with your nimble feet.

While Virtue o'er your pleasure reigns,

You're Welcome to my merry strains :

While Virtue smiles upon your joy, I'll gladly my best skill employ.

For sure, 'twill give me great delight

To be your Fiddler through the night.

I know full well I do not err

From any point of character :

To Heav'n I cannot give offence

While I enliven innocence :

For thus to virtuous man 'tis given

To dance, and sing, and go to Heaven.

Your merry minstrelsy prolong,

And to your dances add the song :

E'en while you caper, loudly sing

In honor of your noble King."

CHORUS OF PEASANTS.

"Strike, strike the lyre ! awake the sounding shell !

How happy we who in these vallies dwell !

How blest we live beneath his gentle sway,

Whom mighty realms and distant seas obey !

Make him, propitious Heaven ! your choicest care !

O make him happy as his people are !"

'Twas thus they fiddled, danc'd, and sung ;

With harmless glee the village run :—

At length dull midnight bid them close A day of joy, with calm repose.

## CANTO XVIII.

LET Grandeur blush, and think how few

Of all the many-colour'd crew,

The motley group of fools and knaves,

Who hourly prove themselves its slaves,

However Fashion gilds the dress,      Attain the expected happiness :  
     Let grandeur blush, and blushing own  
     How seldom is to greatness known,  
 That pure and unimbitter'd lot      Which often cheers the peasant's cot;  
 The hallow'd bliss, the nameless charm,      That decorates the fertile farm.  
 Thus Syntax ponder'd as his eye      Survey'd the cheerful family:  
     Who 'round the breakfast-table seated,  
     With one accord his entrance greeted:  
     At the same time, they all express'd  
     Much sorrow that their rev'rend guest  
 Had order'd Grizzle to the door      In order to pursue his Tour.  
     "Doctor, I'm griev'd so soon to part,"  
     Burst from the Yeoman's friendly heart;  
     "Yet hope, whene'er you this way come,  
     You'll not forget this is your home:—  
 You see how we poor farmers live,—      A welcome's all we have to give;  
 But that's sincere—so come and try."      A few kind words were the reply.  
     Syntax once more his beast bestrode;  
     He bade farewell, and off he rode.  
 Now Nature's beauties caught his eye,      Array'd in gay simplicity:  
 And as he pass'd the road along,      The blackbird's note, the thrush's song,  
 With musical and native mirth,      Seem'd to do homage to his worth:  
 The vary'd landscape here combined      To fascinate the eye and mind,  
 To charm the gazer's ev'ry sense      From the commanding eminence.  
     Th' expanding plain, with plenty crown'd,  
     Diffuses health and fragrance round;  
 While, on a lofty, craggy height,      A castle rises to the sight,  
     Which in its day of strength and pride,  
     The arms of threat'ning foes defy'd.  
 Beneath the mouldering abode      In mazy course a riv'let flow'd;  
 And free from the tempestuous gale,      Its silent stream refresh'd the vale:  
     The vale the scatter'd hamlet cheer'd,  
     And many a straw-roof'd cot appear'd;  
 While smiling group'd at ev'ry door      Spoke grief a stranger to the poor.  
     With pious thought and eye serene,  
     Syntax survey'd th' enchanting scene,  
 And thus in grateful mood began: "So deals th' Omnipotent with man.  
 Such are thy gifts, all gracious power,      To us, the creatures of an hour!  
 And yet how oft we barter these,      How oft we risk our health and ease,  
     Thy best bequest, thy choicest treasure,  
     For follies which we misname pleasure:  
 And slaves to vanity and art,      Check the best feelings of the heart.—  
 How the scene charms the ravish'd eye;      I cannot, will not pass it by!"  
 He said,—and from his pocket took      His pencil and his sketching-book;  
 While Grizzle, in contented mood,      Close by her busy master stood:  
     When, clouds of dust proclaim'd th' approach  
     Of something Syntax deem'd a coach.  
 Four wheels in truth it had to boast,      Although what it resembled most  
     Were hard to say: suffice, this *tub*  
     Was built in London, where a club,  
 Yclept *Four-horse*, is now the rage,      And fam'd for whims in equipage;



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s in equipage ;

Dashers ! who once a month assemble :  
Make creditors and coachmen tremble ;  
And dress'd in colours vastly fine, Drive to some public-house to dine ;  
There game, and drink, and swear, and then—  
Drive in disorder back again.

Now Syntax, with some kind of fear, Beheld the vehicle draw near ;  
And, like her master, Grizzle too Was far from happy at the view ;  
For a long whip had caught her eye Moving about most rapidly ;  
Though little thought the hapless nag, The joke which the exalted wag,

Who held the reins with skilful hand,  
Against both mare and master plann'd.

But now the curious Doctor spied The emblem of Patrician pride,

Which on the panels of the coach,  
Proclaim'd a noble Lord's approach :  
Nay, (as the facts will plainly prove it)

It was a noble Lord who drove it :  
For 'tis well known to men of rank

That Lords will sometimes play a prank,

And thus indulge themselves in jokes As low as those of vulgar folks.  
But 'tis not easy to express The wild surprise, the deep distress,

Which Syntax felt, when this same Lord  
Aim'd at his back the flaunting cord ;

And when the whip, with skilful turn, Was ill-applied to Grizzle's stern ;  
That stern, enough to make one shudder,  
Which we all know had lost its rudder :

Her rage appear'd in either eye, And then she neigh'd indignantly.  
Such seem'd she as when erst she bore A trumpeter to fields of gore ;

When, in the battle's heat at large,  
She led whole squadrons to the charge.

Thus Syntax, as she scour'd the plain, Indulg'd the moralizing strain.  
"Can I, in this foul conduct scan The Peer, or well-bred Gentleman?  
Or rather must not Virtue frown On such a high-born, titled clown?"

Thus, then, do Nobles play the fool?

A conduct which in my poor school,

If 'mong my boys it dare appear ; If they should ape that monkey there ;

They for their fun should pay full dearly ;

I'd whip the blackguards most severely.

But I'll not waste another word Upon this vulgar, booby Lord ;  
For I have something else to do, And Grizzle, what's become of you?"

A farmer's well-stor'd barn, hard by, Attracted her observing eye,  
Where many a truss of fragrant hay Induc'd the prudent beast to stay.

Meanwhile, her discontented master, Reflecting on the late disaster,  
Pac'd slowly on, brimfull of care, And wonder'd who had got his mare.  
Indeed he fear'd she might be found, Within the precincts of a pound ;  
But soon his quadruped he saw, Up to her girths in hay and straw :

While he who own'd the neigh'ring farm,

Prepar'd to raise his weighty arm ;

And, having just observ'd the theft,

Brandish'd a horsewhip right and left,

(Alas ! it cannot be denied,) To lay about on Grizzle's hide.  
Syntax beheld the harsh intent : "Forbear," he cried, "the punishment!



Why make her feel the chast'ning thong?  
 She knows not she is doing wrong.  
 Forgive my warmth, but truly, Sir, This suits not with the character  
 Of one who treads on British ground, A land for justice so renown'd:  
 I'll pay for all the straw that's wasted,  
 And all the hay that she has tasted:  
 Your courtesies I now invoke, So name the cost, and spare the stroke."  
 The Farmer paus'd—as by a charm—  
 And dropp'd at once th' uplifted arm:  
 "Forgive me Sir, for what," he cried, "Cannot, indeed, be justified;  
 But for my haste, I'll make amends;  
 So let us now, good Sir, be friends:  
 That is my house:—you'll enter there,  
 And, Thomas, take the Doctor's mare.  
 Come, rev'rend Sir, I'll lead the way:" The Doctor did not disobey,  
 And soon was met with welcome glee By all the Farmer's family.  
 At length some bus'ness of the day Summon'd the honest host away,  
 So Syntax thought he'd look about To find some curious object cut;  
 When, lo! a dairy met his view, Where full of cream, in order due,  
 The pans, the bowls, the jugs were plac'd,  
 Which tempted the Divine to taste;  
 But he found something better there: A village damsel young and fair  
 Attracted his admiring eye; Who, as he enter'd, heav'd a sigh.  
 Now Syntax, as we all must know, Ne'er heard a sigh or tale of woe;  
 But instant wish'd to bring relief, To dry the tear and soothe the grief.  
 "Come here, sweet girl," he softly said;  
 "Tell me your cares—nor be afraid:  
 Come here, and seat you by my side; You'll find in me a friendly guide.  
 Relate your sorrows,—tell the truth;  
 What is it? does some perjur'd youth  
 Unfaithful to his promise prove, Nor make the fond return of love?  
 'Tis so, I see; but raise your eye; On me, my pretty girl, rely:  
 You have my tenderest sympathy.  
 Again, I say, your grief impart; You've gain'd an int'rest in my heart;  
 For well I know the pangs they prove Who grieve for unrequited love."  
 The list'ning mother, who had heard  
 Love talk'd of kindled at the word;  
 And rushing in express'd her rage:—  
 "For shame! for shame! while hoary age  
 Whitens your head, I see your eye Is beaming with iniquity.  
 Begone, you old, you wanton goat, Your heart is black as is your coat!  
 A Parson too! may Heaven forgive The wicked age in which we live!  
 I'll go and tell my honest spouse The snake he harbours in his house:  
 He'll give such hypocrites their due, I'll warrant it;" and off she flew.  
 The Host arriv'd, but by that time, The false alarm, th' imputed crime,  
 Nancy had ventur'd to unfold, And mother now had ceas'd to scold;  
 While, the rude anger turn'd to mirth,  
 They all confess the Doctor's worth.  
 Dinner was soon upon the table, And Grizzle feeding in the stable;  
 While joyful Syntax, once again, Forgot past accidents and pain;  
 And when night came repos'd his head In peace, upon the welcome bed;

But ne'er did he to sleep consign      His weary limbs, till to the shrine  
Of Heaven, he had address'd the prayer  
Which ever finds admittance there.

## CANTO XIX.

The Sun arose in all its pride :—

“Hail the bright orb,” the Doctor cried,  
“That makes the distant mountains glow,  
And clears the misty vales below !

O ! let me bless the power divine      That bade its splendid fires to shine,  
Invigorating warmth to give      To all that grow and all that live :  
Which in the bowels of the earth,      Brings the rich metal into birth ;  
Or, piercing through the secret mine,  
Makes rubies blush and diamonds shine :

While man, the first, the head of all      That breathes upon this earthly ball  
As freely feels its force as they      Of insect tribe who in its ray,  
Pass their short hour and pass away.

O, what a picture greets my sight !      How my heart revels in delight,  
While I behold the advancing day      O'er the wide scene its power display !  
While, as I gaze, th' enchanted eye      Drinks in the rich variety !  
How the gleam brightens yonder tower !  
How deep the shade within the bower !

The spreading oak and elm between,      How fine those blushes intervene !  
Those brilliant lights !—they would demand  
Claude's pencil or a Titian's hand !

E'en while the distant hills I view,      Their orient colours change to blue.  
The stream, within whose silver wave,      Poets might see the Naiads lave,  
Now, lost in shade, no more is seen      To flow among the alders green ;  
But, let the eye its course pursue,      Again it brightens in the view ;  
Reflecting as its current flows,      Each flower that on the margin blows !

“Hail favour'd casement ! where the sight      Is courted to enjoy delight,  
T' ascend the hill and trace the plain,  
Where lavish Nature's proud to reign !

Unlike those pictures that impart      The windows of Palladian art,  
From whence no other object's seen      But gravel-walk, or shaven green ;  
Painted by the artist on his desk ;      Pictures that are not *picturesque*.  
But should not perform my duty      Did I relinquish all this beauty ;  
Nor snatch, from this expansive view,      Some pretty little scene or two.

“The cat that's all bewhited o'er,      With children playing at the door ;  
A peasant hanging o'er the hatch,      And the vine mantling on the thatch ;  
While the thick coppice, down the hill,  
Throws its green umbrage o'er the rill,  
Whose stream drives on the busy mill,

In pleasing group their forms combine,      And suit a pencil such as mine.  
Nor shall I miss the branchy screen  
Of those fine elms that hide the green,  
O'er which the tap'ring spire is seen.  
I'll add no more—for to my mind,  
The scene's complete—and well design'd.

There are, indeed, who would insert Those pigs which wallow in the dirt;  
 And though I hold a pig is good      Upon a dish, prepar'd for food;  
 I do not fear to say the brute      Does not my taste in painting suit;  
 For I most solemnly aver,      That he from genuine taste must err,  
     Who flouts at grace or character;  
 And there's as much in my old wig      As can be found about a pig.  
 For, to say truth, I don't inherit      This self-same *picturesquish* spirit,  
     That looks to nought but what is rough,  
     And ne'er thinks Nature coarse enough.  
 Their system does my genius shock,      Who see such graces in a dock;  
     Whose eye the *picturesque* admires  
     In straggling brambles, and in briers;  
 Nay, can a real beauty see      In a decay'd and rotten tree.  
 I hate with them the trim of Art;      But from this rule I'll ne'er depart;  
 In grandame Nature's vast collection,      To make a fair and fit selection,  
     Which, when in happy contrast join'd,  
     Delights th' inform'd, well-judging mind."  
 But lo! the Farmer, at the gate, Proclaim'd aloud, the hour of eight;  
 And Syntax now in haste descends      To join his kind, expecting friends.  
     "Well," said his Host, "another day  
     I trust your Reverence will stay."  
 "I thank you for the offer made,      But that can't be," the Doctor said;  
 "I have a weary way to go,      And much to see, and more to know;  
 Indeed so far I've got to roam,      A fortnight scarce will take me home;  
 And thanking you for all your care,      I must beg leave to seek my mare."  
 Grizzle was quickly to be found:      And, as the good folks stood around,  
 Syntax thought proper to discourse      Upon the Virtues of his horse;  
 Nor did he fail at large to tell      That she had serv'd him passing well,  
 While he forgot not to bewail      Her loss of ears and loss of tail.  
 For though, among the passing folk,      His beast created many a joke,  
     And though the foul and sad disaster  
     Oft forc'd a laugh against the master,  
     They should not part while he was able  
     To keep himself and keep a stable;  
     Nay, to the last, he'd cut and carve,  
     That his poor Grizzle might not starve.  
 Thus, as his hist'ry he recounted      Into the saddle up he mounted,  
 And there for sometime having sat,      He clos'd at length his farewell chat.  
     He thought it best t' avoid caressing;  
     So gave no kiss, but gave his blessing.  
 —On home, on book, on fame, intent,      The Doctor ponder'd as he went:  
 At night he look'd his paper o'er,      And added to the learned store;  
 But the next morn, another scene,      The vast expanse of liquid green,  
 The ocean's self—broke on his eye,      In inexpressive majesty,  
 There, as he look'd, full many a sail      Gave its white canvas to the gale.  
 And many a freighted vessel bore      Its treasure to the British shore.  
 When, as he trac'd the winding coast,      In praise and admiration lost,  
 Up-rising in the distant view,      Half-seen through the ethereal blue,  
 A city's stately form appear'd;      Upon the shore the mass was rear'd,  
 With glistening spires, while below      Masts like a forest seem'd to grow.  
 'Twas Liverpool, that splendid mart,      Imperial London's counterpart,

Where wand'ring Mersey's rapid streams  
 Rival the honours of the Thames,  
 And bear on each returning tide,    Whate'er by commerce is supplied,  
 Whate'er the winds can hurry o'er    From ev'ry clime and distant shore.  
 Thus Syntax pac'd along the strand,  
 Through this fine scene of sea and land :  
 But nearer now the town appears,    The hum of men salutes his ears ;  
 And soon, amid the noisy din,    He found the comforts of an Inn.  
 He eat, he drank, his pipe he smok'd,  
 And with the Landlord quaintly jok'd ;  
 But e'er he slept, he pass'd an hour    In adding something to his Tour ;  
 Then sought his couch, in hopes the morn  
 Would with new thoughts the page adorn.  
 The morning came—he sallied out    To breathe the air, and look about.  
 Where'er he turn'd, his ev'ry sense    Grasp'd one vast scene of opulence ;  
 In all he saw there was display'd    The proud magnificence of trade.  
 Syntax an humble scholar bred,  
 With nought but learning in his head ;  
 Profound, indeed, in classic art,    And goodness reigning in his heart,  
 Yet forty pounds a year was all    He could his fix'd revenue call ;  
 For which on ev'ry Sabbath-day,  
 He went eight miles to preach and pray.  
 His school too, brought but little gains,  
 And scarce repaid him for his pains ;  
 It gave, 'tis true, to drink and eat,    It furnish'd him with bread and meat,  
 And kept the wolf without the door,    But Syntax still was very poor.  
 His wife, indeed, had got the art,    To keep herself a little smart,  
 Yet he, good man, was always seen    With scanty coat and figure mean ;  
 Though still he never threw aside  
 The pedant's air—the pedant's pride.  
 Thus, through the streets of this rich place,  
 He strutted with his usual grace ;  
 And thus he walk'd about the town,    As if its wealth had been his own :  
 But of his wealth he could not vapour—  
 Twelve guineas and a piece of paper  
 (The present of a noble Lord,)    Was all his pockets did afford :  
 Though still the lining of his coat    Secreted 'Squire Hearty's note,  
 And now he thought 'twould not be rash    To turn the paper into cash.  
 Thus, at his breakfast, while he sat,    And social join'd the common chat,  
 He took occasion to enquire    Who would comply with his desire,  
 Who would his anxious wish fulfil,    And give him money for his bill.  
 An arch young sprig, a banker's clerk,  
 Resolv'd to hoax the rev'rend spark,  
 And counsell'd him to take a range  
 Among the Merchants on the 'Change.  
 "Some one, perhaps, may want to send,    A payment to a London friend ;  
 He'll in your wishes gladly join,    And take the draft and pay the coin."  
 The Barber now the Doctor shear'd,  
 And soon whipp'd off his three-days' beard,  
 His wig, which had not felt a comb,    Not once since he had quitted home,  
 Was destin'd now, with friz and whirl,    To be tormented into curl :





And Homer's page I oft have read,  
Through the long night, with aching head,  
When my wife wanted me in bed."

MERCHANT.—"Then go to Homer, if you will,  
And see if he'll discount your bill.  
But the clock strikes.—Good bye, old Sinner !  
'Tis time for me to go to dinner."

"You want the monies !" said another,  
A bearded, Israelitish brother.

"'Tis a suspected bill I find ; But you look poor and I am kind.  
Well, we must take the chance of trade ;

For twenty pounds the draft is made ;

It is too much, as I'm alive, But give it me—and, here, take five."

"Patience, good Heaven !" the Doctor said ;

"Is this the boast and pride of trade !—

Each man, they do not know, to treat As an incorrigible cheat ;  
And, when he does his want prefer To play the base extortioner ?

Commerce, I envy not thy gains,

Thy hard-earn'd wealth, thy golden pains,

(For that's hard-earn'd, though gain'd with ease,

Where Honour's sacred functions cease.)

The dangers which thy vot'ries run, Or to undo, or be undone ;  
Whose hungry maws are daily bent On the fine feast of *cent. per cent.* ;

Whose virtue, talents, knowledge, health,

Are all combin'd in that word—*wealth*.

'Tis a proud scene of money'd strife Forms this magnificence of life ;

But poor and rich with all they have,

Will find at length a common grave.

Continue, bounteous Heav'n ! to me, A feeling heart, and poverty.

These wights despise me, 'cause I'm poor !

But yet the wretched seek my door :

I fear no Duns, I'm not in debt, I tremble not at the *Gazette* :

'Twould to my profit be, and fame, Did but its page display my name ;

Can these proud merchants say the same ?"

More he had said—but now his bell The beadle rang aloud, to tell

That the good folks should vanish straight,

As he must shut the pond'rous gate.

But Syntax did not seem to hear— So the man rang it in his ear.

SYNTAX.—"I pray, my friend, what's all this rout  
With your fierce bell ?"

BEADLE.—"To ring you out."

SYNTAX.—"I've been us'd to hear the din  
Of bells that always rang me in."

BEADLE.—"All I've to say, for you to know,  
I'll shut the gate if you don't go :

I sure shall leave you in the lurch,

For now, good Sir, you're not at church."

SYNTAX.—"Indeed, my friend, you speak most true :

I know all that as well as you.

This is no temple ; for 'tis clear I find no *money-changers* here ;  
Nor will I say my mind conceives It may be call'd a *den of thieves*.

How'er I'll quit these sons of self,      And keep my paper to myself;  
They shall no more at Syntax scoff;—      Grizzle and I will soon be off.  
Thanks to my stars, I've got enough  
Of that same yellow, useful stuff,  
As will my ev'ry want befriend,      And bear me to my journey's end.  
Arriv'd in town, my noble Lord      Will welcome me to bed and board;  
When it will make his Lordship sport, As I these trading tricks report;  
How near I was the being cheated;  
And how his ancient name was treated."

Thus as he spoke, there pass'd along,  
 Among the crowding, grinning throng,  
 One who was in full fashion dress, In coat of blue and corded vest,  
 And seem'd superior to the rest.  
 His small-clothes sat so close and tight ;  
 His boots, like jet, were black and bright ;  
 While the gilt spur, well-arm'd with steel,  
 Was seen to shine on either heel.  
 Loaded with seals, and all bespangled,  
 A watch-chain from his pocket dangled ;  
 His hat a smiling face o'erspread, And almost hid his well-cropp'd head :  
 He swung his whip about to greet  
 His friends who hurried through the street ;  
 When as he pass'd, all big with rage Syntax appear'd upon the stage,  
 And still continued talking loud For the amusement of the crowd.  
 The well-dress'd man now stopp'd, to know  
 What work'd the angry Doctor so ;  
 And, in a pleasant friendly way, Demanded where his grievance lay ;  
 When, Syntax bowing, on they walk'd,  
 And thus the social strangers talk'd.  
 SYNTAX.—“ These traders, Sir, I can't admire :  
 You, I presume, Sir, are a 'Squire.”  
 MR. ——— “ I have (and here there pass'd an oath),  
 To say the truth, a spice of both :  
 For now you have within your view A trader and a 'Squire too.  
 Here I can some importance claim,  
 And ——— is my well known name,  
 Of more substantial renown.  
 Nay, there are few within this town  
 My house of trade is in this street ; A few miles off my country seat :  
 Where I most frequently reside 'Mid all the charms of rural pride ;  
 And I'll be ——— if e'er you see A lord who better lives than me.”  
 SYNTAX.—“ Fie, fie, good Sir, I cannot bear  
 To hear a fellow-christian swear ;  
 You must well know such profanation Is a foul trick in ev'ry station :  
 And will draw down celestial ire,  
 Or on a trader, or a 'Squire :  
 Nay, 'tis the duty of my cloth, Whenever I hear, to check an oath.  
 I'm a poor parson—very poor— I keep a school, and hold a cure ;  
 But when I'm in the parish church, Or when at home I wield the birch,



I know the dignities that wait      Upon the power of either state ;  
 I keep them always in my view—      Aye, Sir, and I maintain them too :  
 Nay, in your 'Change, where, riches reign, I did that dignity maintain ;  
     In that proud place, where, I am told,  
     There sometimes pour down showers of gold ;  
     But not like that we read of Jove,  
     For that, you know, was pour'd for love ;

And nothing like it did I see ;      No love, nor e'en civility :  
 I only ask'd a common grace,      When the man mock'd me to my face :  
 Had I an arrant swindler been,      He could not with more scornful mien  
 Have my polite proposal greeted :      Indeed, I was most foully treated ;  
 And by a dolt was made a joke      Among the rude, surrounding folk.  
 Thus was I work'd into a stew,      By Turk, by Gentile, and by Jew :  
     How bless'd am I to meet with you !

For know, Sir, I've the art to scan      The well-bred, finish'd gentleman ;  
 And, therefore, I shall lay before you      Some items of my honest story.  
 The object of the Tour I make      Is chiefly for the profit sake ;  
 At the same time, I trust, my name      May find some literary fame :  
 You, if you please, may take a look      At what I've finish'd of my Book :  
 A noble Peer doth condescend      To be my patron, and my friend ;  
 I saw him late in York's fair county,      And was the object of his bounty.

    This draft, with most becoming grace,  
     The smile of goodness in his face,  
 He soft convey'd unto my touch,—      He said, indeed, it was not much ;  
     But, could I visit him in town,  
     He'd make his further friendship known :

And here, alas ! I was so rash      To try to get it chang'd for cash ;  
     For which, myself and this great Peer,  
     Of these rude raffs, became the jeer.

    Permit me, Sir, to show the paper  
     That made these purse-proud tradesmen vapour ;  
 To its full value you'll accord ;—      Perhaps, Sir, you may know my Lord."

MR. ——— "I know him well,—'tis his hand-writing--

It is his Lordship's own inditing :  
 I'll give the coin ;—Why, blood and 'ounds ;  
 I wish 'twere for five hundred pounds !

He is a Lord of great discerning ;  
 His friendship proves your store of learning ;  
 He's not more known for ancient birth,  
 Than for the charm of private worth ;

For all that elegance and grace      Which decorate a noble race :  
     Come here with me, and you shall find  
     At least one trader to your mind."

    Syntax now smooth'd his angry look,  
     And straight prepar'd to show his Book.  
 In a fine room he soon was seated ;      With all attention he was treated ;  
     And while they at their luncheon sat,  
     Ten minutes pass'd in friendly chat.  
 At length the bus'ness was arrang'd ;  
     The deed was done,—the draft was chang'd ;  
 And, as the Doctor plac'd his note      In a small pouch within his coat,

"There," said the 'Squire, "there's another ;  
 I've match'd it with its very brother,  
 The Bank of England is their mother ;  
 And when they're offer'd to her eye, She'll own them as her progeny.  
 So tell my Lord, that I, for one, Am proud to do as he has done :  
 Nor is this all, my learned friend ;  
 Here our acquaintance must not end ;  
 My phaeton and servants wait, All in due order at the gate :  
 So you shall go along and see My rural hospitality.  
 For a few days we will contrive To keep our spirits all alive :  
 I'll send the groom to fetch your mare,  
 So laugh at thought and banish care."  
 Thus off they went—and four-in-hand,  
 Dash'd briskly tow'rds the promis'd land :  
 Syntax first told his simple story, And then the 'Squire detail'd his glory.  
 MR. ——— "Now we're away in chaise-and-four,  
 I am a Merchant, Sir, no more,  
 At least, whene'er I thus retire, To flourish as a country 'Squire ;  
 And you will see how I prepare An opiate for mercantile care.  
 In learned labours some proceed, But I prefer the racing steed :  
 Some to Ambition's heights ascend ; I to the Racing-course attend ;  
 In study, I ne'er wander far ; Mine is the Racing-Calendar,  
 While with keen eye the Heralds see  
 The long trac'd line of ancestry, Give me a Horse's pedigree.  
 Others some pow'ful station boast ; But let me gain the winning-post.  
 It may be sweet with babes to play, But I prefer the Filly's neigh.  
 You talk of men of wit and parts, Of the deep sciences and arts ;  
 Give me the science that will teach The knowing one to over-reach :  
 And, as for pictures and such things,  
 Which Taste from foreign countries brings ;  
 A brood-mare, in maternal pride, With a colt trotting by her side,  
 Is to my eye more pleasing far Than Hero in triumphant car,  
 Or sea-born Venus weeping o'er Adonis, wounded by a boar."  
 SYNTAX.—"These points, good Sir, I can't discuss :  
 I know no steed but Pegasus."  
 MR. ——— "Cut off his wings,—I've got a horse  
 Shall run him o'er the Beacon Course ;  
 And, though Apollo should bestride him,  
 I'll back my horse—for I will ride him."  
 Thus as he spoke, a row of trees, Which a full age had felt the breeze,  
 And half that time, at least, had made A long cathedral aisle of shade,  
 Appear'd in view, and mark'd the road  
 Which led to this brave 'Squire's abode,  
 Whose stately chambers soon possess The Doctor as a welcome guest.  
 The dinner came—a sumptuous treat ; Nor did the parson fail to eat  
 In the same way he us'd to do— As much as any other two.  
 The cakes he munch'd—the wine he quaff'd,  
 His tale he told—the Ladies laugh'd ;  
 And thus the merry moments pass'd, Till cap and slippers came at last.  
 At length his balmy slumbers o'er, Morn smil'd, as it had smil'd before,  
 And as, without our care or pain, It will not fail to smile again ;

When Syntax, having prov'd as able At breakfast, as at dinner table,  
Begg'd leave, with due respect, to say He must pursue his anxious way.

"Well," said the 'Squire, "before you go,  
I shall my stud of racers show."

So off they went ;—from stall to stall  
He shew'd the steeds, and nam'd them all ;  
Describ'd their beauty and their birth ;  
Their well-earn'd fame and golden worth ;  
The various feats they all had done,  
With plates which they had lost and won.

At length the astonish'd 'Squire saw Poor Grizzle to her girths in straw.

"That, Sir," said Syntax, "is my steed ;

But though I can't detail her breed,

I sure can tell what she has won—

Those scars by Frenchman's sabre done.

I cannot brag what she has cost ; But you may see what she has lost."

"Where," said the 'Squire, "are her ears ?"

Quoth Syntax, "You must ask the shears ;

And now, perhaps, her switchy tail,  
Hangs on a barn-door, from a nail !"

The Doctor then began to state Poor Grizzle's character and fate.

"Who was her dam, or who her sire,

I care not," says the merry 'Squire :

"But well I know, and you shall see, Who will her noble husband be ;

Yon fam'd grey horse, of Arab birth,

A princely steed, of nameless worth."

"The match is very grand indeed," Says Syntax, "but it won't succeed ;  
Our household is not form'd to breed.

My dearest Dorothy and I Have never had a progeny :

Our fortune has more wisely carv'd ;

Had she borne babes they must have starv'd :

What should we do with such dear elves,

Who scarce know how to keep ourselves !"

"I'll hear no more," the 'Squire replied ;

"The scheme shall be this moment tried,

Grizzle shall be young *Matchem's* bride.

You are a very worthy man And may the depths of learning scan ;

But in these things you're quite a dolt ; You'll get a hundred for the colt.

I'll have my whim—it shall be carried !"—

So Grizzle was that morning married.

And now the 'Squire invites the stay Of Syntax for another day.

"Your mare," he said, "we'll onward send,

Ty'd to the London waggon's end ;

When she's got forty miles, or more, We'll follow in a chaise-and-four :

At the *Dun Cow*, upon the road, Grizzle shall safely be bestow'd ;

And there, my friend, or soon or late, Her master's coming may await :

You'll neither lose nor time nor space—

Your way I'm going to a race,

Where I've a famous horse to run ; And if you do not like the fun,

Why you may then proceed to town With my best wishes that renown

And profit may your labours crown.

To-morrow, by the close of day,      We shall find Grizzle on the way."  
     " Just as you please,      he Doctor said ;  
     " Your kind commands shall be obey'd :  
 I think myself supremely bless'd      By noble minds to be caress'd :  
 The kind protection you impart      Pours oil of gladness on my heart."  
     The Ladies now desir'd to see      His journey's pictur'd history :  
     The book he show'd, which prov'd a bribe  
     For those kind fair-ones to subscribe ;  
     And, while they felt the gen'rous pleasure  
     Of adding to his growing treasure,  
 The 'Squire, to keep the joke alive,      Had bade his stable folk contrive,  
 Ere the good Doctor's Grizzle-mare      Was yielded to the carrier's care ;  
 Ere on her voyage she set sail,      To furnish her with ears and tail.  
 Grizzle was soon a crop no more,      As she had been some weeks before,  
 Nor was it long before her stump      Felt all the honours of the rump :  
     And thus equipp'd with specious art,  
     She pac'd behind the carrier's cart.  
     Their breakfast done, the following day,  
     The 'Squire and Syntax bounc'd away ;  
 And, ere the sun had set at eve,      The *Dun Cow* did the sage receive ;  
 Where Grizzle, her day's journey o'er,      Had a short time arriv'd before.  
     Syntax now felt a strong desire,      To smoke his pipe by kitchen fire,  
 Where many a country neighbour sat,      Nor did he fail to join the chat ;  
     When having supp'd and drank his ale  
     And silence seeming to prevail,  
 He slowly from his pocket took,      His trav'ling memorandum book ;  
 And, as he turn'd the pages o'er,      Revolving on their curious lore,  
     Th' exciseman, a right village sage,  
     (For he could cast accounts and gage)  
     Spoke for the rest—who would be proud  
     To hear his rev'rence read aloud.  
 He bow'd assent and straight began      To state what beauty is in man ;  
 Or on the surface of the earth,      Or what finds, in its entrails, birth ;  
 With all things in their due degrees,      That live in air, or love the seas ;  
     In all the trees and plants that grow,  
     In all the various flowers that blow ;  
     Of all things in the realm of nature,  
     Or senseless forms, or living creature :  
 In short, he thus profess'd to show      Through all the vast expanse below,  
     From what concenter'd state of things  
     The varying form of beauty springs.  
     But as he read, though full of grace,  
     Though strong expression mark'd his face,  
     Though his feet struck the sounding floor,  
     And his voice thunder'd through the door,  
     Each hearer, as th' infection crept  
     O'er the numb'd sense, unconscious slept !  
 One dropp'd his pipe—another snor'd,      His bed of down an oaken board ;  
 The cobbler yawn'd then sunk to rest,      His chin reclining on his breast :  
     All slept at length but *Tom* and *Sue*,  
     For they had something else to do.

Syntax heard nought ; the enraptur'd elf  
 Saw and heard nothing but himself ;  
 But when a swineherd's bugle sounded,  
 The Doctor, then, amaz'd—confounded,  
 Beheld the death-like scene about him ;  
 And thinking it was form'd to flout him,  
 He frown'd disdain—then struck his head,  
 Caught up a light, and rush'd to bed.

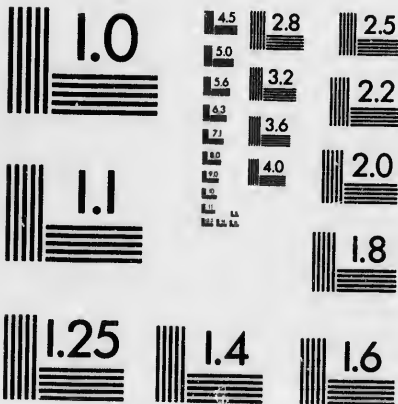
## CANTO XXI.

SLEEP, to the virtuous ever kind,  
 Soon hush'd the Doctor's turbid mind,  
 And, when the morning shed its dew, He rose his journey to pursue.  
 Of tea and toast he took his fill, Then told the Host to bring the bill ;  
 But when it came it made him stare To see some curious items there !  
 "Go tell your Ostler to appear ; I wish to see the fellow here."  
 The Ostler now before him stands,  
 Then bows his head, and rubs his hands.—  
 "In this same bill, my friend, I see you're witty on my mare and me :  
 For all your corn, and barley, and hay,  
 'Tis a fair charge which I shall pay ;  
 But here a strange demand appears—  
 'For cleaning down her tail and ears !'  
 Now know, my lad, if this is done On me to play your vulgar fun,  
 (For ears and tail my mare has none,) In all directions on your back."  
 I'll make this angry horse-whip crack  
 The man deny'd an ill-intent ; He knew not what his Rev'rence meant ;  
 So thought it best to say no more, But bring up Grizzle to the door.  
 Of painted canvas were her ears ; Upon her stump a tail appears ;  
 So chang'd she was, so gay, so smart,  
 Deck'd out with so much curious art,  
 That even Syntax hardly dare To claim his metamorphos'd mare.  
 He said no more—but kenn'd the joke Was not the sport of vulgar folk ;  
 So trotted off—and kindly lent His smile to aid the merriment.  
 Now, as his journey he pursu'd He thus broke forth in solemn mood  
 "Though time draws on when those at home  
 Expect that I should cease to roam,  
 (Though I have objects in my view Which are of great importance too,) Appointed both for man and beast,  
 Yet, as this is the day of rest And pay my solemn duties there'  
 To the first church I will repair, Denoted it was service time  
 Thus as he spoke, a village chime  
 And soon a ruddy Curate came, To whom he gravely told his name,  
 His rank and literary fame ;  
 And said, as he'd been us'd to teaching,  
 He'd give him half an hour's preaching.  
 This was accepted with a smile, And they both strutted up the aisle ;  
 When, in due time, and with due grace,  
 Syntax display'd his preaching face.  
 And in grave tones, though somewhat hoarse,  
 He gave the following discourse.



# MICROCOPY RESOLUTION TEST CHART

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"The subject I shall now rehearse,  
 Is JOB the *fifth*,—the *seventh* verse.  
 "As sparks rise upwards to the sky, So man is born to misery."  
 "This is a truth we all can tell; In ev'ry state we know it well.  
 The infant in his cradle lies, And marks his trouble as he cries;  
 From his young eyes the waters flow, The emblems of his future woe:  
 His cheeks the varying scenes display  
 That mark a changeful April day:  
 Symbols of joy and hope appear, And now a smile, and then a tear.  
 The years of puling childhood o'er,  
 The nurse's care he knows no more:  
 The Learning's discipline assign'd, The Tutor forms his early mind;  
 And hopes and fears alternate rise In all their strange varieties.  
 How oft, disdainful of restraint, His voice lifts up the loud complaint,  
 While stern correction's pow'rful law  
 Keeps the young urchin-mind in awe,  
 And some dark cloud for ever low'rs,  
 To shade his bright and playful hours.  
 Nor, when fair Reason's steady ray Begins to light Life's early day;  
 Though the thick mist it instant clears,  
 It dries not up the source of tears;  
 Nay, 'tis its office, as we know, Sometimes to make those tears to flow.  
 For now the Passions will impart  
 Their impulse to th' unconscious heart,  
 Will mingle in Youth's ardent hours,  
 And plant the thorns amid the flow'rs;  
 While Fancy, in its various guise, With plumage of a thousand dies,  
 Flits round the mind in wanton play,  
 To bear each serious thought away.  
 The Pleasures seldom tempt in vain To join their gay, deluding train;  
 Courting the easy hearts to stray  
 From Reason's path and Wisdom's way:  
 And oh! how oft the senses cloy With what is call'd the height of Joy!  
 While pale Repentance comes at last, To execrate the Pleasure past!  
 —At length to finish'd manhood grown,  
 The world receives him as its own.  
 Life's active busy scenes engage Each moment of maturer age:  
 Here Pleasure courts him to her bow'rs,  
 Where serpents lurk beneath the flow'rs.  
 —Ambition tempts him to explore The height where daring spirits soar,  
 While wealth presents the glitt'ring ore,  
 Which mingles in each mortal plan, And is the great concern of man.  
 —Thus Pleasure, Wealth, or love of pow'  
 Employ man's short or lengthen'd hour.  
 "In youth or manhood's early day,  
 Pleasure first meets him on the way.  
 The Syren sings, his eager ear Drinks in the sound so sweet to hear;  
 To the delicious song a slave, He leaves his vessel to the wave:  
 The helm forsaken, on it goes,  
 The lightnings flash, the whirlwind blows;  
 When, by the furious tempest toss'd, The gay, the gilded bark is lost!

But should he, 'mid the ocean's roar,  
 Be cast upon some distant shore;  
 Then wand'ring on the lonely coast, He sighs to think what he has lost;  
 Health, ease, and ev'ry joy that heav'n Had to his early wishes given.  
 Life still is his—but life alone Cannot for follies past atone,  
 Then pain assails, and Hope is flown.  
 He feels no more the sunny rays, Of smiling hours and prosp'rous days:  
 The world turns from him, nor will know  
 The man of sorrow and of woe;  
 But bids him to some cell repair, In hope to find Contrition there.  
 "Nor is Ambition more secure, Nor less the ills which they endure  
 Within whose breast is seen to dwell The vice by which the Angels fell.  
 The love of rule, the thirst of pow'r, Ne'er give a peaceful, tranquil hour;  
 'Tis the fierce fever of the soul That maddens for supreme controul;  
 Whose burning thirst continual grows:  
 Whose pride no lasting pleasure knows;  
 While Hatred, Envy, jealous Fear, Wait on the proud and bold career.  
 Contention ev'ry act attends;  
 Now friends are foes—now foes are friends:  
 Enjoyment quickens new desire, And Hope for ever fans the fire.  
 Whene'er the nearer height is gain'd, A loftier still must be attain'd,  
 And then the eye looks keenly round In hope another's to be found;  
 One—such is the aspiring soul—  
 Whose tow'ring height shall crown the whole.  
 But oft, as the aspirant gains The object of his toil and pains,  
 The giddy view each sense appals—In vain for some kind help he calls;  
 The faithless friend, th' insulting foe, Rejoice as to the gulph below  
 He headlong falls—a prey to lie Of grinning Scorn and Infamy.  
 "Now Riches next demand our thought:  
 But gold may be too dearly bought,  
 As in each clime and ev'ry soil, It wakes the universal toil.  
 For this, defying health and ease, The Sailor ploughs the distant seas:  
 This shares the Soldier's daring aim,  
 Who fights for wealth as well as fame:  
 But, though all wish its pow'rs to wear,  
 It proves the source of many a care.  
 —Of all the vices that infest The purlicus of the human breast,  
 The love of Mammon is the worst, The most detested and accurst.  
 Pleasure's gay moments may impart Some gladness to the human heart;  
 Ambition, too, we often find The inmate of a noble mind;  
 But love of riches ever bears The token of the lowest cares.  
 We see one base unvarying vice In the pale form of Avarice:  
 It only lifts its pray'r to Heav'n T' increase the store already given;  
 Nor does it e'er the gift repay, By shedding one kind cheering ray  
 Upon the weather-beaten shed,  
 Where Want scarce finds the scanty bread,  
 By wiping from the widow's eye The flowing tears of misery;  
 Or giving to the naked form The vestment that will keep it warm.  
 For gold it courts the sleepless night,  
 And toils through day's returning light:

Nor these alone ;—the cool deceit—  
 The treach'rous heart—the hidden cheat—  
 The ready lie—the hard demand— And Law's oppressive griping hand ;  
 These dæmons never fail to wait At Mammon's dark and dreary gate.  
 What does he love ! can it be told ? Yes, I can tell :—he loves his gold :  
 In that one term he comprehends  
 His kindred, neighbourhood, and friends.  
 But e'en should Fortune daily pour Her treasures to increase his store,  
 Say, is he happy ?—Does he feel A pleasure which he dare reveal ?  
 Ah, no !—his throbbing anxious breast  
 Continued doubts and fears molest.  
 See how he trembles with affright  
 When Justice claims the widow's right,  
 And bids him at the bar appear, To answer to the Orphan's tear,  
 By restoration to atone For many a wrong that he has done !  
 Nay, a still far severer doom May aggravate the time to come :  
 The scourge without, the scourge within May lash the unavailing sin ?  
 And, after all his toil and care, 'Tis well if he escape Despair.  
 " But e'en when Pleasure is not cross'd  
 With ruin'd health and fortune lost,  
 Yet still it leaves a void behind— And dulness stupifies the mind.  
 The season of enjoyment o'er, The phantom then can please no more :  
 Brief is its time, it soon is past ; A vernal bloom not made to last.  
 Say, what presents its longest doom ? A flower, a fever, and a tomb !  
 " What, though Ambition holds its pow'r  
 To Life's extreme, but certain hour,  
 Is not its most exalted joy Encumber'd with some base alloy ?  
 And, on its proudest, loftiest height, Say, does it always find delight ?  
 Say, could it ever guard its heart From Fear's assault, and Envy's dart !  
 It cannot shut th' averted eye From passing life's mortality :  
 E'en from its most aspiring brow, It must behold a grave below.  
 " Though Wealth should haply be attain'd  
 By fair pursuits, with honour gain'd,  
 Yet in its train how oft we see The pallid forms of misery.  
 Intemp'rance yields its foul delight And feeds the obnoxious appetite ;  
 While Luxury in a thousand ways To sensual carelessness trays,  
 And lights up in the mortal frame Disease's slow corroding flame.  
 Fortune in fickle mood may frown. The firmest base may tumble down ;  
 While it appears in strength secure, It falls and leaves its owner poor.  
 The largest heaps of treasur'd wealth Cannot restore declining health ;  
 They cannot bribe the sun to stay, And mitigate his burning ray ;  
 Nor will the North's imperious cold  
 Dissolve to genial warmth for gold :  
 Time will not one short moment stay,  
 Though millions lay athwart his way ;  
 Nor all the wealth that Cræsus bore  
 Can add to Life one moment more.  
 The regal palace and the cot Are subject to one common lot ;  
 The rich and poor, and small and great,  
 Alike must feel the stroke of fate :  
 Virtue alone, we ought to know, Is real happiness below ;

And yet how oft her kindness proves,  
By toil and pain, the child she loves.  
Honour, of noble minds the flow'r, Is oft betray'd by Treachery's pow'r :  
And Charity, we often see, The dupe of base Hypocrisy.

"Who then will venture to declare That man's mistitled sorrow's heir?  
But, Brethren, let us not complain,  
That Heaven's unjust, when we sustain  
Th' allotted term of Care and Pain.

Our life in such a mould is cast, 'Tis plain it is not made to last ;  
'Tis but a state of trial here, To fit us for a purer sphere ;  
A scene of contest for a prize, That in another region lies,

In better worlds and brighter skies :  
Here doom'd a painful lot to bear, Our Happiness is treasur'd there.  
To struggle with the woes of life, To wage with evil, constant strife ;  
T' oppose the Passions as they rise, And check their wild propensities ;  
T' improve our nature, and to bear With patience, the allotted share  
Of human woes—and thus fulfil The wise and the eternal will,  
That forms the grand, mysterious plan For Mortal and Immortal man.

"Man is, indeed, by Heaven's decree, As happy as he ought to be ;  
As suited to his state and nature, A restless, frail, and finite creature :  
His work well done—his labour o'er— Evil and sorrow are no more ;  
And, having pass'd the vale of death,

He claims the never-fading wreath ;  
Clory's Eternal Crown to share, Which Cherubs sing, and Angels wear :  
Then is complete th' amazing plan, And Mortal is Immortal man."

Here Syntax thought it fit to close :—  
Th' admiring congregation rose ;  
And after certain hems and ha's, The 'Squire nodded his applause :  
Nay, such attention he had given To the sage Minister of Heaven,  
That neither did he sleep nor snore— A wonder never known before.  
Then quickly issuing from his pew, He came to thank the Doctor too.  
"Sir, your discourse so good and fine, Proves you to be a great Divine,  
While I, alas ! am but a sinner ; So you'll go home with me to dinner ;  
And, shortly after ev'ning pray'r, The Curate, too, will meet you there."

The Doctor found the house well stor'd ;  
A chatt'ring wife, and plenteous board :  
The dinner was a pleasing sight, For preaching gets an appetite :  
And Syntax could perform them both As well as any of the cloth.  
At length the eatables remov'd, The 'Squire began the talk he lov'd.

'SQUIRE.—"Have you much game, Sir, where you live ?"  
SYNTAX.—"An answer, Sir, I scarce can give :  
I never hunt, nor bear a gun ; I have no time, nor like the fun.  
Learning's the game which I pursue : I have no other sport in view :  
But I have heard—the country round  
With hares and partridge does abound ;

Though on my table it is rare To see or one or t'other there.  
Oft when I rise at early morn, And hear the cheerful, echoing horn,  
I'm forc'd from the inspiring noise, To hunt a pack of idle boys ;  
And when they babble, in their din, I am a special whipper-in :  
Nay, if they should be found at fault, I crack my whip, Sir, as I ought."  
Syntax now told his story o'er, A story told so oft before ;

When soon the 'Squire began to feel A slumber o'er his senses steal :—  
 The Curate, too, bemus'd in beer,  
 Was more disposed to sleep than hear.  
 Says Syntax, "See the effect of drink !  
 Heav'n spare the souls which cannot think !  
 But I will not their sleep molest ;      The Sabbath is a day of rest."  
 In short his words no more prevail ;  
 There now were none to hear his tale :  
 He strove another pipe to smoke, But there were none to hear his joke :  
 So on his elbow he reclin'd,      And thus the sleeping party join'd.  
 —The clock struck ten ere they awoke,  
 When a shrill voice their slumbers broke ;  
 In such a tone it seem'd to come, That Syntax thought himself at home :  
 So, having yawn'd and shook their heads,  
 They wish'd good-night, and sought their beds.

## CANTO XXII.

THE clock struck five when Syntax woke :  
 The sounding door his slumbers broke :  
 When a soft female voice related That breakfast and her master waited :  
 Up rose the Doctor, down he went, With joyful look and heart content.  
 "Well," said the 'Squire, "I hope you'll stay  
 And pass with me another day ;  
 The sporting season's coming on, And something now is to be done ;  
 For I must breath my dogs a-bit,      And try my gun at some tom-tit.  
 You'll take a stroll around the fields,  
 And see what game my manor yields."  
 Says Syntax, "'Tis not in my power To pass with you another hour ;  
 While you perform your sporting feats,  
 I must be tramping London streets :  
 You, therefore, will my thanks receive,  
 For now, Sir, I must take my leave."  
 The 'Squire reply'd—"All I can say—      Another time a longer stay."  
 He then walk'd off with dog and gun, While Syntax travell'd slowly on ;  
 And, o'er the hill, or on the plain, Indulg'd the contemplative strain.  
 "I cannot, while I Nature view, Cloth'd in her robe of verdant hue,  
 Or when the changeful veil is thrown,  
 Of Summer's gold or Autumn's brown,  
 Or midst the scenes of snow and frost, When her gay colouring is lost ;  
 I cannot but the Pow'r admire      That gives such charms to her attire :  
 Nor do her wond'rous shapes, that rise  
 In countless forms to meet the eyes,  
 Mark with less force th' unerring soul,  
 Which with such beauty decks the whole.  
 The mountain's top that seems to meet  
 The height of Heaven's Imperial seat ;  
 The rocks, the valley's guardian pride,  
 Or bound'ries of the ocean's tide,  
 That oft, in grand confusion hurl'd, Seem like the fragments of a world ;

While the low hill and vale between,      Appear to variegate the scene.  
 But lesser forms invite to trace      Fair Nature's ever varying face :  
 The humble shrub, the spreading tree,      In this same principle agree.  
     Along the ground the brambles crawl,  
     And the low hyssop tops the wall ;  
     The bull-rush rises from the sedge,  
     The wild-rose blossoms in the hedge ;  
 While flowers of ev'ry colour shed      A fragrance from their native bed.  
     The streamlet, winding through the glade,  
     The hanging wood, the forest shade ;  
 The river's bold and flowing wave,      Doth many a peopled margin lave,  
     Till, with increasing course, 'tis seen  
     To blend its white waves with the green.  
 Nor, else alone ;—how various they      Who cleave the air or skim the sea,  
 Or range the plain or, from the brow,      Look down upon the vale below !  
     The cygnet's snow, the pea-cock's dyes,  
     The pigeon's neck, the eagle's eyes ;  
 Nor in less beauty do they rove,      Who form the music of the grove.  
 The elephant's resistless force ;      The strength and spirit of the horse ;  
 The ermine's softness and the boar,      With rising bristles cover'd o'er.  
 Thus, throughout Nature's various state,      Of living or inanimate,  
 In ev'ry different class we see      How boundless the variety !  
 What playful change in all we know      Of the mysterious world below ;  
 In all where instinct motion gives,      In what by vegetation lives :  
     But these are trivial when we look,  
     Through the first page of Nature's book,  
 When, half-inspir'd, we're taught to scan      The vast varieties of man."  
 Thus, in deep metaphysic mood,      Syntax his shorten'd way pursued,  
 And many a system had been brought      To ripen in his learned thought ;  
 But none arose which did not tend      Poor human nature to befriend ;  
 None were but aptly form'd to prove      The firm support of social love.  
 Thus all bemus'd he took his way,      Unconscious of the passing day ;  
 And, thus employ'd in cogitating,      No wonder he ne'er thought of baiting ;  
 No wonder that it came to pass      When Grizzle saw a little grass,  
 That he, contemplating the view      Of knotty questions, never knew  
     She stopp'd to take a bite or two :  
     Or, when they pass'd a limpid brook,  
     That she a plenteous beverage took ;  
 Or if, by chance upon the road,      They found a cart with hay well-stow'd,  
 She lagg'd behind to crop the fare,      And levy contributions there.  
     But now a Trumpet's warlike sound  
     'Woke Syntax from his dream profound ;  
     While Grizzle frisk'd, and mov'd on straight,  
     With many a prancing to the gate,  
 Where in a gorgeous cap of fur,      Stood the proclaiming trumpeter,  
 With face as the old *Lion* red      Which dangling hung above his head.  
     " Oh ! " he exclaimed, " I now could swear  
     I see again the Grizzle mare ;  
 I know her well by that same scar      Which she got with me in the war ;  
 For she received that angry hack      While I was sounding on her back ;  
 A furious Hussar at me came,      And struck at me but miss'd his aim ;



When my poor mare receiv'd the blow,  
 And straight the blood began to flow ;  
 Nay, the same sword had crack'd my crown,  
 But my brave comrade *Stephen Brown*,  
 Came up and cut the Frenchman down.  
 I have been borne by that same grey  
 Through many a rough and bloody day :  
 Her ears well know the martial strain ;— I'm glad to see her once again."  
 "That well may be :—but for her ears—  
 A wicked clown's infernal shears  
 Have robb'd her," Syntax smiling said, "Of the fair honours of her head ;  
 Nor did one tender thought prevail,  
 From the same fate to save her tail."  
 He then proceeded to relate      Her past mishap and present state ;  
 And ask'd the Trumpeter to share      A flowing bowl and ev'ning fare.  
 Now Syntax sat and heard the story  
 The soldier told of England's glory ;  
 How British columns fought their way,  
 And drove the foe and won the day :  
 How oft he did his breath enlarge,  
 To call to arms and sound the charge ;  
 But, though he rous'd to many a feat,      He never sounded a retreat.  
 Still he declin'd in modest tone—      For England's glory was his own.  
 "Oft have I seen in bright array,      (Sure promise of a glorious day)  
 The martial bands alive to meet  
 Their foes, and lay them at their feet ;  
 And, when my breathing trumpet told 'em  
 To go and conquer—to behold 'em,  
 At once their beaming blades display,  
 And rush on their victorious way,  
 I felt the inexpressive joy      Which grim-fac'd danger could not cloy.  
 If that same Grizzle Steed you rode  
 Could speak, she'd tell the ground she trod  
 Was oft, alas ! all cover'd o'er      With soldiers slain and clotted gore,  
 Full many a hair-breadth 'scape I've seen ; In many a peril I have been ;  
 And soon again the time may come, When, order'd from our native home,  
 We shall seek foreign climes, to share The dangers and the din of war ;  
 So be it, I'm prepar'd to go,      Wherever I may meet the foe ;  
 And should it be my lot to die,      I have no wife or babes to cry :  
 And 'mid what blood-shed I may fall,  
 There'll be an end of *Thomas Hall*."  
 Said Syntax, "It is well my friend, To be prepar'd to meet our end :  
 To do that well, I'm call'd to preach ; 'Tis a prime duty which I teach ;  
 But thoughts of a far diff'rent kind Just now employ my anxious mind :  
 The present busy hours must claim      Attention to my purse and fame :  
 And, as I think 'twould prove a joke  
 To show my mare to London folk,  
 It has just come into my mind      To leave poor Grizzle here behind,  
 And let some stage or mail convey      My bags and me my onward way.  
 Perhaps, for old acquaintance sake,  
 Of my poor beast the care you'll take."

If so,"—the trumpeter replied—"Twill be my honour and my pride.  
 God bless your Rev'rence,—never fear—  
 Your mare shall have protection here;  
 When you return her looks will tell  
 That her Old Friend has us'd her well."

A horn now told the near approach Of some convenient, rapid coach;  
 And soon a vehicle and four      Appear'd at the *Red Lion* door:

Into his place the Doctor pounc'd;  
 The coachman smack'd, and off they bounc'd.

The scene around was quite composing,  
 For his companions all were dosing;

So he, forsooth, conceiv'd it best      To close his lids and try to rest.

When the morn dawn'd he turn'd an eye  
 Upon his slumb'ring company:

A red-fac'd man, who snor'd and snorted,  
 A lady with both eyes distorted,

And a young miss of pleasing mien,      With all the life of gay sixteen.

A sudden jolt their slumbers broke;      They started all, and all awoke;

When Surly-boots yawn'd wide, and spoke.

"We move," said he, "confounded slow:"

"La, Sir," cried Miss, "how fast we go!"

While madam, with a smirking face,      Declar'd it was a middling pace.

"Pray, what think you, Sir?"—"I agree,"

Said simp'ring Syntax, "with all three:

Up hill, our course is rather slow;      Down hill, how merrily we go;

But when 'tis neither up nor down,      It is a middling pace I own."

"O la!" cried miss, "the thought's so pretty!"

"Oh yes!" growl'd Red-face, "very witty!"

The lady said, "If I can scan      The temper of the gentleman,

He's one of those, I have no doubt,      Who loves to let his humour out,

Nor fails his thread-bare wit to play      On all who come within his way:

But we who in these stages roam,

And leave our coach-and-four at home,

Deserve our lot when thus we talk

With those who were ordain'd to walk!

And now my niece, you see how wrong      It is to use your flippant tongue,

And chatter as you're apt to do      With any one—the Lord knows who."

Surly turn'd round, and friendly sleep      Soon o'er his senses'gall to creep:

So Syntax thought he'd overlook      The embryo of his future Book:

Thus all was silence till they came      To the great town we London name.

Our sage thought wisely that the din

Which he could hear about an Inn,

Would not assist his studious hours,      Nor aid his intellectual powers,

To make his volume fit to show      The Dons of *Paternoster Row*;

And as his Patron of the North,

The Lord renown'd for sense and worth,

Had bid him make his house his home

Whenever he to town should come,

He was resolv'd to try his fate      In knocking at his Lordship's gate.

At that same gate he soon appear'd:

My Lord, with smiles the Doctor cheer'd.



BOOKSELLER.—“I wish to know, Sir, what you mean,  
By kicking up, Sir, such a scene!  
And who you are, Sir, and your name  
And on what errand here you came?”

SYNTAX.—“My errand was to bid you look  
With care and candour on this Book;  
And tell me whether you think fit To buy, or print, or publish it?  
The subject which the work contains Is Art and Nature's fair domains;  
'Tis form'd the curious to allure;— In short, good-man, it is a Tour;  
With Drawings all from Nature made,  
And with no common skill display'd:  
Each house, each place, each lake, each tree,  
These fingers drew—these eyes did see.”

BOOKSELLER.—“A Tour indeed! I've had enough  
Of Tours and such-like flimsy stuff.  
What a fool's errand you have made,  
(I speak the language of the trade,)  
To travel all the country o'er, And write what has been writ before!  
We can get Tours—don't make wry faces,  
From those who never saw the places!

I know a man who has the skill To make you Books of Tours at will;  
And from his garret in Moorfields Can see what ev'ry country yields;  
So, if you please, you may retire, And throw your Book into the fire:  
You need not grin, my friend, nor vapour;  
I would not buy it for waste paper!”

SYNTAX.—“Blockhead! and is it thus you treat  
The man by whom you drink and eat?  
Do you not know, and must I tell ye,  
'Tis they fill out your monstrous belly?  
Yes, booby; from such skulls as mine  
You lap your soup, and drink your wine,  
Without one single ray of sense But what relates to pounds and pence.  
Thus good and evil form the whole—  
Heaven gave you wealth, and me a soul:

And I would never be an ass For all your gold, with all your brass.  
When humble Authors come to sue, (Those very men that pamper you,)  
You feel like Jove in all his pride, With Juno squatting by his side.”

BOOKSELLER.—“How dare you, villain, to defame  
My dearest wife's unsully'd name?  
Yes, she's my wife! ten years ago The Parson join'd our hands at *Bow*,  
And she's the flower of all our *Row*.  
As for Miss *Juno*, she's a harlot,  
You foul-mouth'd, and malicious varlet!

A prostitute, who is well known To all the rakes about the town;  
First with a footman off she ran, And now lives with an *Alderman*.”

SYNTAX.—“Have done—have done, pray read that letter,  
And then I think you'll treat me better.”

BOOKSELLER.—“Sir, had you shown the letter first,  
My very belly should have burst  
Before I would have said a word  
Your learned ears should not have heard;

But, in this world wherein we live, We must forget, Sir, and forgive.  
 These little heats will sometimes start  
 From the most friendly, gen'rous heart.  
 My Lord speaks highly of your merit, As of the talents you inherit ;  
 He writes himself supremely well ;  
 His works are charming—for they sell.  
 I pray you take a glass of wine ; Perhaps, Sir, you have yet to dine :  
 We now, I fear, have nothing hot : My dear, put something in the pot ;  
 'Twill soon be done ; or tell our Nan To toss a cutlet in the pan.  
 His Lordship here expressly says  
 Your work transcends his utmost praise ;  
 Desires the printing may commence,  
 And he'll be bound for the expense.  
 The book will sell, I have no doubt, I'll spare no pains to bring it out :  
 A work like this must not be stinted,  
 Two thousand copies shall be printed.  
 And if you please"

SYNTAX.—"I cannot stay ; We'll talk of that another day ;  
 When I came out, I gave my word To take my dinner with my Lord."  
 BOOKSELLER.—"Perhaps some other time you'll come,  
 When my good Lord may dine from home ;  
 It will be kind, indeed, to share, Quite as a friend, our humble fare ;  
 In the mean time you may command,  
 In ev'ry sense, my heart and hand."  
 Thus (such are this world's odds and ends)  
 Though foes they met—they parted friends.

## CANTO XXIII.

"WHATE'ER of genius or of merit The child of labour may inherit,  
 They will not in this mortal state,  
 Or give him wealth, or make him great,  
 Unless that strange, capricious dame,  
 Whom Pagan poets Fortune name,  
 That unseen, ever active pow'r, Propitious, aids his toilsome hour.  
 Throughout my life I've struggled hard ;  
 And what has been my lean reward ?  
 What have I gain'd by learned lore, By deeply reading o'er and o'er,  
 What ev'ry ancient sage has writ, Renown'd for pure and Attic wit ;  
 Or those rich volumes which dispense The strains of Roman eloquence ?  
 No fav'ring patrons have I got, But just enough to boil the pot.  
 What though by toil and pain, I know  
 Where ev'ry Hebrew root doth grow,  
 And can each hidden truth descry From *Genesis* to *Malachi* ;  
 Yet I have never been decreed To shear the fleeces that I feed ;  
 No, they enrich the idle dunce Who never saw his flock but once,  
 And meanly grudges e'en to spare My pittance for their weekly fare.  
 Have I made any real friends, By wasting eyes and candles' ends ?  
 And though a good musician too, What did my fiddle ever do ?  
 I sometimes might employ its pow'r To soothe an over anxious hour ;

But though it with my temper suits, It never yet could soften brutes.  
 My sketching-pencil, too, is known In ev'ry house throughout the town;  
 For, to replace some horrid scrawl, My drawings hang on ev'ry wall :  
 And yet, 'tis true, as I'm a sinner, They seldom pay me with a dinner.  
 What do I get poor boys to teach? And drive in learning at the breech?  
 A task, which Lucian says, is given  
 As the worst punishment from Heaven.  
 While Fortune's boobies cut and carve,  
 I may be said to teach and starve ;  
 Too happy, if, on Christmas-day, I've just enough the duns to pay.  
 Though sometimes I have almost sworn  
 When, from the threshold of the door, My poverty repell'd the poor ;  
 When the cask, empty'd of its ale, No more the thirsty could regale.  
 "At length the lucky moment came  
 To fill my purse and give me fame !  
 And, after all my labours past, Hope bids me look for rest at last.  
 For scarce had I one prosperous hour  
 Till Fortune bid me *Write a Tour*.  
 Oft have I said in words unkind, That strumpet Fortune's very blind !  
 But now I think the wench can see, Since she's become so kind to me.  
 To say the truth, I scarce believe The favours which I now receive :  
 In a Lord's house I take my rest, A welcome and an honour'd guest :  
 The favours on my Tour I found Are by his present kindness crown'd.  
 I'd heard indeed, that these same Lords  
 Were only friendly in their words ;  
 But truth alone my patron moves,  
 Whose friendship ev'ry promise proves."  
 Thus Syntax did his feelings broach, As he reclin'd within a coach ;  
 For, pond'ring as he pass'd along, He was sore pummell'd by the throng :  
 Now by a porter's package greeted,  
 Now on the pavement he was seated ;  
 While, deafen'd by a news-boy's din  
 A fruit-girl's barrow strikes his shin ;  
 And as his cautious course he guides,  
 The passing elbows punch his sides ;  
 While a cart-wheel, with luckless spirt,  
 Gives him a taste of London dirt :  
 At length, to get in safety back, He sought the comforts of a Hack.  
 His little journey at an end, The Doctor join'd his noble friend .  
 Together they in comfort dine,  
 Then munch'd their cakes, and sipp'd their wine ;  
 When Syntax, briefly, thus display'd  
 His parley with the man of trade.  
 "I owe unto your Lordship's name My future gains in gold and fame.  
 My uncomb'd wig,—my suit of black,  
 Which had grown rusty on my back,  
 My grizly visage, pale and thin,  
 My carcass, nought but bones and skin,  
 Presented to the Tradesman's eye  
 Nor would he deign to cast a look  
 The ghastly form of Poverty :  
 Upon the pages of my book ;



But, with the fierceness of a Turk, In sorry terms revil'd my work ;  
 And let loose all his purse-proud spleen  
 Against a thing he ne'er had seen :  
 But your kind note, where it was said, That all expenses should be paid,  
 New-dy'd my coat, new-cock'd my hat,  
 Powder'd my wig, and made me fat.  
 His eye now saw me plump and sleek, With not a wrinkle in my cheek ;  
 And strength, and stateliness, and vigour,  
 Completed my important figure ;  
 While, in my pocket, his keen look  
 Glanc'd at your Lordship's pocket-book.  
 'Twas now—' I'm sure the work will sell,  
 And pay the learned author well :'  
 Then grac'd his shrill and sputt'ring speeches  
 With pulling up his monstrous breeches ;  
 And made me all the humblest bows His vast protuberance allows :  
 For had he come with purse in hand,  
 E'en Satan might his press command ;  
 So that the book had not a flaw To risk the dangers of the law.  
 Prove but his gains—and he'd be civil, Or to the Doctor or the Devil."  
 Thus Syntax and his patron sat, And thus prolong'd the ev'ning chat.  
 My LORD.—"Your rapid pencil fairly traces  
 Men's characters as well as faces ;  
 Your latter sketch is true to Nature, And gives me *Vellum's* ev'ry feature.  
 With all your various talents fraught, So deeply read, so ably taught,  
 I feel a curious wish to know  
 From whence your high endowments flow :  
 And how it happens that a man,  
 Whose worth I scarce know how to scan,  
 Should ne'er have reach'd a better state,  
 Than seems to be your present fate."  
 SYNTAX.—"My Lord, a very scanty page  
 Will tell my birth and parentage :  
 A mod'rate circle will contain My round of pleasure and of pain,  
 Till you, my ever-honour'd friend, Bade my horizon wide extend,  
 And lighted up a brighter ray To beam upon my clouded day.  
 "My father was a noble creature  
 As e'er was form'd by pregnant Nature ;  
 A learned Clerk, a sound Divine, A fav'rite of the Virgins nine  
 Who dwell upon Parnassian hill, Or bathe in Heliconian rill.  
 In the sequester'd vale of life, An equal foe to pride and strife,  
 He pass'd his inoffensive day In teaching Virtue's peaceful way :  
 A shepherd, formed his flock to bless In this world's thorny wilderness,  
 And lead them, when their time is o'er,  
 To where, good man, he's gone before.  
 Ambition ne'er disturb'd his rest Nor bred a serpent in his breast  
 To sting his peace ; no sordid care Corroded the contentment there ;  
 While he possess'd an income clear Of full five hundred pounds a year.  
 "My mother, first of woman-kind, In figure, feature, and in mind,  
 In her calm sphere contented mov'd, The counterpart of him she lov'd.  
 Form'd to adorn the highest lot, She grac'd the Vicar's rural cot,

With all those manners that became The Parson's wife, the village dame,  
 They liv'd and lov'd—and might have wore  
 The *Flitch*, when twenty years were o'er.  
 "An only child appear'd, to prove The pledge of fond, connubial love.  
 I was that child—a darling boy ; Their daily hope—their daily joy.  
 My anxious father did not spare The urchin to another's care ;  
 He taught the little forward elf To be the image of himself ;  
 And from the cradle he began To form and shape the future man.  
 When fifteen summer suns had shed Their lustre on my curly head,  
 To *Alma mater* he consigned, With pious hope, my rip'ning mind.  
 "There, sev'n short years (for short they were)  
 Fair science was my only care ;  
 I gave my nights, I gave my days, To Tully's page and Homer's lays :  
 Whate'er is known of ancient lore I fondly studied o'er and o'er.  
 I follow'd each appointed course, And trac'd up learning to its source ;  
 But in my way I gather'd flow'rs, I sought the Muses in their bowers,  
 And did their fav'ring smiles repay With may a lyric roundelay ;  
 Nor did I fail the arts to woo Of Music and of painting too.  
 Thus was my early manhood pass'd In happiness too great to last.  
 My father dy'd—and ere his urn Had fill'd my arms, I had to mourn  
 A mother, who refus'd to stay, When her lov'd mate was ta'en away.  
 "What follow'd?—I was left alone,  
 And the world seiz'd me as its own.  
 I sought gay Fashion's motley throng, On Pleasure's tide I sail'd along ;  
 Till, by rude storms and tempests toss'd,  
 My shatter'd bark at length was lost ;  
 While I stood naked on the shore, My treasure gone, my pleasure o'er.  
 "Now chang'd by Fortune's fickle wind,  
 The friends I cherish'd prov'd unkind :  
 All those who shar'd my prosperous day,  
 Whene'er they saw me—turn'd away ;  
 And, as I almost wanted bread, I undertook a bear to lead,  
 To see the brute perform his dance,  
 Through Holland, Italy, and France ;  
 But it was such a very Bruin, To be with him was worse than ruin ;  
 So, having pac'd o'er classic ground,  
 And sail'd the Grecian Isles around,  
 (A pleasure, sure, beyond compare,  
 Though link'd in couples with a bear,)  
 I took my leave and left the cub Some humble Swiss to pay and drub :  
 Yet, when I reach'd my native shore,  
 Determin'd to lead bears no more,  
 No better prospect did I see, Than a free-school and curacy ;  
 The country tradesmen's sons to teach ;  
 In lonely village-church to preach,  
 With the proud sneer and vulgar taunt,  
 Oft thrown at Learning when in want ;  
 All which you'll think, my noble friend, Did not to ease or comfort tend.  
 But now, another act displays The folly of my former days.  
 A new scene opens of my life ; For faith, my Lord, I took a wife."  
 MY LORD.—"I should have thought a married mate

Must have improv'd your lonely state !  
 That a kind look and winning smile  
 Would serve, your labours to beguile."  
 SYNTAX.—"Love, in itself, is very good,  
 But, 'tis by no means, solid food ;  
 And, ere our honey-moon was o'er, I found we wanted something more.  
 This was the cause of all my trouble ;  
 My income would not carry double ;  
 But, led away from Reason's plan, By Love, that torturer of a man,  
 In our delirium we forgot What is Life's unremitted lot ;  
 That man and woman, too, are born, Beneath each rose to find a thorn !  
 We thought, as other fools have done,  
 That Hymen's laws had made us one ;  
 But had forgot that Nature, true To her own purpose, made us two.  
 There were two mouths that daily cry'd,  
 At morn and eve, to be supplied :  
 Though by one vow we were betroth'd,  
 There were two bodies to be cloth'd ;  
 And, to improve my happiness, Dolly is very fond of dress.  
 My head's content with one hat on it,  
 While Dorothy has hat and bonnet :  
 In short, there's no day passes through,  
 But I and my dear Doll are two.  
 One good has my kind fortune sped ; Dolly, my Lord, has never bred.  
 Thus, though we're always *TWO*, you see  
 We haply yet have have ne'er been *THREE*.  
 She came a beauty to my arms ; Her only dower was her charms :  
 But much she sav'd me, I must own, By never bringing brats to town."  
 MY LORD.—"Another time, my rev'rend guest,  
 I hope you will relate the rest :  
 I truly wish the whole to know, But bus'n's calls, and I must go.  
 I need not, sure, repeat my words ;  
 Command whate'er the house affords."  
 The Peer thus with the Doctor parted,  
 And left him gay and easy hearted ;  
 While many a pipe his thoughts digest,  
 Till his eyes told the hour of rest.  
 When the next morn, and breakfast came,  
 Said Syntax, "I should be to blame,  
 If I delay'd to tell my mind To one so gen'rous and so kind,  
 In hopes such counsel to receive As he will condescend to give.  
 For as I on my bed reclin'd, A sudden thought possess'd my mind,  
 Which may produce, as I've a notion,  
 A *North-west passage* to promotion.  
 "Loyal and true I've ever been,  
 And much of this same world I've seen :  
 Well vers'd in the historic page Of this and ev'ry other age  
 I could employ my studious hour  
 For those who hold the reins of power ;  
 And sure a well-turn'd pamphlet might  
 Attention from the court invite ;

By which I could, in nervous prose,      Unveil the ministerial foes;  
     And, with no common skill and care,  
     Praise and support the powers that are.  
 I then might be preferr'd at once;      No more the prey of any dunce,  
     Who views poor authors as mere drudges,  
     And ev'ry doit he pays them grudges;  
     Nor cares how much he makes them feel,  
     Just as a cock-maid skins an eel.  
 It would be better far to throw,      Than this same *Paternoster-Row*;  
     Where the poor bees, in Learning's hive,  
     Toil, but to make the tradesmen thrive—  
 And for their intellectual honey,      Get but a poor return in money.  
 It would be cutting matters short,      Could I but get a friend at court:  
     'Twould be, and I repeat the notion,  
     A *North-West passage* to promotion."  
     MY LORD.—"Patient, my learned Doctor, hear;  
     And to my counsels give an ear:  
     I long have known, and known too well,  
     The country where you wish to dwell.  
     Corruption, fraud, and envy wait  
     At the proud Statesman's crowded gate;  
     There fawning flatt'ry wins its way,  
     There the base passions join the fray,  
     Like beasts that on each other prey;  
     While the smile hides each trait'rous heart,  
     And interest plays a *Proteus* part.  
     You've too much virtue, my good friend,  
     Your talents and your time to lend,      To such a power—for such an end.  
     Can you work up the specious lie      That does not quite the truth deny?  
     Can you that kind of truth relate,      On which you may prevaricate?  
     Will you from others bear to seek  
     What you must think, and write, and speak?  
     Will you, to-day, their systems borrow,  
     And calmly shake them off to-morrow?  
     Will you, Cameleon-like, receive      The Hue a Patron wants to give?  
     —You've too much honest pride to be      A scribbler to the *Treasury*;  
     Where you must wait the lagging hour,      And cringe to *images* of power!  
     To men in office, upstart elves,      Who think of little but themselves.  
     "When long an hacknied slave you've been,  
     And dash'd and divid'd through thick and thin;  
     When you have chang'd each purer thought  
     For morals which in courts are taught;  
     When all distinctions, that belong,      To what is right and what is wrong,  
     Have, of your reason, lost their hold,      For dribblets of a patron's gold;  
     When the bold Logic, fram'd by Truth,  
     Your filial boast in early youth,  
     Yields to the vacillating rule      Of Policy's complying school;—  
     When guile and cunning, from your breast,  
     Have driven that once-honour'd guest,  
     You may, perhaps, or you may not,      Be set aside, unheard, forgot;

Or haply find, when Virtue's lost, Repentance, and some petty Post.  
 This will not do, my learned friend, You must to better things attend ;  
 All thoughts of *Downing Street* forego,  
 And stick to *Paternoster Row*.  
 "The man of trade you cannot blame, For money is his native aim ;  
 It is the object of all trade To make as much as can be made :  
 Bankers and Booksellers alike, At ev'ry point of profit strike ;  
 And the same spirit you will meet  
 In *Mincing Lane* or *Lombard Street*.  
 'Tis not confin'd, we all must know, To vulgar tradesmen in the *ROW*.  
 Success depends on writing well—  
 Booksellers bow, when Volumes sell.  
 On the Exchange, each day at three, This self-same principle you'll see  
 Lead thither the vast, pressing throng ;  
 And know, dear Sir, or right or wrong,  
 'Tis that which makes Old England strong.  
 Though roguery's in *Vellum's* shop, It is, my friend, the Nation's prop :  
 And though you please, good Sir, to flout it,  
 Old England could not do without it.  
 Without it she might be as good, But half as great she never would.  
 I look with pleasure to the fame That now awaits your learned name ;  
 And when your labours are well paid, You'll be the Eulogist of Trade.  
 " *Vellum* may be a purse-proud Cit,  
 With more of money than of wit ;  
 But *Vellum*, my good Sir, can tell The kind of book that's made to sell.  
 Indeed, the man whose pocket's full, However empty be his skull,  
 Although immeasurably dull,  
 Will find, 'midst the ill-judging crowd, Far greater reason to be proud,  
 Than he whose head contains a store  
 Of critic skill, and learned lore,  
 If to his wit he does not join, The blest command of ready coin.  
 Write and get rich, nor fear the taunts  
 Of booksellers and such gallants ;  
*Vellum* has no more sordid tricks Than those that deal in Politics ;  
 But till your various Learning's known,  
 And your works sell throughout the Town ;  
 Till, having settled Fortune's spite,  
 Your name shall sanction what you write,  
 Let *Vellum* his rewards bestow,  
 Nor scoff at *PATERNOSTER ROW*."  
 SYNTAX.—"To your kind words I've nought to say,  
 But thank your Lordship, and obey.  
 And now, as twenty years have pass'd Since I beheld fair London last,  
 I shall employ the present day In strolling calmly to survey  
 What changes Time and Chance have made,  
 What Wealth has done, and Art essay'd,  
 What taste has, in its fancies, shown,  
 To give new splendour to the Town :  
 That being done, I'll take my way To Covent Garden—to the play."  
 "Then," said his Lordship, "when we meet,  
 I shall expect a special treat,

To hear my learned friend impart      His notions of dramatic art.  
 The Doctor bow'd, and off he went,      Upon his curious progress bent :  
     He pac'd the Parks—he view'd each Square,  
     And, staring, he made others stare.  
 At length, at the appointed hour,      He hasten'd to the Playhouse door,  
 And took his place within the pit,      Beside a critic and a wit,  
     As wits and critics now are known  
     Who hash up nonsense for the Town ;  
 And, in the daily columns, show      How small the sum of all they know.  
     "I think," said Syntax, looking round,  
     "It is not good, this vast profound :  
 I see no well-wrought columns here ;      No attic ornaments appear ;  
 Nought but a washy, wanton waste      Of gaudy tints and puny taste :  
 Too large to hear too long to see—      Full of unmeaning symmetry.  
     The parts all answer one another ;  
     Each pigeon-hole reflects its brother ;  
 And all, alas ! too plainly show      How easy 'tis to form a Row :  
     But where's the grand, the striking whole ?  
     A Theatre should have a soul."  
 "Excuse me, Sir," the Critic said, "These Theatres are all a trade :  
     Their owners laugh at scrolls and friezes ;  
     'Tis a full house, alone, that pleases :  
 And you must know, it is the plan      To stick and stuff it as they can :  
     Your noble, architect'ral graces  
     Would take up room, and fill up places."  
     "This may be true, Sir, to the letter ;  
     But genius would have manag'd better,"  
 Syntax replied :—"Nay, I am willing  
     To let them gain the utmost shilling ;  
 But surely talent might be found, (The natives, too, of British ground,)  
     Who could have blended attic merit      With this proprietary spirit."  
 Thus as he spoke, the curtain rose,      And forced his harangue to a close :  
 But still, as they the drama view'd,      The conversation was renew'd,  
     And lasted till the whole was o'er ;  
     When, as they pass'd the Playhouse door,  
     The Critic said—"Twill wound my heart  
     If you and I so soon must part :  
 O, how I long to crack a bottle      With such a friend of Aristotle !  
 Now, as you seem to know him well,      Perhaps his residence you'll tell."  
 "Where it is now I do not know," Syntax reply'd ;—"and I must go ;  
 But this I can most boldly say—You scarce will meet him at the play."  
 When fairly got into the street, "O," thought the Doctor, "what a treat  
     For my good Lord, when next we meet !"

## CANTO XXIV.

Now Syntax, as he travell'd back,      Lolling and stretching in a hack,  
 Could not but ponder in his mind      On what he had just left behind.  
     "I've seen a play," he mutt'ring said ;—  
     'Twas Shakespeare's—but in masquerade !



I've seen a farce, I scarce know what ; 'Twas only fit to be forgot.  
 I've seen a Critic, and have heard The string of nonsense he preferr'd.  
 Heaven bless me ! where has Learning fled ?  
 Where has she hid her sacred head ?  
 O how degraded is she grown, To spawn such boobies on the town !  
 The sterling gold is seen no more ; In vain we seek the genuine ore :  
 Some mixture doth its worth debase ;  
 Some wire-drawn nonsense takes its place.  
 How few consume the midnight oil ! How few in Learning's labour toil !  
 Content, as they incurious stray Through Life's unprofitable day,  
 With straws that on the surface flow,  
 Nor look for pearls that live below :  
 They ne'er the hidden depths explore,  
 But gather sea-weed on the shore !  
 There was a period, when the stage Was thought to dignify the age ;  
 When learned men were seen to sit Upon the benches of the pit ;  
 When to his Art and Nature true,  
 GARRICK his various pictures drew ;  
 While ev'ry passion, ev'ry thought, He to perfection fully wrought ;  
 By Nature's self supremely taught,  
 He did her very semblance bear, And look'd as she herself were there.  
 Whether old *Lear's* form he wore, With age and sorrow cover'd o'er ;  
 Or *Romco's* am'rous flame possess'd, That torture of the human breast ;  
 Or gay *Lothario's* glowing pride, In conquest o'er his rival's bride ;  
 Or when, with fell ambition warm, In *Macbeth* or in *Gloster's* form,  
 He gave each passion to the eye In all its fine variety,  
 The words he did not loudly quote ;  
 But acted e'en as SHAKESPEARE wrote.  
 " Nor was he less (for he could range In ev'ry wayward busy change  
 Known in the field of scenic art— The true camleon of the heart)  
 When he assum'd the merry glee Of laughter-loving COMEDY.  
 " In *Ranger's* tricks, or when he strove  
 In *Benedict* to hide his love ;  
 When he in *Drugger's* doublet shone, Or *Brute's* rude ribaldry put on ;  
 When he the jealous *Kitely* play'd ; When the same passion he essay'd  
 In *Felix* ;—with what truth and force  
 He urg'd that passion's different course,  
 Work'd up its features all anew— But still he was to Nature true !  
 Nay, e'en in *Farce* he could awake  
 The fun that made the gall'ries shake  
 The heart he cheated of its woe, And made the poignant tear to flow,  
 Lit up a joy in ev'ry eye, Or drown'd the soul in agony.  
 He ever was to Nature true ;— By no false arts did he subdue  
 Th' attentive mind, the list'ning ear ; In all the Drama's wide career,  
 He ne'er outstepp'd th' unerring rule,  
 Which he had learn'd in Nature's school :  
 In ev'ry part he did excel ; He aim'd at all, and all was well.  
 In those good times none went to see The mere effects of scenery ;  
 The constant laugh, the forc'd grimace, The vile distortions of the face ;  
 In those good times none went to see *Pierots* and *Clowns* in Comedy,  
 Men sought perfection to discern, And learned Critics went to learn.

"SHAKESPEARE, immortal Bard sublime !  
 Unmatch'd within the realm of time !  
 He did not with Promethean aim, Attempt to steal æthereal flame ;  
 Rather to him the thoughts of Heaven, Were, by Celestial bounty, given :  
 He read profound, in ev'ry page Of Nature's volume, ev'ry age  
 And act of man ! Each passion's course  
 He traces with resistless force ;  
 Nay, with a more than mortal art, Gives unknown feelings to the heart ;  
 And doth the yielding fancy bear, Just as his magic wills—and where.  
 "His page still lives, and sure will last  
 Till Time and all its years are past.  
 The Poet, to the end of Time,  
 Breathes in his works and lives in rhyme ;  
 But, when the Actor sinks to rest, And the turf lies upon his breast,  
 A poor traditionary fame Is all that's left to grace his name,  
 The Drama's children strut and play,  
 In borrow'd parts, their lives away ;  
 And then they share the obvious lot ;  
*Smith* will, like *Cibber*, be forgot !  
*Cibber* with fascinating art, Could wake the pulses of the heart ;  
 But her's is an expiring name, And darling *Smith's* will be the same.  
 Of *GARRICK'S* self e'en nought remains ;  
 His art and him one grave contains :  
 In others' minds to make him live, Is all remembrance now can give.  
 All we can say—alas ! how vain ! We ne'er shall see his like again."  
 Just as this critic-speech was o'er  
 The coach stopp'd at his Lordship's door .  
 But my good Lord was gone to bed ; So Syntax to his chamber sped,  
 Where, with his pipe, and o'er his bottle,  
 He chew'd the cud of Aristotle,  
 Till, stretch'd upon a bed of down,  
 Sleep did his head with poppies crown ;  
 And well he slept, until a voice Desir'd to know if 'twas his choice  
 Still to sleep on ? And then it stated—  
 His Lordship and the breakfast waited.  
 "Well," said my Lord, when he appear'd,  
 "I hope the play your spirits cheer'd ;  
*Falstaff*, the morning critics tell, Was never surely play'd so well."  
 "These critics," Syntax smiling said,  
 "Are wretched bunglers at their trade :  
 One sat beside me in the Pit, No more a critic than a wit !  
 Between the acts we both exprest, Or what was worst, or what was best ;  
 And whil'd those intervals away In changing thoughts upon the play ;  
 And, though both form'd to disagree,  
 Nought pass'd but perfect courtesy.  
 Perhaps it may your fancy suit To hear our classical dispute :  
 I think, my Lord, 'twould prove a treat,  
 Should you allow me to repeat  
 All that this criticising sage Knew of the humours of the stage :  
 For, as to what should form a play ;  
 How actors should their parts convey ;

What are the Drama's genuine laws,  
 The source from whence true Genius draws  
 Such scenes, as when to Nature shown,  
 She loud exclaims—They are my own ;  
 He knew no more it will appear, Than the tea-urn that's boiling here ;  
 Like that, he did no more than bubble, And without any toil or trouble :  
 They felt the trouble who sat near him ;  
 For, sure enough, 'twas toil to hear him.  
 After some gen'ral trifling chat Of the new Play-house, and all that,  
 The scenes that pass'd before our eyes,  
 Produc'd these questions and replies :  
 In short, I'll state our *quids pro quos* Just in the order they arose."

CRITIC.—"Oh, what a *Falstaff*! Oh, how fine !  
 Oh, 'tis great acting—'tis divine !"

SYNTAX.—"His acting's great—that I can tell ye ;  
 For all the acting's in his belly."

CRITIC.—"But, with due deference to your joke,  
 A truer word I never spoke  
 Than when I say—you've never been The witness of a finer scene.  
 Th' admir'd actor whom you see Plays the fat Knight most charmingly ;  
 'Tis in this part he doth excel ; *Quin* never played it half so well."

SYNTAX.—"You ne'er saw *Quin* the stage adorn :  
 He acted ere your sire was born,  
 And critics, Sir, who liv'd before you,  
 Would have disclos'd a different story.  
 This play I've better acted seen In country towns where I have been.  
 I do not hesitate to say— I'd rather read this very play  
 By my own parlour fire-side, With my poor judgment for my guide,  
 Than see the actors of this stage,  
 Who make me gape at Shakespeare's page.  
 When I read *Falstaff* to myself, I laugh like any merry elf ;  
 While my mind feels a cheering glow That Shakespeare only can bestow.  
 The swagg'ring words in his defence,  
 Which scarce are wit and yet are sense ;  
 The ribald jest—the quick conceit—  
 The boast of many a braggart feat ;  
 The half-grave questions and replies, In his high-wrought soliloquies ;  
 The dubious thought—the pleasant prate,  
 Which give no time to love or hate,  
 In such succession do they flow, From no to yea—from yea to no,  
 Have not been to my mind convey'd By this pretender to his trade.  
 The smile sarcastic, and the leer That tells the laughing mock'ry near ;  
 The warning look that ere 'tis spoke, Aptly forbodes the coming joke ;  
 The air so solemn, yet so sly, Shap'd to conceal the ready lie ;  
 The eyes, with some shrewd meaning bright,  
 I surely have not seen to-night :  
 Again, I must beg leave to tell ye, 'Tis nought of *Falstaff* but his belly."

CRITIC.—"All this is fine—and may be true ;  
 But with such truths I've nought to do.  
 I'm sure, Sir, I shall say aright, When I report the great delight  
 Th' enraptur'd audience feel to-night :

It is indeed, with no small sorrow, I cannot your opinions borrow  
To fill the columns of to-morrow.

My light critique will be prefer'd The public always take my word ;  
Nay, the loud plaudits heard around

Must all your far-fetch'd thoughts confound :

I truly wonder when I see, You do not laugh as well as me."

SYNTAX.—"My muscles other ways are drawn :

I cannot laugh, Sir,—while I yawn."

CRITIC.—"But you will own the scenes are fine."

SYNTAX.—"Whate'er the acting, they're divine,

And fit for any pantomime.

Of this it is that I complain ; These are the tricks which I disdain :

The painter's art the play commends ; On gaudy show success depends :

The clothes are made in just design ;

They are well character'd and fine.

The actors now, I think, Heav'n bless 'em,

Must learn their art from those who dress 'em ;

But give me actors, give me plays, On which I could with rapture gaze,

Tho' coats and scenes were made of bair :

For if the scene were highly wrought ; If players acted as they ought ;

You would not then be pleas'd to see This heavy mass of frippery.

Hear, Horace, Sir, who wrote of plays

In Ancient Rome's Augustan days :—

*' Tanto cum strepitu ludi spectantur, et artes,*

*Divitiæque peregrinæ : quibus oblitus actor*

*Cum stetit in Scena, concurrat dextera lævæ.*

*Dixit adhuc aliquid ? nil sane. Quid placet ergo ?*

*Lana Tarentino violas imitata veneno."*

CRITIC.—"Your pardon, Sir, but all around me,

There are such noises they confound me :

And, though I full attention paid, I scarcely know a word you said.

To say the truth I must acknowledge

'Tis long since I have quitted college :

Virgil and Horace are my friends I have them at my finger's ends .

But Grecian Lore, I blush to own, Is wholly to my mind unknown.

I therefore must your meaning seek :

Oblige me, Sir, translate your Greek.

But see, the farce is now begun, And you must listen to the fun,

It sure has robb'd you of your bile ;

For now, methinks, you deign to smile.

SYNTAX.—"The thing is droll, and aptly bent

To raise a vulgar merriment :

But Merry-Andrews, seen as such, Have often made me laugh as much.

An actor does but play the fool

When he forsakes old Shakespeare's rule,

And lets his own foul nonsense out,

To please th' ill-judging rabble rout :

But when he swears, to furnish laughter,

The beadle's whip should follow after.

There's Terence, Sir, and then there's *Plautus*;

They've both a better lesson taught us."

CRITIC.—“*Terence*, I know, he wrote in Latin,  
 Just as a weaver makes his satin;  
 He well deserv'd the comic bays: For *Westminster* he wrote his plays;  
 And *Plautus* was a fellow famous, He wrote a Farce call'd *Ignoramus*;  
 Where Lawyers, by profession bold, In Latin and in English scold.”  
 “At length, my Lord, the parley ended  
 Which, to amuse, cannot be mended.  
 You well may laugh so loud, but I Feel myself more dispos'd to cry,  
 When thus I see what asses sit In judgment upon works of wit.  
 “I own, my Lord, I love a play—  
 When some performer's turn'd away,  
 By Green-Room tyrants, from the boards  
 Of London stage, our town affords  
 To tempt or her or him to stay, For a few nights, upon their way;  
 Then Doll and I are seen to sit Conspicuous in our Country Pit.”  
 Thus as he spoke, with frequent bows,  
 And fifty whens, and wheres, and hows,  
*Vellum* appear'd, with solemn look, To talk about the Doctor's Book.  
 He said, “’Twas true a learned friend  
 The Manuscript did much commend;  
 He thinks it is a work of merit,  
 Written with learning, taste, and spirit;  
 The sketches too, if he don't err, Possess appropriate character;  
 ’Tis to the humour of our age, And has your Lordship's patronage;  
 I therefore wish the work to buy, And deal with liberality.  
 ’Tis true that paper's very dear, And workmen's wages most severe:  
 The volume's heavy, and demands  
 Th' engraver's with the printer's hands:  
 Besides, there is a risk to run; Before the press its work has done  
 New taxes may, perhaps, be laid On some prime article of trade,  
 And then the price will be so high;— The persons are but few who buy  
 Books of so very costly kind; But still the work is to my mind.  
 I'll try my luck, and will be bound  
 To give, my Lord, three hundred pound.”  
 After some little chat on trade The bargain was completely made—  
 The work transferr'd, the money paid.  
 “Tho,” said my Lord, “I think your gains  
 By no means equal to your pains:  
 (For *Vellum* will a bargain drive As well as any man alive;)   
 The work must give my friend a name, And stamp his Literary fame,  
 ’Twill *Paternoster Row* command, And keep old *Vellum* cap-in-hand;  
 And when a name is up, ’tis said, The owner may lay snug in bed.  
 Write on—the learned track pursue—  
 And Booksellers shall cringe to you.”  
 Much pass'd upon his Lordship's part,  
 Which shew'd the goodness of his heart;  
 While Syntax made his full replies,  
 Not with his tongue—but with his eyes.

## CANTO XXV.

MY LORD retir'd—the Doctor too,      As he had nothing else to do,  
 Thought he would take a peep and see      His noble Patron's Library.  
 So down he sat, without a care,      In a well-stuff'd Morocco chair,  
     And seiz'd a book ; but Morpheus shed  
     The poppies o'er his rev'rend head ;  
 While Fancy would not be behind,      So play'd her tricks within his mind,  
     And furnish'd a most busy dream,  
     Which Syntax made his pleasant theme,  
 Soon as he met my Lord to dine,      Or rather, while they took their wine.  
     THE DREAM.—That I was in the Strand I dream'd,  
     And o'er my head methought there seem'd,  
 A flight of volumes in the air,      In various bindings gilt and fair :  
     Th' unfolded leaves, expos'd to view,  
     Serv'd them as wings on which they flew,  
     Through the mid air they pass'd along  
     In stately flight a num'rous throng ;  
 And from each book a label fell,      Form'd ev'ry author's name to tell !  
 Nor was it long before I saw,      With a fond, reverential awe,  
     The celebrated Bards and Sages  
     Which grac'd the Greek and Roman ages,  
 All headed by a solemn fowl      Which bore the 'semblance of an Owl.  
     'Twas Pallas' Bird, who led them straight  
     Through Temple-Bar's expanded Gate.  
     —Year-Books, Reports, and sage grave Entries,  
     At either Temple-gate stood sentries :  
 While Viner his Abridgment shows      In sixty well-arm'd Folios.  
     The Lamb, it baa'd, the Horse, it neigh'd,  
     In rev'rence of the cavalcade,  
 Near Clifford's-Inn appear'd to stand      Of *Capiases* an ugly band ;  
     For when their parchment flags appear'd,  
     Instant the crowded street was clear'd,  
 And the procession pass'd along,      Untroubled by a pressing throng.  
 St. Dunstan's savages were mute,      But still they gave their best salute ;  
     Disdaining Eloquence and Rhymes,  
     They 'woke their bells to speak in chimes.  
 Erskine's fam'd Pamphlet Cap-a-pee,      With many an *I*, and many a *Me*,  
     Issu'd from Serjeants'-Inn, and made  
     A speech to grace the grand parade.  
     The Stationers came forth to meet  
     The stranger forms in Ludgate-street ;  
 Each one, upon his brawny back,      Bearing a large sheet Almanac.  
 For a short time the Learned train      Stopp'd before Ave-Maria-Lane,  
     That *Galen* might just view the College,  
     The seat of medicinal knowledge.  
 Nor did they fail awhile to tarry      Before St. Paul's learn'd Seminary,  
 Where *Lilly's Grammar* did rehearse      *Propria quæ Maribus* in verse.  
     At Cheapside-end there seem'd to stand  
     A pageant, rather huge than grand ;



Ream upon Ream of Quire Stock  
 Appear'd like some vast, massive rock :  
 On its firm base a figure stood      A composite of brass and wood :  
 The months and weeks around it stand,  
 With each a number in its hand  
 Of Bibles, Hist'ries and Reviews,      And Magazines of ev'ry Muse,  
 With cover'ds of various hue, Pea-green and red, and brown and blue.  
 The shape was clad in Livery-gown ;  
 The face had neither smile nor frown,  
 While it held out a monstrous paunch  
 As fat with many a ham and haunch.  
 Two Printers' Devils o'er his head      A crimson canvas widely spread,  
 Whereon was writ in gilded show— "GENIUS OF PATERNOSTER-ROW,"  
 The mighty Giants of Guildhall,      Urg'd by a sympathetic call,  
 No sooner heard the clock strike *One*,  
 Than from their stations they came down ;  
 And in *Cheapside* they took their stand, In honour of the Classic Band ;  
 But when they heard the clock strike *Two*,  
 March'd back as they were wont to do.  
 Now as they came near the Old-Jewry,  
 Like Dulness work'd into a Fury,  
 A vulgar shape appear'd, who flew  
 On pinions mark'd with *ONE* and *TWO* ;  
 And other items which denote, That four-pence is well-worth a groat.  
 It seem'd to lead a num'rous train Who render'd further passage vain.  
 Straight he came forward to produce A *Blank-Sheet* as a flag of truce.  
 Near him two flutt'ring *Pamphlets* bore  
 Standards, with figures cover'd o'er ;  
 A gilt *Pence-table* grac'd the one, The *Price of Stock* on t'other shone.  
 A picquet guard of Valuations, And Int'rest Tables took their stations  
 Around their leader, who drew nigh, To make his bold soliloquy ;  
 But e'er he speaks, my proper course is  
 Just to describe the City Forces.  
*Bill-Books* and *Cash-Books* form'd the van,  
 An active and a numerous clan :  
 The *Journals* follow'd them whose skill      Is exercis'd in daily drill :  
 On either side appear'd to range  
*Unpaid Accounts*, *Bills of Exchange*,  
 The Files of *Banker's Checks* : these three  
 Manœuv'red as *Light Infantry* ;  
 While many a stationary book      Its regular position took ;  
 And *Quires of Blotting Paper* stood      To suck up any flow of blood.  
 The *Ledgers* the main body form, Arm'd to resist the coming storm ;  
 Whose pond'rous shapes could boldly show  
 A steady phalanx to the foe.  
*Discord* appear'd with base intent      The hostile spirit to foment :  
 Not *Discord* that precedes the car      Of Mars whene'er he goes to war ;  
 But of a different rank and nation, Known by the name of *Litigation* ;  
 Born on some foul Attorney's desk ;      Bred up to harass and perplex ;  
 Whose appetite is for dispute,      And has no wish but for a suit.  
 She rose upon a Gander's wing,      And round about began to fling

Pleas, Declarations, and each bit  
 Of Parchment that could form a Writ.  
 The *News-papers* with pen in hand, In the balconies took their stand;  
 Waiting with that impartial spirit, Which all well know they all inherit,  
 To make the hurry of the Battle  
 Through all the next day's columns rattle;  
 And, with one conscience, to prepare The History of this Paper war.  
 The Herald now the silence broke,  
 'Twas mighty COCKER's self that spoke;  
 And thus to Pallas' Bird address'd The solemn purpose of his breast.  
 "I state my claim to ask and know  
 From whence you come and where you go,  
 And by what licence you appear With all your foreign Pagans here?  
 Come you with all this cavalcade T' insult the Vehicles of Trade,  
 And our dear, home-bred rights invade?  
 A mighty force awaits you here, To check and punish your career;  
 And I am order'd by my masters, Who fear disturbance and disasters,  
 To bid you quickly turn about,  
 From London streets to take your rout,  
 Or we shall quickly turn you out.  
 My name is COCKER, which is known  
 In ev'ry Counting-house in Town:  
 Nay, such my use and reputation, I am respected through the nation.  
 Yes, I'm the Father, I who speak, Of Mercantile Arithmetic;  
 Source of a race that far outvies Your Greek and Latin progenies:  
 And now I hope that in a crack You'll send an humble answer back,  
 Or else expect a fierce attack.  
 I'll count twice two, and then add four,  
 That time I'll give, but give no more.  
 One, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight.—  
 I've done, and will no longer wait."  
 The Bird of Pallas who could speak, In English or in Attic Greek,  
 As suited best—did not prolong His answer in the Vulgar Tongue.  
 "'Twas a petition, duly made By certain of your Sons of Trade,  
 To beg my mistress would permit That they should buy a little Wit;  
 And here import, though in defiance Of common rules, a little Science.  
 I ask not, if 'twas their intent To gain a name—or *ten per cent.*;  
 Whether 'tis wisdom or misdoing;  
 Whether 'twill prove their good or ruin,  
 Or the result of civic sense, Or a shrewd, mercantile pretence:  
 Whether 'tis Interest or Pride That turns them from old rules aside;  
 That urges them to tax their trade, For off'rings to th' Immortal Maid:  
 These self-same matters, to be free, Are, *Mister Cocker*, nought to me.  
 'Tis by Minerva's high command, That I conduct this Classic Band;  
 'Tis she commands, and we obey; Nor shall you stop us on the way,  
 Whether it does or does not suit Your Pleasure, to the INSTITUTE  
 We'll go, you calculating brute.  
 Say, will your low-born volumes dare  
 With these brave vet'rans to compare?  
 What's all this bustle—all this fuss?  
 Think you they can contend with us?

They who are slaves, so base and willing,  
 Of any pound, and pence, and shilling.  
 As the pen gives they're forc'd to drink      The venal dips of any ink,  
 And when they're filled, their lives expire,  
 Consign'd to light a kitchen fire;  
 Or sent away to such vile use      As Chandlers or as Hucksters chuse:  
 If they oppose our stated way, We'll sweep them from the face of day.  
     "At the same time we wish for peace,  
 And that your saucy threats may cease.  
 We do not mean to mock the City      With any hope of being witty:  
 We do not bring our learned powers      To vex its speculating hours;  
 Or with poetic visions cross      Your schemes of Profit and of Loss.  
 We did not first suggest the deed, To bring you books you cannot read.  
     Meetings were form'd and speeches made,  
 And all by weighty men of trade,  
 To frame the unforeseen request; And surely we have done our best,  
 When we each Classic did provide,      With a Translation by its side.  
 —*Dryden* is ready to rehearse      All *Virgil's* Works in English verse;  
 And Grecian *Homer* rests his hope      Of being understood by Pope.  
*Leland* will give you, if ye please,      The speeches of *Demosthenes*;  
 While Northern *Guthrie* will bestow      The Eloquence of *Cicero*.  
     To *Thomas Styles* and *John a Nokes*  
     *Carr* will repeat old *Lucien's* Jokes;  
 While *Juvenal's* sharp satire shines      In *William Giffard's* rival lines.  
*Coleman* and *Thornton* will convey      Right notions of a Latin Play.  
     Whate'er the ancient critics wrote,  
     You now may in plain English quote,  
 And drink *Pye's* health, when o'er the bottle, For Anglicising *Aristotle*!  
     Nay, all the Ancient Bards have sung  
     You now may sing in Vulgar Tongue!  
     What could we more?—so cease your riot,  
     And let us pass along in quiet.  
     Dismiss your Counting-house parade;  
     Send off these cumbrous tomes of trade:  
     Back to their counters let them roam,  
     And sip their ink, and stay at home;  
 Nor e'er again their threats oppose      To Grecian and to Roman foes."  
     COCKER.—"Fools may be found, I do not doubt it,  
     Within this City as without it:  
     This truth, indeed, is very clear,  
     For they were fools who brought you here  
 I pray thee tell me what has wit      To do with any plodding cit!  
 Of wit we know not what is meant, Unless 'tis found in *Cent. per Cent.*  
 Learning, a drug has always been; No Warehouseman will take it in;  
     Should practis'd Mercers quit their satin  
     To look at Greek and long for Latin?  
     Should the pert, upstart, Merchant's boy  
     Behold the Tower, and think of Troy?  
 Or should a Democratic Hatter      'Bout old Republics make a clatter?  
 Should City Praters leave their tools,      To talk by Ciceronian rules;  
 And at our meetings in Guildhall      Puzzle the mob with Classic brawl?

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Latin Play.

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No, to such things they've no pretence ;  
No—let them stick to common sense :  
You may your ancient Bards rehearse,  
But there's no common-sense in verse ;  
Not all the Classics at your tail  
Would weigh an ounce in Reason's scale.  
I treat the name of *Rome* with scorn ;  
Give me the Commerce of *Leghorn*.

From Italy's prolific shore The wond'rous science was brought o'er,  
The bright invention which convey'd Such vast facilities to Trade :  
The DOUBLE ENTRY far outvies All pictur'd, sculptur'd fantasies ;  
And sure I am, his honour'd name Deserves a brighter wreath of Fame,  
To whose keen mind the scheme occur'd,  
Than e'er was won by conqueror's sword.  
What did the Greeks, pray, know of Trade ?  
Ulysses, as I've heard it said,

Was full *ten months* oblig'd to roam, Before he brought his cargo home :  
A voyage in that self-same sea, Our coasting brigs would make in *three*.  
The INSTITUTION was display'd As a mere trump'ry trick of trade,  
Deck'd out, 'tis true, with great parade ;

While you are coming as a bribe,  
To make our purse-proud cits subscribe ;  
And aid the primary intent Of dividends of *ten per cent*.  
We have our pedant tradesmen too, Who talk as if they something knew,  
And Learning's cud pretend to chew :

Who get cramp words, and court the Muse  
In Magazines and in Reviews.  
Yes, we have those whose priggish rage is,  
Not to read books—but title-pages ;  
Who spare no cost in drink and meat To furnish out a tempting treat  
That may attract an attic train To *Mincing* or to *Philpot-Lane* ;  
Who snatch the feast, and go away To mock the patron of the day.

There are who strive to have it thought,  
That they have minds with Learning fraught :

Though, if they have so small discerning,  
To interrupt their trade with Learning ;  
The day will come when they'll be found  
With *certain shillings in the pound*.

But, to be brief—consult your fame,  
And go back gravely, as you came ;  
Or we shall send you somewhat faster,  
Nor for your wounds afford a plaster.

—Look at that form which soars in air,  
And shines like a portentous star ;

It is th' armorial symbol bright, Of a renown'd, commercial Knight,  
Who sought not a superior fame Than doth befit a Merchant's name.  
See how his ensign is unfurl'd O'er the Emporium of the world,  
And does, with threat'ning aspect view,  
Your Owlish worship and your Crew ;

While in its motions we descry The sure presage of Victory.  
Yes, on success I calculate, As sure as four and four make eight.

Thus I have clearly stated the amount,  
*Errors excepted*, of my just account."  
 THE OWL—"Good *Mister Cocker* I have heard  
 All that your wisdom has preferr'd ;  
 And I entreat you turn your head,  
 In which such numbers have been bred,  
 And see a certain wind prevail, To make your grasshopper turn tail ;  
 From which my wise soothsayer draws An omen fatal to your cause ;  
 And you may hear his tongue proclaim,  
 'Your boobies will all do the same.'  
 But talking is of little use— Therefore at once I break the truce."  
 As Critics now when call'd to duel, Disdainful of the common fuel,  
 No more with shot or bullet vapour,  
 But wound with ink, and kill with paper :  
 Both sides for conflict dire prepare ;  
 And thus commenc'd the threaten'd war.  
*Euclid* at *Master Cocker* flew, Whom by one stroke he overthrew ;  
 Then with a knotty problem bound him,  
 And left him struggling where he found him.  
*Cæsar*, with all his Latins, pounc'd  
 On the light parties, whom they trounc'd,  
 And soon a dreadful havoc made Of bills that never would be paid ;  
 While Bankers' Checks made quick retreat,  
 And huddled into *Lombard-Street*.  
 With equal force the Greeks attack, And drove the heavy legions back :  
*Ledgers* and *Journals* lay all scatter'd ;  
*Bill-Books* and *Cash-Books* were bespatter'd :  
 Short was the contest ; struck with dread, Confus'd the City forces fled.  
 For aid on Stationers they call, But they were busy at their Hall ;  
 And this same Hall their trade-craft found  
 To be a sort of neutral ground ;  
 As they conceiv'd the havoc made, Might serve the paper-making trade :  
 To side with either they were loth, In hopes to profit from them both.  
 The Postman now his clarion blew ;  
 His blasts were vain—they would not do ;  
 The *Letter-Books* disorder'd flew ;  
 While *Pindar* from Bow-steeple clock  
 Look'd down, and, as he view'd the shock  
 Chaunted, nor did he chaunt in vain, A loud and animating strain.  
 Forth from the Bank a troop was sent  
 Of threes and fours and fives *per cent*.  
 But they ran off, nor struck a blow ; For Stocks that day were very low.  
 The *Policies* remain'd secure, Waiting for arms of signature ;  
 For what brave spirit e'er would fight 'em  
 When nobody would underwrite 'em.  
 And now these doughty cits were beat,  
 Down ev'ry lane, up ev'ry street,  
 But met to form each broken rank, Before the Portals of the Bank :  
 There they a solemn council hold,  
 Whether, by added strength grown bold,  
 To a new contest they should come, Or sneak away disbanded home.

Thus the old Classics having beat  
 The vulgar foe, sought *Coleman-Street*;  
 But as they pass'd, a numerous host At *Coopers'-Hall*, had taken post.  
 Two blue-coat urchins play'd the fife  
 Which call'd them to the martial strife;  
 When 'stead of pointed darts and lances,  
 They pelted the Antiques with *Chances*:  
 But Fortune, who is ever blind, Turn'd short and iert her bands behind.  
 Their Leader lost, away they steal,  
 And hide their numbers in the *Wheel*.  
 At length the Classic Sages great Their Parthenonian retreat:  
 But while the echoing walls around With *Io Paans* loud resound;  
 Again the vengeful foes appear'd, Again their angry standards rear'd.  
 "Must we once more," the Ancients said,  
 "O'ercome these frantic imps of trade?  
 Is there no power to save our race  
 From war, when conquest is disgrace?"  
 The Greeks then call'd on PORSON'S name:  
 The Latins echo'd back the same;  
 And straight in Grecian stole array'd, Appear'd the venerable shade:  
 Homer went down upon his knees And so did Tragic Sophocles  
 With all the names that end in *us*  
 "Hail, sacred tomes!" he said, "to you  
 I grateful ow'd whate'er I knew:  
 From you I gain'd my mortal fame, The honours of a scholar's name:  
 To you the immortal power I owe, To give the aid I now bestow:  
 I come from that Celestial Hall  
 Where they all dwell who wrote you all."  
 He spoke—and lo! a *Volume* came, Of size immense and rueful name:  
 Its back no verbal title bore; But num'rous dates of time long o'er;  
 While on its letter'd sides appears,  
 "LONDON GAZETTES for FIFTY YEARS!"  
 straight to the foe, that, all aloof, Flutter'd about each neighb'ring roof,  
 It did full many a page unfold,  
 And show'd ~~whereas~~ and cried, "behold!"  
 While that same word, upon the walls Blaz'd forth in flaming Capitals.  
~~whereas~~ a thousand voices rung,  
 And on the wing there upwards sprung  
 A flight of *Dockets*, who were join'd By dire Certificates *unsign'd*:  
 These saw the foes, and, chill'd with dread,  
 Trembled and shriek'd aloud, and fled.  
 The Ghost now vanish'd from the view;  
 The Bird of Pallas vanish'd too.  
 And then I thought the classic elves  
 Instinctive sought their proper shelves,  
 Where undisturb'd each learned Tome  
 May slumber to the day of Doom.  
 I 'woke and felt a real glee At the same fancied victory:  
 Nor would I change my Classic lore, Poor as I am, for all the store,  
 Which plodding anxious trade can give  
 In constant doubt and fear to live.



My treasures are all well secur'd, I want them not to be insur'd :  
 My Greek and Latin are immur'd  
 Within the warehouse of my brain, And there in safety they remain :  
 My little cargo's lodg'd at home,  
 Where storms and tempests never come.  
 Learning will give an unmix'd pleasure,  
 Which gold can't buy, and trade can't measure,  
 But each within its destin'd station :  
 Learning's my pride and consolation,  
 That high-form'd inmate of the soul,  
 Which, as the changing seasons roll,  
 Acquires new strength, preserves its power,  
 And smiles in life's extremest hour.  
 The learned man, let who will flout him,  
 Doth always carry it about him,  
 And should he idly fail to use it, Though it may rust, he will not lose it :  
 Fortune may leave off her caressing,  
 But she can't rob him of that blessing.  
 Full many a comfort money gives ; But ask him who for money lives,  
 Whether he other pleasures shares, Than sordid joys and golden cares ?  
 How oft I've pass'd an evening hour  
 Within an hawthorn's humble bower,  
 And read aloud each charming line,  
 That doth in Virgil's Georgics shine :  
 Though Wealth pass'd by in stately guise, I felt no rankling envy rise ;  
 Nor could the show my mind engage From the Immortal Poet's page.  
 When homeward as I us'd to stray, Along the unfrequented way,  
 Enraptur'd as I stroll'd along, With Philomela's evening song,  
 I felt what worldlings never share ; Oblivion of all human care :  
 Such hours are few, but well we know,  
 That Learning can those hours bestow.  
 My Lord continued the debate : And time pass'd on in pleasant prate,  
 Till night broke up the Tête-à-Tête.

## CANTO XXVI.

CROWN'D with success, the following day  
 The Doctor homeward took his way ;  
 And on the 'morrow, he again Was borne by Grizzle o'er the plain.  
 But Grizzle, having liv'd in clover, Symptoms of spirit did discover,  
 'That more than once had nearly thrown  
 Her deep-reflecting master down ;  
 Nor, till they'd travell'd half the day, Did he perceive he'd lost his way :  
 Nor, to that moment, did he find, That Grizzle, by some chance unkind,  
 Had left her ears and tail behind.  
 " Ne'er mind, good beast," he kindly said ;  
 " What though no ears bedeck your head ;  
 What though the honours of your rump, Are dwindled to a naked stump,  
 Now, rais'd in purse as well as spirit,  
 Your master will reward your merit."

Another day they journey'd on ; The next, and lo ! the work was done.  
 Some days before, (I had forgot To say,) a letter had been wrote,  
 To tell how soon he should appear, And re-embrace his dearest dear ;  
 But not one solitary word Of his good fortune he preferr'd.  
 " Yes, home is home, where'er it be, Or shaded by the village-tree,  
 Or where the lofty domes arise To catch the passing stranger's eyes."  
 'Twas thus he thought, when, at the gate  
 He saw his Doll impatient wait ;  
 Nor as he pass'd the street along, Was he unnotic'd by the throng ;  
 For not a head within a shop But did through door or widow pop.  
 He kiss'd his Dame, and gravely spoke As now he brooded o'er a joke ;  
 While she to know impatient burn'd With how much money he return'd.  
 " Give me my pipe," he said, " and ale,  
 And in due time you'll hear the tale."  
 He sat him down his pipe to smoke,  
 Look'd sad, and not a word he spoke ;  
 But Madam soon her speech began, And in discordant tones it ran.  
 " I think, by that confounded look,  
 You have not writ your boasted book ;  
 Yes, all your money you have spent,  
 And come back poorer than you went :  
 Yes, you have wander'd far from home, And here a beggar you are come :  
 But bills from all sides are in waiting, To give your Reverence a baiting ;  
 I do not mean to scold and rail ; But I'll not live with you in jail.  
 So long a time you've staid away, That the Town-Curate you must pay,  
 For, while from home you play'd the fool,  
 He kindly came to teach the school ;  
 And a few welcome pounds to earn  
 By flogging boys to make them learn :  
 But I must say you silly elf, You merit to be flogged yourself ;  
 And I've a mind this whip shall crack Upon your raw-bon'd lazy back.  
 Yes, puff away—but 'tis no joke For all my schemes to end in smoke.  
 What, tongue-ty'd booby ! will you say  
 To Mrs. Dress'em ?—Who will pay  
 Her bills for these nice clothes ?—Why zounds !  
 It borders upon twenty pounds."  
 Thus, as she vehemently prated, And the delighted Doctor rated,  
 From a small pocket in his coat, He unobserv'd drew forth a note,  
 And throwing it upon the table, He said, " My dear, you'll now be able  
 To keep your mantua-maker quiet ; So cease, I beg this idle riot :  
 And, if you'll not make such a pother, I'll treat you with its very brother  
 Be kind—and I'll not think it much To shew you half-a-dozen such."  
 She started up in joy's alarms, And clasp'd the Doctor in her arms,  
 Then ran to bid the boys huzza, And gave them all a holiday.  
 " Such is the matrimonial life," Said Syntax ;—" but, I love my wife.  
 Just now with horsewhip I was bother'd ;  
 And now with hugging I am smother'd ;  
 But wheresoe'r I'm doom'd to roam, I still shall say—*that home is home!*"  
 Again her dear the Dame caress'd,  
 And clasp'd him fondly to her breast :  
 At length, amidst her am'rous play, The Doctor found a time to say—

"The fatted calf I trust you've slain,  
To welcome Syntax home again ;"  
"No," she reply'd, "no fatted calf ; We have a better thing by half ;  
For with expectation big Of your return we kill'd a pig ;  
And a rich *Haslet* at the fire, Will give you all you can desire ;  
The sav'ry meat myself will baste, And suit it to my deary's taste."  
"That dish," he cried, "I'd rather see, Than *Fricandeau* or *Fricassee*."

O," he continued, "what a blessing  
To have a wife so fond of dressing ;  
Who with such taste and skill can work,  
To dress herself and dress the pork !"  
She now return'd to household care, The dainty supper to prepare.

Whoe'er has pass'd an idle hour,  
In following Syntax through his Tour,  
Must have perceiv'd he did not balk His fancy, when he wish'd to talk :  
Nay, more—that he was often prone  
To make long speeches when alone ;  
And while he quaff'd th' inspiring ale, Between each glass to tell a tale :  
Or, as he smok'd with half-shut eyes,  
Now smiling, and now looking-wise,  
He'd crack a joke, or moralize :  
And when the curious spirit stir'd him,  
He minded not though no one heard him.  
This he did now—as 'twill appear ;  
He talk'd though there were none to hear,  
When the whiffs pass'd he silence broke,  
And thus he thought, and puff'd, and spoke.

## THE SMOKING SOLILOQUY.

"That man, I trow, is doubly curst,  
Who of the best doth make the worst ;  
And he, I'm sure is doubly blest, Who of the worst can make the best :  
To sit and sorrow and complain, Is adding folly to our pain.  
"In adverse state there is no vice, More mischievous than cowardice ;  
'Tis by resistance that we claim The Christian's venerable name.  
If you resist him, e'en Old Nick Gives up his meditated trick :  
Fortune contemns the whining slave, And loves to smile upon the brave.

"In all this self-same chequer'd strife  
We meet with in the road of life,  
Whate'er the object we pursue, There's always something to subdue ;  
Some foe, alas ! to evil prone, In others' bosoms or our own.  
That man, alone, is truly great, Who nobly meets the frowns of Fate ;  
Who, when the threat'ning tempests lower,  
When the clouds burst in pelting shower,  
When lightnings flash along the sky  
And thunders growl in sympathy,  
With calmness to the sea conforms,  
Nor fears nor mocks the angry storms :  
He does not run, all *helter skelter*, To seek a temporary shelter ;  
Nor does he fume and fret and foam,  
Because he's distant far from home ;  
For well he knows each peril past, He's sure to find a home at last.

"If petty evils round you swarm, Let not their buzz your temper warm,  
But brush them from your mind away, Like insects on a summer's day.

"Evil oppose with reason's power  
Nor fear the dark or threat'ning hour;  
Combat the world;—but, as 'tis fit, To the decrees of Heaven submit.

"If spite and Malice are your foes,  
If fell revenge its arrow throws,  
Look calmly on nor fear the dart; Virtue will guard the honest heart;  
Nor let your angry spirit burn The pointed missile to return.

The good man never fails to wield  
A broad and strong protecting shield,  
That will preserve him through the strife  
Which never fails to trouble life;

And, when he meets his final doom, Will form a trophy for his tomb.  
"Bear and forbear—a dogma true As human wisdom ever drew.

If you would lighten every care, And every sorrow learn to bear,  
To be secure from vile disgrace, Look frowning Fortune in the face;  
And, if the foe's too strong, retreat, But not as if you had been beat:  
Calmly avoid th' o'erpow'ring fray, Nor fight when you can stalk away;

For you can scarce be said to yield,  
If, when you slowly quit the field,  
You so present yourself to view, That a wise foe will not pursue.

"I who have long been doom'd to drudge,  
Without a patron or a judge;  
I, who have seen the booby rise To dignified pluralities;  
While I his flock to virtue steer, For hard-earn'd thirty pounds a-year;  
A flock, alas! he does not know, But by the fleeces they bestow:

I, who have borne the heaviest fate That doth on Learning's toil await;  
For, when a man's the sport of Heaven,  
To keep a school the fellow's driven;  
(Nor when that thought gay Lucian spoke,  
He did not mean to crack a joke;—)

I still man's dignity maintain'd, And though I felt, I ne'er complain'd!  
"If Life's a farce, mere children's play, Let the rich trifle it away:  
I cannot model mine by theirs, For mine has been a life of cares.

"Men with superior minds endow'd May soar about the titled crowd,  
Though 'tis their humble lot to dwell In calm retirement's distant cell;  
Or, by Dame Fortune poorly fed, To call on science for their bread;

To lead the life that I have led:—  
Though neither wealth nor state is given,  
They're the Nobility of Heaven.

"In its caprice a Sovereign's power May make a noble ev'ry hour:  
A King may only speak the word,  
And some rich blockhead struts a Lord;

But all the scepter'd powers that live Cannot one ray of genius give.  
Heaven and Nature must combine To make the flame of genius shine:  
Of wealth regardless or degree, It may be sent to shine on me.

Learning I thank thee!—though by toil  
And the pale lamp of midnight oil  
I gain'd thy smiles; though many a year

Fortune refus'd my heart to cheer ;  
 By th' inspiring laurels crown'd,  
 I oft could smile while Fortune frown'd !  
 Beguil'd by thee, I oft forgot      My uncomb'd wig and rusty coat ;  
 When coals were dear, and low my fire,  
 I warm'd myself with Homer's lyre :  
 Or, in a dearth of ale benign,      I eager quaff'd the stream divine,  
 Which flows in Virgil's ev'ry line.  
 To save me from domestic brawls,      I thunder'd Tully to the walls :  
 When nought I did could Dolly please, I laugh'd with Aristophanes,—  
 And oft has Grizzle on our way, Heard me from Horace smart and gay.  
 " Though with the world I struggled hard,  
 Virtue my best but sole reward ;  
 When my whole income could but keep  
 The wolf from preying on the sheep :  
 Ne'er would I change my classic store  
 For all that Cræsus had, or more ;  
 Ne'er would I lose what I have read,  
 Though tempting Fortune, in its stead,  
 Would shower down mitres on my head !  
 "*Bear and Forbear*,—an adage true      As human wisdom ever drew !  
 That this I've practis'd through my life,      I have a witness in my wife ;  
 For though she'd sometimes snarl and scold,  
 I never would a parley hold ;  
 And when she, though but seldom, swore,  
 I check'd the oath, but said no more, And all returning taunts forbore.  
 I dress'd my spirits from the pages  
 Of learned Dons and ancient Sages ;  
 But my lean form was never smart      From barber's skill or tailor's art ;  
 So that my figure was a joke      For all the town and country folk :  
 But this my feelings never griev'd,  
 And I with smiles their smiles receiv'd ;  
 I ne'er retorted, like a fool,      Their inoffensive ridicule.  
 " So that my Dolly's clothes were fine,  
 She never car'd a doit for mine :  
 So that on ev'ry Sabbath-day,      She could appear in trappings gay,  
 And in a pew her form display,  
 She'd let me walk about the town,  
 Till my black coat was almost brown :  
 But, she was, I cannot deny,      The soul of notability.  
 She struggled hard to save the pelf ;  
 And, though she might except herself,  
 Upon my word,      To all things SYNTAX was preferr'd.  
 I do believe, "*Bear and forbear*, I've thought and said,  
 Is part of ev'ry Parson's trade ;  
 And what he doth to others preach,      He should by his example teach.  
 Whene'er the scoffer trotted by,      I ne'er have turn'd an angry eye :  
 Nay, when of Wealth I've been the jeer,  
 When petty pride let loose a sneer,  
 I never fail'd the joke to join,      And paid them off in classic coin.  
 " My Rector, fat as fat can be, With prebend stall, and livings three,

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Once told me, if I kept my riches    Within the pockets of my breeches,  
To make them of materials stout,  
Or else the weight would wear them out.  
O, with what base irreverent glee    He chose to mock my poverty !  
Yet I did not my cloth disgrace    By squirting spittle in his face ;  
But answer'd from St. Paul, in Greek, And bid him the quotation seek  
In Pliny :—When the purse-proud brute  
Nodded assent—and then was mute.  
“The Oilman there, in that fine house,  
Who boasts th’ escutcheons of his spouse,  
Soon after he had left off trade,    Lov’d some great noble Lady’s maid,  
Who by my Lord had been betray’d :  
To Hymen’s Fane the fair he led, And gave the claim to half his bed :  
She talks of Duchesses by dozens,    As if they were her cater-cousins.  
He once said—‘ Doctor, do you see ?  
Let’s hear what is your pedigree ;’—  
When I, with reverence due replied,    ‘ I am not to the great allied ;  
But yet I’ve heard my grandame say,  
(Though many a year has pass’d away  
Since she is gone where all must go,  
Whether they have been high or low),  
That one of our forefathers bore    A place of state in days of yore .  
That he was butler or purveyor,    Or trumpeter to some Lord Mayor,  
When *Carthaginian Hannibal* Dined with his Lordship at Guildhall :  
That great man being forc’d to come,    By order of the Pope of Rome,  
To end some quarrel ’twixt the houses  
That bore the pale and crimson roses.’  
The Oilman said, ‘ It might be so ; And ’twas a monstrous while ago.’  
“ ’Tis thus I give these fools a poke,  
And foil their tauntings with a joke ;  
For that man has no claim to sense,  
Whose blood boils at impertinence.  
Were I to scourge each fool I meet,    I ne’er must go into the street ;  
I ne’er my bearded head must pop    Into the chattering barber’s shop.  
“ *Bear and forbear*—a maxim true    As erring mortals ever knew.  
But things are chang’d ; new scenes appear  
My mind to soothe, my heart to cheer ;  
The Pow’rs above my fate regard,    And give my patience its reward.  
But while I trod Life’s rugged road, While troubles haunted my abode,  
With not an omen to portend  
That toil would cease, that things would mend,  
I did to my allotment bow,    And smok’d my pipe as I do now.  
“ Hail social tube ! thou foe to Care ! Companion of my easy chair !  
Frown’d not, with cold and Stoic art,  
To harden, but to soothe the heart !  
For BACON, a much wiser man    Than any of the Stoic clan,  
Declares thy power to controul    Each fretful impulse of the soul ;  
And SWIFT has said, (a splendid name,  
On the large sphere of mortal fame,)  
That he who daily smokes two pipes  
The tooth-ache never has—nor gripes.



With these, in silence calm and still, My Dolly's tones, no longer shrill,  
 Though meant to speak reproach and sneer,  
 Pass'd in soft cadence to my ear.  
 Calm Contemplation comes with thee,  
 And the mild maid,—Philosophy !  
 Lost in the thoughts which you suggest  
 To the full counsel of my breast,  
 My books all slumb'ring on the shelf, I thus can commune with myself ;  
 Thus to myself my thoughts repeat ; Thus moralize on what is great,  
 And, ev'ry selfish wish subdu'd, Cherish the sense of what is good.  
 " While I thy grateful breath inhale, I see the cheering cup of ale ;  
 Benignant juice ; Lethean stream ! That aids the fond oblivious dream ;  
 Which fits the freshen'd mind to bear The burden of returning care.  
 " Let Pride's loose sons prolong the night In Bacchanalian delight ;  
 I envy not their jovial noise, Their mirth, and mad, intemp'rate joys.  
 The luscious wines that Spain can boast, Or grow on Lusitanian coast,  
 Ne'er fill'd my cups :—Repast divine !  
 The home-brew'd beverage is mine.  
 Thus, cheer'd with hopes of happier days,  
 My grateful lips declare thy praise.  
 How oft I've felt, in adverse hour, The comforts of thy soothing power !  
 Nor will I now forget my friend,  
 When my foul fortune seems to mend :  
 Yes, I would smoke as I do now,  
 Though a proud mitre deck'd my brow.  
 " Hail, social tube ! thou foe to care ! Companion of my easy chair !  
 While, as the curling fumes arise, They seem th' ascending sacrifice  
 That's offer'd by my gratitude To the Great Father of the good."  
 More had he spoke : but, lo ! the Dame  
 With the appointed *Haslet* came :  
 When Syntax, having bless'd the meat, Sat down to the luxuriant treat.  
 " And now," he said, " my dear, 'twill be As good as Burgundy to me.  
 If you will tell me what has pass'd  
 Since we embrac'd each other last."  
 " O," she replied, " my dearest love, Things in their usual order move.  
 Pray take a piece of this fine liver : The Rector is as proud as ever.  
 I'll help you, dear, to this or that : Let me supply your lean with fat.—  
 I thought the Oilman's wife would burst  
 When in this dress she saw me first ;  
 It was at Church she show'd her airs ;  
 My bonnet spoil'd the woman's prayers.  
 Your knife is blunt ; here, take the steel :  
 Cut deep,—the *Haslet* cannot feel.—  
 There's Lawyer Graspall got a beating,  
 As you may well suppose,—for cheating :  
 Our honest Butcher trounc'd him well, As the Attorney's bones can tell.  
 He order'd home a rump of beef ; And when it came the hungry thief,  
 Having shav'd off a pound or two Return'd it for it would not do,  
 The fraud discover'd words arose,  
 And they were follow'd soon by blows :  
 When, as he well deserv'd, the sinner Got a thrashing for his dinner."

Said Syntax, "If I had a son,"—

"Pooh!" she reply'd, "you have not done:

You still, I hope, can pick a bit, And no excuse will I admit.  
'Tis long since we've together been; Since we've each other's faces seen;  
And surely, I'm not such a fright To make you lose your appetite."  
"But," he continued, "if a boy Were, my dear Doll, to crown our joy,  
I'd sooner, far, the stripling see The heir of dire Adversity,  
Than to a dire Attorney bind him, Where old Nick is sure to find him."  
She added—"Yes, with naked feet I'd sooner have him pace the street;  
But e'er you let your cholera burst, Let's have the little Urchin first."

The Doctor thought his jolly wife  
Ne'er look'd so handsome in her life.  
Her voice he thought grown wondrous sweet;  
To him a most uncommon treat,

So much in tune, it made him long To hear it quiver in a song.

"Come, sing, my charmer," Syntax said,  
And thus the simp'ring dame obey'd.

SONG.—"Haste to Dolly! haste away!

This is thine and Hymen's day!

Bid her thy soft bondage wear; Bid her for Love's rights prepare.  
Let the nymphs with many a flower, Deck the sacred nuptial bower;  
Thither lead the lovely fair, And let Cupid, too, be there.  
This is thine and Hymen's day! Haste to Dolly! haste away!"

Thus pass'd the time; the morrow came,

And Mrs. Syntax was the same:

But when (for 'twas not done before)

She heard the Doctor's story o'er, With all the hopes he had in store;  
By joy, by vanity subdu'd, Her warm embraces she renew'd;  
While he, delighted, fondly kiss'd Those hands which, form'd into a fist,  
Had often warn'd his eyes and nose

To turn from their tremendous blows.

At length, of golden ease possest,

No angry words, no frowns, molest;

No symptoms of domestic strife, Disturb'd their very alter'd life,

For she out-dress'd the Oilman's wife:

And he could now relieve the poor, Who sought his charitable door.

Though to each virtue often blind,

The world to wealth is ever kind:

For lo! a certain tell-tale dame, Yclep'd and known as *Mistress Fame*,  
Had told to all the country round, That Syntax for a thousand pound  
Had sold a learned book he wrote; That now he was a man of note,  
By Lords protected! and that one Would make him tutor to his son.  
So that, whenever he went forth, All paid their homage to his worth;  
While it became the fond desire Of ev'ry neighb'ring rural 'Squire  
To send his hopeful boys to share The favour of the Doctor's care.

But all these views soon found an end:

A packet came, and from a friend,

From 'Squire Worthy, who resides

On Keswick's bold and woody sides.

The wond'ring Postman made it known,

As he pass'd on, to all the town;



The Doctor walk'd about to tell  
 The day when he should say—farewell :  
 And they who had disdain'd before To pass the threshold of his door,  
 When Syntax gave his farewell treat,  
 Sought that same door to drink and eat.  
 The neighbours now, who never yet  
 Knew his great worth, his loss regret ;  
 While Madam, in whom no good word  
 Had been, throughout the town, preferr'd,  
 Was now a most delightful creature,  
 Of temper mild,—of winning feature.  
 The Ringers, who for many a year,  
 Refus'd his natal day to cheer,  
 Now made the bells, in woeful zeal,  
 Chime forth the dumb, lamenting peal.  
 —The time soon came, when, quite light-hearted,  
 The Doctor and his spouse departed :  
 And as they journey'd on their way, They did not fail to pass a day  
 At Oxford, with his early friend, The kind and learned *Dicky Bend*.  
 Nor did he think it a delay, The Christian Vicar to repay,  
 And 'neath his roof a night to stay ;  
 To add, for former kindness shown, His Dolly's greeting to his own.  
 At York they also form'd the party,  
 For a whole week, of *'Squire Hearly*.  
 A few days more, and, lo ! the Lake  
 Did, on th' enraptur'd vision break :  
 When, rising 'mid the tufted trees, Syntax his sacred structure sees,  
 Whose tow'r appear'd in ancient pride,  
 With the warm Vic'rage by its side.  
 "At length, dear wife," he said, "we're come  
 To our appointed, tranquil home."  
 The courteous people lined the way,  
 And their rude, untaught homage pay :  
 The foremost of the assembled crowd,  
 The fat Exciseman, humbly bow'd :  
 "Welcome," he said, "to SOMMERDEN."  
 The Clerk stood by, and cried "Amen !"   
 Grizzle dash'd boldly through the gate,  
 Where the kind 'Squire and ladies wait,  
 With kind embrace, with heart and hand,  
 To cheer them into CUMBERLAND.  
 The bells rang loud, the boys huzza'd ; The bonfire was in order laid ;  
 The villagers their zeal display, And ale and crackers close the day.  
 Syntax, whom all desired to please, Enjoy'd his hours of learned ease ;  
 Nor did he fail to preach and pray, To brighter worlds to point the way ;  
 While his dear spouse was never seen  
 To shew ill-nature or the spleen ;  
 And faithful Grizzle now no more Or drew a chaise, or rider bore.  
 Thus the good Parson, Horse, and Wife Led a most comfortable life.



THE TOUR  
OF THE  
REVEREND DOCTOR SYNTAX  
IN  
SEARCH OF CONSOLATION.



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THE TOUR  
IN  
SEARCH OF CONSOLATION.

BY THE  
REVEREND DOCTOR SYNTAX.

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CANTO I.

TO MORTAL MAN it is not given,  
Such are the known decrees of Heaven,  
Along the stream of life to glide, Nor feel the tumults of the tide :  
The ebbing and the flowing wave Contend to bear him to the grave :  
The smiling joy, the frowning care, In various change his bosom share,  
And hope and fear alternate ply, While he fulfils his destiny.

Thus SYNTAX, as we all must own,  
Had struggled long with Fortune's frown,  
Nor did a flatt'ring hope portend That Fortune e'er would be his Friend.  
Patient, 'tis true, his Lot he bore, For Virtue sage and Learning's lore,  
Those faithful friends of worth distrest,  
Would often soothe his aching breast ;

Would his foreboding fancy cheer And sometimes check the rising tear.  
But, after a long clouded day, The Sun broke forth with genial ray,  
And mild prosperity display'd Its welcome form in smiles array'd.  
Each virtue woo'd, each duty done, Time on swift pinions travels on,  
Nor fears of future evil lour To dim with care the present hour.

—Thus Syntax and his darling wife No longer knew domestic strife ;  
And since it was their lot to bide By Keswick's Lake's admired side,  
They might have claim'd, or I'm mistaken,  
With conscience clear, the Flich of Bacon ;

A symbol that is known to prove, The perfect state of married love ;  
And which, when thus enjoy'd, is given,  
As the first boon on this side Heaven.

MADAM, who now had nought to fret her,  
Of all her whims had got the better ;  
Among her higher neighbours, she Received and gave the frequent tea,  
And every stated feast that came Display'd the hospitable dame ;  
While from the poor, in Parish Pride,  
She ne'er was known to turn aside.

As in the millinery art,                      She lov'd to be a little smart,  
    The Doctor, too, in better station  
    Had somewhat chang'd his form and fashion ;  
 Nay to describe him *à la Lettre*,      His outward show was rather better,  
 Than when he lived by Pedant Rule,      A Curate with an humble School ;  
    His coat was not to thread-bare worn,  
    His hat had not that squeeze forlorn,  
    And his queer wig would now unfurl  
    Something that might be call'd a curl :  
    Besides, his Dolly's pride, I ween,  
    Took no small pains to keep him clean.  
    —With eloquence and learning fraught,  
    He preach'd what his GREAT MASTER taught ;  
 But no grave airs his hours molest,      Joy was the inmate of his breast,  
 Which, in its various forms, he found      The way to scatter all around.  
    Sage with the learned, with the 'Squire  
    He told his tale by winter's fire ;  
    Or 'mid the pipe's surrounding smoke  
    He never fail'd, with pleasant joke,  
 To animate the social hour,      When summer forms its verdant bower :  
 Never from contumelious pride,      Was his old fiddle laid aside ;  
 Oft did its sounding strings prolong      The jocund air and merry song.  
    His pencil too performed its duty  
    In sketching many a landscape beauty :  
 Scarce rose a cot within the bound      That his dominion did surround,  
 Whose whiten'd walls did not impart      Some bounty of the Doctor's art.  
    —The parents to his Rev'rence bent,  
    The children smil'd where'er he went ;  
    And, grateful praise, in warm acclaim,  
    Ne'er fail'd to wait upon his name.  
    Syntax was by the 'Squire caress'd  
    And oft exclaim'd, my lot how blest !  
 While Madam Worthy would commend      His Dolly as her fav'rite friend.  
 In short, as sister and as brother,      Their doors were open to each other.  
    'Twas thus four fleeting years were past  
    In happiness not made to last ;  
    E'en though a darling hope appear'd,  
    And joy untold their bosoms cheer'd ;  
    For Nature, without fuss or pother  
    Gave hints that she would be a mother :  
    At least th' obstetric Doctor BONE,  
    Had said this joy would be their own.  
    —Ye who have felt a parent's pleasure,  
    Alone can tell the mode, the measure  
    Of that delight which might inflame  
    The thoughts of Syntax and his Dame.  
    The news were spread, the neighbours smil'd,  
    His Rev'rence, by such hopes beguil'd,  
    Would offer up the secret prayer  
    That Heaven might bless him with an Heir,  
 A little Syntax, who would prove      A father's pride, a mother's love ;

And when well stor'd with Papa's knowledge,  
 Might be the wonder of a College.  
 Though Madam harbour'd in her breast A wish, by female hope imprest,  
 That, as the choicest boon of Heaven, A female cherub would be given  
 Which, when she dandled in her arms,  
 Might smile in all her Mother's charms :  
 But they contriv'd their wish to smother  
 And keep the secret from each other.  
 Thus Syntax with parental pride      The curtain'd cradle fondly eyed,  
 And oft, with a foreboding joy,  
 Would think he saw the slumb'ring boy ;  
 Nay sometimes thought, in fancy's ear,  
 The Nurse's lullabies were near.  
 The ale was brew'd, the heifer's life Waited the ready butcher's knife ;  
 The one to crown the joyous bowl,      The other to be roasted whole ;  
 While all the anxious village pour      Their wish for the prolific hour,  
 But be it told to Nature's shame      The look'd-for period never came.  
 The allotted season now was pass'd,  
 The doubting Midwife stood aghast,  
 While Galen, 'mid a string of pauses  
 On Nature's whims and final causes ;  
 Declaim'd with solemn look and air ;—  
 Then calmly ventur'd to declare  
 With cautious whispering o'er and o'er,  
 He ne'er was so deceived before,  
 Th' unlook'd for tidings Syntax heard,  
 His face now red, now pale appear'd,  
 While the grave Doctor left the room, Fearful of his impending doom ;  
 For Syntax, with those horrid graces,  
 Which rage will write on mortal faces,  
 Now wildly stamping round the floor,  
 Had kick'd the cradle through the door.  
 —Just as his darling hope miscarried, A couple waited to be married.  
 I will not heighten my distress      By such a scene of happiness ;  
 To-day, he cried, I will annoy      Each source of matrimonial joy,  
 The bridal folk shall share my sorrow,  
 Nor will I wed them till to-morrow !  
 The Bridegroom bow'd in humble suit,  
 The Bride just whisper'd—" *What a Brute !*"  
 While the Clerk, trembling, pale and sad,  
 Fear'd that his Rev'rence was gone mad :  
 At least, he was not in a state      Such holy rite to celebrate,  
 And they must see another Sun      Before the wish'd-for work was done.  
 AMEN declared, " I have a wife Who ne'er gave peace to married life ;  
 Yet oft I've thought the nuptial boon Might come, alas, a day to soon ;  
 And though you now so sad depart,  
 With downcast look and aching heart,  
 That Love has yielded to delay      Its bands for one impatient day,  
 May the wish never come, Oh never !  
 That they had been delayed for ever !"

Thus while the disappointed folk      Stole off to meet the gen'ral joke

And furnish out a village tale,      O'er evening tea or milking-pail,  
 Sage Galen by mild reas'ning strove,      And learned argument to prove  
 That he had err'd where all might err,      As Nature oft, he could aver,  
     Would symptomatic pranks betray,  
     And swerve from ev'ry common way,  
 And into such strange whimsies stray,  
 That Esculapius, he believ'd,      Were he on earth would be deceived :  
     Where she had so perplex'd his knowledge,  
     It might have puzzled all the College.  
 I beg, he said, the learned Divine,      Will think it not a fault of mine,  
 Nor tell the mishap to my shame,      That he bears not a father's name ;  
 With patience, and another year,      A bouncing bantling may appear,  
 Syntax the obstetric Doctor eyed,      And thus, with scornful look replied :  
 "—You talk of Nature, let us learn  
     From those who could her ways discern,  
     Could from her deep concealments call her,  
     Nor let your boasted skill enthrall her ;  
 I tell you, Sir, the learned Bacon,      Has truly said, or I'm mistaken,  
 That the Physician tribe await,      With doubting art the sick man's fate,  
 While the sick man his lot endures,      Till *Physic* kills, or *Nature* cures ;  
 —The first great principle of Nature      Is to produce a Human Creature ;  
 Nor never will my mind believe,      In this great work she would deceive,  
 Creation tells it, look around •      And say, what is there to be found,  
     What in the world's stupendous plan,  
     That is not clearly made for man ?  
     The beasts which in the forest rove,  
     The birds that haunt the shady grove,  
     That love the stream, that trace the field  
     Or the green-woods and thickets yield ;  
 Nor these alone, the finny brood      That swim the sea, or cleave the flood ;  
     The yielding grain, the flower that blows,  
     What in Earth's pregnant bosom grows ;  
 The Planets, in the Vault of Heaven,      Are for man's use divinely given ;  
 A being he, of beauteous mould,      Which Angels may with joy behold ;  
     Endued with various powers combin'd  
     That tell the wonders of his mind ;  
     A life arrang'd by Heav'n's decree,      His end an Immortality.  
 To such a task, to such great ends      On which the living world depends,  
 Nature proceeds by certain rules      Which may be seen by all but fools.  
 She may indeed, howe'er intent,      Fail by untoward accident ;  
 Or, if by ignorance pursued,      May not be rightly understood ;  
 But never, Sir, shall I believe      It is her purpose to deceive ;  
 And I refer this sad ado,      Not to Dame Nature, but to you.  
 I think it true what GALEN says,      Though 'tis not in the Doctors' praise,  
 That *Art is long*, and knows to seize      With eager grasp the daily fees,  
     While *Life is short*, and well it may,  
     When Life doth at your guess-work lay."  
 He spoke, then to the Doctor threw,      Th' expected fee, nor said adieu.  
 Again he sought the patient's bed      With tender look and gentle tread :  
     "No more," he whispered to the Nurse,  
     "Will I pursue the Doctor's course ;

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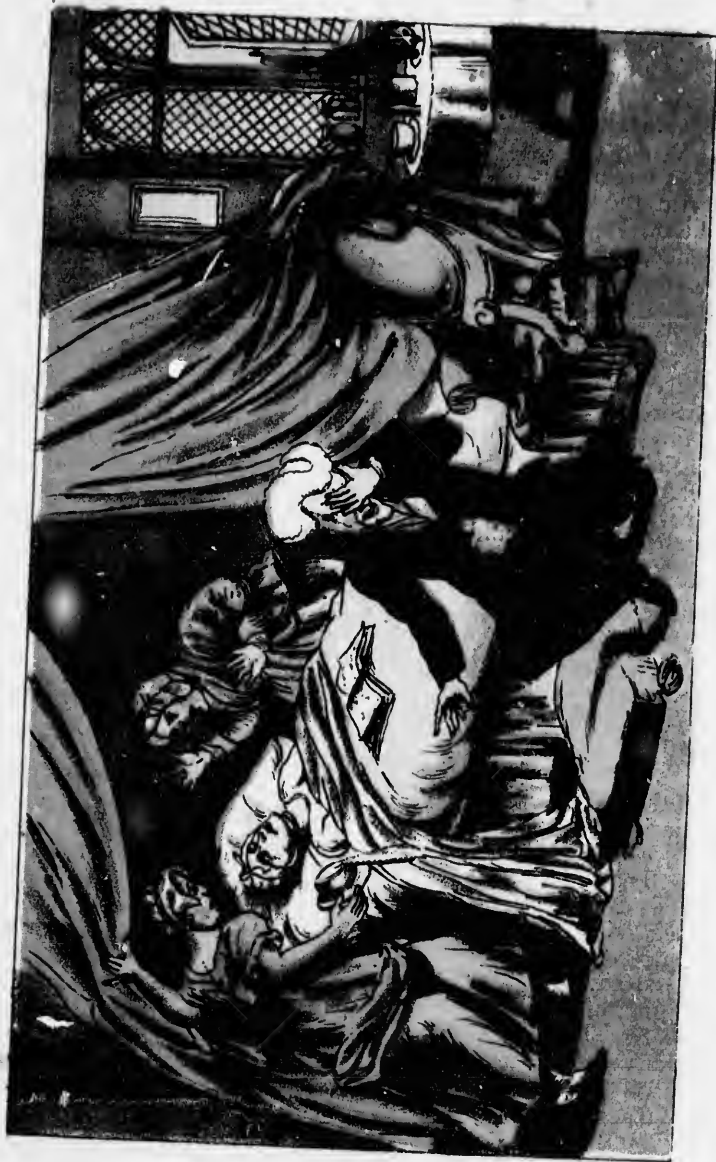
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DR SYNTAX LAMENTING THE LOSS OF HIS WIFE.



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The Booby Quack I have dismiss'd      With his last guinea in his fist :  
 The phials now shall disembody      The liquids of the stupid rogue :  
 I'll leave the dear angelic creature,      As Bacon doth advise, to Nature,  
     With those kind aids she does impart,  
     And have no dark recourse to art :  
 Of sago she shall frequent sip,      Warm jelly now shall wet her lip,  
 And kitchen physic shall restore      Her health to what it was before."  
     His Rev'rence told them to prepare  
     For the appointed hour of prayer.  
 The cushion on the floor was spread, The book was plac'd upon the bed :  
 Calm and compos'd the patient lay      As if she were inclined to pray ;  
     To Health's first fount he did impart  
     The breathings of his anxious heart ;  
 But she, who never fail'd to join      In all these offices divine,  
 Ne'er made responses as he pray'd,      Nor said Amen to what he said.  
 He made his offering to the skies,      But she, alas ! ne'er op'd her eyes.  
     Thus, as sleep seem'd to overtake her,  
     He gave his caution not to wake her ;  
     When the Nurse, hanging o'er the bed,  
     Shriek'd out, " My Mistress, Sir, is dead !  
 Alas, alas, I fear to say,      She ne'er will wake till Judgment-Day."  
 —As if by some dire stroke subdued, For a short time aghast he stood :  
     Then, with a look that spoke despair,  
     He gaz'd on Death's pale victim there :  
 He kiss'd her lips no longer warm ; He view'd her 'rest of ev'ry charm ;  
 Her heart, alas, no longer beat ;      Cold was the source of vital heat ;  
     Death was triumphant,—Life was o'er,  
     And his dear Dolly was no more.  
     —His agonizing bosom burns  
     He raves, and stamps, and prays by turns :  
 Grief made him wild, but not a tear      Did on his pallid cheeks appear.  
 Into the chair his form he threw, " Adieu," he said, " my Love adieu !"      The tears then came—the gushing flood  
     Stream'd down his cheeks and did him good :  
     They calm'd at least his furious mood.  
 There are, who eager to dispense      What they possess of eloquence,  
     When sorrow comes contrive to flout it  
     By letting loose their speech about it,  
 And for a time, at least, dispel it      If they are but allow'd to tell it.  
 SYNTAX was of this sect profest,—To talk, was what he lov'd the best,  
     And he would think that any blessing  
     Was in itself scarce worth possessing,  
 If it but chanc'd his tongue to tie      And check his native fluency :  
     Nor thought he that a real ill,  
     Which did not make his tongue lay still ;—  
     Nay, would almost sharp pain approve,  
     So it allow'd his tongue to move :  
 In talking now he sought relief, And thus he talk'd to ease his grief :—  
     " Alas, how are my hopes beguil'd !  
     This morn I look'd to have a child ;

I thought to see her view the boy;  
 With eyes that spoke a mother's joy;  
 But ah, no child has seen the light, And her eyes close in endless night.  
 Physic I hate thee, with thy ills, Thy solemn looks and noisome pills:  
 Thou base pretender,—foe to life,  
 'Tis thou hast robb'd me of my Wife!  
 The wretch impell'd by hunger's force,  
 Who steals a sheep, a pig, a horse,  
 Or breaks a window to purloin A pound of chops on which to dine,  
 Though for a week th' unwilling sinner  
 Had neither breakfast had, or dinner,  
 Yields to the dire decree of law And suffers by the Hang-man's paw;  
 While Doctors, on their fees intent, May kill by Act of Parliament.  
 —His heaving bosom inward groan'd  
 While he, in dubious accents moan'd;  
 Words of strange import from him broke,  
 And in half sentences he spoke:  
 By double disappointment crost His worried mind was almost lost.  
 —Now as he wildly pac'd the floor, A gentle knock assail'd the door,  
 To open it he quickly flew; The Parish-Clerk appear'd in view.  
 —“What want you, Amen?” Syntax cried,  
 Amen bow'd humbly, and replied,  
 “Jane Leggin's child, to tell I grieve, Has not another hour to live;  
 And she requests for her repose You'll christen it before it goes.”

SYNTAX.—“Talk not to me The Doctor says,  
 Of Doctors, man, who for their fee  
 Would thin mankind: O what a strife  
 'Twixt Physic's arts and human life;  
 And well I knew, to my sore pain,  
 Which will a certain conquest gain,  
 Unless Dame Nature steps between  
 And drives th' Empiric from the scene.”

AMEN.—“The Mother, please you, Sir, doth wait  
 With the poor Child at church-yard gate.”

SYNTAX.—“The Child! What Child? you drive me mad:  
 I have no child, I wish I had!  
 No child to my fond hopes is given,  
 And my poor wife is gone to Heaven.  
 Haste then away,—and let the knell  
 Her death and my misfortunes tell.”  
 The Parson left the Clerk aghast,  
 Then bang'd the door and lock'd it fast;  
 When instant hast'ning to the bed, He threw himself beside the dead.  
 The Nurse wept as her heart would break,  
 And strove, but all in vain, to speak.  
 “Leave not the room,” he said, “nor go,  
 While I shall thus indulge my woe;  
 With your loud grief breed not a riot,  
 But sit you down—and howl in quiet.”

AMEN, with reverential awe, Told all he heard, and all he saw,  
 And as he hasten'd to the steeple He thus inform'd the curious people,

"The Doctor raves and no child's come,  
 And Madam's gone for ever home.  
 Nay, since his hopes are all miscarried,  
 No love-sick maiden will be married,  
 Nor will a babe, depend upon't,      Be made a Christian at the Font,  
 Till Madam's buried, and his grief In pious thoughts has found relief."  
 —The bell let loose its iron tongue, Amazement o'er the village hung;  
 Labour stood still and every thought  
 Was with the dismal tidings fraught.  
 As the poor people learn'd the tale,  
 Deep sighs and loud laments prevail,  
 And many a face was now bedew'd      With the big tear of gratitude.  
     Beneath a spreading tree, that grew  
 In the church-yard, it was a yew;  
 Which it was said, had held its place,  
 Since the old time of Chevy-Chace;  
 Beneath its venerable shade,      The village folk their councils weigh'd;  
 Sometimes would talk of private story  
 And sometimes boast of England's glory,  
 But now, alas, they all attend,      To talk o'er Madam's dubious end,  
 When as the different tongues prevail,      They hear the variegated tale:  
 But while the different thoughts escape,  
 In various words, in various shape;  
*Patrick*, the Irish Pavior stood      As motionless as log of wood.  
     —Bold *Pat* had serv'd in foreign wars,  
 And could display a host of scars,  
 All in the brunt of battle gain'd Where British arms and glory reign'd;  
 Besides, he had a flippant tongue      Which like an aspen-leaf was hung,  
 And when the subject he approv'd      With a most rapid instinct mov'd;  
 But while it fill'd the folks with wonder,  
 It sometimes stray'd into a blunder.  
 Chelsa's Out-Pensioner was he,      And now by active industry,  
 With lab'ring pick-axe and with spade,      The implements of former trade,  
     Chang'd as he was to village swain,  
 On *Keswick's* side he did maintain  
 A buxom wife, and children four,      With promise of as many more.  
     Oft he had view'd the heaps of slain  
 With gory blood pollute the plain.  
 He'd seen Old England's flag unfurl'd  
 Amid its thunders that were hurl'd  
 On shores which bound the distant world;  
 And us'd to boast full many a day, He'd seen the Frenchmen run away,  
 And often with good sab'ring thwacks,  
 Had cut their coats from off their backs,—  
 And then without the least ado,      Had cut their very backs in two,  
 —He told of Lakes of such a size, That, as he thought on't, to his eyes,  
     *Keswick's*, when to their bounds compar'd,  
 Was but a pond in farmer's yard:  
 He spoke of cataracts whose roar Was heard for twenty miles or more;  
 Nay, that they fell from such a height,  
 Their tops were seen quite out of sight;

And should e'en Keswick's Lake be drain'd  
 Of all the water it contain'd,  
 The mighty torrents they could pour, Would fill it full within an hour.  
 —His stories wild and droll conceit, Oft furnish'd out a various treat ;  
 And young and old, when met to quaff  
 Their evening bowl did not but laugh,  
 And for a time forget their care, If PAT was merry and was there.  
 In short whoe'er he chanc'd to meet  
 Good-humour sprung beneath their feet ;  
 Though when he saw pale sorrow near, For either eye he had a tear.  
 His thoughts were never fram'd with art,  
 His was the Language of the Heart :  
 Whate'er he said, whate'er he sung,  
 Deceit ne'er glanc'd upon his tongue ;  
 For if by chance to please the folk, And laugh and wonder to provoke,  
 He blink'd at truth,—it was in joke  
 —He'd seen so much and been so far,  
 Could live in peace and talk of war,  
 That his experience gave him weight In village council and debate,  
 Such as, alas ! was now display'd Beneath the yew-tree's gloomy shade :  
 And when the rest had céas'd to speak,  
 PAT did his mournful silence break.  
 “—God pardon those who are to blame ;  
 For the child's gone that never came ;  
 Besides the worthy Lady's dead And the cold earth will rest her head ;  
 Yes, faith as I've a soul to save, I will for nothing dig her grave,  
 Yes I would do it too as willing As if her hand had chuck'd a shilling ;  
 And many a shilling she has given,  
 Which now will pave her way to Heaven.  
 Nay if 'tis true that Doctor Bone, Said she'd a child when she had none,  
 Heav'n gives the will, for which I thank it,  
 To toss the Doctor in a blanket ;  
 While you for Madam Syntax' sake,  
 Would fight who should a corner take :  
 And I would see him flying now High as the yew-tree's topmost bough.  
 —If, my good friend, the Clerk says true,  
 The Vicar makes a sad to-do :  
 And roars and stamps and weeps, God bless him,  
 As if some spirit did possess him.  
 I do not wonder, for I know What 'tis to feel the parson's woe.  
 My first wife died ere I left Erin And went abroad a volunteering :  
 Nay, how I suffer'd in my mind When I left two dear babes behind ;  
 But surely I did not neglect 'em, When I pray'd Heaven to protect 'em.  
 Is't not enough to make him rave, To lose a child he hop'd to have ;  
 And then to mourn a charming wife, The joy and comfort of his life.  
 Oh ! how can he his feelings smother,  
 He who has lost both one and t'other ?  
 Good gentleman, I'm sure he'll grieve  
 From Midsummer to Lammas Eve :  
 No, his is not a common sorrow  
 That weeps to-day and smiles to-morrow :

It will I'm sure be many a day      Before we once more see him gay ;  
 Before he makes a *Bull* d'ye see,      By way of compliment to me :  
 Before he talks of this and that, And smiles and calls me HONEST PAT :  
     I'll bless him, yes, with all my might,  
     For faith I hope he *calls me right* ;  
     And now 'tis time to hold my tongue,  
     For *Pat*, I fear, has talk'd too long ;  
 So I'll go home, as I'm a sinner,      With a poor appetite for dinner ;  
     And many a meal I might have wanted,  
     Had Madam not the favour granted.  
 My poor dear children do not know Why Mammy's eyelids overflow ;  
     But Kate and I can grateful tell,  
     Madam's old shirts have clad them well.  
     While those babes smile, her knell is knoll'd,  
     And they are warm while she is cold,  
 But she enjoys a peaceful rest,      Nor e'er will wake but to be blest."  
     The death-bell ceas'd, the good folk parted,  
     With sober pace and heavy-hearted.  
     'Squire WORTHY with his wife and daughter  
     Had been all day upon the water :  
 And PAT the pleasant party kenn'd      Returning at the village end.  
     "Oho," cried he, "by Jasus now  
     Must I not tell the when and how  
 Of all things since they went afloat,      Upon the Lake in fishing boat !"  
     As they drew nigh the 'Squire spoke,  
     "Tell me, PAT, what's the public joke ?  
 What are the people all about ?      For at each door a head is out :  
     Something has happen'd I presage,  
     That doth the gen'ral thought engage."  
     "And faith," cried PAT, "I'll tell you true,  
     Each head within your Honour's view  
 Has a good tongue that's cackling fast At what has in the village past.  
 Since fancy did your Honour take,      To go a pleasuring on the Lake.  
 But 'tis no joke, a mournful matter      Has caus'd this universal chatter.  
 I wish it were some foolish geer That now and then may happen here :  
     Some nonsense that is often play'd  
     'Twixt man and wife and man and maid ;  
     That makes the pots and kettles sound  
     Rough music all the village round !  
 No, 'tis a melancholy story,      Which I, to please you, lay before you ;  
 Though while I do the tale impart      I feel a thumping at my heart ;  
 And if I know your Honour, you, With Ma'am, and Miss, will feel it too.  
     Good Madam Syntax, that dear Crature,  
     Has bid adieu to human nature."  
     "What means the man," 'Squire Worthy said.  
     "I only mane that Madam's dead :  
 And I am sure as I've a tongue,"      Patrick replied, "her knell is rung.  
 I heard it, so did twenty more,      Who in the church-yard talk'd it o'er.  
     Besides, Amen, our Clerk, declares  
     The Doctor raves, and stamps and stares,  
     Nay, he has even said, he swears ;



That like a madman he is griev'd      For a dead child that never liv'd.  
 Patrick may blunder, Sir, but I      Ne'er to your Honour told a lie.  
 Believe me, Ladies, such the case is      As sure as beauty's in your faces."  
     The 'Squire with doubting pause, receiv'd it,  
     But Ma'am and Miss at once believ'd it,  
     Not that I shall presume to say,  
     Pat's courteous words had pav'd the way,  
 To quicken their humane belief      Of this sad tale of death and grief;  
 For they, with kindest hearts endued,      Requir'd no impulse to do good;  
 Their virtues were in daily view      As the surrounding country knew.  
 They pray'd the 'Squire with speed to go      And visit Syntax in his woe,  
     "Remove him from his present state,  
     And bring him to our mansion strait;  
     You have the power to controul him,  
     While we will study to console him.  
     If all be true that doth appear,  
     For our poor friend there's much to fear.  
     —We know what his fond hopes have been;  
     His rapt'rous moments we have seen,  
 As he look'd forward with delight      To visions he had form'd so bright.  
     We dare not think when such distress  
     Has clos'd his views of happiness,  
 What fatal impulse may prevail,      What fury may his thoughts assail;—  
 What such an irritable mind,      Bereft of power to be resign'd,  
 And in wild sorrow's hurrying storm,      May dictate to him to perform.  
 Away, nor for reflection wait,      You now, my dear, may be too late."  
     The Ladies spoke, without delay  
     The 'Squire stepp'd nimbly on his way,  
 And to his view was soon display'd      A sight so horribly array'd,  
 That, in the chamber as he stood,      It seem'd almost to freeze his blood.  
 "Arise, my friend," he kindly said,      "And leave this melancholy bed;  
     With me, dear Syntax, you must come,  
 And let my mansion be your home      Till all this mournful scene is o'er,  
     And Heav'n shall former peace restore.  
 You well must know it is most fit      That you to Heaven should submit  
 Throughout this life's mysterious way,      Whether it gives or takes away.  
     'Tis not for me my friend to teach.  
     You, you should practise what you preach:  
 With pious fortitude prepare      To strive with ills and learn to bear.  
 No tongue, like yours, I know, so well      Can the submissive duties tell:  
     Let patience then possess your mind,  
     Be calm, be steadfast and resign'd."  
     "'Tis a sad task," poor Syntax said,  
     "But Heaven and you shall be obey'd.  
 The stroke so unexpected came,      Not the keen lightning's vivid flame  
 E'er struck the cedar as it stood,      The branchy monarch of the wood,  
     With a more quick and shatt'ring blast  
     Than through my trembling system past,  
     When as the Nurse hung o'er the bed  
     Her voice pronounc'd my Darling dead.  
 But yesterday how sweet she smil'd,      With every pleasing hope beguil'd;

But yesterday I look'd to share      With her a tender parent's care ;  
     Now there she lies by Death enjoy'd,  
     My love despoil'd, my hopes destroy'd !  
 Senseless and weak I may appear,      Yet still I wish to tarry here,  
 And feel to-morrow and to-morrow,      All the rich luxury of sorrow."  
     At this strange scene 'Squire Worthy felt  
     The pang that makes our sorrows melt.  
     To see the Doctor thus it grieved him,  
     But soon the manor-house receiv'd him :  
 Where he each kind attention press'd To calm the tumult of his breast,  
     And all that female grace could give,  
     Was given to check his wish to grieve.  
     —WORTHY, who knew his Parson well  
     Would hear him all his feelings tell,  
     Explain his sorrow, breathe his sigh, And listen with calm sympathy ;  
     Nay let his Elocution pour,      In wordy torrents by the hour ;  
 For he foresaw that all this riot Of wild complaint, would end in quiet,  
 As infant children, at the breast,      Will often cry themselves to rest.  
     Nor did this wise contrivance fail :  
     Poor Syntax ceas'd to weep and wail :  
 Nay so effectual did it prove      That now his tongue would seldom move,  
     Nay, as if grief had quench'd his voice,  
     Dumb fits had seem'd to be his choice ;  
     E'en when the Ladies strove to break  
     His silent mood, he would not speak.  
 Thus he grew calm, and day by day He strove to while the time away.  
 Once he his fav'rite fiddle took,      But lo, he found a string was broke :  
     No, no, he thought, the hour won't bear it,  
     Time, that cures sorrows, may repair it.  
 —His pencil too seem'd to refuse him      Its former power to amuse him,  
     Nor could his practis'd skill avail  
     To give the stream, the crag, the dale,  
 The azure lake's expanded flood,      The castled brow or pendent wood ;  
 True to its master's gloomy thought,      The urn or the sepulchral vault,  
     Some monument to Death's dark reign,  
     Alone was seen the page to stain.  
     —Sometimes he pac'd th' adjoining mead,  
     And read, at least he seem'd to read ;  
     Sometimes at the first morning's dawn  
     His footsteps mark'd the dewy lawn ;  
     And when the lab'rer's work was done,  
     He'd sit and watch the setting sun.  
 But whether he sat still or walk'd, For some days he had seldom talk'd,  
 And all the little that he said      Was but to ask—and be obey'd.  
     At length th' afflicting hour drew nigh      To summon all his energy.  
 His silence now at once he broke,      And thus in solemn tone he spoke.  
 "Fear not, for like an Alpine rock,      I will sustain the trying shock ;  
     With friends like you, whom Heav'n will bless  
     For all your care in my distress,  
 I may without a due controul,      Let loose the feelings of my soul ;  
 But when I stand beside the grave, Death and its terrors I will brave ;

There—more than by my words I'll teach  
 The sacred duties that I preach ;  
 There all who may be standing round  
 When my dear wife is laid in ground,  
 Shall see how humbly I obey The power that gives and takes away."  
 Behold the fun'ral train appears ! The village is dissolv'd in tears !  
 Six maidens, all in white array'd,  
 Death's deep-ton'd summons had obey'd ;  
 And in procession due attend The rites of their departed friend :  
 They scatter blossoms sweet and fair,  
 Emblems of what their beauties are ;  
 And, as 'tis writ by time's decree, Emblems of what they soon may be ;  
 While on their cheeks grief pours its show'rs,  
 Like dew-drops on the bells of flowers.  
 —Syntax, with melancholy grace, With downward look and stated pace,  
 Waits on the bier, nor heaves a sigh, Nor does a tear bedew his eye.  
 Beside the yawning grave he stood, In fix'd and humble attitude,  
 And with devotion's solemn air, He whisper'd each appointed prayer ;  
 When as the voice, with pious trust, Dealt out the dole of dust to dust,  
 He gaz'd as Heaven were in his view,  
 Then bent—and look'd a last adieu.  
 With his kind friends he now return'd,  
 And sunk into a chair and mourn'd  
 In a mute language ; when, at length, Emerging into wonted strength,  
 He, in deep tones, the silence broke,  
 While the walls echoed as he spoke.  
 "Ye dead, are none of you inclin'd To tell to those you've left behind,  
 And make it known in courtesy, What ye now are and we shall be ?  
 And why this secret is conceal'd ? No blabbing ghost has yet reveal'd  
 What 'tis to die. Around ye shine  
 Like lamps on some sepulchral shrine,  
 To make more visible the gloom That throws its mantle o'er the tomb.  
 But 'tis no matter—Dolly knows What is the end of human woes ;  
 And, from life's various shackles free, I may be soon as learn'd as she,"  
 —With such soliloquising strains He for an hour reliev'd his pains,  
 Then off the fun'ral drap'ry threw, And to his chamber he withdrew.  
 "We have no trifling task I fear,"  
 'Squire Worthy said, "my dearest dear ; But we must finish our career.  
 His high wrought feelings are we know  
 So form'd to quicken joy or woe,  
 To cause such overflowing measures  
 Of all his pains and all his pleasures,  
 That 'twill require our utmost skill  
 To make his troubled heart be still :—  
 With all the kindness of a brother, We must allow him time to smother  
 Whate'er vagaries his fond heart, To such a temper may impart :  
 Thus grave reflection and our care, I doubt not, shortly will repair  
 The breaches which the mind receives  
 Howe'er he thus intensely grieves.  
 Whate'er it be which can amuse him,  
 That our fond care must not refuse him,

Without appearing to attend      To any weakness of our friend ;  
     E'en what by any whim is wanted,  
     Let that as 'twere by chance be granted :  
     Though let it, by no means be seen,  
 That we regard his alter'd mien,      But be as we have always been.  
 Let us go on the usual way,      Nor change our order of the day ;  
 In his sad mood attentions tease,— Nor let us seem to strive to please,  
     But deal out our old-fashion'd measure,  
     Of what our honest hearts call pleasure.  
 Let us not check the laugh because      He enters, or e'er make a pause,  
 Because he sits him down beside us      And looks as if he did deride us :  
 Let him say *yes* or grumble *no*      We'll do all we were wont to do :  
 Whether with us he rides or walks,      Is silent or profusely talks,  
 The same good humour must prevail      Which here is never known to fail.  
     —Let Sarah play her tricks about him,  
     And pinch his ears, and gaily flout him ;  
     Ask questions in her usual prattle,  
     And call her tongue his fav'rite rattle ;  
     Show off her last new steps and graces,  
     And then contrast them with grimaces :  
 Let her piano's music share      Its movements with the last new air,  
     Remember how she us'd to please him,  
     But take good care she does not tease him.  
     Who knows, her frolic innocence  
     May, perhaps, wake some pleasing sense  
     That will unconsciously beguile      His heart to glow into a smile.  
     —If this plan fails, I'll then engage      To be prime actor on the stage.  
     While my belov'd Maria's care,      Will ask my anxious toil to share,  
     And all my graver course supply,      With her resistless sympathy."  
     Maria bow'd, while to her face      Affection gave a lovely grace ;  
     A grace, how sweet did it appear,      A smile united with a tear.  
     A month at least was gone and o'er,      But Syntax was not as before ;  
     For thus, on serious thoughts intent,      He had not found his merriment.  
     He did all duties, it is true,      With the same care he used to do :  
     But, in his daily parish walk,      He seem'd to have forgot to talk ;  
     Was silent where he always spoke,      And nodded where he used to joke.  
     E'en with the Ladies and the 'Squire  
     His thoughts had lost their wonted fire ;  
     His tongue assum'd a lower tone,  
     Spoke but few words and soon had done.  
 —Since the last sad and solemn scene,      He had not to the Vic'rage been,  
     But just to see th' old woman granted  
     All that the living creatures wanted :  
     For his dear Doll took great delight  
     In Bantam-fowl, and num'rous flight  
     Of chosen Doves, none such were found  
     In all the various dove-cots round.  
 The people watch'd him as he oft      Sat on the gate and look'd aloft :  
 They thought that a superior ken      Was given to all such learned men,  
     And that they saw with their keen eye,  
     Strange shapes and figures in the sky,

Which oft, as they believ'd, were given To mark the destinies of Heaven.  
 But his was no prophetic view, As the birds in their circles flew,  
 He saw as his dear Doll had done, Their plumage glist'ning in the sun,  
 And shar'd, in melancholy measure,  
 The mem'ry of her former pleasure.

The Village on their Pastor gaz'd, At once afflicted and amaz'd ;  
 Nor could they in their contemplation Settle this wond'rous visitation.  
 Come then my unambitious muse, Do not the faithful task refuse ;  
 But let your uninspired pen Deal out the thoughts of humble men ;

And when they do their silence break,  
 Ask Nature's aid to make them speak,  
 And take opinions from the chat Of old AMEN and Irish PAT,  
 For, steering clear of village brawl,  
 They'll speak the *Pro* and *Con* of all.

To save themselves from being wet  
 In the church-porch these two had met ;  
 As from a storm, all helter-skelter They ran to seek a common shelter.  
 Now, each a corner taking, they Jump'd on the topic of the day :  
 Old Amen the discourse began, And thus the conversation ran.

AMEN.—“Friend PAT, it doth my mind surprise  
 That our good Vicar here, so wise,  
 So learn'd withal, and so devout, Should not as yet have found it out,  
 That thus to grieve is a disgrace To his high calling and his place.

In the first lesson, 'twas last Sunday,  
 He read of what will happen one day,  
 To all such who for those things grieve,  
 Which will leave them or they must leave :  
 And 'twould have made me very glad,  
 Had he then left off being sad ;

For all the parish round can tell I love my Reverend Master well.  
 True he has lost a comely dame, But many a man has lost the same,  
 As fair, aye, and as good as she, (I mean no incivility.)  
 But still I thought that our Divine Let his good Lady dress too fine ;  
 And shew such colours to the view As she sat in the upmost pew,  
 That made the congregation stare, And think of her instead of prayer.  
 But though it is a mournful loss It should not all his thoughts engross.  
 I have had my misfortune too, But I don't grieve as some folks do.

Last year I lost, as you well know,  
 By lightning's stroke, my brindled cow,  
 But had it been my limping Joan,  
 I should not grieve as some have done.  
 I see Pat smiles, but never mind,—  
 To Heaven's good will, I'll be resign'd.  
 —Though Amen was not bred at college,  
 He's not without some little knowledge,  
 And I full five and twenty year Have always been school master here ;  
 And almost all you know and see,  
 Have learn'd their P's and Q's from me.”

PAT.—“Master Amen, faith you have rung  
 A pretty peal upon your tongue.  
 You talk of Heaven o'er and o'er, As if it lay at your back-door,

IN SEARCH OF CONSOLATION.

And may you when Death does unlock it,  
Find a good passport in your pocket.  
—Upon my soul, you men of letters  
Can spell some scandal of your betters ;  
But I have thought, as I have said,  
That since our Doctor's Lady's dead,  
As sure as this high tower's a steeple,  
He would not mourn like common people ;  
As sure as that old tree's a yew, He would not grieve as poor folk do ;  
They must forget their grief, and toil,  
Or bread won't bake, and pot won't boil.  
Faith, Master Amen, do you see, On this point we shall ne'er agree !  
This morning as he saunter'd by My cottage-door he heav'd a sigh,  
And my big heart, so sick and sad, Return'd him all the sighs it had.  
You, Master Amen, never prov'd What 'tis to lose a wife you lov'd,—  
You talk of wives, if your old Joan Were just now laid beneath a stone,  
How I should laugh to hear you groan.  
How friendly you would be with Death,  
If he would kindly stop her breath ;  
And yet you mock at the disaster  
That now afflicts your worthy Master,  
A man and yet a parson too Whose little finger held to view  
More real learning could command,  
Than all the Amens in Cumberland.  
—The Doctor's sad,—and so was I When it pleas'd my first wife to die ;  
And faith, my friend, to ease my sorrow, I took another on the morrow,  
And as she to strange tricks was given,  
I wept not when she went to Heaven.  
And as to wed I was not loth, I got one here, that's worth 'em both.  
But the sun shines, and I'll away, Nor talk of sorrow all the day."  
Such is the chat that did prevail, And furnish out the village tale :  
But far more anxious thoughts oppress  
'Squire Worthy,—in his friendly breast  
Fears of more solemn cast arose, That call upon him to oppose  
By serious efforts and grave power  
The clouds that did o'er Syntax lour.  
—'Twas as a vernal evening clos'd,  
Each in the chair with looks compos'd,  
The Doctor loll'd beside the 'Squire ;—  
The moment did the thought inspire  
To represent the egregious folly Of giving way to melancholy.  
The Ladies did the chess-board chuse, The sober evening to amuse :  
And thus secure of tranquil hour, All Worthy wish'd was in his power.  
—He thus began.—“ My dearest friend, I beg your patience to attend  
To what I long have wish'd to say ;—  
That now, at length, from day to day,  
There's such a change of manner seen, Not only in your air and mien,  
But what your best friends grieve to find  
E'en in the structure of your mind ;—  
Thus you most strangely seem to err From your admired character :  
Nay all who love you now deplore That Doctor Syntax is no more.



THE TOUR OF DOCTOR SYNTAX

Thus while you o'er your Dolly mourn,  
 And heave your sighs beside her Urn,  
 We all, sad Sir, as 'tis your due, Must clad ourselves in black for you.  
 Cease then, I ask you, to complain, And be, my friend, yourself again.  
 —To Mortal Man it is not given Thus to arraign the will of Heaven,  
 In fruitless grief to wear away Each hour of each succeeding day :  
 'Tis true, I do not see a tear Moisten your downcast looks of care,  
 But wherefore do I never see The sacred struggle to be free  
 And conquer your calamity ?  
 Remember, Sir, that Heav'nly prayer  
 Which you pronounce with pious care,  
 And give with such emphatic grace,  
 When you kneel down in holy place.  
 O think, as the petitions run, That you repeat, 'THY WILL BE done !'  
 And to th' Allwise and Sov'reign will, Say, can you be repugnant still."  
 SYNTAX.—"I see, my friend, as you review  
 My mournful state, you feel it too ;  
 But still, alas, you do not know The force of that tremendous blow,  
 Nor the sharp gangrene of the wound  
 Which does my very self confound :  
 Though Heaven, I doubt not, will at length  
 Give to my prayers that holy strength,  
 Which will with time my grief subdue, My former cheerfulness renew,  
 And bring me back to peace and you.  
 I do not to your ear reveal Half of the sorrow which I feel ;  
 Nor in my pale face do you see A tithe of my lorn misery.  
 'Tis not for your contented mind, Whom pain ne'er told to be resign'd,  
 Whose every path of life has been Smiling, delightful and serene,  
 Smooth as the lake, when in the grove No pendent leaf is seen to move,  
 To know and may you never know Upon your heart the heavy blow,  
 Which would awake a tender plea,  
 For such as mourn and grieve like me.  
 Such loss as mine you ne'er have known,  
 But had th' allotment been your own,  
 You would not in such terms reprove,  
 Nor thus reproach the man you love.  
 — Look, Worthy, look to yonder chair,  
 And view the form that's sitting there ;  
 Behold your dear Maria's smile, That does your every care beguile ;  
 Oh listen to her tuneful voice Whose tones are signals to rejoice ;  
 Catch the fond glance of that bright eye Beaming with tender sympathy ;  
 Who, ere you utter the request, Contrives your wish should be possess'd :  
 Who looks for joy but as you share it,  
 And mocks the pain should you not bear it :  
 Who has no other hope in view But to prepare delight for you.  
 See how the auburn ringlets grace Her sweet, her animated face,  
 Where the soft, winning looks dispense Affection's silent eloquence ;  
 And when those lips her thoughts declare,  
 What accents claim your ravish'd ear !  
 Though many hasty years have flown Since first Maria was your own ;  
 They still bear on them as they fly, Symbols of Truth and Constancy ;

IN SEARCH OF CONSOLATION.

With the fair hope that they will last  
When many future years are past :  
Should you lose her you then would feel  
The pang, which words can ne'er reveal."

"O spare that thought," 'Squire Worthy said,  
With trembling voice, and was obey'd.

Here then Maria interpos'd, And this grave Colloquy was clos'd :  
But soon by her it was renew'd, And thus the subject she pursued.

MRS. WORTHY.—"O stop, my Love, this serious strife,  
And just now listen to your wife ;—

While you, my melancholy friend, Will to a female friend attend.  
You've often said my tuneful voice, For such you call'd it, would rejoice,  
By its all-fascinating power, The dulness of the dullest hour,  
And now my doctrine you shall hear ; So listen with attentive ear.

—I cannot think this high-ton'd preaching  
Is the most cordial way of teaching ;  
Far other means I should employ To blunt the arrows, which annoy  
With their sharp points your wounded breast,  
And keep you from your wonted rest.

—There was a time when you obey'd Whate'er your friend Maria said,  
And I expect in this same hour, You yield to my indulgent power,  
—Physicians who profess the skill To cure by potion and by pill,

When, in their treatment of our ills  
They find the warmer med'cine fails,  
Think it discreet to change their course,  
And try the cool prescription's force :

So I, who see discourses fraught  
With seas'ning grave and serious thought,

Do not the wish'd-for end attain, Nor ease the patient of his pain,  
Shall now a different practice try ; Far other means I will apply,  
Nor do I fear my remedy.

—You know, Dear Doctor, it is true,  
To shew our love and humour you,

We've all assum'd a solemn grace, With each a melancholy face ;  
Nay, for a time have scarcely spoke, Nor ever heard a sprightly joke :  
We have done all your loss requir'd, Of which we now are grown so tir'd,  
That we shall our old ways pursue, And leave sad looks to grief and you,  
Unless you quit this whimp'ring fuss, And take to livelier ways with us.

New thoughts, new objects, new desires,  
Are what your strange disease requires ;  
And as, indeed, your looks appear A more auspicious gloom to wear,  
I think that I've a certain cure For all the pain which you endure."

SYNTAX.—"O tell me !"

MRS. WORTHY.—"Make another TOUR.

And when you've made it you shall write it ;—  
The world, I'll wager, will not slight it :

For where's the city, where's the town, Which is not full of your renown?  
Nay, such is your establish'd name, So universal is your fame,

That Dunces, though to dulness doom'd,  
Have with a Dunces's art presum'd,  
To pass their silly tales and tours, And other idle trash, for Yours.

'Tis true, you now no longer want **What** in you former Tour  
 Nay, now your **powerful** pen you'll wield,  
 Your venerable name to shield, And drive the Braggarts from  
 Another circuit you shall roam, And bring your old contentment  
 Nay who can tell,—to sweeten life, You may bring home another  
 In your long journey you may see Some virgin fair or widow'd  
 Some pleasing dame at liberty,  
 Who would her weary freedom give, In matrimonial bonds to live :  
 And if I do not greatly err From my own sex's character,  
 Do you, my friend, but say to her  
 Such things, and in the same degree As you to-night have said to me,  
 —Aye, if I had ten thousand pound, I would in penalties be bound,  
 To hold myself a fixture dumb,  
 Nor speak for full three months to come,  
 (A punishment which well you know No woman thinks to undergo)  
 If the fair lady does not yield, And leave you victor of the field ;  
 As if young Cupid from his quiver,  
 Had drawn a dart and pierc'd her liver :—  
 For some have said, as you can prove, 'The liver is the seat of love.'  
 —She thought, she'd gone too far, but now  
 The Doctor made a gracious bow :  
 As if the thought his grief beguil'd ;  
 The sad man for the first time smil'd ;  
 For the first time receiv'd relief Since he became a slave of grief.  
 —She seiz'd the moment, to pursue The object which she had in view,  
 When, beck'ning her dear girl, she said,  
 Now let your music be display'd ;  
 We've talk'd enough, and now we'll try  
 What can be done by harmony ;  
 Play the Dead March in Saul, my dear,  
 It may the Doctor's spirits cheer ;  
 Perhaps his instrument may join, And aid the symphony divine.  
 Syntax now felt the well-aimed stroke,  
 And saw he must partake the joke.  
 "Some livelier air," he mildly said,  
 "And, Madam, you shall be obey'd."  
 —The fiddle came, th' according strings Resounded while Maria sings,  
 And, waken'd by the inspiring strain, He now look'd like himself again.  
 —The supper came, the loaded plate  
 Soon vanish'd where the Doctor sate,  
 And by the grateful bev'rage cheer'd,  
 To his charm'd friends it soon appear'd,  
 While his deep grief had taken flight, That he had found his appetite.  
 WORTHY, was more than pleased to see The air of calm hilarity,  
 Which did, though in a chasten'd smile,  
 His friend's pale, woe-worn face beguile ;  
 And that his wife's resistless art Had so contriv'd it, to impart  
 A pleasure to th' afflicted heart.  
 But, ere they sought the hour of rest,  
 Once more his thoughts he thus express'd.  
 "Doctor, I almost crack'd my brain To calm your sorrow, but in vain,

While that sweet Angel's words contrive  
 To bid your former peace revive :  
 O how I shall rejoice to see      Her guide your present destiny :  
 So that her conquest you remain,      So that she holds the silken rein,  
 And that you promise to obey      Her wise and her indulgent sway,  
 I will acknowledge it my pride      That she should be your only guide ;  
 While I, subservient to her skill,      Will aid your yielding to her will :  
 And, as through life's mysterious hour, I have so long obey'd her pow'r,  
 A power that never fail'd to bless, And stamp my days with happiness,  
 So shall she guide my future life, My friend, my mistress and my wife.

—If then by my experience taught,  
 These truths within your mind are wrought,  
 If you your present state prepare      To be submitted to her care,  
 Her anxious friendship will assure      For all your griefs a speedy cure.  
 —You've now begun to banish sorrow,  
 And when we meet again to-morrow,  
 The scheme propos'd will be arrang'd ;  
 Your views, your fancies shall be chang'd ;  
 And though, my friend, when you depart,  
 Grave thoughts may press upon your heart ;  
 The various scenes of social life,      The world, and all its busy strife,

Th' enliv'ning sunshine that attends  
 The joyous looks of ancient friends ;  
 The promis'd hope that added fame,  
 Will give new honour to your name,  
 While you consign to Folly's doom  
 Each dunce who did that name assume,  
 With reason's strong, reflecting powers,  
 Will give old joy to present hours.  
 Thus not a trouble shall bestride      The active steed on which you ride :

And when our Vicar comes again  
 T' embrace his friends at SOMMERDEN,  
 We shall our former Syntax find him,  
 With all his troubles left behind him.  
 But whom, perhaps, our Rev'rend Sage  
 May bring to grace his Vicarage,  
 If aught he brings, why we must leave  
 For time and fortune to achieve.  
 Sleep on the thought, and when you wake,  
 May your chang'd heart no longer ache,  
 While firm resolves, by truth enjoin'd,  
 Give the lost vigour to your mind."  
 He bow'd assent, as Worthy spoke,  
 Then sought his bed, but never woke  
 Till, the next morn, the constant bell  
 Did the known hour of breakfast tell :  
 And when the plenteous meal was done      The Doctor smiling thus begun :  
 "So many reasons have been given,  
 As true as if inspir'd by Heaven,  
 be senseless as the dead, And after what my friends have said,  
 not think the project fit ;      Therefore obedient I submit,

But then the how, the when, the where,  
 Will call for your immediate care.  
 All things are chang'd as well you know,  
 For 'tis to you that change I owe,  
 Since my last, doubtful long career,  
 By Heav'n's goodness, brought me here,  
 For now I have my purse well lin'd, Nor doth a fear assail my mind :  
 I'll shape my journey as I please, Consult my humour and my ease,  
 Assur'd that wheresoe'er I roam, I have an enviable home,  
 Where on my ev'ry wish attends The best of Beings and of Friends.  
 The course, the means, I must pursue, I leave submissively to you.  
 Equip me, as to mode and measure,  
 According to your friendly pleasure.  
 I'll in equestrian order move, Or guide the reins, as you approve :  
 But if it be my lot to ride, Another GRIZZLE pray provide ;  
 If such another can be found Within the ample country round."  
 Two years alas ! were gone and past,  
 Since faithful Grizzle breath'd her last,  
 Since that invaluable creature Had paid the common debt of nature.  
 She who had seen the battle rage, Escaped to reach a good old age :  
 She who had heard the battle's din, Now sleeps in an uncurried skin ;  
 For currier none had been allow'd,  
 To touch the skin that's now her shroud.  
 'Tis true, indeed, it had been scor'd, By the rude force of slashing sword ;  
 But then the slashing was in front,  
 Where Honour writes its name upon't ;  
 Though to the flowing tail and ears,  
 The Fates 'tis known applied the shears, In guise of wicked villagers.  
 Whether on barn-door they remain, The sport of sunshine and of rain,  
 Or whether time has bid them rot, The Muse knows not or has forgot.  
 A rising mound points out her grave,  
 The cropping sheep its verdure shave ;  
 The cypress at the foot is seen, Array'd in mournful evergreen ;  
 While the willow's branches spread Their drooping foliage at the head ;  
 And Grizzle's name, ten times a day,  
 Is sigh'd by all who pass that way,  
 "The chesnut mare," 'Squire Worthy said,  
 "Shall lead the journeying cavalcade.  
 PHILLIS, the ambling palfrey's name,  
 Perchance may equal GRIZZLE's fame ;  
 For though she ne'er engag'd in war, Nor felt the honour of a scar,  
 Yet she has oft Maria borne,  
 O'er hill and dale, through brake and thorn,  
 A load more honourable far, Than a fat, blust'ring Trumpeter,  
 And much more fit in graceful ease To bear the Minister of peace ;  
 For now 'tis to your station due, As you your purpos'd Tour pursue,  
 In better figure to appear, Than when you first were welcom'd here ;  
 Besides you shall not go alone, A valet must your journey crown,  
 And it is madam's well judg'd plan,  
 That PAT shall be your liv'ried man.  
 Patrick has in the army been, And that has taught him to be clean ;

While to obedience nothing loth,      To do what a good servant doth,  
 He has been us'd to ev'ry trim,      And nothing comes amiss to him ;  
     A pleasant, honest, faithful creature,  
     As e'er was formed by willing nature ;  
     Of travelling troubles he will ease you :  
     And by his droll'ry sometimes please you.  
     While he indulg'd his native chat,  
     We all have jok'd and laugh'd with PAT.  
 With a kind, friendly heart endued,      The fellow's always doing good,  
     And with his free and added labour  
     He oft assists his helpless neighbour.  
 This anxious lady, Sir, and I      Shall see you go with smiling eye,  
 If you have Patrick for your guard ;      Nor shall he fail of due reward.  
 PUNCH, a good, useful, active hack,      Shall trot with Patrick on his back ;  
     And all your chattels, wear and tear,  
     That back, without a wince, will bear."  
 —The Doctor gently bow'd assent, And kiss'd his hand in compliment,  
 But could not quite disguise a smile Which did a lurking joke beguile:  
     Patrick's he thought a curious doom,  
     Which turn'd a pavior to a groom.  
     Patrick was sought, and soon was told  
     In what new rank he was enroll'd,  
 And that the Doctor and the 'Squire      His instant presence did require.  
 Pat chuckled, and without delay,      Hasten'd the summons to obey.  
     But *Kate*, who, from some awkward word  
     Which she by chance had overheard,  
 Suspecting, but yet not well knowing,      About what errand he was going;  
     Thought, as a wife, it was but fair,  
     What'e'er the boon—that boon to share.  
     —She follow'd, though of doubts possess'd ;  
     A baby slumber'd on her breast,  
 While, in each hand she held another,      A chubby sister and a brother:—  
 Pat came and bow'd, strok'd back his hair,      And stood with military air,  
 While he attention's look display'd,      As he was wont on war's parade.  
     The Doctor first the silence broke.—  
     "I've sometimes, *Pat*, let loose a joke,  
 As well I'm sure you don't forget,      When we, by any chance, have met;  
 But as you well may guess the reason 'Tis not just now a joking season.  
 I am about to travel far,      And much I want th' attending care  
 Of some bold, active, steady spirit,      Who does those qualities inherit,  
     At once both duteous, kind and fervent,  
     Which form the good and faithful servant :  
 If these you have, you shall attend      My journey as an humble friend.  
     The 'Squire and Madam, with one voice,  
     Have urg'd me to make you my choice :  
     What say you ?" Patrick look'd towards Heaven,  
     And thus his warm reply was given ;  
     "I've serv'd my king and country too :  
     And now, with all obedience due,  
 Your Honour's Rev'rence I'll attend,      To this round world's remotest end;  
 And do whate'er you shall require      By day or night,—in flood or fire;



On horse or foot, 'tis all the same,  
 You shall ne'er say that *Pal's* to blame.  
 I serv'd a Captain seven long years, And when he fell, I know my tears  
 Mix'd with the blood that flow'd around,  
 When he receiv'd his fatal wound.  
 Your honours, you may take my word,  
 He was as brave as his drawn sword,  
 Which, to my army 'twas well known,  
 Had often split a Frenchman's crown ;  
 And was a kind and gen'rous master, Until he met with this disaster.  
 I would have died Heav'n knows to save him ;  
 That fatal morn he bid me shave him ;  
 I've got the razor all forlorn With which his dying beard was shorn,  
 And when, well set, why it shall thin  
 Whene'er you please, your honour's chin.  
 Oh he'd be glad, with justice due, To say all I have said is true.  
 But he sleeps on a foreign plain, Nor e'er will wag his tongue again.  
 Oh he was good as he was brave, And as I have a soul to save  
 His bosom never felt a fear When trumpets did to battle cheer :  
 You may believe what I have said ; Nor will his soul e'er be afraid,  
 When the last Trumpet bids array  
 The Quick and Dead, at Judgment-day.  
 I am no scholar, but I know That good works joy, and evil woe,  
 As Sunday last, the Doctor's text  
 Told us, in this world and the next."  
 —A transient sense of mirth was caus'd  
 By the last words, when Patrick paus'd.  
 "But," said the 'Squire, "upon my life,  
 We must enquire of Patrick's wife  
 Whether it will not sorely grieve her,  
 If her dear, faithful mate, should leave her."  
 —She pass'd her hand o'er either eye, And thus she ventur'd to reply :  
 "*Pal's* talk may make you Gentry laugh,  
 But 'tis too grave for me by half.  
 Pray what provision shall I have, When he is gone and cannot pave ?  
 And if please Heaven that he should die Who will maintain my family?  
 When I have nought to cut and carve,  
 Why I and all my babes must starve !"  
 "—Hold your tongue, Kate," the pavior said,  
 "I've got a far, far better trade :  
 Paving farewell ! 'tis now my plan To serve a rev'rend Gentleman.  
 I love you, wife, with all my heart,  
 But now and then 'tis good to part,  
 And then 'tis joy, almost to pain, When we are call'd to meet again.  
 And should I pass through Heav'n's gate,  
 Nay should his Rev'rence yield to Fate,  
 'Squire Worthy will take care of Kate.  
 And for my smiling babes, God bless 'em,  
 Madam will give them clothes to dress 'em ;  
 And faith, my girl, I'd swear and vow,  
 She'll keep 'em fat as they are now.

And who doth know by Heav'n's good grace  
 Some honest man may take my place ;  
 There's comfort, Kate, and you may thrive As well as when I was alive.  
 Kate, worthy Sirs, takes nought amiss,  
 Nor e'er says *No* when I say *Yes*.  
 It was a little matter, that, Which was agreed 'twixt her and Pat,  
 A little scheme to keep off strife,  
 When the church made us man and wife :  
 So nothing further need be said, Your Honour's wishes are obey'd ;--  
 And now farewell, pick-axe and spade !  
 All that I have, my life and soul, I subject to your kind controul ;  
 'Twill be my study to fulfil, Both day and night your honour's will ;  
 Nor danger, nor distress shall find you,  
 While I am jogging on behind you.  
 —The 'Squire may trust to my kind care,  
 The grey hack and the chesnut mare ;  
 They are old friends, I've known them long,  
 And woe to him who does them wrong !  
 Nay, should I any ostler meet That did them of their suppers cheat,  
 The fellow's teeth would be in danger,  
 For faith, I'd make him eat the manger.  
 I've often seen my Lady there, Ride Phillis with a gallant air ;  
 And seldom did she fail to banter As she pass'd by me on a canter.  
 But if it doth on me depend, Where'er our destin'd way may tend,  
 His Reverence, Pat, the Mare and Hack,  
 Shall all look well when they come back."  
 Thus all the parties seem'd well pleas'd ;—  
 The Doctor of his sorrow eas'd  
 Look'd forward to the destin'd Tour To generate a perfect cure.  
 That their scheme promis'd such success, Afforded real happiness  
 To their kind hearts who first design'd it,  
 And now to Heaven's best care resign'd it.  
 —By Village Tailor, in a crack, Patrick was clad in suit of black :—  
 But while, array'd in inky coat, From his new hat was seen to float  
 The mourning crape, he had the art  
 To keep all mourning from his heart.  
 Booted and spurr'd he might provoke The Village jeer, the Village joke ;  
 But he prov'd all their envy vain, For faith he jok'd and jeer'd again.  
 Although it rather seem'd to grieve her,  
 That he had thus resolv'd to leave her,  
 Kate still was pleas'd her Pat to see Dress'd out with such gentility ;  
 And, as she did his figure scan, Swore he look'd like a gentleman.  
 But Pat had bus'ness still in view, Ere the time came to say adieu.  
 He, with a stone, was bid to pave,  
 The length and breadth of Madam's grave,  
 To guard it round with verdant sod, And break to dust each clumsy clod,  
 'Till skilful mason could prepare Beneath affection's mournful care,  
 A fond memorial to raise Of tender grief and faithful praise.  
 Now, ere a busy week was gone, The steeds in full caparison  
 Appear'd, with all their trav'ling state,  
 Before the Vicar's crowded gate.

—PAT, who had left AMEN to lead  
 The Doctor's gay and sprightly steed,  
 Had, after Kate had been caress'd, Receiv'd his children to be bless'd:  
 Some laugh'd at Pat, and some admir'd,  
 But all shook hands till he was tir'd :  
 Some grinn'd and some few wip'd an eye,  
 As if they were dispos'd to cry ;—  
 But he exclaim'd their grief was vain,  
 For he should soon come back again ;  
 And as for sorrow, 'twas a folly ;    The Devil alone was melancholy ;  
 For the curs'd scoundrel, sour with sin,  
 Could ne'er with joy presume to grin,  
 Then told the laughers not to cry    And went off whistling lullaby.  
 Syntax, now with a solemn grace,  
 Gave his best friends a warm embrace ;  
 When many a kind adieu return'd,  
 The wish with which their bosoms burn'd,  
 —That ev'ry good which Heaven could send him,  
 That no misfortune should attend him,  
 Each rustic bosom did prepare    And utter'd, as a cordial prayer.  
 —Thus the good man, at early day,    Proceeded on his destin'd way.

## CANTO II.

THE morning smil'd, the beaming ray  
 Of Phœbus made all nature gay.  
 Blue was the Lake's expansive flood, And many a gentle zephyr woo'd  
 The wave that rippled o'er the deep,  
 Nor would allow the wave to sleep.  
 The mountains rising rude and bold  
 Shew'd their rude summits tipt with gold,  
 While branching oaks, the forest's pride,  
 Hung down and cloath'd their shaggy side :  
 The cattle wander o'er their mead, The flocks all by the wood-side feed.  
 The brook flows murmuring along,    The grove is vocal by the song  
 With which kind nature doth inspire,  
 In summer morn, the feather'd choir.  
 At intervals is heard the roar    Of water-fall, which tumbling o'er  
 The craggy brow, delights the eye    And ear, with rude variety.  
 Nor these alone : what labour shows, And does by rural toil disclose,  
 To aid the picture nature gives, By which in some new form she lives,  
 While art, by active life refin'd,    Improves that picture in the mind ;—  
 And thus, with blended objects fraught,  
 Unites the sense to solid thought.  
 The husbandman's attentive toil  
 Turns with his plough th' expecting soil,—  
 And now with no unsparing hand The grain he scatters o'er the land ;  
 The yellow harvest next appears, With lofty stem and loaded ears,—  
 The barn capacious then receives  
 Th' abundant loads which labour gives ;

And thus each scene of nature's shown,  
 With varying beauties not her own.  
 How does the fisher's boat awake, The dulness of the dormant lake !  
 While, aided by the gentle gale,  
 Trade guides her barge with swelling sail :  
 Or should the bark of pleasure skim The water o'er with gallant trim,  
 While oars in dashing measure sweep The yielding bosom of the deep,  
 What interest, as they intervene, Each gives to every charming scene.  
 The waggon with its pond'rous load  
 That grinds to dust the beaten road :  
 The travellers, who throughout the day In various guise pursue their way,  
 The herdsman's wealth, the goatherd's store,  
 The hill and dale and height explore ;  
 The shatter'd castle's lofty tower The former seat of lordly power ;  
 The ivied arch by river's side, The sad remains of cloister'd pride ;  
 The smoke that rises o'er the trees And curls obedient to the breeze ;  
 The bridge that many an age has stood  
 And stretch'd its arch across the flood ;—  
 The village spire, but dimly seen, The straw-roof'd cot upon the green,  
 With spreading vine bementled o'er,—  
 The children gazing from the door,  
 And homely peasants as they ply The various calls of industry ;—  
 These, and how many more combine, To aid fair nature's rude design ;—  
 But they defy so weak a muse as mine.  
 Such are the forms which Fancy gives,  
 By which e'en Fancy smiles and lives.  
 Such were the thoughts which nature's charm  
 With ever-varying beauty warm,  
 Did, as he gaz'd around, suggest,  
 To the good Doctor's pensive breast ;—  
 For though he thought the plan pursued,  
 Was haply form'd to do him good,  
 Yet still he felt that much remain'd Before his cure would be obtain'd.  
 But though he fail'd not to obey The power that gives and takes away,  
 Whose perfect wisdom's seen to measure  
 Man's hours and fortunes at its pleasure,  
 Yet he ne'er vainly strove to steel His heart, and bid him not to feel,  
 But yielded to what Heav'n thought fit,—  
 To sigh, to sorrow, and submit.  
 For comfort he would ne'er apply To what is call'd Philosophy ;  
 He did not rest his hopes on earth, Or any strength of mortal birth ;  
 No, all his hopes he strove to raise Where angels wonder as they gaze.  
 —Thus he rode on, but now and then  
 He turn'd to look toward Sommerden.  
 At length the spire, with sun-beams bright, Began to lessen in his sight ;  
 But when it vanish'd from his view, He heav'd a sigh, and pensive grew,  
 Nor till successive beauties rose, Which splendid nature did disclose  
 To charm his eye, to warm his heart, And make him think upon his art,  
 Had he his gloomy care resign'd, Or call'd a smile into his mind.  
 But nature on his fancy wrought, And chang'd the tenour of his thought,  
 While he with contemplative eye Trac'd and retrac'd the scenery,—

And picture after picture, true                      To all he saw, his fancy drew.  
 Thus, as the Sage pursued his way, He bade his mind the scenes survey,  
 And as the Muse may now conjecture, Read to himself a kind of lecture  
 On nature's charms, and how by art, He could the picturesque impart,  
 As he had often done before,                      When journeying on his former Tour,  
                     Which this same Muse, a tell-tale drab,  
                     On a past page has dar'd to blab ;—  
 And as he felt 'twould ease his pain,                      He now would try to do again,  
                     And heighten nature's varying feature  
                     By adding many a living creature ;  
 Thus calling to immediate use                      What time destroys and men produce.  
                     —These thoughts, impress'd upon his mind,  
                     To serious musings much inclin'd,  
 Directed all his views of nature                      In praise of their sublime Creator ;  
 And, from his contemplative mood, Which all his love of talk withstood,  
 He suddenly the silence broke,                      And thus with solemn air he spoke :  
 —Father of good, Almighty power ! Who at Creation's wond'rous hour,  
                     Didst call from Chaos into birth  
                     This goodly scene of things, the Earth ;—  
 Man's state of trial, his sure way,                      And passage to eternal day :  
 But 'tis not now I shall assign                      The goodness of thy power divine,  
 In forming the benignant plan                      To suit the character of man,—  
 Nor shall I bid my thoughts explore                      The depth of metaphysic lore,  
 To prove, in erring reason's spite,                      That whatsoever is, is right :  
 I leave that to reflection's pow'r,                      In piety's more sacred hour,  
 When 'tis my duty to impart                      Truth's doctrine to the doubting heart.  
                     Here, I must own, whate'er I see,  
                     The scenes around me preach to me :  
                     Each brook and rock, as Shakspeare says,  
 (The Bard sublime of former days,) Excites the tongue to grateful praise.  
 Can I view nature's grand display,                      Now brightening in the sunny ray,  
 That my enquiring eye regales                      With interchange of hills and dales ;  
 The silver lake and rushing flood,                      The verdant lawn and pendent wood,  
 Which, softly touch'd or boldly wrought,                      Delight or elevate the thought,  
 Without receiving through the eye                      The moral sensibility?  
                     Or without list'ning, through the sense,  
                     To nature's speechless eloquence ?  
 These call me as my view's pursued, To praise the Author of all good !  
                     For good the wondering mind may trace  
                     In the vast fields of endless space ;  
 Even good reflection's eye may see                      In every leaf, on ev'ry tree,  
                     In ev'ry blade of grass that's seen  
                     To clothe the earth with vesture green ;  
                     In oaks that form the civic wreath,  
                     Or the wild rose that blooms beneath,  
                     In the steep rock's stupendous brow,  
                     Or the grey moss that clings below.  
                     These are thy works, Parent of good !  
                     Thus felt, thus seen, thus understood,  
                     They wake the enliv'ning gratitude,  
 That, thus directed, is combin'd                      With the first virtues of the mind !



How much I thank a parent's care  
 Which, while he did his child prepare  
 With pregnant seeds of classic lore,  
 And op'd fair learning's various store,  
 With all of science and of knowledge,  
 That could be taught in school and college ;  
 Yet suffer'd art to guide my hand And the free pencil's power command.  
 Thus I possess the skill to trace And call to view the hidden grace.  
 The secret beauty, that no eye, Untaught by art, can e'er descry ;  
 That bids th' enquiring mind explore Things dimly seen or gilded o'er,  
 And which it scarce had known before.  
 Delightful art ! ere plenty stor'd With friendly hand, my daily board,  
 While ill-paid labour did instil Knowledge to boys against their will :  
 Though I could just rub on by teaching,  
 And pay for Grizzle's keep by preaching ;  
 When, to do good I was most willing, And not an independent shilling  
 Did in my scanty purse appear To purchase sorrow's falling tear :  
 Yes, thou didst nature's scenes pourtray,  
 And my heart grew like nature gay.  
 Delightful art ! that through the eye  
 Didst oft my drooping mind supply  
 With images, whose beauty's power  
 Gave pleasure to the passing hour !  
 Thou bad'st me hope that time would bring A better fortune on its wing :  
 Hope was fulfill'd, and Fortune came,  
 Nor without some small share of fame.  
 Thus, by transcendent Nature fir'd, By love of PICTURESQUE inspir'd,  
 Through these blest scenes I sought to roam,  
 Where Fortune gave my present home ;  
 And where, though unrelenting fate Has robb'd me of my darling mate,  
 Yet, while lamenting what I've lost, I still have much of good to boast,  
 And for that good my grateful heart  
 Must bless Thee, thou delightful art !  
 —He paus'd, and ere he spoke again,  
 Patrick exclaim'd "Amen, Amen !"

The Doctor quickly turn'd around, Scar'd at the unexpected sound,  
 "And please your Rev'rence," Pat then said,  
 "O the fine prayer that you have pray'd !  
 For sure, on horseback, ne'er was heard  
 Such pious words to Heaven preferr'd,  
 And many would be hard put to't To say such fine things e'en on foot :  
 So faith, and please you, Sir, I thought It did not finish as it ought :  
 For though we are not in a church, I would not leave it in the lurch,  
 Thus when your pray'r was done, I then  
 Like a good Christian said, Amen !"

The Doctor turn'd his head aside To hide a smile and thus replied :  
 Ne'er mind, my friend, whate'er is meant  
 With honest zeal and good intent  
 Requires not, in calm reason's eye,  
 But still you need not silence break,  
 Unless the occasion bids you speak,

Or pardon or apology.



Unless my words—as they transpire      A needful answer may require.  
 Sometimes my bosom's senate sits      In silent thought, nor then admits  
 A single word its force to try,      And ruffle my tranquillity.  
     —How strange this custom may appear  
     To others, I nor know nor care;  
 But oft I feel a pleasing joy      When thus I do an hour employ,  
     When thus with bold ideas fraught,  
     I clothe with words my secret thought:  
 Nor shall I e'er the whim disown      To give them utterance when alone,  
     So that my words fair virtue please,  
     And yield th' impatient bosom ease."  
 PATRICK.—"An' please you, Sir, at early hour  
     When I've been working near the tower,  
     To place a tomb-stone on the head  
     Of one, Heaven save him, who is dead,  
     I've seen you o'er the church-yard come, Talking as loud as any drum,  
     Sometimes as if in angry rage,      Like Playmen acting on the stage:  
     At others, you so slowly walk,      That I could only see you talk."  
     Again the Doctor wav'd his hand, And Pat was silent at command.  
     "I've one word more," the Doctor said, "And I expect to be obey'd.  
     Whatever you may see me do,      Keep this command in constant view;  
     If I ride on nor silence break,      If to myself you hear me speak,  
     Let not, I beg, your flippant tongue      Disturb me as I jog along."  
     Pat bow'd, and by his reason's force      He felt he might disturb discourse,  
     But thought it was a curious joke      To disturb one who never spoke.  
     Though hard the task which was assign'd,  
     Patrick was patient and resign'd.  
     Blest Contemplation, oft thy power  
     Charms and improves the passing hour!  
     'Tis in that hour the mind receives      The best impression virtue gives.  
     For thus, with higher thought prepar'd,      As its instructor and its guard,  
     Vice and its passions ne'er invade      The bosom thus so sacred made,  
     Where solemn musings calm the mind  
     And leave all boist'rous cares behind.  
 Vice, it is true, o'er crime may brood      In some dark dismal solitude;  
     There it may whet the murd'rous knife  
     That threatens some unwary life;  
     There treason may its schemes employ  
     To rob, to pillage, and destroy.  
 But Contemplation, Heavenly Maid!      By calling virtue to its aid,  
     Does with her power benign, controul      Each strong emotion of the soul,  
     Bids every mental tempest cease,      And soothes the bosom into peace.  
     At this same moment, Honest Pat, As if to parley, touch'd his hat,—  
     But when he saw the waving hand,      He understood the kind command.  
     Indeed he had a tale to tell,      (And much his tongue long'd to rebel)  
     Of murder, robbery and blood,      At midnight hour, and in a wood,  
     Which though he knew not how or why,  
     Had just popp'd on his memory:  
 For he had oft in alehouse glory      Told his strange terror-striking story;  
     And, in his own pathetic strain      He wish'd to tell it once again,  
     But the hand told him 'twas in vain.

The signal therefore he obey'd, To hear what more his master said ;  
 Who thus as he pac'd on at leisure,  
 Conveyed to Pat his further pleasure.  
 "Ail those to whom I've long been known,  
 Must see I've habits of my own,  
 Gain'd in the solitary hour, That's pass'd in learning's silent bower,  
 And brought to practice 'mid the toil  
 That oft consumes the midnight oil :  
 They know, nor do I fear to own, I often talk when I'm alone,  
 And to myself declaim as loud As I were speaking to a crowd.  
 Patrick, I have said this before, Nor let me say it o'er and o'er ;  
 I tell you it would give me pain, Were I to give these hints again."  
 Now in grave, contemplative mood,  
 Syntax his beauteous way pursued ;  
 Detaching with his skilful eye, From this proud stretch of scenery,  
 Such chosen parts as might display,  
 The landscape grand, or rude, or gay ;  
 The spreading wood, the awful steep, Impending o'er the crystal deep,  
 And many a more familiar scene, That here and there might intervene,  
 Such as his less ambitious art To the fair sketch-book could impart,  
 And graphic notices secure, To give these views a miniature.  
 The native beauties that preside And form the charms of AMBLESIDE,  
 As they all open'd on the sight, Perplex'd the bosom with delight ;  
 —Then Stockgill Force, with deaf'ning roar,  
 Did from a height stupendous pour  
 Its rushing streams from unseen source  
 Impetuous ; they their foaming course,  
 Dash'd on from rock to rock, pursue, Now hid, now open to the view .  
 When many a craggy bottom past, They the deep Rothay reach at last,  
 And, rushing on in bold career, Give up their waves to WINDERMERE.  
 At once delighted and amaz'd, Syntax now made a pause and gaz'd ;  
 Though in his visits here before This scene his eyes had wander'd o'er,  
 Nay, here his pencil had essay'd, And with attentive pleasure made  
 Bold sketches from this very scene,  
 Where with his neighbours he had been ;  
 Yet former knowledge to renew, He thought he now would take a view,  
 And from his pouch the sketch-book drew ;  
 Thus while his Art he now employ'd And the rich scene around enjoy'd,  
 Forth from behind a bulky tree, As urg'd by curiosity,  
 A person stole with gentle pace And keen enquiry in his face :  
 At length he grew a little bolder,  
 And just peep'd o'er the Doctor's shoulder,  
 With a keen forward eye to see The pencil's active industry.  
 Says PAT, "unless you court disaster,  
 You'd better not disturb my master,  
 For if you do,—you may not dream  
 That you'll go headlong down the stream."  
 Syntax now look'd around to see What caus'd Pat's incivility,  
 Then quickly wav'd his awful hand, And as he dealt forth the command ;  
 He saw half-screen'd beside a bush,  
 What seem'd a brother of the brush,

Who 'neath each arm display'd to shew A cumbersome Port-Folio.  
 And on his dress, through ev'ry part, Was seen some implement of Art :  
 But soon he prov'd without restraint,  
 That he could talk as well as paint.

ARTIST.—“From what I see and doth appear,  
 You, Sir, may be a stranger here ;  
 And as you now employ your Art, I may some useful hints impart.  
 I am an Artist, would you see Art's finest works, pray come with me.  
 You may view all, if you are willing ; The Exhibition costs a shilling ;  
 And in this stream I would be drown'd,  
 Should you not think it worth a pound.  
 Nay, if your means the price supply,  
 Such as you chuse, why you may buy.”  
 Syntax, it seems, had heard before Of this same Artist, (with his store  
 Of Sketches, Drawings and Designs,  
 Display'd on walls and hung on lines.)

Who does to rival skill demur, And is his own Interpreter.  
 So he indulg'd him in his glory, And let him enter on his story.  
 —As he the Exhibition view'd, The Artist his discourse pursued.

ARTIST.—“I need not tell you, Sir, that Art  
 Demands a power in ev'ry part,  
 Which should pervade its form and feature ;  
 And that, as you must know, is NATURE.  
 Say, wherefore, does my active eye Seize on her various scenery ?  
 And wherefore is it thus confest, That I ne'er fail to chuse the best ?  
 —Because I seek her wheresoe'er She woos me to her *mild* and *fair* ;  
 Because, when she's sublimely good,  
 She courts me in the *wild* and *rude*.  
 I ask you where is her abode Which by my feet has not been trod ?  
 The heights, the depths, the falling floods,  
 The rugged rocks or spreading woods ?  
 Where, tell me, is th' Arcadian scene,  
 With sun-shine gay, as em'rald green,  
 Where my researches have not been ?

In all this beauteous country round, No, not a spot is to be found,  
 At orient morn, or ev'ning grey, Where I've not urg'd my studious way :

Where, by a nice experience taught,  
 Each varying, transient tint is caught.  
 Here clouds upon the mountain rest,  
 And sink in mists upon its breast :  
 Here the light falls with silver beam,  
 Or the sun glows with golden gleam.  
 There the flood pours its foamy wave,  
 Or various forms in shadow lave ;  
 And glimm'ring in the crystal plain, In fainter outline live again,  
 There, where is seen within the glade,  
 The less or greater depth of shade ;  
 Where the thin air conducts the eye, Transparent mirror, to the sky ;  
 And wheresoe'er the varying feature Aids the full aggregate of Nature,  
 My Art can dip the pencil in it, And fix the beauty of the minute.  
 —Hence my superior works, and hence In Art I claim pre-eminence.

--There are your Artists, who, in town,  
 From gaudy daubs expect renown ;  
 Whose rank true taste will ne'er prefer To that of an Upholsterer ;—  
 Nor does their utmost stretch of art Excel the Paper-Stainer's part.  
 They do not Nature's works pursue, As I with patient labour do.  
 They may from some steep warehouse ridge  
 Sketch water-falls at London-Bridge ;  
 Or study the transparent wave, That does the grassy meadows lave,  
 Where the *New River's* lagging on  
 Through the bright scene of Islington :  
 They let their wearied pencil breathe,  
 From crowded choice, on Hampstead-Heath,  
 Or leaning 'gainst a stunted oak, Make bright designs of London smoke.  
 There they in tints so mild and mellow,  
 May mark out sun-beams red and yellow,  
 And study foliage from a rood, Or a score yards, of underwood :  
 Then their big minds with mountains fill,  
 By views of Harrow on the Hill ;  
 And catch, from the New Road so strait,  
 The Picturesque of Turnpike Gate.  
 There's Hyde-Park too, the charming scene,  
 Which they may view so flat, so green ;  
 And trace the ever-varying line, Along the strait-bank'd Serpentine.  
 Thus with their pencils on they go, From low to high, from high to low,  
 And fancy hills, as they move on The level walks of Kensington ;  
 Where, though it loyal bosoms shock, They turn the Palace to a Rock.  
 Some will the Picturesque beseech To aid the view of Chelsea-Reach ;  
 But left by Genius in the lurch, Can only reach to Chelsea-Church :  
 Then, as it were, to crown the whole,  
 To fill the view, to charm the soul,  
 How proudly they let loose their eye, From St. Paul's Golden Gallery,  
 To view the vast horizon round That half-a-dozen miles may bound.  
 —These glorious Artists of the Town, Will club expenses to come down,  
 The boast of Nature here to see And slyly borrow Art from me.  
 Yes, I have often seen them smile, Their fruitless envy to beguile.  
 —But now pray turn your eye to see  
 What hangs on lines from tree to tree.  
 They are my works which I display In the full air of open day :  
 And, though expos'd to sun and sky, My Colours, Sir, will never fly."  
 SYNTAX.—"Upon my word you make me stare,  
 And I most solemnly declare, I thought them linen that you wear :  
 Your shirts and shifts hung out to dry, In washerwoman's symmetry."  
 ARTIST.—"Not one R. A. has got the gift  
 To make him such a shirt or shift ;  
 They're first-rate works that deck the line,  
 'Twas this hand drew them, they are mine ;  
 And I declare among them all That each is an *Original*."  
 SYNTAX.—"'Tis not for me to controvert  
 What you so boldly do assert ;  
 But as my eye these drawings strike,  
 They, my good friend, are all alike.

You cannot wish the truth to smother,  
 That they are Copies of each other.  
 If so, why, surely, he who calls      These copied works *Originals*,  
 Gives such a meaning to the word,      I, as a scholar, never heard."  
     ARTIST.—"I tell you, if the copies prove,  
 (Nor does my understanding rove,)       
 True both in tint and touch and line,      To the original design,  
     And copied by the self-same hand  
     That does my pencil's power command ;  
 Those Drawings must, to Critic eye,      Share in th' *Originality* ;  
 And be the number what they may,      If they unerring Truth display,  
 I say, in spite of envy's brawls,      That they are ALL ORIGINALS."  
     SYNTAX.—"At least, I think it must be known,  
     That, Mr. Artist, you are ONE."  
 By these keen fancies render'd gay,      Syntax proceeded on his way.  
     At length, a beauteous place of rest,  
     Lowood, receives the trav'ling guest.  
 And here he found a two-fold treat ;— Hungry, he relish'd what he eat ;  
 While Nature did his bosom cheer,      As he glanc'd over Windermere.  
     The humbler views that deck the Lake,  
     The hills, the groves, the farms that break  
     In blended beauty on the sight,  
     He saw, but the bold mountain's height,  
     Which gave the wond'rous scenes sublime,  
 He sought not, for he had not time,      And if he had, my simple rhyme  
     Would scarce have such a height assail'd,  
     Where far superior bards have fail'd.  
     Now Patrick, having fed his cattle,  
     Brush'd up his breakfast with a battle :  
 Not such as boxing heroes try      To gain the well paid victory ;  
     Or where resentment's rage fulfilling,  
     One blood gives t'other blood a milling :  
 But such as can be said or sung,      By that same weapon call'd a tongue,  
     Which he display'd in warlike story,  
     That told of brave Old England's glory.  
     Thus he address'd the kitchen folk ;  
     Thus, with extended arm, he spoke.  
     PATRICK.—"Since I left Ireland's blessed shore,  
     Since I through seas have travell'd o'er,  
     O what strange things my eyes have seen !  
     In what far countries I have been !  
     How I've been toss'd and tumbled o'er,  
     From land to sea, from sea to shore !  
     In how much blood my feet have wallow'd,  
     And what salt-water I have swallow'd !  
     What mighty battles have been fought,  
     Where Patrick did not pass for nought !  
     How many drums have I heard rattle  
     To call the eager troops to battle !  
     How many trumpets I've heard sound,  
     To call the prancing steeds around ;

But as  
 \* Near  
 —At this  
 reverberat



To bring the horsemen all together,  
 In brazen helms with horse-hair feather ;  
 All in bright uniforms, as red As the warm blood they soon would shed.  
 'Twould do you good if you inherit An English or an Irish spirit,  
 To see a Hussar how he crops  
 The Frenchmen's heads like turnip-tops !  
 How many swords have I seen bright,  
 And glimm'ring in the morning's light,  
 That, ere the noon-tide hour was o'er,  
 Were steep'd in blood and dripp'd with gore !  
 You may not, my good friends, conceive it,  
 Or when I've spoke may not believe it,  
 But this right hand has cut off heads  
 With as much ease as it now spreads  
 This yielding butter on the toast. O what a host of lives are lost,  
 In all the horrid wear and tear Of that same sport which you call war,  
 When monarchs frown and nations jar !  
 Arrah, my Dears, it does confound me,  
 To think how many fell around me ;  
 And that I, Patrick, should appear All safe and sound and sitting here.  
 Behold those lofty mountains there  
 That lift their heads so high in air,  
 Which through the glass my eye-sight sees ;  
 O they're so like the Pyrenees !  
 They only want the Frenchmen flying,  
 Men shouting here, and there all dying :  
 Some dead and welt'ring in their blood,  
 And others floating down the flood.  
 If they were here I should maintain,  
 That we were fighting now in Spain :  
 If they were here with half an eye, They'd tell you so as well as I !  
 And were it, as my tongue has told me,  
 You a brave soldier would behold me ;  
 Nor I at all, at all afraid, Or of the living or the dead :  
 And I, now here, I, honest Pat,  
 Would mind it all no more than that !"—  
 He snapp'd his fingers with an air, And sought the quiet of his chair.  
 The ostler grinn'd, the cook was frightened,  
 The barber, fond of news, delighted,  
 Clos'd his sharp razors and drew near To listen with attentive ear.  
 But while Pat's thirsty lips assail The cup brimful of foaming ale,  
 A cannon's loud, obstrep'rous sound Re-echoed all the country round.  
 He started at the warlike roar, The goblet fell upon the floor,  
 And he rush'd quickly through the door.\*  
 Whether it courage was or fear That caus'd the downfall of the beer,  
 Or did his quick-pac'd stride impell,  
 The Muse does not pretend to tell :—  
 But as he did from Erin come, Where courage beats the rattling drum,

\* Near *Low Wood Inn* is a commodious pier for embarking on a voyage down the Lake.  
 —At this place a *Cannon* is kept, for the purpose of gratifying visitors with those surprising  
 reverberations of sound, which follow its discharge in these romantic vales.



Where, when the trumpet sounds alarms,  
 Thousands of heroes rush to arms,  
 It well becomes us to conceive That he did not his breakfast leave,  
 But from that bold and daring spirit,  
 Which brave Hibernia's sons inherit.  
 The hero had not far to run, And soon he stood beside the gun,  
 Where Syntax, with a curious eye, Guided by sound Philosophy,  
 Explor'd in thought each neighb'ring vale,  
 And watch'd the current of the gale :  
 Measur'd the objects all around,  
 As they might check or quicken sound ;  
 And by some principle to find This joint effect of noise and wind.  
 But soon a more poetic thought On his inspired fancy wrought.  
 —Again the cannon gave its roar To every near and distant shore ;  
 When its rude clamour rattled around The strange, reverberating sound ;  
 Now sinking low, now rising high In wonderful variety,  
 Of classic images a score Did on the Doctor's mem'ry pour.  
 "Echo," he said, "I know thee well ;  
 Thou dost in rocks and caverns dwell,  
 Or where the crag beneath the hill, Renew its image in the rill !  
 There I have heard thee, there my song  
 Thy chastened notes did oft prolong ;  
 So mild, so gentle, soft and clear,  
 Thy voice has charm'd my list'ning ear !  
 A modest nymph, I hail thy power Within my garden's shady bower,  
 But here, by some reverse, grown bold, Echo, thou art an arrant scold ;  
 And mak'st the hills and valleys sing With thy so wond'rous vapouring !  
 —What say you Patrick, have you any  
 Of these same echoes at Kilkenny ?"  
 PATRICK.—"Yes, Sir, indeed, enough to shock you,  
 For faith, they can do nought but mock you ;  
 Nay, if you swear, Sir, by my troth, The Echo will repeat the oath ;  
 And if God bless you, you exclaim, The Echo will declare the same.  
 Say good, or bad, why in a crack, The ready voice will give it back.  
 The Echo which you hear at home Does from the parish steeple come ;  
 At least, so all the people say, And I have heard it many a day :  
 Nay this I know that Old Tom White  
 Has heard it morn and noon and night,  
 Since he remembers he could hear ;  
 And he has reach'd his eightieth year.  
 Now, after all, I see no wonder  
 When this great gun lets loose its thunder :  
 The Echo surely says no more Than the great gun has said before,  
 In an odd way, I own, and stronger, While it may last a little longer.  
 But give me such as I've been told, Unless poor Pat has been cajoled,  
 That when a question is preferr'd, Will answer give to every word ;  
 —Your Rev'ence, I've a soldier's thought,  
 Could it be into practice brought ;  
 'Twould give new strength, when cannon rattle,  
 And aid the mischief of a rattle ;  
 If, well ramm'd down and loaded high, The gun its shot could multiply,

As it can thus increase its sounds,  
 What added treat of blood and wounds  
 It would inflict by this same power, In the brisk contest of an hour ;  
 In all directions balls would fly With such unknown variety ;

The shot would revel in such plenty,  
 One gun would prove as good as twenty."

The Doctor smiled at the conceit :  
 Who would smile at such a treat  
 Of wand'ring fancy, which would feign  
 Ape reason in poor Patrick's brain ;  
 While of the list'ning country folk,  
 Some star'd, and others smelt a joke.

Now from the margin of the Lake,  
 The trav'lers did their journey make  
 Towards Bowness, when, it was not long  
 Before the Doctor spied a throng,

A motley troop, that lay at ease Beneath the wood's embow'ring trees.  
 Some slept upon the naked ground,  
 With one poor blanket wrapp'd around ;

Scarce shelter'd from the open sky, But by the leaves' green canopy ;  
 Others awake the slumb'ring fire  
 With weeds, with greenwood, and with briar,  
 Or watch the pot with hungry care, That did the mingled food prepare.

These feed the infant at the breast, Or nurse its outcries into rest ;  
 While bare-feet children, brisk and gay,  
 Amuse the hour in various play :  
 And as the aged Crones sat smoking,  
 The young were laughing, singing, joking ;  
 But though the scene seem'd to express  
 The outward shew of wretchedness,

No visage mark'd that heart-felt care Had taken up its dwelling there.  
 "Whom have we here ?" the Doctor cried :  
 Pat touch'd his hat, and thus replied.

PATRICK.—"They're Gipsies, who, at times, are found  
 In ev'ry part, the country round.

All their strange habits I can tell, I know these wand'ring people well ;  
 And I, perhaps, can tell you more,  
 Than e'er your Rev'rence heard before :

One of them once took a twist To quit his people and enlist,  
 And serv'd, a gallant soldier he, In the same company with me.  
 Though he the Gipsy's life gave o'er, Jack Gipsy was the name he bore,  
 And bore it till poor gallant Jack Was laid in battle on his back ;  
 I see him now as his death's wound Ran blood upon the sandy ground.  
 Full often have I heard him give The his'ry how these vagrants live.  
 From place to place they're seen to roam,  
 Nor e'er possess a constant home :

They wander here, and wander there And shew their faces ev'rywhere :  
 They are all thieves, as it is said, And thus they gain their daily bread.  
 When of their thieving folks complain, Away they go,—but come again'  
 And though the people sometimes bang 'em,  
 I never heard that Judges hang 'em.

They have no trade, nor buy, nor sell,  
 But when they're paid will fortunes tell;  
 And I have heard they can deliver  
 Such strange things as make people shiver.  
 Religion *Jack* did ne'er profess,  
 Till he had shoulder'd *Old Brown Bess* :  
 For they ne'er keep a sabbath day,  
 Nor are they known to preach or pray ;  
 They're said to be so prone to evil, As to have dealings with the Devil.  
 That the weak bend them to the strong  
 Is their great scheme of right and wrong ;  
 With them it is a leading rule, That cunning should outwit the fool ;  
 That no one is unjustly treated, Who with his open eyes is cheated.  
 They think it folly to pass by The tempting opportunity,  
 Which chance may offer, to obtain  
 Whate'er their wants may wish to gain :  
 They hold a pregnant lie well told, Is worth at least its weight in gold ;  
 And their great care is to prevail By trick when bolder means may fail ;  
 While their first wisdom is to teach  
 How to keep from the hangman's reach.  
 No matrimonial rites do they With solemn, plighted vows obey ;  
 Thus jealousy, that painful feeling, Is what these people do not deal in :  
 Nor have they much of that foul jarring  
 Which brings on matrimonial sparring  
 In which, when foolishly enrag'd, I fear that I have been engag'd.  
 —Whenever they are on the rout 'Tis well to keep a good look-out ;  
 An orchard, hen-roost, farmer's yard, Will then require a barking guard :  
 Besides they have a watchful eye To linen that's hung out to dry.  
 In short, whatever arts they deal in,  
 They have a perfect knack at stealing.  
 —If in those pots I were to peep, Perhaps a quarter of a sheep,  
 A fowl or something else as good,  
 Might sometimes prove they've dainty food,  
 Though, in hard times, they'll not say no,  
 To rats and mice and carrion crow.  
 —There's not a corner to be found In all Old England's ample round,  
 And Ireland too, where I have been,  
 Where these brown vagrants are not seen ;  
 Nay, I have heard that they are known In countries far beyond our own ;  
 Where with their fortune-telling art,  
 They play a strange mysterious part.  
 'Tis said that their strange, gibb'rish tongue,  
 Does to themselves alone belong.  
 Indeed, I oft have heard them speak, But to my mind it might be Greek :  
 It is not English I declare ;— And 'tis not Irish, that I'll swear  
 The men are active, stout and strong,  
 The women charming, when they're young :  
 Though with strange art their skins they dye,  
 Their teeth are white as ivory.  
 And with their hair so long and jetty Egad, Sir, they are very pretty :  
 And their black eyes, Oh :—

SYNTAX.—“Patrick, cease  
Your nonsense, and pray hold your peace.  
I’ve heard all these things o’er and o’er,  
But now I’ll know a little more ;  
Nor e’er shall find such fit occasion,  
To confer with this vagrant nation.”

Syntax, whene’er a fancy seiz’d him,  
Which from some flatt’ring impulse pleas’d him  
Did not with calm good reason view it,  
Whether he should or not pursue it,  
But struck at once, without delay, To where his fancy led the way :  
And now he thought that he might trace  
Some hist’ry of this vagrant race ;  
That keen enquiry might obtain  
What had been sought, but sought in vain.  
Then leaving Phillis to the care Of wond’ring Pat, with solemn air,  
He walk’d to view the motley band,  
And thus address’d them, while his hand  
Wav’d as a signal of command.  
They seem’d to give attentive ear His unexpected words to hear.

SYNTAX.—“Is there among you, one whose age,  
A long experienc’d, Gipsy sage,  
Can from tradition’s treasur’d store,  
Your name, your origin, and why,  
You live with all those joys at strife, Which tend to sweeten human life :  
Who want and wretchedness prefer To man’s all social character ;  
And while industrious habits give The means in honesty to live,  
You breathe in idleness, and roam Without a house, without a home.  
What are the means by which you thrive,  
Gain health, and keep yourselves alive !  
You are preparing all to eat ; Tell me who thus provides the treat ?  
The fear of God, the love of man, Do not affect your savage clan :  
The beadle’s lash, the threats of law,  
Alone can keep your minds in awe ;  
While penal chast’nings to evade, Is the grand scheme of Gipsy trade.  
Besides, I’m told, with impious art You play the necromancer’s part ;  
And e’en pretend with daring eye, To look into futurity :

Nay, thus presumptuous, seem to shew,  
What mortals were not born to know ;  
Yet by quick tongue and shrewd grimaces,  
And looks enliv’ning nut-brown faces,  
You raise false hopes and idle fears  
In the fool’s breast, and call forth tears  
From the poor mope, whom whimpr’ing folly  
Disturbs with simple melancholy.  
The circle movement of the arm, A signal of th’ expected charm ;  
An eager, penetrating eye, The artful smile, the ready lie,  
To animate credulity ;  
Make up the curious receipt By which you frame the dear-bought cheat.  
It is most strange the various tricks By which you do the attention fix,  
Not merely of confiding youth, Who hear whate’er they wish as truth ;

But e'en of sober minds, endued      With a calm sense of what is good  
 Which, doubting, half believing, try      A vagrant's skill in palmistry.  
 —Is it by systematic rule,      Which you all learn in Gipsy school;  
 Or, from the moment's happy chance,      You seize the boon of ignorance?  
     These things I fain would hear you tell  
     In a plain way without a spell.  
 Be candid, then, and no small gains,      Shall instantly reward your pains."  
     There now came forward from the wood,  
     Where he had all attention stood,  
 With grizzle beard, an aged man      Who might be Patriarch of the Clan.  
     His face with deepest brown was dyed,  
     A gaping woman grac'd his side,  
     And, in quick tones he thus replied.  
     GIPSY.—"We cannot tell from whence we came,  
     And wherefore Gipsy is our name:  
 Whether from Egypt we have sped,      As many learned men have said,  
     And thence have Europe overspread:  
 Or in the wars that did infest,      In former days, th' embattl'd East,  
 We have been driven from our home,      And fled in distant parts to roam,  
 Preserving still our native cast,      That seems by fate ordain'd to last.  
 Thus we, indeed, appear the same      As well in character as name;  
     Maintaining still our ancient nature,  
     In customs, manners, and in feature;  
     Speak the same tongue as did supply  
     Our words through many a century.  
     We all have gone the self-same road,  
     Which we believe our fathers trod:  
 The self-same customs we pursue,      Move on the same, there's nothing new  
     In Gipsy life, a wand'ring race,  
     Who know no change, but change of place.  
 No written rule or law prescribes      The actions of our roving tribes:  
 Nature's the mistress we obey,      Her sportive tricks the game we play:  
 To all but to her dictates blind,      We, ever to ourselves confin'd,  
 Ne'er mingle in the busy strife,      The scenes of artificial life;—  
 To nought but our own int'rest prone      We are, good Sir, ourselves alone.  
     "Whence'er it is our lot to range,      We find a never-ceasing change;  
     Manners and fashions, customs, laws,  
     From some unknown and secret cause,  
     Which is not level to our reason,  
     Change with each year, nay with each season,  
 While we in character and name      Continue through all times the same.  
 From formal rules and fashions free,      Clad it is true in poverty,  
     We're one self-errant family.  
     Like vagrant flocks abroad we roam,  
     Ourselves our care, the world our home.  
 'Tis true we do not ask a priest      To grace the matrimonial feast:  
     The children may scarce know their mother  
     Nor the young sister tell her brother;  
     But the fond mother's ne'er beguil'd;  
     She always knows her darling child:  
 Her babes will find their place of rest      Upon her back or at her breast;



And when they grow up stout and tall  
 They are the children of us all ;—  
 Nor does the workhouse ever hear A Gipsy child claim entrance there.  
 Where'er our lot, where'er our station, Strangers we are in ev'ry nation ;  
 And though us Gipsies they condemn,  
 We never borrow aught from them.  
 We tread the same path o'er and o'er,  
 Which our forefathers trod before."

SYNTAX.—"Do now, I pray, the truth reveal  
 If you don't borrow, don't you steal ?  
 And as your people stroll along, Do they distinguish right from wrong ?  
 Do they reflect on wrong or right, If they can get a dinner by't ?  
 Nay, if your parties at a lift Should chance to take a shirt or shift,  
 Or purloin, as a useful pledge, The linen whit'ning on a hedge,  
 To mend the rags that hung about 'em,  
 Pray do your ancient customs scout 'em ?  
 And do your younger people feel The elders' anger when they steal ?  
 Or do they not receive applause, When stealing they evade the laws ?  
 Say do you not the trick commend,  
 When you with hurried tongue pretend,  
 And ready, well-fram'd lies, to state Your knowledge of the book of fate ;  
 And, with fallacious promise cheat Weak minds, to pay for the deceit ?"

GIPSY.—"I own, Sir, in the Gipsy brood,  
 That there are bad as well as good :  
 But is not this a common case, In ev'ry state, in ev'ry place ;  
 And if the Gipsy breaks the law, He can no more escape its paw  
 Than any other who offends Against its object and its ends.  
 Do we alone then make a tool Of those who chuse to play the fool ?  
 No, this same trick is often seen, Where Gipsy-folk have never been :  
 Where fashion's votaries resort, Or midst the splendor of a Court,  
 Or in the conflicts of the bar Where Lawyers wage their wordy war.  
 It is not Jack, it is not Joan, It is not humble folks alone,  
 Who willing come to try our art, And what our knowledge can impart ;  
 It is not the deploring maid Whom village Strephon has betray'd ;  
 Nor those alone, so lowly born,  
 Whom wealth and greatness treat with scorn.

Who to the Gipsy's haunts apply, For peeps into futurity.  
 —The heir will come who wants to know,  
 When his rich Dad will pass below :  
 Or Miss, when her old aunt shall die,  
 Whether a husband she may buy With the expected legacy.  
 Aye many of the tonish crowd The gay, the gallant, and the proud,  
 Nay those who self-conceited strut,  
 Will sometimes seek the Gipsy's hut.  
 How often I've been call'd to fix Attention in a coach and six.  
 And where, for what my wit has told,  
 My hand has oft been cross'd with gold.  
 Yes lovely, fair and courtly dames, And I could mention certain names,  
 Have come to me devoid of state To hear my tidings of their fate.  
 Smile not for know my art can scan  
 'That you're a grave and learned man,



Who knows the world, and such as you,  
 Must own that what I say is true.  
 —If all, who play deceit for gain, Were forc'd to join the Gipsy train,  
 The world would share one common fate,  
 And thus its fortune I relate : The world would be one Gipsy state.  
 "But after all, how small our gain,  
 Expos'd to insult we remain, A wand'ring, persecuted train.  
 Still 'twould be vain for you to guess  
 Why clad in seeming wretchedness  
 We this strange mode of living chuse, And all your social good refuse :  
 But that's a branch of Gipsy art That nought will bribe us to impart.  
 That secret, all which you could pay Will never tempt us to betray.  
 Show me your hand and I will state Your fortune and your future fate :  
 But, wheresoe'er our lot is thrown, We never will unfold our own."  
 The Doctor from his pocket drew  
 His purse, and random silver threw,  
 And as his waiting steeds he sought  
 He thus, in smiling silence, thought,  
 "He never may have been at school, But, faith, this fellow is no fool."  
 Patrick, unwilling to be idle, As he held Phillis by the bridle,  
 With half a score black eyes around him,  
 Darting their glances to confound him,  
 Thought, while his Master chose to trace The hist'ry of the Gipsy race,  
 It would be ungallant, nay wrong,  
 Thus to stand still and hold his tongue,  
 Which, from experience, as he knew, He was not very apt to do.  
 Besides here was a fit occasion To gratify his inclination.  
 Indeed, the Fair-ones, though the claim  
 Is more than doubtful to the name ;  
 For Gipsy art, as is well known, Doth dye their skins in deepest brown :  
 As a black swan, it would be rare To see the face of Gipsy fair.  
 Well then, these Brown-ones did not wait  
 For him to open the debate ;  
 But, having gently strok'd his cheek,  
 Which was, I fear, nor smooth nor sleek,  
 And slyly chuck'd his bearded chin,  
 Which brought on a good-humour'd grin,  
 They jabber'd forth that they were willing  
 To tell his fate for half a shilling.  
 Pat smil'd consent, his sixpence paid,  
 And thus the witch commenc'd her trade.  
 GIPSY.—"I see, as sure as you have life,  
 That you have never had a wife."  
 PATRICK.—"As sure as hogs are made of bacon,  
 Your tongue is woefully mistaken,  
 You are a pretty piece of youth, But, faith, I wish you'd speak the truth.  
 Ne'er had a wife, I think you say Is that your conjuration pray ?  
 If you say wives I ne'er had any Your guess-work is not worth a penny :  
 For sure as your black eyes can see, My pretty mistress, I've had three,  
 And one, I'll swear it, was alive  
 This morning, when the clock struck five."

GIPSY.—“Again I will retrace your hand ;  
 With keener view its palm command.  
 I now see why my eye miscarried :  
 'Tis plain enough you have been married :  
 By a false line I was beguil'd ;      I see you never had a child.”

PATRICK.—“My honey, that is one lie more,  
 For faith, I tell you, I have four ;  
 As hearty babes as man could own,  
 With cheeks as red as yours are brown :  
 So you your chatt'ring may give o'er ;  
 Arrah, my dears, I'll hear no more.  
 Go tell his fortune to my Hack,      But mind the package on his back :  
 For, by the King, if you touch that,  
 You shall know something more of Pat.”

He now turn'd round and instant saw      A quiet piece of Gipsy law.  
 A female hand had found its way,      To where his trav'ling treasure lay ;  
 And was just taking at a spirt      His last new shoes and Sunday shirt.  
 Thus, when the solemn Doctor came,  
 He heard his furious groom exclaim—  
 “Now would your honour's self believe it !  
 My innocence could not conceive it,  
 That yon young girl whom you may see,  
 Who's out of sight behind the tree,  
 Would on her own ten naked toes,      Have run off in my new made shoes,  
 Had I not turn'd a lucky eye,      To stop her nimble thievery.  
 O how I long this whip to crack      In well laid lashes on her back :  
 I'd make the wicked baggage feel      Full sorely what it is to steal.”  
 This furious sally having heard,      Syntax a short remark preferr'd.  
 “My observations shall be brief :      The Gipsy wish'd to play the thief,  
 And that you knew, full well, she would,  
 If by your negligence she could.  
 Therefore, I pray, your anger cool,  
 For, Patrick, you have play'd the fool.”  
 —The Sage then mutter'd :—“à la lettre,  
 I fear that I have done no better.”

Now from an overshadow'd height,      Appear'd to the enamour'd sight  
 In trees embower'd, an object fraught  
 With solemn sense and higher thought,  
 Of what is best ;—a solemn shrine  
 Its reverential offering.  
 A rich, and an exhaustless mine  
 Where learned piety might bring  
 'Twas CALGARTH, of that spot the pride,  
 Where WATSON liv'd, where WATSON died.  
 Syntax stood still, with mind subdued,  
 Chang'd from the savage and the rude,  
 Which he had now so lately view'd,  
 To think on what is good and great,  
 In nature's most degraded state,  
 Big with the thought he silence broke,  
 And thus the warm Enthusiast spoke.  
 “LLANDAFF, I would my poor acclaim  
 Could elevate the voice of fame      That chaunts thy venerable name !  
 Does not a nation speak thy praise,      Say does not grateful Science raise

Those fond memorials which will last When future ages shall be past ;  
 While Learning, by its sage decree Will tell how much it owes to thee !  
 —But here I pause, for words will fail, Nor will my utmost powers avail,  
 To paint thee truly, as I scan, The zealous, powerful friend of man :  
 Who when the Demon had unfurl'd  
 His standard o'er the Christian world ;  
 When, by accumulated guilt, Rivers of Christian blood were spilt ;  
 When we were told that we should reap  
 No good from Death but endless sleep ;  
 That all the sacred ties which bind In social bliss the human kind,  
 That all the hopes which Truth had given  
 That sacred Truth inspir'd by Heaven,  
 Were fram'd in artificial guise, The work of priestly fallacies ;  
 When Sophistry its arts applied, To turn the minds of men aside  
 From ev'ry wise, unerring rule,  
 Which Life is taught in Wisdom's school :  
 When the vile passions were address'd  
 To root out virtue from the breast ;  
 When e'en the Gospel was arraign'd,  
 And by blaspheming doctrines stain'd,  
 Or threaten'd by the dark'ning veil  
 That turn'd the shudd'ring virtues pale :  
 When, by a hellish impulse driven,  
 Nations themselves made war on Heaven,  
 As the bold, fabled Titans strove, To wrestle with Olympian Jove :  
 When Britain now no longer free From Imps of Infidelity,  
 Who dar'd, with a relentless hand, To scatter poison o'er the land,  
 LLANDAFF,—you shook your mitred head,  
 You frown'd, and lo ! the Demons fled !  
 Your powerful mind resolv'd to wield  
 The sword of Faith, the ten-fold shield ;  
 Whose potent Ægis could repel The arrows of the Infidel !  
 You did the glorious contest try ; You fought and gain'd the victory !  
 The boon, to her brave Champions due, Religion grateful pays to you.  
 And while the good of ev'ry age,  
 Shall hymn the Patriarch and the Sage,  
 Faith looks to that last great reward,  
 The good receive, in Heav'n prepar'd.  
 “ And if an humble voice like mine Could in the gen'ral chorus join,  
 Which gives to universal fame, The noble deed, the splendid name ;—  
 Could I but aid the heartfelt strain, Syntax would sing, nor sing in vain ;  
 But what my feeble Muse affords, In gratitude my heart records !  
 “ Beside the grave where LLANDAFF sleeps,  
 Religion bends her head and weeps ;  
 And Science plants the Cypress round, To deck the consecrated ground ;  
 While Learning doth the tablet give,  
 By which he shall through ages live.”  
 Thus as he did in solemn guise And looks devout soliloquise,  
 To sacred CALGARTH, and to Heaven, His eyes alternately were given.  
 His hand he wav'd, which seem'd to tell,  
 As well as hand could speak—farewell !

Though many a fir-clad mountain high  
 Appear'd to court his curious eye ;  
 Though many a rich or rugged vale  
 That hugg'd the stream or nurs'd the gale,  
 Gave to the view the craggy scene      Of culture fair or bosom green ;  
 He rather his employment sought      In the recess of learned thought ;  
 Nor had he ceas'd thus to explore, Till his day's journey had been o'er ;  
 But Punch ran by him on the road Frisking along without his load ;—

While Pat, behind, was loudly bawling,  
 And kicking in the dust and sprawling,  
 —The Doctor rous'd by all this clatter,  
 Return'd to see what was the matter.  
 "How happen'd it," he gravely said,  
 "That on the ground you thus are laid ?"

Pat rose,—then gave himself a shake,  
 And staring did this answer make :  
 "By my soul, Sir, I scarce can tell,  
 How I came here,—and why I fell :

But I believe, that, on my way,      With nought to do,—and less to say ;  
 Dulness did o'er my senses creep,      And I presume I went to sleep.

The flies might sting,—and so the hack  
 Kick'd his fat load from off his back :  
 For, faith, I think, he would not take  
 Such freaks, if I had been awake.

No bones are broke, and I'm not bruise'd,  
 By this same fall I'm not ill-us'd ;

For in such cases, while alive      Fat is a fine preservative.  
 But no harm's done : the worst is past ; I wish this fall may be my last ;

Though, in this world, as we must own,  
 There's many an *up*, and many a *down* ;

As was the joke of my wife PEG,  
 Who had one *short* and one *long* leg,  
 And when she walk'd about, she knew  
 Her legs would prove her maxim true."

Syntax who was so grave by nature,      That rarely he relax'd a feature,  
 Now suffer'd nonsense to beguile      His lean, lank face into a smile :

Nay almost laughing, thus he said,  
 As the thought on his fancy play'd,—

"Pat, thou art full of strange conceit And in thy way a perfect treat :  
 So catch thy beast, once more bestride him,  
 And with a better caution ride him :

But let not thy resentment guide      The angry spur to goad his side ;  
 Nor let thy whip apply its thong,

For Punch, friend Pat, has done no wrong ;  
 And if 'tis just to give such greeting,

We know who 'tis deserves the beating."

Pat smil'd,—and having kiss'd the hack,  
 Was soon re-seated on his back.

The Doctor now pursued his way, Till night trod on the heels of day :  
 And when full many a mile was past, *Kendal* receiv'd the Sage at last.  
 —Now in an inn and all alone, He thought on what the day had done ;





A landlord fat, who lov'd a joke, And did Pat's boasting chatter smoke,  
 Half-whisper'd,—“Faith I'm glad I know it,  
 And my Lord Bishop's bill shall show it.”  
 —When Patrick, who was shrewd and quick  
 And up to any kind of trick,  
 Said, “when my Lord, in coach and four  
 Shall make a stoppage at your door,  
 You may, with all habitual skill,  
 Tickle up items at your will ;  
 But as for reasons which are known To his wise head and that alone,  
 He chuses thus to travel on ;  
 And every *charge, incognito.*”  
 Take care his bill is free from show, As other lonely trav'lers do :  
 Now SYNTAX did his way pursue Ne'er to be lonely when alone :  
 But he did this old maxim own, The Bard, the Hero and the Sage,  
 For he could call from ev'ry age, He could disclose each fav'rite name,  
 From annals of recording fame, He sat with contemplative air  
 And whether in his easy chair Beside the stream or in the grove ;  
 Or did, in solemn musings rove He journeyed onward through the day,  
 Or mounted on his palfrey gay He could call forth to his mind's eye,  
 He could call forth to his mind's eye, That bright, select society,  
 Who never, when he ask'd their aid, The pleasing summons disobey'd,  
 But did the lengthen'd way beguile  
 Full many an hour and many a mile.  
 Whether the heroes of the age That lived in Homer's splendid page,  
 Or th' awak'ning names that shine In Virgil's every feeling line :  
 Whether the men of later times In story told or sung in rhymes ;  
 Whether the Romans or the Gauls  
 Who pull'd down towns or built up walls ;  
 Or who, in far posterior days Call'd forth his censure or his praise .  
 Whether Aristotelian sense Or Greek or Roman eloquence  
 Awoke his mind or turn'd his eye, With critic perspicuity,  
 To con their various beauties o'er,  
 And find out charms unknown before ;  
 As Syntax chose not to unfold,  
 'Twould be but guess-work were it told :—  
 Suffice it then at once to say, That in the ev'ning of the day,  
 He reach'd an inn in country town,  
 Which might have boasted of renown  
 In times of yore, long past and gone :  
 But now a straggling street display'd,  
 With little sign of bustling trade :  
 While in the midst a building stood Of stone, of plaster, and of wood,  
 Where sometimes Justice did resort,  
 To deck its bench, and hold her court.  
 This inn, as quite a thing of course,  
 Provided food for man and horse.  
 The room which was the Doctor's lot,  
 Was the best place the inn had got :  
 No carpet grac'd it, but the floor Was all with sand besprinkled o'er,  
 And almanacks hung on the door ;  
 One for the present year, and one  
 For that which now was past and gone.





—At length his wonted courage came,  
 Resentment did his blood inflame;  
 Nay he resolv'd to cut all short, And in his shirt to spoil the sport:  
 But that the vermin might not wound him,  
 He strove to wrap the curtain round him.  
 The curtain which by time was worn, Soon in a mighty rent was torn;  
 By his main force the tester shook, And boxes fill'd with caps, forsook  
 The place where through the week they slept,  
 And were for Sunday fin'ry kept;  
 With hats and ribbons and such geer,  
 As make folks gay throughout the year.  
 Some fell upon the Doctor's head, His figure grac'd, or strew'd the bed;  
 While some in millinery shower Were scatter'd all around the floor;  
 And as they in confusion lay, Seem'd to give spirit to the fray.  
 Now Molly hearing all this clatter,  
 Cried, through the key-hole, "what's the matter?  
 If you are ill, I recommend That we should for the Doctor send."  
 "—Send some one," Syntax said, "I pray,  
 To drive these vermin far away,  
 Send me the Doctor, or I'm undone,  
 Who made a poor boy May'r of London.  
 Send me a cat whose claws will cure The noisome evil I endure.  
 With half-a-crown I will reward  
 The beast who comes to be my guard."  
 Molly ran off, and soon there came The Ostler, Benedict by name,  
 To ease the Doctor of alarm, With a fierce puss beneath each arm;  
 They soon compos'd this scene of riot,  
 And Syntax then repos'd in quiet.  
 The morning came, th' unconscious sun,  
 Display'd what mischief had been done;  
 The rats it seems had play'd the rig In tearing up the Doctor's wig.  
 All discompos'd awhile he strutted, To see his peruke thus begutted;  
 Yet when at length in arm-chair seated,  
 He saw how his head-dress was treated,  
 When his cool thoughts became intent On this unrivall'd accident,  
 A laugh, that foe to transient cares,  
 Seem'd to burst from him unawares;  
 And laughing, as his best friends knew, He was not very apt to do.  
 Pat, who had heard of the disaster,  
 Came to hold council with his master;  
 The host too bow'd and bade good-morrow,  
 And with down looks express'd his sorrow:  
 For though, the master of the inn, He for so many years had been,  
 He loudly vow'd he ne'er had heard Such a complaint as this prefer'd:  
 For none before who sought his house,  
 E'er heard a rat or saw a mouse.  
 Pat long'd full sore to say,—he lied; But he refrain'd, and thus replied:  
 "This is most strange, for where I slept,  
 They I am sure their councils kept:  
 There are these vermin beasts in plenty,  
 If I saw one, faith, I saw twenty.

But I don't mind them no not I.— I've had them oft for company.  
I've been where rats and all their cousins,  
Have run across my bed by dozens."

SYNTAX.—"It is an animal I hate ; Its very sight I execrate :  
A viper I would rather see, Than one of this dire family.

That they suck eggs I may allow,  
That they munch grain we all must know ;  
But I ne'er heard, I do declare, That these same vermin feed on hair."

PAT.—"No, no, your Rev'ence, Old Nick rate 'em,  
They suck the oil and the pomatum ;  
And when in scrambling they grew louder,  
O, they were fighting for the powder.  
But still 'tis shocking, past enduring,  
For the wig's maim'd beyond all curing.  
—If they could have but eat the brains  
Once cover'd by these sad remains,

And by a miracle been taught Just to employ them as they ought :  
I know full well, Sir, what I mean,  
Yes, yes, 'tis true, they would have been

The wisest rats, however droll, That ever crept into a hole."  
SYNTAX.—"I thank you PAT, as I can spare This lot of artificial hair,  
But for my brains, no rats shall taste 'em,  
They shall remain where nature plac'd 'em.

But tell me, Landlord, does your town A skilful Peruke-maker own,  
Who can this Caxon dire restore To the same form it had before."

LANDLORD.—"O yes, what can be done by art,

DICK RAZOR's knowledge will impart :

A clever hand as you have seen And who in London oft has been.  
At certain seasons of the year Our 'Squires hold a Sessions here,  
And then he doth display his trade By combing ev'ry Lawyer's head :  
I doubt not, Sir, that to a hair, He will your mangled wig repair."

DICK RAZOR came, the Peruke saw,  
Rais'd up his eyes, hung down his jaw ;

And said at once—"whoever wore it, No art of man can e'er restore it ;  
But I've a wig, I know will do, Which, Sir, within an hour or two,  
I'll trick and furbish up for you.

—It was a counsellor's, a tie, That did a solemn air supply,  
When he let loose his hackneyed tongue  
To prove wrong right, and rightful wrong.  
But if that wig which deck'd his brain  
Could speak and with clear words explain  
How many lies came from that head  
Which its fine flowing curls o'erspread,

I do believe, nay, I could swear, There'd be a lie for ev'ry hair.  
Before,—the curls are well confin'd, The tails fall gracefully behind ;  
While a full wilderness of friz Became the Lawyer's cunning phiz.  
—'Tis true, for upwards of a year I dress'd his wig and shav'd him here ;  
But though he ne'er forgot his fee, He walk'd off without paying me.  
Three years and more are past and gone  
Since the voracious bird has flown ;

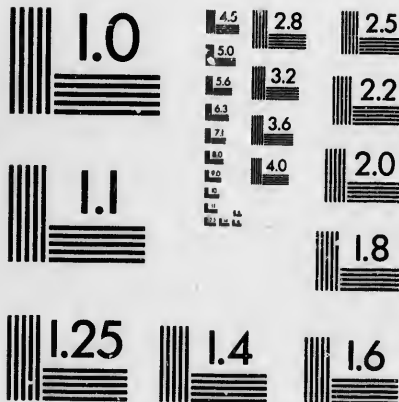
And no harm's done to this said elf, To sell his wig and pay myself.

The wig is good,—in London made—  
 Work'd up by one who knew his trade :  
 Cut off its tails and when 'tis shewn,  
 You'll scarcely know it from your own."  
 SYNTAX.—"I've heard enough, my honest friend,  
 And as I seek my journey's end,  
 I wish you to your shop would walk, I want my wig and not your talk.  
 Go with the Tonsor, Pat, and try To aid his hand, and guide his eye."  
 They left the room, and straight the News  
 Was brought the Doctor to peruse.—  
 With night-cap grac'd, he sat him down,  
 To see how this world waddled on.  
 The fragrant tea his thirst supplied, The triple toast was not denied ;  
 And as he drank, and as he eat, Big with the comforts of the treat,  
 The night and all its horrid plot, The Wig, the Vermin were forgot :  
 For, while he did his beverage quaff,  
 He conn'd each various paragraph ;  
 And as he did the columns scan, Review'd the Epitome of Man :  
 Nay, as he ran the pages o'er, He made his flight from shore to shore :  
 The North, the South, the East, the West,  
 Were on his busy mind impress :  
 The striking images of things Were borne along on fancy's wings ;  
 And, with a glowing ardour fraught,  
 He thus proclaim'd each rising thought :  
 "What I now read, I well may say, Is what men hear of ev'ry day :  
 Of all the paths that lead through Life,  
 Of joy and sorrow, peace and strife :  
 Of station's proud and splendid state, Of what is good, of what is great ;  
 Of what is base, of what is mean, The strut of Pride, the look serene,  
 The comic and the tragic scene :  
 Of those who 'neath the portals proud Disdain to join the vulgar crowd,  
 While at Ambition's splendid shrine  
 They bend and call the thing divine ;  
 Or those who, by their airs and graces,  
 Their smiling looks, their painted faces,  
 Strive some gay, glitt'ring toy to gain And often strive and toil in vain :  
 The haughty stride of bloated power,  
 Gay pleasure's couch in gilded bower ;  
 The warrior's spear bedipp'd in blood, And discord wild in angry mood :  
 Of all the scenes where fancy ranges,  
 Its sportive tricks, its endless changes,  
 Of rival foes, who, big with hate, Give and receive the stroke of fate ;  
 Of Cupid's fond and doleful ditties,  
 Which passion sings and reason pities ;  
 Of love requited or forlorn, Of faith return'd or mock'd with scorn :  
 Of fortune with her smiling train, Or downcast ne'er to rise again ;  
 Or those by fate ordained to feel Th' alternate whirlings of its wheel :  
 Of virtue to each duty just, Of fraud, low rankling in the dust ;  
 Of Friendship's strong, unbroken tie, Affection's heart-felt sympathy ;  
 Of Hatred's fierce and scowling frown, And Jealousy that does not own,  
 Its wakeful pang ; of pallid Fear, Or Cunning's shrewd, insidious leer ;



# MICROCOPY RESOLUTION TEST CHART

(ANSI and ISO TEST CHART No. 2)



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Of honeymoons that speed so fast,  
 They're gone before ten days are past :  
 Of ignorance that never knows From whence it comes or where it goes ;  
 Of Folly in its motley coat, That acts and thinks and talks by rote ;  
 And yet, howe'er by fortune hurld,  
 Skips on and laughs throughout the world ;  
 While Wisdom, though 'tis known to save  
 A sinking nation from the grave ;  
 Though she alone can form the plan Of real happiness to man ;  
 Will often see her sons neglected,  
 While knaves and blockheads are protected.  
 But still the mind that loves her laws,  
 Whose courage dare support her cause,  
 Though fools may scoff and knaves may grin,  
 And join the senseless rabble's din,  
 May, for base ends, roar loud and bellow  
 For any factious Punchinello ;  
 He that with virtue is endued, Will win th' applauses of the good,  
 And more, altho' the crowd may frown, He will be sure to have his own,  
 And what by kings can ne'er be given,  
 He will possess the smiles of Heaven.—  
 If such distinctions then pervade, By rigid rules, the writer's trade ;  
 Whether in folios they deal, Or in the daily page reveal,  
 By reas'ning prose, or lively rhymes, 'The hist'ry of the passing times ;  
 They who from party views or ends,  
 Ne'er strive to serve their private friends,  
 Or with design'd intention stray From truth's clear, open, manly way ;  
 Their works, whate'er may be their name  
 Deserve the grateful meed of fame,  
 What human nature's known to feel  
 The pages must with care reveal :  
 What human nature's doom'd to do, These pages hold to public view :  
 Of all things that we daily see, They give the passing history.  
 The Journalists are bound to tell,  
 When things go ill, when things go well.  
 It is their office e'en to draw An owl, a pheasant, a mackaw,  
 Whether of bright or dingy feather, Or separate, or all together :  
 Whether in sunshine or by night, Objects are offer'd to the sight :  
 To paint as forms appear, the shape Of an Apollo or an ape,  
 And solid, sound instruction give Or from the dead, or those who live :—  
 To offer praise, or let loose blame On vice or virtue's various aim ;  
 To shoot their darts as folly flies, And give protection to the wise :  
 While they as steersmen strive to guide  
 Each bark that's carried by the tide,  
 And with its cargo wins its way From hour to hour, from day to day,  
 Just as the stream or varying gale  
 Claims the strong oar, or swells the sail.  
 —This task, thus carefully pursued Deserves the fame of doing good ;  
 Though if their interest gives them leave My double dealing to deceive ;  
 If they the cause of truth betray, And deal forth falsehoods day by day ;  
 If they from any cause inherit A factious zeal, a party spirit,

If they, the fix'd determin'd foes, Whoe'er they be, of these or those,  
Employ a subtle, partial pen, Not 'gainst the measures but the men,  
If they from justice dare to swerve, I know full well what they deserve.  
But if they put no man's ambition With public good in competition ;  
If when the ancient law's defac'd, They think the Nation is disgrac'd :  
If when ill ministers oppress Though a good monarch means redress,  
They draw the well-fram'd veil aside That does the secret errors hide ;—

If they praise those who never fawn'd,  
Nor their fair honor ever pawn'd :  
Whose hands, with no corruption stain'd,  
Have ev'ry sordid bribe disdain'd ;  
Who serve the crown with loyal zeal, Yet zealous for the public weal .  
Who stand the bulwark of our laws  
And wear at heart their country's cause ;  
Neither by place nor pension bought,  
Who speak the very thing they thought ;  
Who ne'er, to serve a paltry end, To knavish jobs will condescend :  
When Truth thus holds the daily pen  
To laud the deeds of virtuous men,  
And with due caution to relate What passes in the world of state,  
Among the little or the great ;  
Th' instructive and the fearless part Is prais'd by ev'ry patriot heart.  
—The Journalist, to party blind, Who strikes at vice of ev'ry kind,  
And thus assists the public mind,  
To this proud title will ascend :—  
The people's and the Sov'reign's friend.

Thus, as the musing Doctor spoke, Pat, enter'd smiling at the joke.  
That he a Parson's head should rig So smartly in a Lawyer's wig,  
The ensign of the wordy war, Which forms the conflicts of the Bar :  
That it should now from contest cease And deck the Minister of Peace.  
But so it was—Dick Razor's skill Had cut and dockt it to his will ;  
So that the Sage, but for the cost, Might think it was the wig he lost.  
The shaver a wide grin display'd To think the Lawyer's bill was paid ;  
And that the wig which crown'd his nob,  
Had done this unexpected job.

—The Doctor said, "we never know, As through the vale of life we go,  
Who may thus prove our real friends, To aid our objects and our ends.  
—The Lion as the fable says, Ow'd to a Mouse his future days ;  
And you, I think, who in this town, Bear such professional renown,  
When you your friendly neighbours meet  
And join the ev'ning's social treat ;  
When as you take the cheerful glass, And while the observations pass  
On Fortune's or Misfortune's brats,  
Will not forget your friends the RATS."

DICK RAZOR.—"While I the razor can prepare,  
Or give new fashion to the hair ;  
While I can smoothe the bristly chin, Nor ever wound the tender skin ;  
While I the Pleader's head prepare In all the dignity of hair ;  
To make, as he lays down the laws, The worse appear the better cause :  
Ne'er shall I from my mem'ry drive  
The strange events by which men thrive,

THE TOUR OF DOCTOR SYNTAX

Nor e'er forget these imps of prey,  
Or Lawyers who are worse than they."  
Thus Dick unto his home departed,  
With cash in hand and merry-hearted.  
Syntax with the meridian sun Had his day's journey now begun :  
When as the Landlord scratch'd his pate,  
And humbly bow'd beside the gate,  
Says Pat, "my friend as I am starting,  
I'll give you a kind word at parting.  
There was a man in former time, But in what age or in what clime  
I cannot say, a sportsman he, A perfect hunting prodigy,  
Who, as he beat about his grounds,  
Was chas'd and eat up by his hounds :  
If you would, therefore, save your skin, And all the flesh it buckles in,  
Look, that you keep a guard of cats, Or you'll be eat up by your rats."  
The Doctor now pursued his way, Nor haste was his, nor slow decay,  
Till, at the welcome close of day,  
He join'd, at York, the friendly party  
Of the good 'Squire and Madam HEARTY.

CANTO III.

O HOW I wish that I could sing,  
And touch the sweetly sounding string,  
In soft harmonious praise to join Of her who claims a source divine,  
An offspring of celestial birth And Charity yclep'd on earth ;  
Where they to whom its spirit's given  
Enjoy the best foretaste of Heaven :—  
For what in life can mortals know, So sure a balm to human woe,  
As that which certain joy imparts,  
Or plucks the pang from mourning hearts ;  
That bids the turbid passions rest  
And soothes to peace the troubled breast.  
—If Vengeance with its hostile brood  
Of stern resolves inflames the blood,  
And lifts the hand to strike the blow That meditates an added woe,  
—If Malice, with insidious aim, Prepares, in secret, to defame  
The virtues of a spotless name ;  
—If Envy, with distorted eye Does ev'ry failing magnify,  
Gleams hatred on superior worth, And fain would bury deep in earth  
Each plant that blooms with blossoms fair,  
Which Virtue makes her darling care ;—  
If, 'mid this odious group appears Mild charity that knows no fears ;  
E'en Vengeance owns a soften'd soul,  
And yields to the benign controul :  
Malice, the influence kind obeys,  
Checks its foul tongue and learns to praise  
While Envy does her name belie, By smiles of gen'rous sympathy.  
But such is not the only good That by this virtue is pursued :  
In many a stream its bounties flow, To ease the weight of human woe;

While it exerts its pow'r to bless,  
 It gives to pleasure higher aims,  
 And banishes each fretful strife  
 It gives to manners social ease,  
 To ev'ry station adds a grace,  
 As it with changeful charm appears,  
 Now gives the smile, now dries the tears,  
 Sees amid foes fair peace restored,  
 'Tis that to Syntax which affords  
 A welcome not express'd by words;  
 But which dumb feeling can impart,  
 When issuing from a gen'rous heart :  
 For Charity ne'er stands aloof  
 Where Hearty's wishes now attend  
 Where he may find for weeks to come,  
 If he so please, that he's at home ;  
 For there 'tis CHARITY we see,  
 Shakes by the hand and kisses kind,  
 Told 'tween these friends the mutual mind ;  
 And much warm salutation past,  
 Then, what had happen'd since they last  
 Were in that friendly room together,  
 The state of things and of the weather,  
 Employ'd them 'till the Minster chime  
 Announc'd the approaching supper time,  
 A pleasing sound to strike the ear  
 And Syntax was prepar'd to meet  
 He seem'd not chang'd in Hearty's view ;  
 Nor did he let the bev'rage pass,  
 But to the 'Squire it strange appear'd,  
 That Dolly's name had not been heard ;  
 The theme of so much lively praise  
 But now of her he had not spoke,  
 Nor seem'd inclin'd a tale to swell,  
 But though he seem'd not over-glad,  
 Besides, the journey of the day  
 Though if an appetite e'er prov'd  
 That a man's hours in comfort mov'd,  
 'Squire Hearty thought his pleasant friend  
 Enjoy'd our being's aim and end ;  
 (By which the poet's lines express  
 And that, when he had ceas'd to sup,  
 The sage would clear the matter up.  
 By many surely 'tis believ'd,  
 For on what grounds I cannot see,  
 The Ladies look with keener ken,  
 But howsoe'er the truth may prove,  
 In Madam Hearty's anxious thought,  
 Why Mrs. Syntax was not brought.  
 By aiding human happiness.  
 It sweetens honour's fairest claims,  
 That oft disturbs domestic life.  
 And heightens each desire to please :  
 And renders cheerful ev'ry face ;  
 Beneath the comfortable roof  
 To give each comfort to his friend;  
 In form of HOSPITALITY.  
 Of any hungry traveller ;  
 With due regard the coming treat.  
 He eat as he was wont to do;  
 'Till he had emptied many a glass.  
 In other times, in former days :  
 Nor turn'd a matrimonial joke,  
 Nor sang forth, *Vive la Bagatelle*.  
 His looks did not declare him sad:  
 Might check his being very gay.  
 The character of Happiness\*)  
 That, urg'd by *Curiosity*,  
 Than the less eager eye of men :  
 This principle began to move  
 That, urg'd by *Curiosity*,  
 Than the less eager eye of men :  
 This principle began to move

\* O Happiness, our Being's end and aim !—Pope.

It seem'd so strange and so unkind, That she should thus be left behind.  
 She might indeed have had an heir, Since she had paid a visit there,  
 And could not leave so great a joy, As nursing a dear, darling boy :  
     But wherefore should the Doctor hide  
     What might be such a source of pride ?  
     She might be ill and could not come ;  
     But then he would not quit his home.  
 These and a dozen queries more Her doubting fancy brooded o'er :  
     But howsoe'er her wish might long,  
     She knew her place and held her tongue,  
 And left the 'Squire to decree Th' unfolding of this mystery.  
 The supper done, the chat began, And thus the conversation ran.  
     'SQUIRE HEARTY.—"Though unexpected you are come,  
     I'm glad you think my house your home ;  
     And if the proverb says what's true,  
     Which those old saws are apt to do,  
 The merry but unlook'd-for guest Full often proves to be the best :  
 But that's all one 'twixt you and me, And so with all sincerity,  
 I bid you welcome in my wine, In which your Hostess here will join."  
 A thought the Lady now inspir'd ; The time was come she so desir'd ;  
     The secret now must be her own,  
     And what she wish'd to know be known :  
     —She fill'd her glass then smiling bow'd,  
     And thus th' expected grace bestow'd.  
 "My kindest wish I drink to you, And to dear Mrs. Syntax too ;  
     But why when thus abroad you roam,  
     Leave you your charming wife at home ?"  
 Syntax first gravely shook his head, And then in soften'd accents said,  
     " My answer, Ma'am, will make you grieve,  
     Her's is a home she ne'er will leave,  
     Till the last summons shall be given,  
     To call the virtuous soul to Heaven.  
 My Dolly's gone, alas ! to rest, Where the green turf lies on her breast,  
 And as I others teach to bear With patience the inflicted care,  
 I must a strong example show To stem the roughest tide of woe ;  
     But grateful to that sov'reign power,  
     Who rules the year, the day, the hour,  
 That he doth still my passage bless With what I know of happiness ;  
     That now I have within my view,  
     Such warm, such gen'rous friends as you :  
 'Tis to my loss that I now owe, The heart-felt kindness you bestow.  
 To sooth my mind, to calm my grief, In changing scenes I seek relief,  
 —My former Tour, I grateful tell, In all its views succeeded well.  
 To ease my state, to fill my purse, I mounted my old Grizzle Horse,  
 And kindness both by night and day Was the companion of my way :  
     And ere my present Tour shall end,  
     I trust that Heaven will prove my friend,  
     That I again shall reach my home,  
     With prospects of fair days to come."  
     Madam clasp'd both her hands and sigh'd,  
 When Hearty in firm tone replied ;

"I prithee do not play 'he fool,  
 To find a 'kerchief to display      Nor poke into your ridicule,  
 If grief by mirth cannot be cur'd,      Your grief by wiping tears away :  
                  Kind, pleasant friends, and cheerful hours,  
                  Compose the balm which reason pours,  
                  The various rankling wounds to heal  
                  In minds that rage, in hearts that feel.  
 If fever burns, if gout attacks,      If the stone with its torture racks ;  
 If your whole frame the ague shakes,      Or the head to distraction aches,  
                  Laughter and joke and wit in vain  
                  Will strive to ease the afflicting pain :  
 Nor eloquence with all its charm      Can one tormenting pang disarm  
 The learned Leech must there apply      His skill and the Dispensary.  
                  But such a grief, my friend, as yours,  
                  'Tis mirth relieves, 'tis pleasure cures ;  
                  Pleasure that reason doth allow,  
                  And mirth that smoothes the wrinkled brow ;  
 Such as our social friends afford,      To cheer their hospitable board.  
                  I'll turn Physician, and to-morrow,  
                  Will find a medicine for your sorrow."  
 The 'Squire's broad hand then gave a smack  
 That sounded on the Doctor's back.  
 "My friend," he added, "never fear,  
                  We'll find you some amusement here ;  
 And I engage that you leave York,      With heart as light as any cork."  
 Syntax replied,— "With half an eye,      I see your kind Philosophy :  
 But as I'm with fatigue oppress'd,      I ask the night's refreshing rest :  
 And, at the morning's breakfast table,      I doubt not but I shall be able,  
                  With all fair reas'ning to bestow  
                  What you will find a *Quid pro Quo* :—  
 Which I translate for Madam there      A *Rowland* for your *Oliver*."  
                  Arm'd with a taper's burning light,  
                  And having wish'd his host good night,  
 He to his chamber did repair,      And found his Valet waiting there :  
 Who did not for a moment wait      To burst forth in his usual prate.  
 PATRICK.— "Your Rev'rence, wheresoe'er I've been,  
                  O such a house I ne'er have seen ;  
                  I trust, in Heaven, that no disaster,  
                  Nor harm will e'er befall its master !  
 O never should he die, O never ! Such men as he should live for ever :  
 The cellar's full of liquor rare, Which all who come and go may share.  
 If in the larder you should pop, Of all good things there's such a crop,  
                  You'd think it was a butcher's shop.  
 Nay, in the pantry should you look,      You might expect a pastry-cook.  
 O such a kitchen for my money !      It overflows with milk and honey !  
 Nay even puss is grown so fat,      She would not move to catch a rat.  
 No place is empty, all are full ;      Each servant smiling, no one dull.  
 Now that your Rev'rence is undrest, You'll find the bed like all the rest ;  
                  And when into these sheets you creep,  
                  They'll surely prove brimful of sleep."  
 —The Doctor smil'd, the curtains drew ;—



And soon found Patrick's notions true.  
 'Twas now past ten, the Doctor gone,  
 The 'Squire and Ma'am were left alone,  
 And while he pac'd the parlour floor,  
 They talk'd their friend the Doctor o'er.  
 I've said before, the Dame so kind, Was always of her husband's mind;  
 And did so to his temper suit, That such a thing as a dispute  
 Had never happen'd from the hour,  
 When they both bow'd to Hymen's power :  
 Like *Trueman's Cocks*, who, at the *Pit*,  
 Could boast they never had a hit,  
 And this was true,—but then 'tis thought,  
 These self-same game-birds never fought.  
 To give assent and to obey Was here the order of the day.  
 For he was gen'rous, kind and free, The soul of hospitality,  
 And she knew how to give a grace To all the plenty of the place.  
 "My dear, I have a plan," he said,  
 "Which is now working in my head,  
 And in it you must bear your part."  
 Mrs. *Hearty*.—That I will do with all my heart.  
*Hearty*.—The widow who has cast her weeds  
 Is tired of the life she leads.  
 Mrs. *H.*—That is a truth which I well know,  
 For she has often told me so.  
*H.*—And sure she could not better do  
 Than marry Syntax ; what think you ?  
 Mrs. *H.*—'Twould be the very thing my love !  
 Oh, she would fit him like a glove !  
*H.*—And if I'm not mistaken, he Would love her to idolatry !  
 Mrs. *H.*—She's of the very make and trim  
 To suit just such a man as him.  
*H.*—He in his qualities and mind Must rank as of superior kind.  
 I think him a delightful creature :  
 But then in outward form and feature,  
 Say does he that appearance wear,  
 Which is most cherish'd by the fair ?  
 Mrs. *H.*—It is most true, his nut-brown face,  
 With his long chin devoid of grace,  
 And his droll manners may not prove, Incentives to a widow's love.  
*H.*—But who can tell what she may do,  
 When all his learning's brought in view ?  
 Mrs. *H.*—Indeed, my love, that's very true.  
*H.*—When so much Latin, so much Greek,  
 Does her approving favour seek ;  
 When all the learning of all ages, Drawn from philosophers and sages,  
 Who liv'd renown'd in distant climes,  
 And are the boast of former times,  
 When they are brought her smiles to greet,  
 And laid devoutly at her feet ;  
 They with his virtues and his name,  
 Might in her bosom raise a flame.

Mrs. H.—O let him but those bellows blow,  
And Love would soon be in a glow.

H.—But after all there's no harm done,  
Whether the Dame be lost or won :  
Though if we should not lose our labour,  
We shall procure a pleasant neighbour.  
I love the Doctor,—so do you.

Mrs. H.—Love him, my dear, aye that I do.

H.—At least, I think we'll try the scheme,  
Perhaps it may not prove a dream.

Mrs. H.—As for the scheme, I scarce can doubt it ;  
And, if you please, we'll set about it.

H.—To-morrow then you will prepare The Lady for her visitor :—  
So when we've din'd, I will attend him,  
And leave kind Cupid to befriend him.  
The morning came, and breakfast done,  
Th' important plan was thus begun.

HEARTY.—“I do not to fine words pretend,  
But Syntax knows me for his friend.  
I feel your loss, and kindly share it, And much I wish you to repair it.  
For your late wife your grief to smother,  
There's but one way,—why get another :  
And I can, as I hope, provide, A comely, rich, accomplish'd bride.  
We have a friend within the city, Who is not old, and still is pretty :  
She learning loves and learned men,  
Reads books, and can employ her pen :  
Admires your works, repeats your name,  
And with her praise adorns your fame :  
Speaks French, and plays upon the lute,  
And will your taste exactly suit.

A Lady's age is seldom known : 'Tis said, indeed, she's thirty-one ;  
But were I ask'd her years to fix, I might suspect them thirty-six ;  
Nor would she yet be out of date, Supposing she was thirty-eight.  
Besides she has a jointure clear, Of full five hundred pounds a year :  
The mansion, too, is all her own,  
Which might a Bishop's wishes crown.”

SYNTAX.—“I thank you, my most valued friend,  
For all the good which you intend ;  
But 'tis the morning of my grief : I look not yet for such relief  
As you propose : It is too soon :— O let me wait at least till noon !”

HEARTY.—“What is the honey-moon ! The time  
When married love is in its prime :  
When all the sweets have been enjoy'd,  
And many a love-sick pair is cloy'd ;  
Whose joys are not suppos'd to last,  
When that fix'd, stated period's past.  
But when th' enliv'ning season's over The husband is no more the lover ;  
Then common sense assumes its turn,  
Cupid's bright torches cease to burn,  
And married folk may then jog on,  
As I and my good wife have done.

And faith I do not see the reason,  
 Why sorrow should not have its season :  
 Why, while a *Moon* for *Joy* we borrow,  
 We may not do the same for *Sorrow* ;  
 Why a good husband, such as you,  
 When he has mourn'd a month or two,  
 Should not then seize the fav'ring hour,  
 To haste again to Hymen's bower :  
 'Tis downright folly to refuse it, 'And your superior sense will chuse it.  
 Turn the thing over in your mind, And then as soon as we have din'd,  
 You shall with a Knight-errant spirit,  
 Which I well know that you inherit,  
 Go and declare your rightful claim To ask the favour of the dame,  
 Your speech you, as a lance, will wield,  
 Your wit will prove a powerful shield,  
 And I've no doubt you'll gain the field.  
 But e'en should not the prize be won, No ill ensues, no harm is done."  
 —Now there's a feeling, more or less, Which I believe we all possess :  
 And, if by reason 'tis controul'd, May aid the courage of the bold ;  
 To manners it may add a grace, And with gay smiles adorn the face :—  
 Nay, in its soften'd state impart, A gen'rous impulse to the heart :—  
 'Tis vanity ; which now impress'd Its influence on the Doctor's breast,  
 And whisper'd to him to attend To the warm counsels of his friend.  
 Thus Pat was order'd to unfold  
 All that the trav'ling-trunk could hold ;  
 To shew the drap'ry to the day, And bring the best suit into play,  
 To give the wig a modish figure, And ev'ry curl becoming vigour.  
 Pat thus employ'd his utmost art,  
 And Syntax soon was trim and smart, Prepar'd to play a lover's part :  
 Nay he was as to outward show, A gay ecclesiastic Beau.  
 The party now sat down to dine,  
 The well-dress'd dish, the gen'rous wine,  
 Cocker'd the Doctor into spirit, And sponse of his superior merit.  
 —The toilet too had done its part, With every fashionable art,  
 And yielded its cosmetic arms To heighten the fair Widow's charms.  
 —Thus as the Minster clock struck five, Syntax inspir'd and all alive,  
 With humble air, that look'd like shame,  
 Appear'd before th' expecting dame.  
 But while she did the forms prepare Of who sits here, or who sits there,  
 The 'Squire had popp'd behind the screen,  
 To hear what pass'd and not be seen.  
 "—I see," she said, "that Hearty's gone,  
 And means to leave us here alone.  
 I love him well, he is my friend, But much I wish that he would mend  
 His antic tricks, his darling fun,  
 Which men of sterling sense would shun.  
 On gen'ral conduct we agree, Though his wit is not wit for me.  
 But we must let, in life's short day,  
 Those whom we value have their way.  
 The best are to some failings prone,  
 And we should try to mend our own."

SYNTAX.—“Madam I came, as 'tis my duty,  
 To pay my homage to your beauty !  
 But from the sentiments you deal in, You make in me superior feeling  
 To that inspir'd by the rose, Which on the cheek of beauty blows :  
 And I must other thoughts infer To please the fair Philosopher.  
 Philosophy in various ways Asks of the wise the highest praise.  
 I mean not that, whose study pries Into those dark obscurities  
 Of doubtful Science, where the eye Is dimm'd by its uncertainty ;  
 But that, whose search does not prolong,  
 Beyond what's *right* and what is *wrong* ;  
 Which you will think is well defin'd The moral structure of the mind.  
 Him I pronounce a perfect sage, Of any clime, of any age,  
 Above all learning he may show  
 Who does his high-wrought science know ;  
 Who, to all common int'rests blind,  
 Instructs the conscience of mankind.  
 —But when we see, though rare the sight,  
 This happy science shining bright,  
 And 'neath the warmth of Beauty's ray Beaming around the moral day,  
 Thus giving to fair virtue's laws,  
 Those smiles which best support her cause ;  
 It is a vision sweet to view, And such as I behold in you.”  
 —The widow simper'd, smil'd, and sigh'd,  
 And bending forward, thus replied :  
 “—Doctor you clothe your manly sense  
 In a most winning eloquence :  
 With ease and energy it flows And bears conviction as it goes.  
 To your whole reasoning I incline ;— So pray, Sir, take a glass of wine,  
 And, with this wish, I'll take its brother :—  
 May we know more, Sir, of each other.”  
 With his right hand upon his breast,  
 The Doctor then the Dame address'd—  
 “Madam, I swear your charms are such,  
 Of you I could not know too much.”  
 “O,” she exclaim'd, “I'm all confusion,  
 You compliment in such profusion !  
 Pray cool your palate with the fruit, — In the mean time I'll try my lute,  
 And sing a philosophic air ; 'Twill suit your doctrine to a hair :  
 It was but yesterday I bought it, And I could almost think you wrote it.  
 I cannot say that I approve The songs that tell of nought but love ;  
 Where Love is here, and Love is there,  
 In short, where Love is every where ;  
 Which, in soft language, teach our misses  
 To warble sighs and long for kisses.  
 To leave it altogether out, Might be an affectation thought ;  
 But Love should not, I do contend, Begin and go on to the end ;  
 Which, for I speak, Sir, as I feel, And for its truth I now appeal  
 To ev'ry husband, ev'ry wife, Is so unlike the real life.—  
 —My voice is slender, and I play But in a very common way :  
 Though well I know that to the sky, You will applaud my melody ;  
 Nay, if in ev'ry note I fail, You'll call me sweetest nightingale.”



And, in a very ruffled state, Sought, with the 'Squire, the mansion gate.  
In vulgar terms, he'd had his licking,  
Not with Ma'am's cuffs, but by her kicking.

—The eyes of beauty furnish arms  
Which have ill'd heroes with alarms :

Nay, that the brave dare not resist      The vengeance of a female fist,  
And when an angry dame assails      With darting fingers and their nails,  
The rude intruder oft has stood,

With cheeks all scratch'd and red with blood ;  
All this is known amidst the strife      Attendant on domestic life.  
But in the journal of those jars      That wait on love's intestine wars,

It seldom has been thought discreet      For fair-ones to employ their feet,  
And our fair Dame's the first we know  
Who thus employ'd a vengeful toe.

—By what offensive skill in trade      Her slippers or her shoes were made,  
To cause the woundings that befell      The Doctor's shins we cannot tell ;  
It must be left to keener eye      To make this grand discovery,

Whether sharp point or well arm'd heel  
Made his slim shanks or ancles feel ;  
And, which is absolutely shocking,      Gave a dire rent to either stocking.  
Suffice it, with the 'Squire he went,      All speechless from astonishment,  
With batter'd legs and stockings rent.

—As they retir'd we must relate      That Patrick shar'd his master's fate.  
The Doctor, with fond hopes grown warm,  
To give the visit all due form,  
And that appearance might befriend him,  
He order'd Patrick to attend him.

The obedient valet now was seen      Walking behind with smiling mien ;  
But in due time he stepp'd before,  
And, having gained the widow's door,  
His rap was such, would not disgrace  
St. James's-Square or Portland-Place.

—The Lady who had kept her eye      Quickened by curiosity,  
The curtain's drapery between      Where she might see, herself unseen,

Where she might view with anxious glance,  
Th' expected visitor advance,

In long perspective, tow'rd's her gate :

Nor long she sat in peeping state,  
When as she saw the party coming

And heard the door's re-echoed drumming,

She instant summon'd to her aid,      Lucy, her confidential maid,  
And thus her secret wish betray'd :

"Invite the valet down below      And ev'ry kind attention show ;  
With all he seems to wish for treat him,  
And with a smiling welcome greet him ;

Nay ev'ry cunning art apply,      To get his master's history.  
What is his age,—try all your power,  
His temper, and his mode of life,      To learn that to the very hour ;—

Now manage this commission well,      And how he us'd his former wife.  
And then, good Lucy, you shall see,      Get all out of him he can tell,—

The handmaid promis'd to obey,      How very grateful I can be."  
And nodding slyly, slid away.



Now Lucy had a blooming cheek,  
 And jet black locks adorn'd her neck ;  
 Nor had she been five years on duty, To aid the toilette of a beauty,  
 Without attaining, in her way, The arts by which she could display  
 Such charms as render'd her bewitching  
 To liv'ried gentry in the kitchen.  
 She ask'd, if he again would dine, Which he preferr'd, or ale or wine.  
 To such kind offers nothing loth He chose to take a sup of both :  
 Then on the board sweet cakes were plac'd,  
 And all he ask'd the table grac'd.  
 Things thus arrang'd, it was not long  
 Ere Lucy prov'd she had a tongue, Which like an aspen-leaf was hung :  
 But neither wine nor her gay funning,  
 Robb'd honest Patrick of his cunning,  
 And the first question she let out, Told him what Lucy was about.  
 Thus Pat, who lov'd his master well,  
 Was quite prepar'd what tale to tell.  
 —Says she, in her familiar chat, "Pray is the Doctor's living fat?"  
 PAT. "Aye faith, it is, my dearest dear,  
 And weighs a thousand pounds a year."  
 LUCY. "Have you in many places been?"  
 P. "In service, I suppose you mean :  
 Only two masters I have serv'd, And from my duty never swerv'd.  
 I serv'd the King, may Heaven bless him,  
 As, when he dies, it will possess him.  
 At his command, a gallant rover,  
 I've travell'd half this wide world over :  
 I've drawn my sword, and aye, by dozens,  
 Have cut down Frenchmen and their cousins.  
 For many a blessed hour I've trod The field, my ancles deep in blood.  
 O these were sights enough to make A heart like pretty Lucy's ache!"  
 L. "And did you e'er receive a wound?"  
 P. "Aye faith, I've lain upon the ground  
 For half a day, when death and life  
 Were quarrelling like man and wife,  
 Which should possess itself of Pat ; But, in Heav'n's mercy, for all that  
 I'm here quite well, and stout to view, And ready to make love to you.  
 I'm nought but scars as you would know,  
 If I could dare my form to show,—  
 'Tis hack'd and hew'd from top to toe."  
 L. "Dear Mr. Pat, you melt my heart ;  
 What cut and slash'd in ev'ry part?"  
 P. "The trunk, 'tis true, has suffer'd sore,  
 Nor could it, Beauty, suffer more ;  
 But for the branches of the tree, They're all just as they ought to be :  
 But for my wounds I have a plaister,  
 In a most kind and gen'rous master."  
 L. "What children has the Doctor pray?"  
 And may I ask what age are they?"  
 P. "Children indeed, why he had five ;  
 But none of them are now alive :

And his sweet wife, our country's pride,  
Three months ago in childbed died.  
Her death made many a bosom ache Upon the banks of Keswick Lake.  
She thought not, as fine ladies do, Of dresses smart, all pink and blue,  
Who think to catch the wand'ring eye Of any fool that's passing bye.  
Where'er she mov'd, so nice, so fair, All view'd the well-bred lady there :  
But more who did my mistress see Saw the mild form of Charity.

—As for my master, he can shew  
More learning than e'en Bishops know.  
What knowledge lies beneath his hat  
And the fine wig that's comb'd by Pat !  
No, your great Church does not contain  
The treasure lock'd within his brain."  
L. "But what of that, it will not do,  
If here your master comes to woo :  
Learning, I'm sure, will never thrive In widows' hearts of thirty-five."

P. "Pooh, nonsense, this is all your sporting ;  
My master comes not here a courting ;  
O Heaven forbid, says honest Pat,  
That he should play a prank like that !  
For worse or better should he take  
Your mistress, many a heart would break  
Of dame or damsel round our lake.  
Besides there is a widow, Dear,  
With full twelve-hundred pounds a year :  
And what I tell you, faith, is true, For to speak lies I could not do

To such a pretty girl as you—  
Should he not lead her to the altar,  
She'd cure her love-fit with a halter."  
What other powers of Pat's invention,  
It might have been our lot to mention ;  
If nought had stopp'd his tongue's career,  
Or clos'd poor Lucy's curious ear,  
This John-Trot verse does not profess To tell, or e'en presume to guess.

—But here the upstairs noise and riot  
Disturb'd at once the kitchen's quiet.  
—The damsels flew and sought the scene  
Where Madam, Syntax, and the screen,  
The curious medley there display'd, Which has been either sung or said.  
Pat, who knew nought of what above Had happen'd or in hate or love,  
Thought that whate'er should come to pass,  
He might fill up another glass :—  
The wine was sweet, the ale was good,  
And jug in hand he list'ning stood.

Thus, while attentive to the rout, He heard a voice cry, "turn him out,  
Shew the base daring wretch the door, And never let him enter more."  
He heard,—when, with a face all flame,  
Down stairs in haste the cook-maid came,  
And while, with staring eyes, amaz'd, He on the angry vision gaz'd.  
Mutt'ring strange words of dire intent Of base design and ravishment,  
She seiz'd at once, then plung'd the mop Into a pail of dirty slop,

And, with a scullion's strong-arm'd grace,  
 Drove it full dash in Patrick's face ;  
 Nor fail'd she with repeated blow, And deep-ton'd tongue, to bid him go.  
 He, at a loss the rage to 'shun      Of this fierce kitchen Amazon,  
 Struggled as well as he was able      By way of shield to seize the table ;  
 And, in this strange bespatter'd state,  
 With hasty footsteps sought the gate.  
 But now 'tis needful to enquire      The fate of Syntax and the 'Squire,  
 And just to settle the arrears      Of blasted hopes and rising fears.  
 If e'er a pair of fine blue eyes      Were seen expressive of surprise,  
 If e'er surprise, chang'd to alarm,  
 Display'd a face, now pale, now warm,  
 As these two feelings might impart      Their various impulse to the heart ;  
 'Twas when his Hostess did explore      The Doctor as he op'd the door ;  
 And, with unusual length of chin,      He faintly bow'd and enter'd in.  
 But ere the Lady found her tongue,  
 For she saw something had been wrong,  
 He, in a rather humbler tone,      Thus made his serious frolic known :  
 "To the fair widow I have been, Of course the blessed dame I've seen.  
 —You must perceive I'm in a ruffle,  
 For to speak truth, we've had a scuffle :  
 Nay, I have somewhat more to say, I've been ill-treated in the fray !"   
 He then told all he did endure, Declar'd his wounds and ask'd a cure.  
 —Madam now cast a curious eye,      To see if she must laugh or cry,  
 And as a smile from Hearty broke,      She turn'd the scuffle to a joke.  
 "No harm, I trust," she said, "is done,  
 'Twas but a piece of Cupid's fun :  
 That Urchin is a very pickle,      And sometimes does his fancy tickle  
 'Mong lovers thus to make a pother,  
 T' amuse himself and please his mother ;  
 But these vagaries when they're o'er  
 Are laugh'd at and disturb no more."  
 Hearty seiz'd Syntax by the hand,  
 And said, "I here the culprit stand ;  
 Nay, I must now your pardon beg,      For bruised shin or wounded leg.  
 'Twas by my awkwardness I own  
 The clumsy screen was tumbled down ;  
 And for the ill that did attend,      You have a right to blame your friend :  
 But my dear wife, a Doctor she,      In all domestic pharmacy,  
 Will try her utmost skill and care,      Your awkward inj'ries to repair ;  
 And by to-morrow you shall lose      All feeling of the widow's shoes.  
 But she, good Sir, must be forgiven,      For Charity's the child of Heaven.  
 If we would calmly pass along,      Nor tempt the jostling of the throng,  
 As in this crowded world we live,      We must forget and must forgive.  
 You will by active duty teach      The doctrines you to others preach :  
 Nor fail to hold up to their view      The lesson and th' example too.  
 To-morrow she shall make amends,  
 When you shall kiss her and be friends."  
 SYNTAX.—"Forgive her ? aye with all my heart,  
 For that is ev'ry Christian's part  
 But no, I never shall forget      The kicking I am in her debt.

And all her kissing I oppose, She's mischief's self and my bruise'd toes  
Tell me, that she may snap my nose."

Madam now gave her needful aid, The opodeldoc was display'd,  
And busy in her healing scheme The Doctor's feet receiv'd the stream  
Of oily fluids, to allay The tumours rising from the fray,

This she perform'd with tender grace,  
When Pat appear'd with batter'd face,  
And, as she did the poultice spread, Half-tipsy he thus stamm'ring said,  
"—How with my master it turn'd out Upstairs, in all that noisy rout ;  
I cannot now pretend to know. But faith I suffer'd much below ;  
Where half a score of Abigails Attack'd me with their mops and pails.  
Oh, how these furies did ill-treat me And almost to a jelly beat me !

Do but, your Honour, see my head !"

"Be off, good Pat," the 'Squire said,  
"To Anne or Susan now apply, On their kind aid you may rely,  
With brandy bathe your forehead's bruise, A medicine of sovereign use,  
That never fails to aid the cure Of such a hurt as you endure."

Says Pat, "my humble thanks to you,  
But that same liquid will not do :  
Though you are pleas'd its use to teach, It never will my forehead reach,

For sure as North lies straight to South,  
Brandy will never pass my mouth.

Whene'er it comes, with gin or whisky,  
So near my lips it makes them frisky :  
And then my mouth so round and hollow,  
O what an itch it has to swallow !"

"Howe'er that be," 'Squire Hearty said,  
"Go and repair your shatter'd head,  
Then take your meal, and off to bed."

The Doctor, on the sofa laid, A solemn train of thought betray'd.  
It was not that he suffer'd pain, That he could smile at and disdain,  
But calm reproaches play'd their part In the recesses of his heart :  
And when the 'Squire began to chide, Syntax, with serious air replied :  
"I thank you for your kind intent, But I've deserv'd my punishment.  
I have not broke a moral duty In visiting this furious beauty :  
But still it was a boyish trick Which now I think on't makes me sick.

Though scarce four months have dragg'd away,  
Since I wept through the dismal day,  
When my heart's darling and its pride, In all her glow of virtue died,  
I sought, as I shall ne'er forget, To play the fool with a coquette.  
When I reflect, best shade, on thee, My lost, lamented Dorothy ;  
When I but think how much I ow'd To that affection you bestow'd ;  
When by the fondest union known, You but so lately were my own ;

By what dark witchcraft was I brought  
To cast my darling from my thought !  
If that same crape which decks my head,  
In honour of the honour'd dead,  
Could but speak now, 'twould send a volley  
Of loud reproaches at my folly."

HEARTY.—"My friend, complain not,—ere the sun  
Has its next daily circuit run, Again you'll walk and jump and run.

SYNTAX.—“Think not, dear Sir, that I complain  
 Of what no longer gives me pain :  
 Pain's not the burthen of my song ; It is, that I've been doing wrong.  
 I only wish to-morrow's morn May find no more the rankling thorn,  
 Which, at this moment doth infest  
 With its sharp point my conscious breast.  
 Though, if repentance could but lull My grief for having play'd the fool,  
 Should well weigh'd hopes these thoughts beguile,  
 I shall not only run but smile.  
 But I will now exclaim no more ; Soon will your friendly meal be o'er,  
 And though my mind is so oppress I look not for a wink of rest,  
 I will into my cabin creep, And there the widow's vigils keep,  
 Who broke my shins—and murders sleep.”

## CANTO IV.

'Tis said that children at the breast Will often cry themselves to rest ;  
 And elder folk may find relief From the wakeful hours of grief,  
 By talking o'er their cares till sleep Does on the weary senses creep.  
 —Thus Syntax when he went to bed With his last frolic in his head,  
 While shame forbore not to impart Some awkward feeling to his heart,  
 Tried in all ways, in ev'ry shape, From self-reproaches to escape :  
 But all in vain his pleadings strove Th' accusing spirit to remove,  
 Which charg'd his guilt as petty treason  
 Against the sov'reign power of reason,  
 Whose justice, by its mildest rule, Must set him down a harmless fool.  
 —“Well,” he exclaim'd, “no ill was meant :  
 Law, rigid Law, looks to th' intent  
 Of what we do ; and I protest, Were there a window in my breast,  
 The keenest eye I should not fear T' indulge its curious prying there.  
 Vagaries may, perhaps, maintain Their frolic season in my brain :  
 Nay I must own that folly's power Has thus enslav'd me for an hour,  
 And did my careless footing get Entangled in its gaudy net,  
 A scene that I shall ne'er forget.  
 But while I dare, Heav'n knows 'tis true  
 Expose my naked heart to view,  
 And call or friend or foe to pry Into my thoughts with busy eye ;  
 Why need I toss and tumble here,  
 Oppress'd with doubt, alarm'd with fear ?  
 —O Nature, my complaints forgive, Let me thy soft embrace receive ;  
 Make me forget in thy repose, The folly of my fancied woes !”  
 If more he spoke he never knew, As nature shed th' oblivious dew ;  
 Then, list'ning to his humble prayer,  
 Drew her dark curtain round his care,  
 And did to sleep each sense incline, Till the cathedral clock struck nine.  
 The bell was rung, when Pat appear'd,  
 And feign would have his master cheer'd,  
 With his bright hist'ry, of the fray That did disfigure yesterday ;  
 But Syntax gravely wav'd his hand,  
 And Patrick knew the mute command,

For such a tale the Doctor's ear      Was not just then prepar'd to hear,  
 Nor ne'er did Pat feel such a balk,      For 'twas just then he wish'd to talk.  
 Ne'er in his life o'er right or wrong,      Was he so prompt to wag his tongue.  
 But he was sent off to new rig,      With his best skill, the rumbled wig.  
 And all the honours to restore      Which it had lost the day before.

—And now the Sage, in due array,  
 With night-cap white and night-gown grey,  
 Descended to his morning fare,      And found his smiling Hostess there;  
 Who soon express'd a wish to see      Th' effect of her chirurgery:  
 When she declar'd another day      Would chase all symptoms of the fray.

"O," cried the 'Squire, "Our life would be  
 One sad dull scene of apathy,  
 Were we not forc'd by time and chance,      Our steps to vary as we dance.  
 Without these shakes I would not give  
 A rush in this same world to live;  
 We, without these enliv'ning jogs,      Should be no more than useless logs.

Such things my friend will never heed;  
 'Twas a fine woman did the deed;  
 And with kind gallantry he'll greet her,  
 Whene'er it is his chance to meet her."

SYNTAX.—"No, no,—should I that Lady meet,  
 'Twould give me pains in both my feet.  
 I do believe whene'er she stirs,  
 Like a game-hen she's steel'd with spurs;  
 While to protect her powerful charms,  
 She may wear gauntlets on her arms;

And I must own, as truth's my duty,      The widow is a *striking* beauty.  
 For hugs and kicks I am her debtor,      And no, I never shall forget her;  
 But much I wish, by any rule      I could forget I've play'd the fool.  
 A distich, I remember well,      Does in plain verse this maxim tell:—

*'In many ills which man endures,*

*'Tis Beauty wounds and Beauty cures;'*

And this same proverb, as you see,      Is haply realis'd in me.

The handsome widow gave the wound,  
 While to my lovely friend I'm bound  
 By whose kind care a cure is found."  
 The blush that ting'd the Lady's face,  
 The whisper'd thanks, the curtsying grace,

I leave for curious Fancy's eye;— She'll sketch them better far than I.  
 The breakfast follow'd and the day  
 In pleasant chit-chat pass'd away,

The next, already at the gate      Phillis and Punch were seen to wait:  
 And at no very early hour,      Syntax proceeded on his Tour.  
 But yet he travell'd not alone,      In all the state of number one,  
 For Hearty soon appear'd in view,      To make the party number two;

And Madam, who perceiv'd his mind,  
 Was to indulge her wish inclin'd,  
 Declar'd she could not stop behind:  
 Thus the equestrian folk we see,  
 Were now increas'd to number three;

And, when th' attending grooms arrive,      The cavalcade consist of five.



Thus they proceeded on their way,  
 Sometimes were grave, and sometimes gay.  
 —Madam, who rode with Dian's grace,  
 Would dash into a cant'ring pace,  
 And, as they cross'd a level plain,    The Nimrod fair could not refrain  
 From offering to try her steed    With Phillis in the way of speed :  
 But whether Syntax had no skill    In jockey's arts or check'd the will  
 Of his fleet mare, I cannot say,    But the fair Lady won the day.  
 "Well," said the Doctor, "thus you see  
 What scope for my philosophy !  
 Men only now and then defeat me,  
 But women, why they always beat me."  
 —Thus after saunt'ring on their way,  
 Till the sun beam'd his noontide ray ;  
 They stopp'd, and din'd, and said adieu, As all kind-hearted people do ;  
 And the York friends engag'd to make    An autumn visit to the Lake.  
 The 'Squire his wishes did impart    From a full, open, honest heart ;  
 The tear dropp'd down from Madam's eye,  
 The Doctor bless'd them with a sigh ;  
 And all exclaim'd, Good bye ! Good bye !  
 Life, to reflecting minds 'tis known,    Oft finds a just comparison  
 In any journey that we make    For bus'ness or for pleasure's sake.  
 Indeed, in ev'ry point of view,    Though 'tis not altogether new,  
 Those who think right will find it true.  
 —The tranquil morn begins the day, No angry storm impedes the way :  
 At length when the meridian sun    Has half his daily circuit run,  
 With crowds the high road's cover'd o'er ;  
 Some push behind, some run before,  
 All by the same desire possess'd    To gain a welcome state of rest.  
 And if, by fav'ring fortune brought,    We find the happiness we sought,  
 Still we look on, with anxious eye,    To the dark hour, when with a sigh  
 We bid farewell and say, *Good bye*.  
 Life's but a journey that we take,    'Tis but a visit that we make ;  
 And when we part at close of day    With the companions of our way ;  
 Whene'er our friend's visit's o'er    We quit the hospitable door ;  
 Our hearts the grateful words supply,  
 We wish all well and say, *Good bye*.  
 Such were the thoughts that many a mile  
 Did the good Doctor's mind beguile :  
 But, now and then, the widow's fray  
 Would some unpleasant thoughts convey :  
 He fear'd the story might be known,    And form a fable for the town,  
 Which busy Scandal, right or wrong,  
 Might spread abroad with tattling tongue ;  
 A furbish tale, whose lies would work  
 Their way through ev'ry street in *York*,  
 Or might a curious passage take,    In tell-tale letter, to the Lake.  
 "—O sage Discretion !" he exclaim'd,  
 "By Classic Poet thou art nam'd  
 The chief of Virtues !\* Without thee,    Learning and sage Philosophy,

\* Nullum Numen abest, si sit Prudentia.

And wit and talents, rightly weigh'd, Are but the shadows of a shade !  
 Like vessels on the briny realm Making their way without a helm,  
 By ev'ry wind and billow tost, Always in peril, sometimes lost :  
 But where thy counsels do preside,  
 Where thou dost all our courses guide,  
 No surer safeguard can be given, The proxy thou of fav'ring Heaven.  
 No, never, never, never more, Will I launch from the tranquil shore ;  
 Unless, my faithful steersman, thou  
 Shalt spread the sail or guide the prow !  
 Discretion hail !—I fain would be Thy never-failing votary !  
 Hadst thou an altar, I would bring The fairest, purest offering,  
 That my best powers could bestow, The pray'r sincere, the sacred vow,  
 And feel that ev'ry off'ring given Would be a sacrifice to Heaven ;  
 Thus as good Syntax travell'd on, He failed not, ever and anon,  
 With an alternate smile or sigh, To break forth in soliloquy.  
 This promis'd not to mend his pace,  
 And ere he reach'd the destin'd place,  
 Where he propos'd the night to pass,  
 To smoke his pipe and take his glass,  
 An humble inn stood by the road, That promis'd a more calm abode,  
 Where no stage-coach or chaises rattle,  
 Or noisy post-boys scourge their cattle ;  
 But where the unassuming guest Gets a clean meal and goes to rest.  
 Here Syntax, soon involv'd in smoke,  
 With a brisk landlord crack'd a joke :  
 A steak well-dress'd and jug of ale, Compos'd the evening's regale.  
 The country papers then he read, And Betty lighted him to bed.  
 Nor would he have unclos'd his eyes,  
 Till Betty screaming bade him rise ;  
 But when the sun, with beaming ray,  
 Had chang'd the dar'ling night to day,  
 Some noise, he knew not wherefore, broke  
 Upon his rest, and straight he woke ;—  
 When, as he listen'd, it appear'd, That he Pat's noisy language heard.  
 And vulgar mirth seem'd to resound About the purlieus of a pond,  
 Where Pat, up to his neck in water,  
 Prov'd the droll cause of all the laughter.  
 He op'd the casement and look'd out To see what Patrick was about.  
 "Are you awake," he cried, "or sleeping,  
 That such a dirty pool you creep in ?"  
 "Faith, Sir," said he, "they did so creep  
 About me that I could not sleep.  
 Or bugs, or fleas, whate'er they be,  
 Their stings have play'd Old Nick with me.  
 I brush'd them off, but all in vain, By thousands they return'd again,  
 So I came in the pond to dash And gave the creatures such a wash,  
 That if they wish'd to live and breathe  
 They would no longer stay beneath :  
 But all of them, from very dread, Would hurry upwards to the head,  
 There nestle safe within my cap, Where they'll be caught as in a trap ;

And thus be doom'd to certain slaughter,  
 Though ev'ry wretch should cry for quarter."  
 The whimsy strange, the droll conceit, Was to the Sage a perfect treat,  
 That sent him laughing to his bed, Where he again repos'd his head.  
 A waggoner, in lively mood, Let loose his jokes where Patrick stood,  
 An object which, none will deny, Might call forth rustic ribaldry.  
 "I do advise you," said the clown, "To let the ostler rub you down ;  
 And if his brush is well applied,  
 'Twill drive the vermin from your hide :  
 But where's the mighty cause for wonder,  
 That Paddy should commit a blunder ?  
 For well I know by your glib tongue, To what fine country you belong,  
 And if your red rag did not shew it,  
 By your queer fancies I should know it."  
 "—Hark you," said Pat, "your jokes on me,  
 Might pass as harmless pleasantry !  
 But when you laugh at Ireland's name,  
 You do, my friend, mistake your game,  
 And you shall see, nay you shall rue, What a stout Irish Lad can do."  
 —The word was follow'd by a blow Which laid the saucy rustic low,  
 And when by rude Hibernian strength,  
 The clown had measur'd all his length,  
 Pat roll'd him onward round and round,  
 'Till he was sous'd into the pond.  
 "A truce," said he, "to your grimaces,  
 You see we've only chang'd our places :  
 But the same honest hands no doubt,  
 That roll'd you in, shall pull you out.  
 I'm not so easy to be fool'd, But since, I trust, your mirth is cool'd,  
 To prove that I ne'er meant to harm you,  
 I'll give you something that shall warm you.  
 We'll take a morning glass as friends,  
 And here our short-liv'd anger ends ;  
 But first we will fresh clothes supply ;  
 Nor take our whet, till we are dry.  
 —Now as you drive your waggon on,  
 Through different roads from town to town,  
 Whene'er you meet a Paddy Whack,  
 Think whose strength laid you on your back ;  
 And though you felt his pow'rful arm,  
 You also found his heart was warm."  
 Nought happen'd now that's worth relating :  
 At nine the horses were in waiting :  
 The morning scene made Syntax gay, And smiling he pursued his way :  
 But nought he heard or did appear ; That asks for a description here.  
 Through the long day he travell'd on ;  
 The night he pass'd at Warrington ;—  
 Where his keen, philosophic eye Enjoy'd the highest luxury.  
 It seems, this venerable town Retains a national renown,  
 For its superior skill display'd, By which all kinds of glass are made ;  
 And where the traveller, inclin'd With curious heart t'enrich his mind,

Will never fail to pass a day ;      The scene will well reward his stay.  
     Syntax with eager impulse fraught,  
     And pleasing hopes, the Glass-house sought,  
 Where each polite desire is shown, To make the general fabric known.  
 The Doctor did himself proclaim,      Declar'd his dignity and name ;  
 Nor did the Sage his fancy balk,      To shew his learning by his talk.  
     That glass was known to distant ages,  
     He prov'd from philosophic pages ;  
 But did not venture to decide      How in those ages 'twas applied :  
 But soon broke forth in rapt'rous tone,      To tell its uses in our own.  
     "—This fair transparent, substance bright,  
     Keeps out the cold, lets in the light,  
 And when flame multiplies its rays, Will imitate the diamond's blaze.  
     But here's the important point of view,  
     Without it what would Beauties do !  
 They'd be but miserable elves,      If they could never see themselves.  
     How would they then arrange their graces,  
     And plant fresh smiles upon their faces,  
 If they had nought but polish'd mettle, Or the bright cover of a kettle?  
     Alas ! Old England's not the clime,  
     Where maidens fair may pass their time  
 By a transparent fountain's side,      To decorate their beauty's pride ;  
 No wat'ry mirrors we possess,      Which aided Dian's nymph to dress.  
     Our ladies, lack-a-day, would shiver,  
     To make their toilettes by a river.  
     —Indeed it has not yet been shown  
     That he who first made glass is known :  
 Had it been so, he would have trod      Olympus as a Demigod,  
 And temples to his name would rise      As to those known divinities,  
     To whom their useful arts have given  
     A place within the Poet's Heaven :  
     "Though," he exclaim'd, "it doth appear,  
     Each Glass-house is his temple here,  
     Where Art and Commerce both combine  
     In gratitude and praise to join."  
 Syntax now wish'd to try his skill      In forming some neat utensil ;  
 When ev'ry part was duly fitted, And to his hand the tube submitted :  
 The strict directions he obey'd      And something like a bottle made.  
 Patrick too was prepar'd to blow A shape, tho' what he did not know ;  
 But while he did apply his art,      A funny workman twitch'd a part,  
     Which modish modesty would blame  
     If I proposed to guess the name ;  
 So that by some strange jerk uncouth, Pat drew the flame into his mouth.  
     And while he amused the people round him,  
     By spitting, kicking, and confounding,  
 He scarce escaped the sad disaster,      Of setting fire to his master.  
     —All were well pleas'd but Pat, who swore  
     He never swallow'd fire before,  
     And was glass blown by such a whim,  
     It never should be blown by him.  
 Having increas'd his stock and store      Of various scientific lore,

The Docter took his leave gay-hearted,  
 And for his destin'd rout departed.  
 His way towards Chester he pursued,  
 And, with exploring thought review'd  
 The great exertions which were made By human art, inspir'd by trade :  
 And where improving science shows  
 How much man's pregnant genius owes  
 To Commerce, whose vast power extends  
 E'en to the world's remotest ends,  
 And in succession brings to view Whate'er the hands of man can do.  
 Nature expects mankind should share, The duties of the public care ;  
 Who's born for sloth ? To some we find  
 The plough-share's annual task assign'd ;  
 Some at the sounding anvil glow, Some the swift-gliding shuttle throw ;  
 Some studious of the wind and tide,  
 From Pole to Pole our commerce guide ;  
 Some, taught by industry, impart With hands and feet the works of art ;  
 While some of genius more refin'd,  
 With head and tongue assist mankind ;  
 Each, aiming at one common end, Proves to the whole a needful friend.  
 In ev'ry rank, or great or small, 'Tis Industry supports us all.  
 Thus as he mus'd, kind chance bestow'd,  
 Which sometimes happens on the road,  
 A brisk companion, cheerful, gay, Form'd to amuse the loit'ring way.  
 They first convers'd about the weather ;  
 But as they trotted on together,  
 More serious topics soon prevail, Nor did the lib'ral converse fail.  
 Of Chester's city they talk'd o'er, The history in times of yore ;  
 Its diff'rent changes they relate, And what compos'd its present state.  
 The Doctor also wish'd to see What in its near vicinity,  
 Might Reason's curious wish invite With the fair promise of delight.  
 " Oh ! Eaton-Hall," it was replied,  
 " Is now become the country's pride ;  
 And pardon me, if I should say, A want of taste you will betray,  
 If you should Cheshire leave nor see That scene of splendid dignity,  
 Where, as all tongues around can tell,  
 Rank, Opulence, and Virtue dwell :  
 Whose noble owner all revere, Our constant toast, the Peerless Peer."  
 SYNTAX.—" Much it delights me when I'm told  
 Of those who highest stations hold,  
 And, 'midst their grandeur when we view  
 The highest rank of virtue too : Who all ignoble actions scorn,  
 Whose conduct proves them nobly born  
 And well maintain their ancient name,  
 By virtue and unblemish'd fame :—  
 But such who great and good combine,  
 May claim a higher praise than mine.  
 —The name, indeed, by birth descends,  
 But Honour on themselves depends,  
 The Coronet will never hide Presuming ignorance and pride.  
 Learning by study must be won ; 'Twas ne'er entail'd from son to son :

Superior worth high rank requires, For that mankind revere their sires:  
But if by false ambition led, In honour's paths they cease to tread,  
The ancient merits of their race Serve but to heighten their disgrace."

Thus as the conversation past, To Chester's walls they came at last;  
And thus the Doctor's travelling friend Address'd him at the City's end:  
"In this fam'd town I office bear, Nay, I'm of some importance here,

An Alderman, who has been Mayor:  
And I shall feel it, Sir, a pride, Through every part to be your guide;  
Then readily obey your call To wait on you to *Eaton-Hall*:  
For much I wish to hear you trace The sumptuous beauties of the place.  
I was not born in art to trudge, But still I know enough to judge  
When scientific men display Their knowledge in that pleasing way,  
Which has delighted me to-day."

Syntax, most willing to receive The proffer'd kindness, took his leave.  
—The morrow came—the city view'd, To *Eaton* they their way pursued,  
Where the Sage trac'd with prying eye The architect'ral pageantry,  
That taste and skill and labour'd art Had lavish'd over ev'ry part;  
When with fond admiration fraught

He thus express'd each rising thought:  
"Much it delights my mind to read Of dauntless and heroic deed,  
Where the historian's words record The patriot valour of the sword:  
And, when the bloody field was done,  
What banner mark'd the glory won,

Which honour order'd to be worn, A sacred badge, by sons unborn,  
But more it joys me when I see, (Long past the age of Chivalry,)  
Fair virtue change its helmed face, For ev'ry soft domestic grace,  
And all the fire of martial strife Yield to the charities of life.  
—Thus as I view the pictur'd wall, Th' historic page of *Eaton-Hall*,

I see *the one*, where Cressy's fame  
Gives splendour to a Grosvenor's name;  
*The other*, in a milder sound, Is heard from all the country round.  
"I measure with admiring eye The lapse of ages long pass'd by,  
From the old time, when ev'ry throne Did a stern royal warrior own;  
When the stain'd sword all respite spurn'd,  
And seldom to its sheath return'd;

When ceaseless battle strew'd the plain  
With mangled forms of thousands slain;  
And efforts of contending might  
The balance held 'twixt wrong and right.  
But reason by experience, taught, The reign of law and justice sought,  
And though, at times, the spear would show  
The foreign or domestic foe,

Learning and science gave their aid, While mild religion, heav'nly maid,  
Was lov'd, was cherish'd and obey'd,  
And laws and manners more refined Chastis'd and purified the mind.  
But all the thanks my voice can give To Heaven I offer, that I live,  
In these fair after-days, when peace  
Has bid each warring age to cease;

When men prefer the joys of home, To ev'ry eager wish to roam.  
Where honour doth its harvest yield Of carnage in the tented field;  
When battle is reluctant sought, But when compell'd is bravely fought,



To save the land from foreign foes, Domestic tumults to oppose ;  
 In ev'ry country to disown A tyrant pow'r, however shown,  
 And guard the freedom of our own.

" But if I'm heard thus to prefer Our present modes and character,  
 You well might ask me why I praise  
 What bears the shape of other days,

When arts, of ancient Greece the boast, Were in the gloomy ages lost :  
 And why we see this palace rise Like those a monkish time supplies ?  
 Or rather why we do not see Palladian art and symmetry ?  
 Why from the solid, simple base Springs not the column's attic grace ?  
 Why trails not with a flowing ease The curling foliage o'er the frieze ?  
 And chaste reliefs lay before you Some fancied or historic story ?

Why many a God and Goddess pure,  
 Half given to view and half obscure,  
 Does not by some fam'd sculptor's skill,  
 The niche's well plac'd concave fill ?  
 While urns, with well-wrought decoration,  
 On ballustrades assume their station ;

And festoons wave in flow'ry show, To grace the intervals below.—  
 All this, good Sir, is pretty reas'ning,  
 And to the subject gives a seas'ning ;

But my old taste and ancient pride Thus argues on the other side.

" I think that it should be the aim Of families of ancient name,  
 Never, from fashion, to transfer Their long establish'd character ;  
 Nor e'er blot from th' historic eye, One page that tells their ancestry,  
 But still involve with modern state, Some figure of their ancient date.  
 That they whose grandsires' honours shine In holy wars of Palestine ;

Or, in the glitt'ring armour steel'd,  
 Wav'd the bright sword in Cressy's field,  
 Should still with ancient pride adorn  
 The mansions where their sires were born.

And if old Time's destroying power Has shaken ancient hall or bower,  
 The new rais'd structure should dispense The style of old magnificence :  
 The grandeur of a former age Should still the wond'ring eye engage,  
 And the last Heir be proud to raise A mansion as of former days.  
 The Hero helm'd or bearded Lord With warlike or with civil sword,  
 Dar'd foreign foes, or kept in awe Th' unruly by the power of law ;

But though with manners more refin'd,  
 Which soften and enlarge the mind,

The last successor claims the praise For virtue in these later days,  
 Still as his embow'd roofs he sees, And walls bedeck'd with traceries ;  
 Windows with rainbow colours bright,  
 With many a fancied symbol dight ;

And when he views the turrets rise In bold irregularities ;  
 He feels that no Corinthian pile Would tell, though of the richest style,  
 That warriors, statesmen, learned sages,  
 Had borne his name in former ages,

While he, by ev'ry virtue known, Does honour to it in his own."

With all the learned Doctor said

And the just thought he had display'd,  
 The Alderman was so delighted, The Sage to dinner he invited,

Who sometimes grave and sometimes gay,  
 Charm'd his kind host throughout the day.  
 --The next it was his lot to see      The pleasant town of Shrewsbury,  
 And ere the journeying morrow clos'd,  
 He Ludlow reach'd, where he repos'd ;  
 And here, perhaps, it might be thought  
 Historic fancies would be sought ;  
 That Syntax, culling from the lore      Of ages long since past and o'er  
 The deeds and names that give renown  
 To this once warlike, princely town,  
 Would trace its ancient pedigree      When Roger of Montgomery  
 The castle rais'd, whose ruins now      Nod o'er the lofty verdant brow,  
 And ask the pencil to display      The picture of its proud decay.  
 But no, thoughts of another kind      Arose in his enraptur'd mind.  
 This was the scene where Milton's powers  
 Awaken'd the Dramatic hours,  
 Where Nobles and fair Dames, array'd      In due theatric stole, display'd  
 The Magic scenes, in wood and dell,  
 Where Comus work'd his wicked spell,  
 While, guarded by protecting Heaven, To Virtue is the triumph given.  
 With fancy working on his thought, At early morn the brow he sought,  
 And calmly stretching him along,      Aloud he read th' immortal song,  
 Beneath the walls, where Milton's voice  
 Had taught the echoes to rejoice.  
 --Thus in enthusiastic dream      The Drama's various figures seem  
 To pass, in all the scenic show.      That grac'd, so many years ago,  
 The painted hall, where great and good  
 The praise such verse demands bestow'd,  
 And to the Mask with loud acclaim Gave the due meed of early fame.\*  
 --But Syntax as he musing lay      And thought the passing time away,  
 Felt an oblivious spirit creep      O'er his rapt sense, and sunk to sleep :  
 And how long he would there have laid, Into this torpid state betray'd,  
 As by no proof it can be shown, To my dull muse remains unknown.  
 --But Pat, who had his master miss'd, Could not his curious wish resist,  
 To take a stroll and play the scout,      Pace the old castle round about,  
 In hopes that he should find him out.  
 When at his length he saw him laid,  
 He would have thought that he were dead,  
 Had not the music of his nose      Made known that it was but a dose.  
 Here Patrick thought it right to wake him,  
 And his rude hands began to shake him.  
 The Doctor rose with wild surprise,  
 First shook his head, then rubb'd his eyes,  
 And several minutes pass'd, before      Reflection did his sense restore.  
 His mouth gap'd wide, a sigh he fetch'd  
 In various forms his arms he stretch'd,

\* This Mask was performed at Ludlow Castle in the year 1634, before the Earl of Bridgewater, then President of Wales, an Office since abolished. The principal parts were performed by Lord Brackley, Mr. Egerton, and Lady Alice Egerton. The Poem is supposed to have been occasioned by the two brothers having lost their sister in returning to the castle through the woods in Oakley Park.

And when he felt himself awake,  
 He view'd the scene, and thus he spake :  
 "To be by local impulse mov'd, I oft have thought, but never prov'd,  
 Until I Milton's Comus read    Beneath the walls where it was bred :  
 Thus would you woo the Muse of *Gray*,  
 It should be by the church-yard way.  
 Say, do you seek to charm the time,  
 In chaunting *Pope's* melodious rhyme,  
 Go wander 'midst the forest groves,  
 Which the chaste muse of Windsor loves :  
 Or would you feel dramatic rage In pondering over *Shakespeare's* page,  
 You should pursue th' awak'ning theme,  
 On the green banks of Avon's stream.  
 — When the sun's soft declining light Has yielded to the shades of night,  
 Then the more pensive hours prolong O'er the inspired verse of *Young*,  
*Poet and Saint*, to whom were given  
 These sacred names of Earth and Heaven."  
 Patrick, who did not feel the fuss,    His master made with Pegasus,  
 Nor what his active brain was brewing Upon a bank and 'neath a ruin,  
 Conducted him with wond'ring grin,  
 And brought him mutt'ring to the inn.  
 — Whether it happen'd that the ground  
 Where Syntax lay in sleep profound,  
 Was moist with dew, or sunny ray Did an unwholesome heat convey,  
 It was not long ere he complain'd  
 That both his arms and back were pain'd ;  
 While a dull, dizzy something shed Its drowsy influence o'er his head :  
 But when a shiv'ring fit came on,  
 He thought that something must be done,  
 And Pat was sent off in a trice    To bring at once the best advice.  
 The Doctor came with solemn face, And heard the patient state his case,  
 His hand was felt, the pulse beat high,  
 The tongue was pale, the mouth was dry ;  
 When Galen spoke, "Upon my word  
 A grievous cold has been incur'd ;  
 But gentle sweats I trust will cure The fev'rish heats which you endure.  
 An ague threatens, but I hope    A mild puke will that evil stop :  
 A most precipitate attack    Disturbs the region of the back ;  
 But a strong simulating plaster    Will rid you soon of that disa-ter.  
 A bed, good Sir, I recommend    To aid th' effects which I intend.  
 With op'ning draught I shall begin    Just to prepare the way within :  
 The powders sent will then restore    The native fluids to each pore,  
 When perspiration may return,    And the dry skin no longer burn.  
 I will another visit pay,    And see you at the close of day."  
 But ere the Doctor came again    Poor Syntax felt increase of pain :  
 And now was added to the rest    An inflammation of the breast :  
 Bleeding he therefore must apply    As a specific remedy.  
 Galen the pointed lancet drew ;  
 The vein was pierc'd, the blood out flew,  
 While the brain teem'd with fancies light  
 Through the slow progress of the night.

When the morn came the patient dos'd,  
A blister therefore was propos'd,  
And cooling draughts in plenty follow'd  
Which the reluctant Doctor swallow'd ;  
Though he declar'd and almost swore  
That, live or die, he'd take no more.  
At length the pains forsook his head,  
On the fourth morn he left his bed,  
And thus employ'd his well known power  
Of reas'ning on the passing hour :

"The lib'ral callings all agree  
And he who can combine them all  
Will have fulfill'd th' ambitious plan  
DIVINITY I may profess ;  
Of PHYSIC I have got my fill  
And I shall then by legal deed  
With grave as well as just content,  
For once, at least, then I shall be

Are Physic, Law, Divinity ;  
To be obedient to his call,  
To be a truly learned man.  
That from my title I possess :  
As will appear by Doctor's bill.  
Ere on my journey I proceed,  
Make my last will and testament :  
LAW, PHYSIC, and DIVINITY."

—A Lawyer now was to be found ;  
And where's the spot of British ground,  
Where our experience doth not show  
That such a spreading plant will grow,  
And where his dwelling is not known  
As the best house in any town ?  
The attorney came, a figure grave, And Syntax his instructions gave.  
"—As, Sir, the period is uncertain  
When death may draw the sable curtain

That shuts out man from all the strife, The joys, or casualties of life ;  
He has a duty to fulfil, A solemn one, to make his will :  
And on my prudence 'tis a blot, That I this duty have forgot.  
But Heaven has just now pleas'd to give

Some hints that I may cease to live ;  
And that this same destroyer, Death, May rob me of my vital breath,  
When health and strength and pleasure flout it,  
And I, perhaps, least think about it :

Then thus, Sir, let your active quill, Sketch out the purpose of my will.  
—My name, and titles, and abode, You'll state in form and legal mode ;  
And then, in order due, proceed To trace this mortuary deed.

My SOUL I give to him who gave it,  
Trusting his pard'ning grace to save it.  
As for my body may it lay Where my wife moulders in decay,  
And wait with her the judgment day.  
For any injury I have done (Though I do not remember one,)

I ask that pardon to be given,  
Which I myself may hope from Heaven.  
—And by this will it is intended A hundred pounds may be expended  
In some neat useful piece of plate, That might a side-board decorate,  
And be by 'Squire Hearty view'd As a small mark of gratitude.  
—And as I cannot name a foe, I have no pardon to bestow,  
Unless a certain widow's breast Should be of enmity possess—  
My friend 'Squire Hearty knows the rest :

If so,—I ask the 'Squire to buy                      A ring or tonish fantasy,  
     And to the Widow Hopeful give it,  
     If she will with good grace receive it ;  
     But both as to the mode and measure,  
     I leave it to the said 'Squire's pleasure ;  
 And my executor will pay                      What he demands without delay  
 My books I give unto my friend The learn'd and Rev'rend Doctor Bend :  
     And when he dies, that store of knowledge  
     He will bequeath unto his college,  
 To which, we both must own, we owe    The better part of all we know.  
     To the wise FUND that's rais'd in aid  
     Of those who in the writing trade,  
 Although they empty all their skulls,              Obtain but scanty bellyfulls,  
     I give two hundred pounds, and wish  
     I could throw more into the dish.  
 —Ah ! no one better knows than me    The toil and painful drudgery  
     Of those, whose fortune 'tis to rule  
     With birchen rod the thankless school !  
 And shameful 'tis when they're bereft    Of due support, and often left  
 On casual bounty to assuage              The sorrows of neglected age ;  
     Though they by whom the mind's endued  
     With earliest thoughts of what is good ;  
 They who the infant nation rear, Demand the full-grown nation's care.  
 Three hundred pounds I leave to be My mite thrown in their treasury,  
     Who form'd the gen'rous scheme to aid,  
     The schoolmaster's ungrateful trade."  
     He gave his psalm-book to the singers,  
     Nor did forget the parish ringers :  
 The clerk, the sexton, and the poor, Had some kind portion of his store.  
 To the Divine, who should succeed The flock which he had fed, to feed,  
     He gave his gown, his scarf, and cassock,  
     And to his wife, dear Dolly's hassock.  
 At length the residue he left,              When he should be of life bereft,  
     Unto 'Squire Worthy's free controul,  
     To whom, indeed, he ow'd the whole.  
 The Doctor came to bring his bill,    And was a witness to the will.  
 —Thus, having done this solemn deed, Syntax did on his way proceed.

## CANTO V.

SOME I have known, who did not dare  
     To make their wills from very fear ;  
 Alarm'd lest the dread hand of fate    Should on the ceremony wait :  
     But Syntax, we must ne'er suppose  
     Was govern'd by such whims as those.  
 He knew that all life's seasons tend    To bring us nearer to our end :  
 By good alone that we're prepar'd, To gain our last, our great reward ;  
     For which alone, by gracious Heaven,  
     To man the boon of life was given.  
 'Twas here he let the matter rest,              Of no untimely fear possest,

Though grumbling at the Doctor's bill,  
 But quite contented with HIS WILL.  
 'Tis needless here in form to state, Whether he early rose or late :  
 Or, as he onward gently rode, What place he made his night's abode ;  
 Suffice it, when four days were past,  
 To BATH's fair town he came at last :  
 And as the Bard in former days, Gave classic *Baiæ* all his praise,\*  
 That in bright Sol's diurnal round, No such delightful place was found  
 The modern city of the name, May equal share of beauty claim.  
 Each curious scene that met his eye, And more if deck'd with novelty,  
 Always produced the very season  
 In which his mind was prone to reason.  
 So much the splendor he admir'd Of all around him, that inspir'd  
 He had determin'd to rehearse His various thoughts in Lyric verse :  
 And much indeed we must lament That he was foil'd in his intent.  
 —But something very like a riot Arose to discompose the quiet,  
 Which such a Muse as his requir'd To do what he so much desired.  
 In Bath's fine city 'tis well known That at each corner of the town,  
 A certain vehicle is seen, A pleasant, dancing, light machine,  
 Which is well fashion'd to convey A beau or belle to ball or play ;  
 Sedans they're call'd, and two men bear,  
 With two long poles, the easy chair,  
 Which keeps you snug from cold and wet,  
 And ne'er is known to overset :  
 Now these same men are chiefly found  
 To owe their birth to Irish ground ;  
 And Patrick scarce could lend an ear  
 But he did those brisk accents hear,  
 Which, from whatever part they come,  
 Would call to mind his native home :—  
 But soon a sudden mischief rose, From Irish words to Irish blows.  
 —A woman stood beside her door,  
 Whom Patrick thought he'd seen before.  
 Indeed he had,—too well he knew The features of an arrant shrew,  
 To whom he hop'd that fate had given  
 Full many a year a place in Heaven ;  
 When a loud voice that some would deem  
 A cry approaching to a scream,  
 Exclaim'd, " May Heaven give me rest ! Here is a husband, I protest,  
 Who I had thought and hop'd indeed  
 Had long been doom'd the worms to feed !  
 You know, you rascal, how you left me,  
 And of the means of life bereft me !  
 Lur'd by a scarlet coat and feather, How you all troop'd away together.  
 Why were you not in battle slain ? For I am married o'er again :  
 And here's another husband coming ;  
 So look you for a pretty drumming."  
 —A chairman came, a bustle rose, To angry words succeeded blows :  
 And now the officers of peace Appear'd to make the riot cease,

\* Nullus in orbe locus Baiis præluet amenis. Hor. Lib. i. Ep. i.



And force the parties to repair, With their complaints before the Mayor.  
 The Mayor in chair of office seated,  
 Desir'd the grievance might be stated.  
 When Patrick begg'd that he might send For Doctor Syntax to attend.  
 The Doctor came, surpris'd to see      Poor Pat in such perplexity :  
 Nor could he well divine the cause  
 That made him hostile to the laws ;  
 But yet determin'd to defend,      If he were wrong'd, his humble friend.  
 " I beg, Sir, I may lay before you,"  
 The chairman said, " my honest story."  
 " But please your Worship, Sir," says Pat,  
 " I cannot well consent to that.  
 He struck me first when I was quiet, And never thought of rout or riot :  
 But having served in foreign wars,  
 Of which I now can shew the scars,  
 I was not to receive a blow      Without returning it, you know ;  
 And faith I did well beat the youth, As he feels if he speaks the truth."  
 The chairman did his words renew.  
 " I might strike first, it may be true,      But that I had a right to do ;  
 When he declar'd, I think he swore,  
 That my wife Madge was his before."  
 " It was not me," said Pat, "'od rot it,  
 I was in hopes she had forgot it ;  
 But, thoughtless what she was about, She babbled that same secret out.  
 But if your worship will but swear      The woman on the gospel there,  
 She will inform you all that past, Your Honour, yes, from first to last."  
 " Then woman speak," his Worship said,  
 When Marg'ret curtsied and obey'd.—  
 As I hope kindly to be heard,      Patrick ne'er spoke an angry word ;  
 Yet I abus'd him in my way,      And that I own brought on the fray.  
 I married Patrick it is true,      I also married Donald too ;  
 But not till Pat had been away      For five long years and one long day :  
 And may it not be truly said      I had a right to think him dead ?  
 But what's more strange, I have to tell, I have a third, alive and well ;  
 Nay he's the first of all the three, But he was press'd and went to sea :  
 And when he'd been four years away, Why then I married Pat I say ;  
 Your Worships now may take my word,      Malony's safe at Waterford.  
 So these TWO HONEST MEN are free From any claim they have to ME.  
 —I'll trust once more the stormy main And see dear Ireland once again.  
 Here it may make you gentry stare,  
 But these things sometimes happen there ;  
 Without such helps, indeed, 'tis true,  
 What could we helpless women do !  
 —These men fly off, with ev'ry wind,      And leave us all alone behind :  
 Nay, when these trav'ling boys forsake us,  
 What harm, if others chuse to take us !  
 Though ne'er your Honour did I do it,  
 But when the Priest put his word to it.  
 I have no learning, no not I,      Nor do pretend to argufy ;  
 Nay, were I to be whipp'd to London,  
 These things are done, and can't be undone ;

But right or wrong, no ill was meant,  
 And Heav'n forgive me, I'm content.  
 Your Honours know that many a lady,  
 As sweet as blossoms on a May-day,  
 Looks for a husband brisk and free,  
 But can't get *one*, while I've had *three*."

Here Syntax whisper'd to the Mayor :  
 " With your permission, if I dare,  
 I would advise that this strange scene  
 Should be thrown by behind the screen.  
 As this same unexpected story

Has by mere chance been laid before you,  
 It were as well you should not show  
 That these strange practices you know ;  
 And thus it strikes me, as I feel them,  
 It must be better to conceal them."

" 'Tis my own thought," his Worship said ;  
 " And your just hints shall be obey'd."

Thus these submissive people went, From Justice seat, in full content.  
 The Doctor now retir'd to dine, Enjoy his thoughts and sip his wine,

Hinted to Patrick to refrain From getting into scrapes again ;  
 But not a word did he let loose Of what he heard of marriage noose :

Then sought the Coffee-House to see The papers and to take his tea.  
 But it appear'd his fate to-day To be encounter'd with a fray ;  
 So far from finding social quiet, The room itself was in a riot ;  
 The angry mistress at the bar Was striving to appease the war ;

The waiter on the floor was thrown,  
 And heaps of crock'ry tumbled down :

Voices spoke loud, while tables rattle, With all the symbols of a battle.

—Two heroes by their wine inspir'd, Were by an adverse glory fir'd :  
 The one in tented fields had fought, T'other had naval honours sought ;  
 And now were eager to contest Whose brave profession was the best ;  
 Which higher service did afford, The Soldier's or the Sailor's sword :

When their calm reas'ning soon arose  
 To plenteous oaths, and threat'ning blows.  
 One of the Sailor's legs was good, The other was a leg of wood ;  
 While the brave soldier could command

But one unhurt, effective hand ;  
 The God of war, had, in his sport,  
 Cut, as he fought, the right-arm short.

As Syntax enter'd it appear'd These were the furious words he heard :  
 " Had I two legs, I'd make you feel The wrath I wish not to conceal :"

" Had I two hands," it was replied, " I would not, Sir, be thus defied,  
 But lay you level on the floor, Or pass you quickly through the door."

While an old fool, with crutch and gout,  
 Was crying : " Let them fight it out !"

—To let these brave men play the fool For laughter and for ridicule,  
 And, in the senseless standers by, To call forth misplac'd pleasantry,  
 Awaken'd a disdainful rage In the warm bosom of our Sage,  
 Who was resolv'd to interpose, And make friends of these silly foes.  
 He said, " I pray this contest cease, I am the Minister of Peace ;

And you will not my wish refuse, To pause awhile, and grant a truce."  
 "No truce," exclaim'd a rude, rough voice,  
 Whose tones were of themselves a noise,  
 While the clench'd fist, to aid the clamour,  
 The table beat as with a hammer.  
 "Tell that there Parson to have done,  
 Or his great wig will spoil the fun."  
 "'Tis that," said Syntax, "I've in view, The very thing I mean to do."  
 He then through the rude circle broke,  
 And thus his solemn counsel spoke.  
 "It makes my pale cheeks red with shame,  
 That those, who for the British name  
 Have shed their blood, should here expose  
 Their character, as hired foes,  
 In tennis-court or on the green T' amuse the vulgar crowds, are seen ;—  
 That, mark'd by wounds and many a scar  
 The fruits of bravery and war,  
 They should, inflam'd by wine, contest,  
 For excellence, where both are best ; On both, the British honours rest :  
 And when the strength of each combines,  
 How bright our country's glory shines !  
 I urge you then your wrath to quell, Each angry feeling to repel :  
 O rather let it be your boast, For Britain each a limb has lost ;  
 And would have been your mutual pride,  
 For Britain's glory to have died.  
 The peace resume ; be friends again, And let the room repeat Amen !"  
 "Amen," a score of voices pour'd, And calm good humour was restor'd.  
 As Bath gave nothing more to see That stirr'd his curiosity,  
 The Doctor did the evening break By a long letter to the Lake,  
 Relating every *where* and *when* Since he had quitted *Sommerden* :  
 With hist'ries of his various way,  
 Sometimes quite grave and sometimes gay :  
 Nor did it fail to overflow With gen'rous thought and grateful vow.  
 —The following morn, at early hour, Our Sage proceeded on his Tour.  
 The sun shot forth its beaming ray And promis'd a propitious day.  
 An Inn, which by the highway stood,  
 A breakfast gave, when he pursued  
 His course, but ere the noon was past  
 The sky with clouds was overcast,  
 Life's emblem, that so often breaks The early promises it makes.  
 A storm came on, the waters pour, In heavy and incessant shower ;  
 Which, wafted by the driving breeze, Defied all shelter from the trees,  
 That, in two lengthen'd rows, display'd A fine cathedral aisle of shade,  
 Whose boughs o'er-canopied the road That led unto an old abode,  
 Where in life's last, but ling'ring stage,  
 A famous Nimrod nurs'd his age.  
 There Pat was by his Master sent With many a civil compliment,  
 And all the necessary form, To ask a shelter from the storm.  
 —A serving man, whose hairs were gray,  
 Unbolts the gate and shews the way :  
 The Doctor found the gouty 'Squire In arm-chair seated by the fire,

While many an antiquated hound Lay all about him on the ground:  
 Some were so old they scarce could creep,  
 Others were hunting in their sleep;  
 While he could tell, as it besem'd,  
 By what they did, of what they dream'd:  
 For his retir'd life had been One constant and unvaried scene,  
 Which in its circle, did embrace The active pleasures of the chace.  
 His hounds and all their various breed,  
 The neighing and the bounding steed,  
 The tangled covert's devious way, The cunning of the trembling prey,  
 The vapour of the scenting field, By nature's chymic pow'rs reveal'd;  
 The pack's variety of tongue, Which do to all or each belong;  
 The kennel's discipline and rule That does the yielding instinct school;  
 These various branches, nay, in short, Whate'er relates to rural sport,  
 Was all that had his time employ'd, And the chief pleasure he enjoy'd,  
 From his first manhood to the hour  
 When angry storm and pelting shower  
 Drove Syntax, by strange chance, to see This unexpected novelty.  
 —Full many a deer's wide branching horn  
 Did the old entrance hall adorn,  
 With many a brush that heretofore Some famous, subtle Reynard bore,  
 While tablets told, in stated place,  
 The wonders of some wond'rous chace.—  
 Good Syntax, therefore, had a clue For what to say and what to do.  
 —He made his bows, disclos'd his name,  
 His dignity and whence he came.  
 The 'Squire, with half-smok'd pipe in hand,  
 Desir'd the Doctor to command  
 Whatever Nimrod-Hall possess'd, And prove himself a welcome guest,  
 With some good neighbours, sportsmen all,  
 Who had just sought the shelt'ring hall.  
 Dinner was serv'd, each took his place,  
 And a *View Halloo* was the grace;  
 But soon the Doctor did retire From noisy table to the fire,  
 To hear the chit-chat of the 'Squire,  
 Nor did the far-fam'd Nimrod balk His fancy for one hour's talk.  
 NIMROD.—“My life, I rather fear, supplies  
 But little you may not despise:  
 But still, you sages of the schools Will not declare us sportsmen fools,  
 If each, in his due weight and measure,  
 Should analyse his pain and pleasure!  
 'Tis true for forty years and more,  
 (For I have long been past threescore,)

My life has never ceas'd to be One scene of rural jollity:  
 But hurrying Time has fled so fast, My former pastimes all are past:  
 Yet, though our nature's seasons are Mix'd up with portion due of care;  
 Though I have many dangers run, I'm still alive at seventy-one.  
 —Nimrod was always in his place; He was the first in ev'ry chace:  
 Nor last when, o'er th' enliv'ning bowl,  
 The hunters felt the flow of soul:  
 The first, when, at the break of day, It was—To Cover, hark away!

The last, when midnight heard the strain  
Which sung the pleasures of the plain."

SYNTAX.—"But hunting lasts not all the year :

How did you then the moments cheer

In the vacation of your sport ? To what employ did you resort ?  
You read, perhaps, and can unfold How in old times the hunter bold  
Did, with strong lance and jav'ling slay The brindled lion as his prey,  
Or chas'd the boar, or sought reward In spotted clothing of the pard."

NIMROD.—"I've not quite lost the little knowledge,

Which I obtain'd in school and college ;

But the old Greeks, those fighting-cocks,

Did not pretend to hunt the fox :

For where, think you, their hounds were bred,

Or how, think you, their dogs are fed,

If it be true as I have read,

That in a freak and at a sup, They'd turn and eat their huntsman up ?

No, Sir, my books enjoy themselves

In long known quiet on their shelves.

—In summer, when the chase is o'er,

And echoing horn is heard no more,

The harvest then employ'd my care,

The sheaves to bind, the flocks to shear ;

The autumn did its fruitage yield In ev'ry orchard, ev'ry field,

And emptied casks again receive The juice Pomona loves to give.

The winter comes, and once again Echoes awake in wood and plain,

And the loud cry of men and hound,

Was heard again the country round.

Though I those days no more shall see,

They're gone and past and lost to me :

But as a poet doth relate, When the world's victor feasting sat

And trumpets gave the martial strain,

He fought his battles o'er again ;—

Thus I can from my windows see Scenes of the Nimrod chivalry ;

And with these old dogs on the floor, I talk the former chases o'er.

There's *Music*, whose melodious tone

Was to each pathless covert known ;

And *Captain* who was never wrong,

Whenever heard to give his tongue ;

There's *Paragon* whose nose could boast,

To gain the trail whenever lost :

And *Darling*, in the scented track

Would often lead the clam'rous pack ;

While Reynard chill despair would feel

When *Favourite* was at his heel.

Doctor, these dogs which round me lay,

Were famous creatures in their day,

And while they live they ne'er shall cease

To know what plenty is and peace ;

Be my companions as you see, And eke out their old age with me.

With them I sit and feel the glow

Which fond remembrance doth bestow :

And when, in fancy's dream, I hear    The tumults break upon my ear,  
     The shouting cry, the joyous sounds  
     Of huntsmen and the deep-mouth'd hounds :  
 My old age ceases to lament    My crippled limbs, my vigour spent ;  
 I, for those moments, lose my pain,    And halloo as if young again :  
 'Tis true, in leaps I've dar'd to take, That I have often risk'd my neck :  
     But though, thank Heaven, I've sav'd my back,  
     My ev'ry rib has had a crack.  
     And twice, 'tis true, the surgeon's hand  
     Has my hard batter'd scull trepann'd ;  
 To which I had a broken arm :    And now I've told you all the harm  
 Which my remembrance bids me trace    In my adventures of the chace.  
     —For these swell'd hands and tender feet  
     That fix me in this gouty seat,  
 Which keep me coop'd as I appear,    And as you see me sitting here,  
 'Twas not my age of hunting past, Which thus has kennel'd me at last :  
     It is Port-wine and that alone  
     Which brought those wretched symptoms on.  
     'Twas not the pleasures of the day  
     That bade my stubborn health decay,  
 But the libations of the night,    To which I owe this piteous plight.  
 Now of this mansion take a view,    And Doctor, I believe it true,  
     Could it be gaug'd and fill'd with liquor,  
     Myself, my sportsmen and the Vicar,  
 Whate'er of wine it might contain    Have drunk it o'er and o'er again.  
     —Philosophers and sage grave men  
     Have, by their preaching and their pen,  
 Enforc'd it as a certain rule    Of conduct in the human school,  
     That some prime feeling dotu preside  
     In each man's bosom as his guide,  
 Or right or wrong, as it may prove    The passions and affections move :  
 Thus some on lower objects pore,    Others aloft sublimely soar,  
     While many take the devious way  
     And scarce know how or where they stray :  
     But I ne'er thought of moving higher  
     Than a plain hunting country squire,  
     And you will think perhaps my aim  
     Has been content with vulgar fame,  
     When it has been my highest boast,  
     To ride the best and drink the most ;  
     To guide the hounds with matchless grace,  
     To be the leader of the chace,  
 And, when 'twas over, to be able    To lay my guests beneath the table,  
 While I, with no unsteady head,    Could walk unstag'ring to my bed  
     Laugh at a milk-sop's whim'ring sorrow,  
     Nor feel a head-ache on the morrow.  
     You grave Divines perhaps may flout it,  
     But still I love to talk about it,  
     And sometimes too my neighbours join ;  
     Though, while they take their gen'rous wine,  
 I feel at length 'tis very cruel    To pledge their toasts in water-gruel."



SYNTAX.—“Let then your water-gruel season  
 Awake the slumb’ring power of reason !  
 You think on pleasures but in vain, Pleasures you ne’er can know again :  
 Arm then your breast against the fall Which, soon or late, awaits us all :  
 The chase of life will soon be past,  
 And Death will earth us all at last.”

NIMROD.—“You are a scholar and can tell  
 Whether I reason ill or well ;  
 But, you must know, I’ve often thought,  
 That what the Classic poets taught,  
 And all their fabling fancy yields Of Styx and the Elysian fields,  
 Was not ill-suited to engage The hopes of such an early age ;  
 And now, when rightly understood, Is no mean motive to be good ;  
 Where virtuous spirits might enjoy Without an end, without alloy,  
 Whatever was their prime delight, Before they pass’d the shades of night.  
 —If I remember well, we read Heroes enjoy’d heroic deed :  
 Bards did their fav’rite themes rehearse  
 In raptures of immortal verse ;

While there the hunters could pursue, The game for ever in their view.  
 Elysian horses ne’er would halt, Elysian hounds ne’er be at fault,  
 And neither wanted corn or care, For there of course they liv’d on air :  
 While on those fields forbid to roam,  
 The *Poacher Death* could never come.”

SYNTAX.—“I thank you ’Squire for the treat  
 Of this same classical conceit :  
 But sure I am it would not do ; It could not be a Heaven for you.  
 Though hunted with immortal skill Elysian hounds could never kill,  
 For foxes there would never die, But run to all eternity :  
 And as they would not lose their breath,  
 You ne’er could be in at the death.

—I willingly allow the fame Due to the Greek and Roman name,  
 But to their geni’s ’twas not given  
 E’en to conceive the Christian’s Heaven.

We of this age alone can see The form of Immortality,  
 That’s fashion’d to a higher sphere,  
 When this our world shall disappear :  
 On that alone our hopes should rest, For be assur’d—it is the best ;  
 And when from hence fate bids you go,  
 I trust that you will find it so.

—I’ve spoke the language of my heart,— So now permit me to depart.  
 The storm is past, the show’rs are flown.  
 And I must hasten to be gone.”

The Nimrods press’d a longer stay,  
 But Syntax wish’d to be away,  
 Nor aid the ev’ning to prolong Its frequent glass and jovial song :  
 But then they did not let him go Without a treble Tallyho.  
 As he continued his career, May it not rather strange appear  
 That what so lately met his eye Did not his prosing tongue supply  
 With fanciful soliloquy ?  
 One might expect his usual style  
 Would have proceeded many a mile,

IN SEARCH OF CONSOLATION.

When we reflect where he had been,  
 What a strange mortal he had seen,  
 What droll opinions he had heard      What medley character preferred;  
 All that he saw at Nimrod-Hall;      So new and so original;  
 But so it was, the busy train  
 Of thoughts that rose within his brain  
 Were not permitted by the noise      Of men, of women, and of boys,  
 To be by calm digestion wrought,      Into grave, systematic thought;  
 For no one did they overtake      Who did not into laughter break;  
 Not one upon the highway side      Who did not in some way deride.  
 —Syntax, at length, to Patrick spoke,  
 And ask'd the meaning of the joke:  
 But he saw nothing as he doz'd With nodding head and eye half-clos'd.  
 The home brew'd bumpers of the kitchen  
 Had prov'd to Patrick so bewitching  
 That he ne'er saw the Sportsmen's tricks,  
 Who slyly had contriv'd to fix  
 A Fox's brush, by way of rig,      To dangle from the Doctor's wig;  
 Nor did this self-same gentry fail      To deck Pat's shoulders with a tail  
 Which, as he trotted on his way, O'er his broad back appear'd to play.  
 A well-dress'd horseman passing by,  
 Casting on this strange group an eye,  
 Suffer'd the whimsy to beguile      His muscles with a transient smile;  
 But when the question Pat obey'd, Where they had their last visit paid;  
 And, though in rather dubious fashion,  
 Had told his master's rank and station;  
 The trick was in harsh terms reprov'd,  
 And from the Doctor's head remov'd.  
 What of all symbols least became His well-known character and name:  
 For soon he by his language show'd  
 That impudence had ne'er bestow'd      An insult, to which justice ow'd  
 A retribution more severe      Than could be well inflicted there.  
 "—I know the place where you have been,"  
 The 'Squire observ'd, "it is a scene  
 Where civil manners do not deign      In any form or shape to reign;  
 Where hospitality, the boast      Of these rude, sporting men, is lost  
 And chang'd from welcome's smiling quiet  
 To noisy rout and drunken riot.  
 Nay, Rev'rend Sir, as you appear      To be a trav'ling stranger here,  
 Besides a peaceful Parson too,      The very butt for such a crew,  
 'Gainst whom their coward spirits thought  
 No keen resentment would be brought,  
 'Tis well indeed that you pass'd by      Without more foul indignity.  
 An humble layman, Sir, you see,      But I hold trick and raillery,  
 When play'd to ridicule the band      Who by the sacred altar stand,  
 Is not mere folly in excess,      But most decided wickedness.  
 —I'm no fanatic who believe  
 That man was born to mourn and grieve:  
 He who hath made him means to bless      His life with all the happiness  
 Which suits the transitory nature      Of a short-liv'd, imperfect creature;  
 And if we look and seek for more,      Why, we must stay till life is o'er.

But reason weighs the allotted measure  
 Of honest joy and wholesome pleasure.  
 We, Sir, who in the country live, Seek joys which hills and valleys give.  
 'Tis not the nerves alone, we find The chace invigorates the mind.  
 I am a sportsman too, but I  
 To social friends the joys supply Of courteous hospitality ;  
 While frequent pleasure opes the door To comfort and assist the poor.  
 Nor is it less whene'er I wait And to the prophet ope the gate,  
 Which, as we now our way pursue, Will soon be open'd wide to you."  
 Syntax charm'd with his highway friend  
 Well pleas'd did on his steps attend,  
 Till a fair mansion rose to view, Where he found all he wish'd for true.  
 He now was in his utmost glory, The ladies listened to his story ;  
 Nor did his lively spirits fail In varnishing each pleasant tale.  
 The fiddle tun'd forth many a jig, While he the fortunes of his wig  
 Did to some lively tune rehearse In ditties of heroic verse.  
 Then followed a bravura scene Of Hearty's tricks behind the screen ;  
 And as the misses did implore it  
 The widow's frights and fears before it.  
 The laugh was loud, but no one thought  
 'Twas with a painful image fraught,  
 Not one faint glimm'ring of ill-nature  
 Was cast upon a human creature ;  
 While to the insult lately shown Pity and prayer were given alone.  
 Thus, in kind, unremitting mirth,  
 To which each pleasing thought gave birth,  
 The cheerful evening swiftly flies, Till midnight took them by surprise :  
 When the delighted Doctor said, " See how your kindness is repaid.  
 For when with virtue's friends I stay,  
 And pass the happy time away, 'Tis thus I preach, 'tis thus I pray.  
 For unto virtue it is given, To laugh and sing and go to Heaven."  
 Each bade good night, and went to bed,  
 Nor fear'd the morrow's aching head.  
 The morrow came, with smiling faces  
 The ladies rivall'd all the graces :  
 Ncr fail'd to press the sage to stay  
 And charm them through another day.  
 When he replied :—" Indeed I grieve  
 To say that I must take my leave."  
 " If," said the 'Squire, " it must be so,  
 Lend me your ear before you go :  
 That I a sportsman's life, (for mine Doth all its characters combine,)  
 May prove, in ev'ry sense endued With what is virtuous, what is good,  
 As any other that we scan In the long history of man.  
 I wish, in short, to wipe away The foul disgust of yesterday.  
 Which may have prey'd upon your mind,  
 From the rude crew with whom you din'd ;  
 And that no future fears may wait In ent'ring at a sportsman's gate.  
 —I keep stout hunters for the chase, I breed my coursers for the race ;  
 I've hounds who form a glorious cry, And Reynard's subtle tricks defy :  
 My neighbours at my board I see With cheerful face and festive glee,

But temp'rance takes the master's chair, And gluttony is never there.  
 Such the delights my fortune gives,  
 And Heaven my gratitude receives;  
 Such my amusements, but their aim Enlivens virtue's cheerful flame,  
 Nor with its pleasures, on this spot, Are sober duties e'er forgot.  
 "Our Rector is a scholar rare, Few of his cloth more learned are;  
 While in his life we daily see A pattern of true piety:  
 Nor is a better sportsman found In all the sporting country round.  
 But when by him the infant's fed, When age receives his daily spread;  
 When in the church on sabbath-day His flock he teaches how to pray,  
 Directs to Heaven and leads the way;  
 His calling he doth not disgrace,  
 Though through a morn he leads the chase,  
 And, as he hills and dales defies, Joins the loud hunter's jovial cries."  
 "—Practise these virtues," Syntax said, "Nor be of God or man afraid:  
 While such a well form'd date is given,  
 Enjoy your sports and go to Heaven."  
 Now, after many a farewell greeting,  
 And cordial hopes of future meeting, But not without a spell of eating,  
 Which the luncheon's mid-day board Did in abundant style afford;  
 Pleas'd with the sporting 'Squire's bounty,  
 The Doctor sought the neighb'ring county;  
 When soon the woody hills appear, And verdant vales of Devonshire.  
 The day was just on the decline, And the sun did but faintly shine,  
 When as they thus approach'd a town  
 Which is to western trav'ller known,  
 They were saluted by a noise, Form'd by a crowd of men and boys,  
 While female voices join'd the rattle;  
 But whether it was peace or battle,  
 Did not with certainty appear, Till the strange cavalcade drew near.  
 Crack'd drums and post-horns first combin'd,  
 To aid the din which came behind,  
 With sounding pans of ev'ry shape,  
 And chords of most discordant scrape;  
 While shaken pebbles made a stir In many a hollow canister.  
 Now deep-ton'd bass and treble shrill Were heard, at intervals, to fill  
 The medley of discordant tones,  
 Brought up with sounding marrow-bones.  
 The rude procession follow'd after,  
 Through avenues of roaring laughter;  
 With which the crowd that lin'd the street Did this gay ceremony greet.  
 "Such a strange show I ne'er have seen,"  
 Syntax exclaim'd, "what can it mean?"  
 Patrick, you may perchance explain The hist'ry of this noisy train."  
 "Please you," Pat answer'd, "I can tell  
 This frolic bus'ness mighty well:  
 For there's no place I ever saw, Where this is not the parish law:  
 Though not with all this how and when, I've seen it, Sir, at *Sommerden*.  
 'Tis a procession us'd of course, When the grey mare's the better horse;  
 When a wild wife doth play the game  
 Of wearing what I must not name,

Though I must own that my tongue itches  
 To say, when she doth wear the breeches ;  
 And the poor fool dare not resist    The terrors of her threat'ning fist :  
 Then, thus your Rev'rence, as you see,    With frolicsome festivity,  
 The jovial neighbours celebrate    The downfall of a hen-peck'd mate.\*  
 —Thus as he spoke, the noisy throng    In due disorder pass'd along,  
     Wide antlers which had whilom grac'd  
     A stag's bold brow, on pitchforks plac'd,  
     The roaring, dancing bumpkins show,  
     And the white smickets wave below,  
 While, suited to the rustic manners, The petticoats appear'd as banners,  
     —A slow-pac'd donkey's seen to bear  
     Plac'd back to back the hostile pair,  
 Who there display the angry mood That forms the gamesome interlude.\*  
     While horned honours deck his brow,  
 She does bespatter him below    With what a ladle can bestow,  
     Whose foul contents, for very shame,  
     The modest Muse would blush to name,  
 Her big fist gave its frequent blows, Which he receiv'd nor durst oppose,  
     But with loud cries and humble suit,  
     To cease at length to play the brute.  
 Then on a tumbril in the rear    A kind of mash-tub did appear,  
     Whence a rude hand that scarce was seen,  
     Envelop'd in thick branches green,  
     Scatter'd among the gaping swains  
     Some filthy flood mix'd up with grains,  
     Which, to the right and left bestow'd  
     In such nice splashes on the crowd  
     That with a well-aim'd jerk, forsooth,  
     It might fill up some laughter's mouth,  
 —A female, whose virago form    Was figur'd to direct the storm,  
     On a three-fold broom-stick saddled,  
     Was arm'd with eggs both fresh and addled,  
     Which 'mid the crowd's applause cheers,  
     Bepaster'd noses, eyes and ears.  
     Thus as they pass'd, the noisy rout  
     Enlarg'd their throats with clam'rous shout.  
     Phillis, erecting either ear,    Began to prance and kick and rear ;  
 And whether Syntax would or no, Dash'd in the midst of all the show,  
     With peril of an overthrow :  
     While Pat, with threat'ning air bestrode  
     Fat Punch amid the bawling crowd,  
 But some foul hand an egg let fly    That hit him boldly on the eye,  
     And streaming down his cheeks besmear'd  
     With foetid yolk his sandy beard ;  
 While grains by ample handfulls pour O'er Syntax in a noisome shower,  
     Who, fearing worse from active fray,  
     With quicken'd pace pursued his way,

\* This Ceremony, which is call'd a *Skimmington*, and is common in many parts of England consists of a procession to celebrate the triumph of a virago of a wife over a submissive and humbled husband.



And, having pass'd the hooting street, Found in an inn a safe retreat.

Here, though by noisome smell o'erpower'd,  
To freshness he was quickly scower'd :

From heel unto his reverend crown,  
Pat brush'd him up and rubb'd him down,

But not till he himself had been Subject to kitchen quarantine.

Syntax made clean, in arm-chair seated,

Was by the landlord humbly greeted

With sorrow, that the country-folk

Should have annoy'd him with their joke,

But 'twas a custom with the people As ancient as the parish steeple,  
A kind of ceremonial law, To keep the married pairs in awe,

And which they never will withhold Till married women cease to scold,  
Or men in hope of quiet lives Refuse a beating from their wives.

"But if," he said, "you wish to know The real history of the show,  
Or any other branch of knowledge That is obtain'd in school or college,

Our Curate will, I doubt not, join Your social pipe or ev'ning wine,  
Nor fail to aid you in the picking Of your asparagus and chicken.

Of middle age he has the vigour, But rather comical in figure,  
And thus of late he has the name Well known in literary fame,

With which the gentry of our club

Have pleas'd this learned man to dub.

'Tis taken from that famous book In which if you should please to look,  
I can the pleasant volume borrow, So that I send it back to-morrow,

Where in the prints that deck the page,

You'll see the learned, rev'rend sage,

So like in ev'ry point of view Of hat and wig and features too,  
It might be thought the artist's hand Did our original command.

Nay 'mong the gossips of our town,  
He'll soon be by this title known, As well I doubt not as his own.

Nor does this laughing humour tease him,—  
Indeed, it rather seems to please him."

They who have Doctor Syntax seen,

In all the points where he has been,

Must know his heart is chiefly bent

On gen'rous deed, with grave intent ;

But still his fancy oft bespoke The lively laughter by his joke,

And though his looks demure were seen,

He nurs'd the smiling thought within :

And here he left that fun might rise, From certain eccentricities,

As they might be dispos'd to strike him,

In one, who, more or less, was like him.

Though it is true that he suspected,

'Twas form of wig or dress neglected,

Or meagre shape, so lank and thin, Or pointed nose, or lengthen'd chin,

With a similitude of feature The casual work of frisky nature,

Who sometimes gives the look of brother

To those who never saw each other :

Which now produc'd the fond deceit,

Big with the ev'ning's promis'd treat.

Th' invited Curate soon appear'd, The Doctor rubb'd his eyes and star'd,



Look'd in the mirror, that the view Might in his eye his form renew,  
 Nor less admiring than amaz'd, He on the rival Syntax gaz'd.  
 At length, all drolleries explain'd, A friendly, social humour reign'd,  
 The table smil'd with plenteous fare, The bottle and the bowl were there,  
 And 'mid the pipe's ascending smoke The counterparts alternate spoke.

SYNTAX.—"My Host, I doubt not, told me true  
 When he referr'd me, Sir, to you,  
 That you would to my mind explain The meaning of this noisome train,  
 Which, in the ev'ning of the day, Not only stopp'd me in my way,  
 But with their rout were pleas'd to greet me,  
 And with most foul salutes to meet me.

Its history perhaps may be Far in remote antiquity,  
 But mem'ry does not now recall A trace of its original."

CURATE.—"N'r yet can I,—but I suppose  
 It was among the vulgar shows  
 When Butler wrote, as his droll wit In Hudibras has painted it :  
 A book writ in most merry strain,  
 The boast of Charles the second's reign,  
 And so much fun it did impart, The King could say it all by heart,  
 Though you must know, he quite forgot  
 To ask if Butler starv'd or not.

But I shall not attempt to tell A story you could paint so well  
 —As to this custom, I must own, It might as well be let alone ;  
 But when in matrimonial strife A husband's cudgell'd by his wife,  
 In country-place, 'tis rather common  
 This way to compliment the woman,  
 And by this noisy, nasty plan, To cast disgrace upon the man."

SYNTAX.—"But tell me, if this kind of sporting  
 May happen when one goes a-courting ;  
 And, if he may these honours prove,  
 Who's cudgell'd while he's making love.  
 If so, I am already done, To figure in a *Skimmingington*."

CURATE.—"No, no, the pair must mated be  
 Who suffer this foul courtesy ;  
 But how, good Sir, can I suppose That you encounter'd female blows,  
 That any woman low or high Would treat you with indignity?"

SYNTAX.—"It is not surely to my glory ;—  
 But listen, and I'll tell my story :  
 —Sometime ago, I lost my wife, And mine is now a single life :  
 When by the counsels of a friend,  
 Who thought my present state to mend,  
 I, without telling *whens* and *hows*, To a fair widow made my bows :  
 A buxom, tall and comely dame,  
 Who wish'd, 'twas said, to change her name,  
 And if I could her thoughts divine,  
 Would not, perhaps, have sneez'd at mine.  
 She was with elegance array'd, And full-trimm'd fashion's ton display'd.  
 We chatter'd first about the weather ;  
 But when our chairs got near together,  
 And hints had pass'd of tender things ;  
 She took her lute and touch'd the strings.

She sang, and her soft accents prov'd How sweet it was to be below'd ;  
 When a confounded, cumbrous screen,  
 That kept us both from being seen,  
 Surpris'd us by its sudden fall : After a most tremendous squall,  
 As she was sinking with alarms, I caught the fair-one in my arms,  
 Where after lying still and quiet, She thought it fine to breed a riot ;  
 Nay, when the hurrying servants came, Call'd me by ev'ry horrid name ;  
 Then, with a blow I scarce could stand,  
 She to my head applied her hand,  
 And ev'ry finger had a nail That did my pallid cheeks assail,  
 Which, as I vainly struggling stood,  
 Were seen defac'd by trickling blood.  
 Then, as she call'd me knave and brute, I felt the fury of her foot,  
 Whose pointed strokes were sharp and shocking,  
 And, were I to unroll my stocking,  
 The vengeful marks I now could show Of kickings got three weeks ago :  
 And, my sad story to prolong,  
 She did not spare her shrill-ton'd tongue.  
 When she was in my arms enfolded  
 How I was kick'd and cuff'd and scolded !  
 No hen-peck'd mate was e'er worse used,  
 My face was scratch'd, my legs were bruise'd,  
 My wig despoil'd, my neck-cloth torn : So I ran off, amaz'd, forlorn,  
 From all this am'rous fire and fuel, To poultices and water-gruel :  
 But thanks to Heaven, who gave me life,  
 The Harridan was not my wife.  
 —Thus I have plac'd before your view, A history, so sad, so true,  
 As it may be of use to you.  
 Shun then all widows, nor be seen  
 To court a dame, where there's a screen."  
 CURATE.—"These things will happen, as we see,  
 From time and chance we none are free, Each must fulfil his destiny.  
 —I also can unfold a fray, Which was brought on by am'rous play,  
 Though not so splendid in its way,  
 Nor was such triumph to be won As with your high-wrought Amazon.  
 "The time's long past, and I've forgot  
 Whether I had been rude or not.  
 I cannot say or yes or no, Though probably it might be so ;  
 But, poisoning a large folio book, My landlady's outrageous cook,  
 Who, whate'er were her other charms, Had a most potent pair of arms,  
 Laid me all prostrate on the floor, And thus concluded my amour.  
 —'Twas *Raleigh's Hist'ry of the World*,  
 That *Sally Dripping's* fury hurl'd ;  
 But as the world had ta'en the field, I felt it no disgrace to yield :  
 And thus, I think, my Rev'rend brother  
 Our fates resemble one another."  
 SYNTAX.—"Our tempers, too, for you have spoke,  
 As is my taste in classic joke.  
 Nor do I wonder some may see A likeness between you and me :  
 Though that indeed might well appear Before we met together here ;  
 Because in ev'ry town is seen A book I wrote to cure the spleen,

In which, by faithful art pourtray'd, My portrait is at length display'd.  
 I see you've my facetious grin, Nor do you lack my length of chin ;  
 I think too as my eyes presage That we may be of equal age,  
 And in our sev'ral shapes are shown An equal share of skin and bone.  
 So far I think we're rather like, As may the calm observer strike :  
 Besides, the church doth clothe our back In the similitude of black,  
 And we prefer our brains to rig In the grave dignity of wig,  
 Leaving the simple hair to grace The dandy preacher's boyish face.  
 —So far so like our persons are, Such our appearance must declare,  
 That it may make good humour laugh,  
 As we our evening bev'rage quaff,  
 While I may hope that we may find A better likeness in the mind."  
 "Doctor," the smiling Curate said,  
 "Your form I've seen as 'tis pourtray'd  
 In the fam'd Tour which I have read,  
 And shall with added pleasure quote it,  
 Now I have seen the sage who wrote it.  
 My hat and wig have been the joke, Like yours, of idle country-folk ;  
 From jest and gibes I was not free When ill-fed by my Curacy :  
 But, Rev'rend Sir, you may believe me,  
 If reason's self does not deceive me,  
 And I avow it to be true,— In virtue to resemble you ;  
 To have the knowledge you possess ;  
 And my mind clad in such a dress  
 As that which learning doth confer On your distinguish'd character ;  
 I'd care not were I fat or thin, Or who might laugh or who might grin ;  
 But proud in any way to share The well-known title which you bear.  
 I wish my honest fame no better, Than to be like you *à la lettre*,  
 And Doctor Syntax nicknam'd be,  
 While tongues can give that name to me."  
 Thus with kind thoughts the night began,  
 And quick the pleasant moments ran.  
 The rubied glass, the brimming bowl, Awoke the lively flow of soul ;  
 But they had now so long conferr'd  
 They stammer'd out what neither heard ;  
 And as each loll'd in easy chair,  
 Sleep seiz'd them both and fix'd them there.  
 Thus as they did their slumbers take,  
 They look'd as like as when awake ;  
 For when the landlord op'd the door, Invited by their double snore,  
 And gave the Doctor to be led With due attendance to his bed,  
 They took the Curate with all care,  
 And saw him safe and bolster'd there ;  
 While Syntax, on unsteady feet, Was slowly guided through the street ;  
 And him the ostler help'd to clamber Up to the Curate's airy chamber.  
 Thus as they talk'd or look'd or mov'd,  
 These Doctors had their likeness prov'd ;  
 Alike with punch each charg'd his head,  
 Alike had sought each other's bed,  
 And slept unconscious of the sorrow  
 That head-aches might produce to-morrow.

—Poor Patrick, who had play'd the sot, His zealous duties quite forgot ;  
 And, to attain his roost unable, Had pass'd the night within the stable.  
 The morning came but came too soon,  
 For these two likenesses till noon  
 Possession of their pillows kept      So like each other had they slept ;  
 And when they 'woke around them gaz'd Alike confounded and amaz'd ;  
 Alike thought on their mutual name, And felt an equal sense of shame ;  
 But both appear'd, when thus they met,  
 Their evening's likeness to forget.  
 Syntax who fear'd all might be known Throughout the tittle-tattle town,  
 Thought 'twould be wise for him to go,  
 Nor through the day become a show,  
 But leave the Curate to the glory      Of making out a flatt'ring story.  
 —Now as he did his way pursue,      Reflection offer'd to the view.  
 Of his keen intellectual eye      No sense that seem'd like flattery.  
 —Far other feelings were awake      Upon his gen'ral thoughts to break ;  
 And with a tone of melancholy,      He to himself unveil'd his folly.  
 "That mortal man is fram'd by nature.  
 A weak, a frail, an erring creature,  
 We all must know, as all must see ;      But in what portion or degree,  
 We soften or enlarge the strife      Which gives variety to life,  
 That on ourselves alone depends      For its best uses and its ends.  
 Reason a faithful guide appears,  
 That strengthens with increase of years ;  
 The zealous champion of the heart,      When passion, with insidious art,  
 Assails us, where we all can tell      Our errors and our virtues dwell ;  
 As in old times, long past and gone,      The world was told by Solomon.  
 —'Tis not to use I now am preaching ;  
 Years and experience I am teaching :  
 And here unheard and all alone,      I to my bosom dare make known,  
 Those errors which I feel my own.  
 A generous sense, a noble pride,      May sometimes lead the mind aside  
 From the precise and rigid rules  
 Which wisdom teaches in her schools ;  
 But then the object and the end      Do in their very nature tend,  
 Though transient error they supply,      To guard the mental energy.  
 But ah, poor Syntax ! must not thou      To scourging reason humbly bow,  
 To think, a vain complying tool,      Thou has been led to play the fool ?  
 For my lank form some may upbraid me,  
 But am I not what nature made me ?  
 They whose fat threats to burst their skin,  
 May shake their sides because I'm thin :  
 Let them laugh on, and what of that ? If thin, they'd laugh if I were fat ;  
 And jokes will never fail to rise      From striking contrarities.  
 But o'er the bowl to lose your senses      By a vain Curate's vain pretences,  
 And furnish out a laughing tale,      For country boobies o'er their ale,  
 Is such a kind of wand'ring folly  
 Which though last night you were so jolly,  
 Ought now to make you melancholy.  
 —The turns that in its pleasure, Heaven  
 Has to my life and fortune given,

Have fashion'd me in various ways,  
 Which some may blame and some may praise,  
 And as it happens may provoke The friendly smile, the pleasant joke,  
 But still I hope that I've preferr'd To go where wisdom's voice is heard;  
 And that the scene which last night past, Will of my follies be the last."  
 Here did his pond'ring lecture close,  
 Which seem'd to give his mind repose,  
 And in calm silence on he rode Until he reach'd his night's abode :  
 For Patrick, fearing a jobation, Said nought to forward conversation.

## CANTO VI.

OF transient evils we endure Sleep is a kind and frequent cure ;  
 And the vexations over night Will sometimes fly at morning's light.  
 We know it will not always ease The pangs that wait upon disease  
 The fever's watchful burning heat, When the impetuous pulses beat,  
 May ask the wish'd-for boon in vain, The eyes to close and banish pain :  
 But still the gout, the racking stone, Its calming influence grateful own,  
 When, aided by the opiate power, They steal but one appeasing hour.  
 —The mind is not indebted less For short cessations of distress,  
 When it puts off the evening sorrow, Until the wakeful hour to-morrow,  
 While fancy on its powers may call T' amuse th' oblivious interval.  
 Syntax, 'tis true, there's no concealing,  
 Had in his mind a certain feeling,  
 When moral sense and cleric pride Would wounded be and mortified.  
 Besides, if that known, chattering dame, Who flies about, entitled Fame,  
 Should his late evening's hist'ry take  
 T' amuse his friends around the Lake,  
 To him or them in any measure,  
 It would not prove a source of pleasure.  
 But whatsoever harm was done, He felt 'twas to himself alone ;  
 And what his folly did impart Arose but from a warmth of heart.  
 Reason had bent to the controul Of what was the mere flow of soul ;  
 While conscience set the matter even, And thus he felt himself forgiven.  
 —His pipe he smok'd, the wine was good  
 Becalm'd his thoughts, by sleep subdued  
 Without a hint from aching head, At early hour he sought his bed.  
 What dreams by fancy were begot Or did he dream, or did he not,  
 The Muse would think it vain to pry, Into the fruitless mystery :  
 But when his eyes op'd on the morrow  
 Kind sleep had eas'd him of his sorrow,  
 And the vexation over-night Had left him at the morning's light.  
 Charm'd with the beauty of the day,  
 And the surrounding scene so gay,  
 Where nature in her loveliest hue Display'd the animating view  
 Of woods above, of meads below,  
 Where 'mid the green the flow'rets blow, And crystal waters softly flow ;  
 While active rural life combin'd To fit the landscape for the mind,  
 As it invites reflection's eye To the earth's rich variety.—  
 With such a scene to gaze upon Th' enraptur'd Doctor travell'd on.



—Within the winding of a vale, 'Mid blended charm of hill and dale;  
 And shaded by a spreading grove  
 Where Dryads might be feign'd to rove,  
 A stately, ancient mansion rose, Which titled ancestors had chose  
 In former times to be the seat Where rural grandeur found retreat,  
 And now might seem to trav'ller's eye Beaming with hospitality.  
 —'Twas here that Syntax chanc'd to see  
 A woman spinning 'neath a tree,  
 Whose boughs o'er-spread a straw-roof'd cot,  
 Which was some lab'ring peasant's lot.  
 "Tell me," he said, "my honest dame,  
 The state, the character and name,  
 Of him or her who, by Heav'n's grace,  
 Doth own that noble, charming place."  
 "'Tis Lady Bounty," she replied, "Who does in that fine house reside :  
 All that you see, Sir, is her own, But she has long been better known  
 For the good deeds which do resound  
 From grateful tongues the country round :  
 To bless us all it doth appear That Heaven has plac'd this lady here.  
 It seems to be her only joy Her time, her fortune, to employ  
 In doing what is real good. —My tears express my gratitude ;  
 For in that cot my husband lies  
 With useless limbs, and sightless eyes :  
 Whom the swift lightning's piercing flame  
 Has render'd senseless, blind and lame,  
 But all the comfort he can know, Her care, her kindness do bestow :  
 Nor does she loll at home at ease ; She watches o'er her charities :  
 E'en here she comes, as sent by Heaven,  
 To see that what she gives is given.  
 —Nay, while the poor she doth supply, A splendid hospitality  
 The rich who visit her receive,  
 With the proud welcome she can give."  
 Syntax, with all this story charm'd,  
 And his benignant bosom warm'd,  
 Resolv'd to view these proud domains  
 Where so much native beauty reigns,  
 And ply his skill to sketch the scenes Where so much virtue intervenes.  
 —Near an alcove he took his seat In view of this superb retreat :  
 Then, in his sketch-book 'gan to trace  
 The leading features of the place :  
 And with a practis'd eye, combine The picturesque of his design.  
 —A gard'ner soon to Patrick came  
 To know his master's rank and name,  
 When Pat ran ail his virtues o'er,  
 Told what he was—and somewhat more.  
 The pencil now employ'd its power ;  
 Nor had the Doctor pass'd an hour  
 In tracing, with his utmost care, A scene at once, so grand, so fair,  
 When Lady Bounty came to know What for his case she could bestow,  
 And with an hospitable grace, The well-known feature of the place,  
 To dine he kindly was invited, Nor was the smiling goodness slighted ;



Then with this welcome she address'd  
 Her rev'rend and delighted guest :  
 "—Since Doctor Syntax here is come, He must believe himself at home,  
 And all that can his wishes crown      He will consider as his own :  
 For while he sojourns he will be      The object of all courtesy ;  
 And to a yet far distant day      'Tis hop'd he will prolong his stay."  
 The dinner o'er the blessing given  
 For ev'ry bounteous grace of Heaven,  
 The Doctor who would never balk      A certain love he had to talk,  
 And which we know is least withstood  
 When wine is plenty and is good,  
 Had in a strain of modest glee      Told all his curious history.  
 Not that the Muse did mean to hint He here would go beyond the stint  
 Of learned sages' due decorum,  
 When the full bottles smile before 'em.  
 —The interesting story done,      Which had a fond attention won,  
 The mansion's mistress silence broke And thus in pleasing accents spoke.  
 LADY BOUNTY.—"It doth indeed my spirits cheer,  
 To see the Rev'rend Doctor here,  
 Whose many virtues and whose taste, Appear by none to be surpass'd ;  
 Nay, that same chance I happy call  
 Which turn'd his face tow'rds *Bounty Hall* :  
 And while his conversation gives  
 That pleasure which with knowledge lives,  
 I trust he will employ a day      His graphic talents to display  
 On the rich charming scenes which bound  
 My range of ornamental ground :  
 And that by his superior taste ~ My antique sculptures may be plac'd,  
 (Too long the victims of neglect)      In proper sight with due effect :  
 It is a favour I shall ask      That he would undertake the task ;  
 Nay, such assistance to impart      Is a free boon he owes to ART,  
 Which, for these trophies' sake, demands  
 The labour of his head and hands."  
 The Doctor, highly flatter'd, bow'd, And marks of due obedience shew'd,  
 Then promis'd with to-morrow's sun The curious work should be begun,  
 Nor would he go till it were done.  
 The morning came, with utmost care The Rev'rend Artist did prepare  
 With all his pencil's skill to trace The beauties of this favour'd place ;  
 When Lady Bounty, to beguile      His labours with approving smile,  
 Stood on the terrace-wall to view The Doctor's progress as he drew :  
 When, at once furious and alarm'd,  
 And with most uncooth weapons arm'd,  
 Led on by Pat, a noisy crew      Did a wild swarm of bees pursue,  
 And, with a loud and tinkling sound Of rustic cymbals chasing round  
 The flying rovers, eager strive      To tempt them to the offer'd hive :  
 But all these sounds were made in vain ;  
 They did their humming flight maintain,  
 And, spite of pan and pot and kettle,  
 Chose on the Doctor's head to settle.  
 —It must be thought indeed most strange,  
 That this wing'd populace, who range

In search of sweets, should hope to swig    The liquid nectar in a wig ;  
 And there though learning might be crown'd,  
 That food ambrosial would be found :  
 But still it seems the Royal Bee    Would thither lead her colony.  
 —The Doctor felt no small alarm  
 As he beheld the approaching swarm ;  
 And when their buzzing threats surround him,  
 The fears of such a foe confound him,  
 Who with a thousand stings might wound him.  
 The screaming Lady did entreat    That he would not forsake his seat,  
 But by all means avoid a riot, And let them take their course in quiet ;  
 As then, she from experience knew,    No harm, no evil would ensue.  
 The Doctor said, " while I have breath,  
 I'll run and not be stung to death."  
 Then off his hat and wig he threw,    And up the terrace steps he flew ;  
 While Patrick with impetuous tread,  
 Flung the hive towards his Master's head,  
 To save his bald pate from the chace    Of this same flying stinging race.  
 Away they hurried down the slope,  
 Which was so steep they could not stop ;  
 Syntax went first and Patrick after,  
 And both plung'd headlong in the water,  
 Which, in a sweeping, close meander,  
 Beneath the terrace chose to wander :  
 Though no harm did this fall bestow,    But being wet from top to toe :  
 And that was small, when ev'ry care    Of the kind Lady would prepare  
 What the good Doctor's state required :    All he could ask for or desir'd,  
 Was ready to obey his call ;    And ev'ry soul in Bounty-Hall  
 Did the officious service ply,    So that he soon was warm and dry,  
 Talk'd o'er in terms of frolic ease    His curious battle with the bees,  
 And made his tumble in the water    A source of fun and gen'ral laughter.  
 His hat and wig the honeyed race    Had not found a fit resting place,  
 Or as retir'd and snug retreats  
 Where they might lodge ambrosial sweets ;  
 So that unspoil'd they did remain    When to their owner brought again.  
 —His troubled toil he soon renew'd,    And with such eager zeal pursued  
 Th' allotted task—that ere the sun  
 Had gone its round, his work was done.  
 —Syntax had made the chaste design  
 With equal space and measur'd line,  
 Which would each pleasing form admit    Where'er the spot best suited it.  
 The statues now in order plac'd    The niches on the terrace grac'd,  
 And sculptur'd vases were display'd    To range along the balustrade :  
 While the sad willow's pendent bough    Hangs o'er the solemn urn below,  
 And the sarcophagus is seen    Amid the cypress' darksome green.  
 But it appears, this was not all    That Syntax did at Bounty-Hall :  
 His pencil promis'd to impart    The utmost power of its art,  
 That Madam's Boudoir might abound  
 With drawings of the scenes around.  
 The Lady in no common measure,  
 To him thus spoke her grateful pleasure :

LADY BOUNTY.—“How to express my just regard  
 And how to shape a due reward,  
 For all the service you have shown,  
 For what you're doing and have done,  
 I cannot to my mind declare,      Though that shall be my future care :  
 But still there is another call      Upon your heart at Bounty-Hall,  
 For much I wish that you would trace      The features of my homely face ;  
 It would please me and others too      To have my portrait done by you ;  
 And you, my Rev'rend Sir, shall know  
 The reasons why my wishes flow      That you this favour should bestow.  
 Expanded on the stuccoed wall      Of my old mansion's stately hall,  
 You see my form at large appear      When in my three-and-twentieth year,  
 And deck'd in all the proud array      Which gaudy fashion could display ;  
 But then, I trust, my conduct prov'd      That I was worthy to be lov'd  
 By virtue's image, who was then      My husband and the best of men.  
 To wealth and station full allied,      My ev'ry wish was gratified,  
 And I my splendid course pursued,      A star of no small magnitude,  
 And one bright track I did maintain,      With love and honour in my train.  
 Thus fifteen years of life I pass'd      In happiness too great to last,  
 When death at length appear'd, and then I lost, alas ! that best of men.  
 He left no heirs to stamp his name      With perpetuity of fame,  
 But it appears as Heav'n's decree      That duty should devolve on me,  
 And, from the moment when he died,  
 Here have I liv'd and have applied  
 My wealth and time and thoughts alone  
 In doing what he would have done,  
 And, as he on his death-bed lay,      His last instructions to obey.  
 But though some form my state requires,  
 Some outward show, yet my desires,  
 Heav'n knows, impel me to prefer      The form of his just almoner.  
 Then to the canvas pray impart,      With touch of unassuming art,  
 Not Lady Bounty of the world,      With all her glitt'ring robes unfurl'd :  
 But as my present form you see      In dignified simplicity,  
 Such, as if here a year you stay,      You'll see her, Doctor, every day.”

SYNTAX.—“Madam, you know, you may command  
 The work of my inferior hand,  
 But my poor pencil is confin'd      To labours of an humble kind :  
 Nor have I ventur'd on the toil      That dares consume the painter's oil.  
 But if you please to send to town      And order proper colours down,  
 With canvas, pallet, and the rest      Which I may want—I'll do my best.”

LADY BOUNTY.—“It shall be done, without delay ;—  
 But some short time must pass away,  
 Ere your most friendly pencil traces  
 My grateful looks and fading graces.  
 And I have still a boon to ask,      To you, I trust, a pleasing task ;  
 You, whose peculiar virtue knows      To act the part which I impose :  
 You, who can well discharge your duty  
 To female youth and female beauty,  
 By fixing in the early mind      Those principles by truth design'd  
 To guard them from the heart's deceit,      Which to *our sex* is more replete  
 With dangers than it is to *man*,      As your experience well can scan.

—You must know then : our schemes to vary  
 That I protect a seminary  
 For female youth, at no great distance,  
 To which I ask your kind assistance,  
 Its style and manners to review,      And there to pass a day or two,  
 Till the arts' implements recall      Your presence back to Bounty-Hall."  
 The Doctor with his task content, Gave a most ready, grave consent ;  
 And, under Lady Bounty's care, He, the next morn, was usher'd there.  
 From eight at least to fourteen years,  
 The troop of female youth appears :  
 With heartfelt pleasure Syntax view'd      The interesting sisterhood ;  
 Some were the rosebuds of the day,  
 Some did their op'ning leaves display ;  
 But all did the fair promise give,      That they were fitted to receive  
 The counsels which the sage inclin'd      To pour into their early mind.  
 The evening came, the scene was gay, All clad in summer's best array,  
 When the fair youthful band were seen  
 Arrang'd upon the shaven green.  
 —Beneath an oak's wide-spreading shade,  
 While through its boughs the zephyr play'd,  
 The sage, with reverential pride,      Plac'd the preceptress by his side.  
 He threw a genial smile around      Upon the animated ground ;  
 Then upward look'd, as if was given,      A silent orison to Heaven ;  
 And soon a mute attention hung      Upon the wisdom of his tongue.  
 SYNTAX.—"Ye virgins fair, ye lovely flowers,  
 The blooming pride of vernal hours !  
 Chace, while I speak, O chace away      Whate'er is frolic, lively, gay,  
 And all your calm attention lend      To the fond counsels of a friend ;  
 Which may, in many a future hour,      Infuse their salutary power,  
 As it may be your lot to stray      Through Life's uncertain, devious way.  
 O listen then, while I discourse      Of passion's folly, reason's force,  
 And the never failing strength that's given  
 By laws which were receiv'd from Heaven.  
 —Think not that you will hear from me The honeyed words of flattery ;  
 For nought is more the real bane      Of happiness, than to be vain :  
 All that in this world we command      Does on no certain basis stand :  
 Things fall and rise, and rise and fall ;      This is the common lot of all.  
 Young as you are, you must have seen      What disappointments intervene.  
 To check the hopes of life's career,      Between the cradle and the bier.  
 Instruction too doth daily give      Those lessons which your minds receive,  
 Where from examples you may learn  
 Fair truth from falsehood to discern,  
 And your young opening minds prepare  
 Against the threats of future care :  
 Hence this high doctrine you will know,  
 That virtues real joys bestow,      And vice conducts to certain woe.  
 Nay, from my tongue accept a truth,      So fitted to the ear of youth,  
 That, in this world, you may believe,  
 The wicked will not fail to grieve ;  
 And, though in pomp and glory clad,  
 How oft their brightest hours are sad !

Whatever be the state we know,                      Virtue is happiness below ;  
 Whate'er the worldly station given                  Virtue alone is sure of Heaven ;  
     If then through life to virtue prone,  
     The joys of both worlds are your own.  
     "Life is the path to mortals given  
     That leads the good from earth to Heaven ;  
 And death the dark and gloomy way,              That opes upon eternal day.  
     These are grave thoughts I well may own,  
     But cannot be too early known.  
 'Tis not by reasoning refin'd                      I shall attract the tender mind ;  
 That must be left till riper age                  Doth the experienc'd thought engage,  
 To take within a larger scope                  The various views of fear and hope,  
 Which may mature reflection bend              To life's due progress and its end.  
 —What then is error, what is vice              What the temptations which entice  
 The early mind to what is wrong,              As in your youth you dance along,  
     And what the joy which they deserve,  
     Nay will possess, who never swerve  
 From virtue's path, and the decree              Of heav'n-born, heart-felt piety ?  
     This knowledge I shall hope to teach  
     Not by thoughts beyond your reach,  
 But by plain maxims fix'd in truth              And suited to the minds of youth.  
 "The virtue with which I commence              Is unreserv'd *obedience*  
 Unto your earthly parents, who                  Stand in the place of God to you :  
 And next, your kind instructors claim              The honours of a parent's name,  
 To whom in your life's early hour              They delegate parental power.  
     "Such is the earliest thought impress'd  
     By reason on the human breast ;  
     The first fond sense that nature gives,  
     And the first warmth the heart receives.  
 You're of an age to know it well,              And feel the tender truth I tell ;  
 I shall not, therefore, more enlarge              Upon this subject of my charge,  
 But on some other points infer                  My views of female character ;  
 And such as to my mind appears              Best suited to your sex and years.  
     "Beauty displays a two-fold kind,              That of the body and the mind ;  
     Both are allowed their various arms,  
     Each conquers by its sev'ral charms.  
 Let's try by rules of common sense              What is their genuine excellence,  
     And then compare the solid good  
     With which they both may be endued,  
 And what the powers that they possess,              To foster human happiness.  
 —The form requires exterior grace,              While the attractions of the face  
 Demand the soft or piercing eye,                  With a connected harmony  
 Of features, in right order placed,              And in due shape by nature trac'd:  
 These, heighten'd by carnation dye,              Or roseate bloom's variety,  
     With flowing locks display'd to view,  
     Of black or brown or auburn hue,  
 And well combin'd, in various ways              A certain admiration raise,  
 Which beauty of whatever name                  Will never hesitate to claim.  
 But on this fond, delusive theme,              Do not indulge the idle dream  
     That, by the fav'ring grace of Heaven,  
     As a decided good 'tis given ;



For oft 'tis found in your possessing More as a trial than a blessing ;  
 Nay, beauty oft neglected mourns, And even wrecks whom it adorns.  
 Its charms in all their brightness gay, To the admiring eye to-day  
 May their soft, rosy bloom display ;

But, from the inroad of disease, To-morrow it may cease to please ;  
 And the late glowing eye may see The figure of deformity.

—Besides, we know, uncourteous time,  
 When once you've pass'd life's early prime,  
 Will soon begin, with rankling tooth,  
 To prey on what remains of youth ;

Unmindful of each yielding grace, To plant the wrinkle on the face,  
 And, as advancing age draws nigh, To dim the glances of the eye :  
 While on the brow no longer play The auburn tresses once so gay,  
 The hand of time hath turn'd them grey.

Nor is this all—as all must know, Death is of life the common foe,  
 That doth on nature's will attend And bring us to one certain end ;—  
 Nor will his fatal arrow spare The youthful form because 'tis fair,  
 But in its glowing strength and bloom May point it to the silent tomb.

—Such then the form's attractive grace,  
 Such then the beauty of the face :

Let us compare them as combin'd With the rich graces of the mind.

—Here rests the beauty of the whole,  
 The mortal form, th' immortal soul.

The one that on Time's pinions flies,

The other this world's power defies, And looks to where it never dies.  
 The one may smile away its hour In youth's exhilarating bower,  
 But 'tis not made to live and last

When that so cheerful season's past :—

Know, that the other may engage The stride of time from youth to age,  
 And, passing on to life's last doom,  
 Will look with hope beyond the tomb.

Beauty may make you angels here, But virtue makes you angels there.

“By time, by chance, by fortune's frown,

The proudest fabric tum'les down,

And wealth is lost, we often see, In desolating penury.  
 In such a change of human lot, From the proud mansion to the cot,  
 It is the mind that must repair The disappointing hour to bear  
 And mortifying load of care.

Though you, young friends, have not attain'd

The power by reason's strength sustain'd,

But thus, instructed, as you feel By such enlarg'd enlighten'd zeal,  
 These truths the teacher's words supply,

And, with superior energy Present them to the mental eye.

—All this is right and just and good :

The mild, with moral sense endued,

Doth those well-wrought foundations lay

Which are not subject to decay,

And form the base on which to rest,

Of this world's cheering good the best.

By that you're well prepar'd to know What to the Gospel 'tis you owe,



Yes, my young audience, you've been taught  
 Those rules with perfect wisdom fraught :  
 For when they first to man were given As the immortal boon of Heaven,  
 Our fallen nature was renew'd With that full, universal good,  
 Which did the glorious scheme supply Of universal charity,  
 That all distinctions did remove, In one grand scene of social love ;  
 The blessing promis'd from above.  
 " I have another truth to tell, On which my serious wishes dwell,  
 And call you gravely to attend Both to the preacher and the friend.  
 'Tis that I'm anxious to relate What is the real social state  
 Of woman, since the awful date  
 Of that auspicious era, when The heavenly choir to wond'ring men,  
 By the immortal song made known The mercies of the eternal throne.  
 " The page of history will show, As from instruction you may know,  
 That ere the Christian scheme began  
 WOMEN were but the slaves of MAN.  
 Countries and nations I could name  
 Where they could no distinction claim,  
 Nay, where your sex did scarce confer Ought of a reas'ning character ;  
 Without a choice but to pursue The functions customs made them do !  
 Whose active powers did ne'er appear, But to obey from abject fear ;  
 While others did to hope deny A claim to immortality :  
 And like the beasts that perish, they  
 Look'd to compose one common clay.  
 Nor did they equal rights possess, That source of female happiness,  
 (To which enlighten'd nations know,  
 And loud proclaim, how much they owe)  
 Till Heathen modes and Pagan power  
 Melted before the beaming hour,  
 When that Divine Lawgiver came, A new Religion to proclaim,  
 That in the mind such comfort pours,  
 And which, my darling friends, is yours ;  
 Where Women did their station find, So suited to the human mind ;  
 With all those views of social life, Both as the mother and the wife,  
 Which justified their equal sway, When to command and when obey.  
 To men He left the arduous care Of ruling policy and war ;  
 To bear arms in their country's cause,  
 To frame the code of wholesome laws,  
 And, with a bold sagacious zeal, To over-look the common-weal :  
 While women, far from public strife, Adorn the realm of private life ;  
 Nor, from th' allotted circle roam, But sway the sceptre of their home :  
 There, by each fond and virtuous art, To soften and chastise the heart ;  
 And all man's ruder thoughts improve  
 By the chaste warmth of wedded love.  
 " Such was the change, which you must see,  
 Was made in man's society ;  
 Such was the glory of that hour, When woman shar'd domestic power ;  
 And this distinction woman owes, As ev'ry Christian reader knows,  
 To that high cov'nant which began,  
 When Heaven renew'd its will to man,  
 And sanctified the nuptial bands By purer laws and new commands :

If therefore it is well explain'd      What the female sex have gain'd,  
 By the religion you profess ;      What virtue pure, what happiness,  
 What honour and superior power To clothe with good the passing hour ;  
 Say can your hearts be e'er endued      With a full tide of gratitude,  
     For all that from Heav'n's fount has flow'd,  
     And Revelation has bestow'd !—

O do not your young bosoms burn, To make the warmest, best return !  
 And how can that return be made,      But by its sacred laws obey'd !  
 And when you grow up into life,      As friend, as parent, and as wife,  
 By action and example too,      Keep this great object in your view  
     And never check the homage due.

—To aid the cause, what powerful arms  
 Are female virtues, female charms :

For all the good you may enjoy Take care that yours you well employ ;  
 These are commanding powers given ;

Make them the instruments of Heaven,  
 In circles more or less confin'd,      Where your life's duties are enjoin'd,  
     Where worldly cares your steps may lead,  
     And fond affections bid you tread,  
     There all your shining virtues shower,  
     There use your influencing power ;

Nor cease, 'mong all you love or know,      As far as nature will allow,  
     To make them good and keep them so.  
     Here then, I close, my darling friends !  
     And my o'erflowing heart commends

The kind precepts to explain      (Which she will ne'er attempt in vain)  
     What of this subject doth remain ;

And bring the whole before your view,  
 To prove my solemn doctrines true.

She on your mem'ry will impress Those duties which your lives will bless,  
     With all life gives of happiness.—

—So now farewell—remember me—  
 And what I've taught beneath the tree."

The Doctor rose, the blessing given  
 With waving hand and looks to Heaven,

He calmly left the leafy bower,      And sought the contemplative hour :  
     The evening pass'd and much he thought  
     Of the young train whom he had taught ;  
     Then went to rest, but, ere he slept,  
     Review'd th' affecting scene, and wept.

What active cause his slumbers broke      Or why at early hour he woke  
 It would be needless to enquire ;      But ere the neighb'ring parish spire  
     Receiv'd the sun's first golden ray

And told the bright approach of day,  
 Syntax had left his downy rest ;      When, all bewigg'd and fully drest,  
 He to the window turn'd his eye,      And view'd with sudden extasy  
 A scene of nature that combin'd      Whate'er could fill the painter's mind.  
 —Through a deep verdant vale below, A crystal stream was seen to flow,  
     While swelling hills with forests crown'd,  
     Did all the nearer prospect bound,

And mountains clad in airy blue Clos'd with their tops the distant view :

Nor did there want the mantled tower,  
 Or pointed spire or village bower ;  
 Besides the morning's moisture threw O'er woody dells a misty hue,  
 That form'd a dusky base below, To heighten the ascending glow,  
 Which the horizon's golden ray Did on the summit's peak display.  
 Struck with the beauty of the view, He brush'd away the morning dew,  
 To make a hasty sketch or two.

Pat follow'd quick, when, having seen His master seated on the green,  
 And with attentive care employ'd, On the gay work he so enjoy'd,  
 He rov'd about, now here, now there,  
 He scarce knew why, he scarce knew where :  
 When, as beside a hedge he stray'd,  
 From the sweet voice of village maid,  
 He heard a simple strain prolong  
 From tender heart this piteous song :

*"Tho' the rain it did pour, and the winds they did blow,  
 When we were borne over the Ferry,  
 Tho' the rain it did pour, yes Henry, you know  
 That my heart it was blithesome and merry.*

*"But ah ! tho' the sun so sweetly did shine  
 As I did return o'er the Ferry,  
 I wept—for then Henry no longer was mine,  
 And my heart knew not how to be merry.*

*"The sun now will shine and the winds blow in vain,  
 For I've bid adieu to the Ferry ;—  
 I ne'er with dear Henry shall pass it again,  
 And my heart has forgot to be merry."*

Pat listen'd and soon made reply In his own native minstrelsy.

*"My dear Meg liv'd with her mother,  
 I on one side and she on t'other,  
 For a deep river ran between Me and the Beauty of the Green.  
 But the banks were steep and the river wide,  
 And I had no horse and I could not ride,  
 So I wish'd myself a pretty little boat, To take me o'er to t'other side.*

*"And many a month and many a day  
 And half a year had past away ;  
 And still the river flood was seen 'Twixt me and Marg'ry of the Greer.  
 But the banks were steep, &c.*

*"At length she did a youth prefer  
 Who liv'd on the same bank with her.  
 So now the river may flow on : My hope is fled, my love is gone,  
 I care not though the banks are wide,  
 That I have no horse and cannot ride ;  
 And I wish no more to be a little boat, To take me o'er to t'other side."*

He clos'd his strain and through the screen  
 Form'd of wild flowers and branches green,  
 A lass slow pacing on was seen.  
 A russet gown the maiden wore, And on her arm a basket bore ;

The rosy blush was on her cheek,  
 And dark brown locks hung o'er her neck,  
 While eyes of blue seem'd to impart The symptoms of a melting heart.  
 —Pat took a peep and quite delighted,  
 Thought that the time should not be slighted,  
 And that the means he might improve To try and make a little love.  
 —Though, thought he, I'm not so clever  
 To leap across a flowing river,  
 I think at least I have the sense To get me o'er a quickset fence :  
 Nosooner said than done : the rover Took a long run and soon was over :  
 The damsel started at the sight, But soon recover'd from the fright ;  
 When he with smile and gentle talk, Begg'd to attend her on her walk,  
 To bear her eggs and while the thrush  
 Sung sweetly from the neighb'ring bush,  
 In pleasing courtesy confer, And mention all he thought of her.—  
 —Susan, poor girl, at first was coy, But there's a certain am'rous boy,  
 Who cares not how he wastes his darts,  
 Nor whether high or vulgar hearts  
 Receive their points, so he can play And thus amuse his time away.—  
 Thus ere Pat's tongue for half an hour  
 Had exercis'd its flatt'ring power,  
 She had withdrawn her look severe, And seem'd to give a list'ning ear.  
 While this love-talk was going on, Syntax his morning task had done,  
 And was returning stout and able, To prey upon the breakfast table.  
 Thus, passing on, he chanc'd to see, Beneath an overshadowing tree,  
 Patrick engag'd in am'rous guise Devouring Susan with his eyes ;  
 While she, with half averted look, The kind discrimination took.  
 —The Doctor, sitting on a stile, Resolv'd that he would stop awhile,  
 And please his fancy with the view Of how the curious courtship grew.  
 —Sometimes their jogging elbows spoke Half in earnest, half in joke ;  
 Then their join'd hands appear'd in view,  
 And then the nymph her hand withdrew,  
 Tapping the lover on the shoulder ;  
 At which he bolder grew and bolder ;  
 When his arm gently clasp'd her waist,  
 Nor did she think the grasp misplac'd ;  
 For, though she made attempt to shove it,  
 The feeble act did not remove it.  
 —And now the smiling Doctor thought  
 'Twas time to set it all at nought,  
 To interfere in the debate, And spoil, at once, the tête à tête.  
 He then appear'd, poor Pat was hush'd,  
 The nymph at first look'd down and blush'd,  
 Then tript away on all her legs, To better market with her eggs.  
 SYNTAX.—“What fancy has your folly led  
 To stuff with trash that poor girl's head :  
 To trump up a long list of lies About her ears, her nose and eyes,  
 That though you've been all Europe o'er,  
 You ne'er saw such a wench before :  
 And while your nonsense you were plying,  
 You knew, you fool, that you were lying.”

PATRICK.—“An’t please your Rev’reence, ’twas but sporting  
 What a man says when he’s a-courting.  
 Believe me, Sir, no ill was meant, And all was done with kind intent.  
 I met the maid, and could not balk My fancy for a little talk :  
 She seem’d well pleas’d—I did my best ;  
 ’Twas only making love in jest :  
 ’Tis what I’ve heard that great folks do,  
 Whenever they are pleas’d to woo.  
 When I serv’d Col’nel Debonnair, I’ve heard him to a lady swear,  
 Though brown as chestnut, she was fair.  
 And faith, Sir, I have heard him tell A shrieking miss she sang so well,  
 That her sweet accents did inspire A notion of the Heav’nly quire.  
 I’ve heard him too, and not in fun, Tell a fat widow, like a tun,  
 That she was as a Venus made, A pattern for the Sculptor’s trade ;  
 He meant it true,—for she believ’d it,  
 And, with a thousand thanks receiv’d it.  
 But all these fancies are forgiv’n ;  
 If e’er man went, he’s gone to Heaven :  
 He was the best of men, all said Who knew him, whether live or dead ;  
 For on one hard and well-fought day,  
 He on the cold stone lifeless lay.”

SYNTAX.—“This is not the time or season  
 For me on serious points to reason :  
 But he who says what is not true, Whether he be a fool like you,  
 Or has th’ acknowledg’d reputation Of being wisest in the nation,  
 Will have committed an offence  
 ’Gainst virtue, reason, common-sense ;—  
 For on the heart a Lie’s a blot, Whether in palace or in cot.”

Here this unsought-for converse ended,  
 The ladies on the sage attended,  
 And at the sound of breakfast bell, Took ’special care to feed him well :  
 Nor did they want an equal zeal At ev’ry stated, plenteous meal :  
 While to the charming female college,  
 He well return’d the food of knowledge.

—On the next day a friendly call Re-summon’d him to Bounty Hall.  
 The messenger arriv’d from town, Had brought the apparatus down,  
 By which the Doctor was to ply His fav’rite art with novelty ;  
 To see what his unpractis’d toil Could do with canvas and with oil.  
 The pallet set, with colours grac’d, The easel in due posture plac’d,  
 The curtain’d window’s softened glare,  
 Of fav’ring light th’ admitted share,  
 The Lady seated and full-drest,  
 Call’d up those looks she thought the best,—  
 When Syntax, with uplifted eye, And somewhat of a doubting sigh,  
 Whisper’d a soft soliloquy ;  
 Or, with hesitation fraught, Rather indulg’d a doubtful thought.

How oft my pencil has prepar’d To trace the guests of farmer’s yard,  
 How often has it brought to view With nice design and likeness true,  
 The horse, the ass, the goat, the cow, All shelter’d by a barley-mow :  
 While here I’m puzzled at the feature Of a human Christian creature :  
 But patience calls me to the test, And I must strive to do my best.”



He wav'd his pencil, form'd the line  
 That shapes the human face divine,  
 Gave all the features their due places,  
 And hop'd to finish with the graces.  
 Puffing and painting on he went,  
 Sometimes displeas'd, sometimes content,  
 Until it was too plainly seen,  
 Whereas, on a correct survey,      One eye was blue, the other green;  
 The Lady when she took a view      Her Ladyship's bright eyes were grey.  
 But still she thought it might be stronger;  
 He took the hint, and made it younger.  
 By daubing out and laying in      The tints alternate thick and thin,  
 He kept within a mod'rate line: But made the drap'ry wond'rous fine.  
 —She thought 'twould have a pretty look  
 If in her hand she held a book,  
 Which, with a demi-serious mood,      Might much improve her attitude:  
 But it so happ'd, he cast an eye      Upon a cake and currant-pye,  
 Which an adjoining table grac'd      With other articles of taste;  
 And thus the Doctor, while proceeding,  
 Thought more of eating than of reading:  
 For here attention felt a break,      Out went the book—What a mistake!  
 And in her hand he plac'd the cake.  
 —The laugh was loud, they sought the board,  
 The cake was eat, the book restor'd,  
 The pencil mov'd, the flounces twirl  
 And round the robe impetuous curl.  
 —Syntax now thought, I've done my best;  
 At least, my Lady is well drest,  
 And, as my art can go no further, I hope, without committing murther,  
 I have at length just made an end      Of my kind, hospitable friend.  
 —The work, 'tis true, had no pretence      To that superior excellence  
 Which some could to the canvas give,  
 Whereon the figures seem to live;  
 And though this picture cannot vie      With aught 'bove mediocrity,  
 Yet those to whom my Lady's known      Did all the gen'ral likeness own;  
 And she herself, above the rest,  
 Her warm and grateful praise express'd.  
 —When 'twas presented to the eye,      In a room hung with tapestry,  
 Of ancient work, with figures grim  
 Of monstrous shape and threat'ning limb;  
 Whose colours, the whole room pervading,  
 Had for a century been fading;  
 The contrast gave a glowing grace,      Both to the air, the form, the face,  
 To which the Rev'rend Linner's art      Did those apparent powers impart,  
 That, to his eye, he scarce could tell      The wonder it was done so well.  
 But ere he quitted Bounty-Hall      Syntax receiv'd a serious call,  
 With strong expressions, to attend      The wish of Doctor Dicky Bend:  
 And much he did anticipate      The comforts which would on him wait  
 In the recesses of a college,      Scenes of good living and of knowledge,  
 Which to the mind and body give      The solid means for both to live.  
 The Doctor thought to steal away,      As he was wont, by break of day;



But Lady Bounty's rank and station  
 Had check'd the vulgar inclination,  
 And he determin'd to regret,      With all due form and etiquette,  
 In looks that mourn and words that grieve,  
 That he was forc'd to take his leave.  
 —The morning came, the breakfast o'er,  
 Phillis and Punch were at the door :  
 When Syntax, in respectful tone,      Made all his grateful wishes known,  
 While ev'ry hope words could express  
 For health, long life and happiness,  
 Follow'd in due and stated course,      With solemn, modulated force.  
 Then her right hand he gently drew,  
 Kiss'd it, and bow'd, and said "Adieu."  
 —Affected by this tender grace      A tear stole gently down her face ;  
 And wiping her be-moisten'd eye,      She offer'd this sincere reply :  
 "—Doctor, your virtues I revere,  
 And wish your stay were longer here :  
 Doctor, your learning I admire,      And much I grieve that you retire :  
 Your piety involves my heart,      And I lament that you depart.  
 But still I thank the happy chance,  
 That did your wand'ring steps advance  
 To where I pass my tranquil days      In striving humble worth to raise,  
 And in the circuit of my power,  
 To cheer the poor man's toilsome hour ;  
 In youthf'ul minds the seed to sow      Of virtue, and where thistles grow  
 To pluck them, that they may not spoil  
 The fruits produc'd by honest toil ;  
 Nay, I am proud, that my great view  
 Has been approv'd and prais'd by you.  
 And while I wish you ev'ry good,      I thus my kind farewell conclude :  
 —Here whensoe'er you wish to come      This house will prove a real home :  
 Come when you will, bring whom you may,  
 And, as you please, prolong your stay :  
 You'll have the welcome of my heart ;      Nor go, till I pronounce *depart*."  
 —She now presented to his hand      A cover rich with velvet band,  
 Where taste must have been proud to ply      Its needle in embroidery.  
 A clasp, enrich'd with gold, confin'd      The memoranda of the mind,  
 Which on the inmost page so white,      The ready pencil might indite.  
 "Take this," she said, "and when your thought  
 Is with a sudden image fraught,  
 —Inscribe it here and let it live,      Nor be a hasty fugitive :  
 It thence may gain a passage free      To dwell within your memory :  
 And at those moments do not spare,  
 For your warm friend a transient prayer."  
 The Doctor here made no reply,      But a warm tear in either eye,  
 And quietly pursued his way      In thoughtful mood from day to day,  
 'Till he attain'd his journey's end      And shook the hand of Dicky Bend.  
 It was not long ere they were seated,      And had each other kindly greeted ;  
 Talk'd o'er the college news, and told  
 Who lately died and who grew old,  
 Or look'd for tardy time to pay      The hopes of the impatient day ;

What the preferment in their giving,  
 And who had got the last good living.  
 They then both div'd in classic lore, And did the various toil explore  
 Of learning and of learned elves : At length they talk'd about themselves.  
 When, looking downwards, Dicky Bend  
 Call'd on the Doctor to attend.

D—— BEND.—“ My invitation gave a hint  
 As if that something more was in't,

Than a mere gen'ral kind request To come and eat and drink the best  
 Which my known hospitable board Does to a valued friend afford.  
 In short 'tis some time since I found How dull the solitary round  
 Of a continued single life ; I therefore look'd out for a wife ;  
 And soon the widow of a friend Did by her qualities commend  
 A fitness for the married state. And suited just to such a mate,  
 As I, at length, am like to prove, Now past the warmer age of love.  
 Indeed I'm told the gen'ral voice Of all my friends approves my choice.

We are not strangers to each other ;  
 I knew her husband and her mother :

Known a good wife to Johnny Free, Why then, I ask you, may not she  
 Be just as good a wife to me ?

Beauty indeed she does not boast ; She never was the college toast :

But manners sweet, with winning smile,  
 That do the feeling heart beguile,

All these she surely doth possess, And more than I can well express ;  
 Nay somewhat of a sleepy eye— But you will see her bye and bye.”

SYNTAX.—“ Let now I pray the subject cease,  
 It wakes those thoughts which wound my peace :

No more of wives before we dine, You know that I'm depriv'd of mine ;  
 So leave that topic to the wine.”

The dinner o'er, the Lady came,

Who look'd so soon to change her name,  
 And did with grateful care attend To say kind things to Dicky's friend,  
 By whom the office would be done To make her and her Dicky one.

—'Twas with discretion well arrang'd,  
 That his old state should not be chang'd

With the well, long-known Mrs. Free, Within the University ;

For should it hap to reach the knowledge  
 Of the young gownsmen in the college,

The gen'ral quiz, the frolic tale,  
 Would through his cloister'd haunts prevail :

The grey-beard Cupid's wings would sprawl  
 On many a disfigur'd wall,

And Hymen's well-known saffron shirt  
 Would be well sprinkled o'er with port.

The Provost had a Rect'ry neat Which serv'd him as a country seat,  
 Snugly retir'd from public noise, And fit for hymeneal joys.

The coppice did his meadows bound,  
 The purling riv'let flow'd around,

And fruits and fragrant flow'rs were seen  
 To deck the smooth-fac'd bowling-green.

Full many a leaf of various hue Did its neat snow-white front bestrew,

While o'er the porch the branches twine  
 Of the sweet smelling jessamine.  
 —What did it want t' increase the measure  
 Of calm repose and rural pleasure,  
 But to advance domestic life ; That Dicky Bend should get a wife ?  
 And such he was about to prove, The gift of reason and of love.  
 For this he left his stately college,  
 And the more deep research of knowledge,  
 To pass his annual vacation In ease and rural recreation.  
 From his o'er-ruling cares releas'd, Here he became a Parish Priest ;  
 And Syntax here perform'd the rite Which did his worthy friend unite,  
 In the indissoluble tie, Which hallow'd Altars sanctify.  
 The merry peal awoke the day,  
 And flow'rets strew'd the church-yard way,  
 And all the village folk were gay.  
 —The benediction then was given,  
 With prayers of all the poor to Heaven,  
 For it was known that Dicky Bend Had ever been the poor man's friend.  
 —The hours were pass'd in tranquil joy,  
 No sick'ning cup, no feast to cloy ;  
 Nought struck the ear, or met the eye, But friendship, love and harmony :  
 A scene that might give ample scope To furnish out a solid hope,  
 That Dicky Bend, with such a wife Would find the rarest good of life.  
 Syntax th' important deed had done.  
 And now no longer would postpone  
 The last great point he had in view, In town to pass a week or two.  
 He on the wedding's joyful eve,  
 Of Bride and Bridegroom took his leave,  
 To gain some neighb'ring inn's abode  
 Where, seated on a turnpike road,  
 He might a quick conveyance find.  
 —Phillis and Punch were left behind,  
 Their time in idleness to pass, And fatten on the Provost's grass.  
 —The Doctor had not long to wait,  
 A stage-coach stopp'd before the gate :  
 He a convenient sitting shar'd ; Pat took his place beside the guard ;  
 And, having safe arriv'd in town, At Hatchett's Hotel were set down.  
 Nor had the busy following day In vain research been pass'd away,  
 For free from the street's rattling din,  
 He found repose in THAVIES INN,  
 Where from the town's unceasing riot,  
 He could enjoy his time in quiet ;  
 If he should chuse his pen to wield In learning's wide polemic field ;  
 Or let his lively fancy play With reigning subjects of the day,  
 Or sport away his leisure time, In lighter works of prose or rhyme :  
 This place appear'd a calm retreat For learning or the Muses' seat,  
 Such as he thought could scarce be found  
 Within the City's ample bound.  
 —Whether he thus the scene employs, Or how its comforts he enjoys ;  
 What pleasure seeks, what cares dispel,  
 Perhaps, a future page may tell.

## CANTO VII.

THE Doctor in warm lodging seated, In hope of being kindly treated,  
 With solace both of bed and board,  
 Which smiling promise could afford,  
 His busy cogitation ran      Upon some pleasant gen'ral plan,  
 Which might be prudent he should take For int'rest or diversion sake;  
 Or, he indeed felt nothing loth      If possible, to join them both.  
 Free from restraint, with purse well lin'd,  
 And by no serious claim confin'd,  
 With no one call upon this time, From sober prose or sprightly rhyme,  
 The breakfast o'er, he pac'd the room,  
 And thus laid out the days to come,  
 Which were allotted him to stay In this grand scene of grave and gay;  
 What he should first begin to do,      And which inviting way pursue.  
 —Thus he in contemplative mood      The carpet's gaudy surface trod,  
 And, with hand lifted to his eye,      Burst into this soliloquy;  
 "I shall not count each fleeting year,  
 Since fav'ring fortune call'd me here,  
 And gave me more than humble claim      To a fair literary name :  
 Which, though it seems I should not boast,  
 I must preserve from being lost :  
 And as I've heard that various arts Which a base servile press imparts,  
 Do their delusive tricks employ,      And give the name which I enjoy  
 To pettifogging works which I      Must view, as from a critic's eye,  
 With contempt and contumely—  
 —It is a duty which I owe      To all the readers who bestow  
 Their kind smiles on my rhyming toil And well repay my midnight oil,  
 Who patronise my labours past,      And may protect me to the last :  
 Nay, well I know it is not long, They'll have to cheer my evening song :  
 The wintry note must soon be o'er,  
 That's faintly warbled at fourscore—  
 But 'tis my duty, I repeat,      Thus to unfold the foul deceit,  
 Nor let a spurious Syntax claim      Their favour to a pilfer'd name ;  
 To set, as his, their works afloat,      Which real Syntax never wrote ;  
 Nay, such as in ill-fortune's spite,      The real Syntax could not write.—  
 These scribes I'll fail not to expose,  
 Who, foes to truth and learning's foes,  
 Do in one artifice agree      To father their poor works on me.  
 To speak out, there is no concealing,  
 This is downright dishonest dealing,  
 And honest tradesmen will condemn      The foul, audacious, stratagem."  
 The Doctor ceas'd, then seiz'd his pen,  
 To tell his friends at Sommerden,  
 Of all his hist'ry that was past      Since he had written to them last ;  
 That a calm settlement in town, Did his long ling'ring journey crown,  
 And that in fourteen days to come,  
 He would address his face t'wards home.  
 This brief, domestic business o'er,  
 He took his hat and pass'd the door :

With the umbrella 'neath his arm To guard him from all show'ry harm :  
 He walk'd the streets with wond'ring eye And busy curiosity,

To see what pow'r and wealth had done,  
 While all those tranquil years had flown,  
 Since he by fortune's guidance came,  
 And gain'd that share of honest fame,  
 Which talents such as his could claim :  
 And while he ne'er from virtue swerves,  
 Virtue may own that he deserves.

—He stroll'd about, nor could he pass  
 A street, where in some pane of glass,

He did not calmly smile to see His own delightful effigy.

All this he thought look'd wond'rous well Had he another work to sell :

For though he now was quite at ease  
 And calls for cash no longer tease ;  
 Yet still he thought his idle time,

Might have enlarg'd, by prose or rhyme,

If with due care and thought pursued, The faculty of doing good.

And as the great historian tells Whose pen's delightful style excels

The writers of the present age, Who have fill'd up th' historic page ;

That while he 'mid the arches stray'd

Of Rome's proud fanes in ruins laid,

His glowing comprehensive mind That great presiding work design'd,

Which in each future age's eye Will give him immortality.\*

—Thus, if in this capricious state,

Small things may be compar'd with great,

Syntax amid th' o'erwhelming noise

Of rattling wheels, of men and boys,

With the rude hurry of the street, Which did his various senses greet,

Thought on a work, whate'er it be,

Which is a secret yet to me ; But if he lives, the world will see.

—Nothing, indeed, escaped his view,

He saw St. Dunstan's men strike two,

And walking on he look'd around To see what more was to be found ;

When on a door was fix'd a book, In which he felt dispos'd to look,

And saw, amidst the noisy din, There was a sale of books within.

This he presun'd would form a treat, So in he went, and took a seat.

As far as he could judge or see, There was a curious company ;

Authors, booksellers, and what not Had in the place together got ;

Though, here and there, he seem'd to ken A little lot of gentlemen,

Who sometimes gave a book to run As it appear'd from vexing fun,

And rais'd a work above its price, To tease a tradesman's avarice :

While those same worthies of the Row,

Would pay the gents a quid pro quo.

The sale went on, and books knock'd down

From fifty pounds to half a crown.

Syntax in musing silence thought

On what was sold and what was bought ;

And let his keen reflection trace How solid learning chang'd its place.



Some Authors by the hammer's fiat Were sent away to sleep in quiet,  
 While others, who with leaves unclos'd,  
 Had for full half a century doz'd,  
 Were doom'd to pass their dog's-ear'd lives, As ever-moving fugitives.  
 Thus from their titles, looks and dates,  
 He doom'd them to their sev'ral fates;  
 Though, as he sat with watchful eye, He sometimes even long'd to buy;  
 But sage discretion held his hand,  
 And did his longing tongue command.  
 At length the solemn auctioneer Did in his hand a tome uprear,  
 All gilt, and in morocco green, Fit for the boudoir of a queen;  
 I know not why so very fine, Thought Syntax, for the work is mine:  
 But now I shall most surely know]  
 What to fair truth the work doth owe, And public fancy may bestow;  
 For here its value I shall see, Without a spice of flattery.  
 Its value was most warmly stated, Its Author's talents celebrated,  
 Its humour, verse and moral powers,  
 Suited to grave and laughing hours,  
 And deck'd by nature and by fun, With the gay skill of ROWLANDSON.  
 Syntax delighted beyond measure Nodded to express his pleasure,  
 But started when the auctioneer Told him he was the purchaser.  
 AUCTIONEER.—"The Book's knock'd down at two pound two,  
 The money to be paid by you."  
 SYNTAX.—"This sure is reas'ning most absurd,  
 Why, Sir, I never spoke a word:  
 I might have nodded twice or thrice,  
 To see the book fetch such a price:  
 With secret pride I was complying,  
 But that had nought to do with buying."  
 AUCTIONEER.—"Nodding is bidding, Sir, well known  
 In ev'ry auction-room in town, And now the Book, Sir, is your own."  
 SYNTAX.—"I know 'tis mine—because I wrote it,  
 But you will never say I bought it.  
 Nay that would be a scurvy trick, Enough to make the Author sick.  
 If my nods bought it, as you say, Why nods should be the coin to pay.  
 For the same book I could not bid, A fool I must be if I did.  
 Besides I safely may express, That he who doth the Work possess,  
 Were I at any time to try His honest liberality,  
 Would give me copies half a score,  
 Did I demand them, aye and more."  
 The Doctor now engross'd the eye Of the surrounding company,  
 Nor was his person sooner known  
 Than ev'ry mark'd respect was shown:  
 Nay, as he did the case explain, The Volume was put up again;  
 While on its page 'twas made a claim,  
 That he would just inscribe his name,  
 When this same autograph was found  
 To raise the price another pound,  
 And Syntax felt an added glee  
 When 'twas knock'd down for three pounds three.  
 The hammer's daily business done,  
 The Doctor prov'd a source of fun;



And then, discarding all restraint,  
 In hum'rous guise and language quaint,  
 Talk'd o'er his blunder frank and free, To aid the circle's pleasantry.  
 He now assum'd a critic look, And as he turn'd from book to book,  
 Prov'd by his words, that, great and small,  
 He knew, as he had read, them all :  
 And shew'd his learning was profound, To the attentive list'ners round.  
 —A Bookworm Knight the Sage address'd,  
 And thus his invitation press'd :  
 " Doctor, I speak it *à la lettre*, I should be glad to know you better ;  
 And if you'll come with me and dine  
 I'll give you ven'son, give you wine,  
 And for dessert, we will compare My rich shelves of editions rare,  
 Such, as when you have look'd them o'er,  
 You'll say you never saw before."  
 The Doctor, tho' in gen'ral bent On intellectual nourishment,  
 Thought a good dinner, thus premis'd Was not a thing to be despis'd ;  
 And thus in rather lively tone, He made his grateful feelings known :  
 " Your dinner I'll partake with pleasure,  
 And view your literary treasure :  
 For whatsoe'er some sophs maintain About the spirits and the brain,  
 As *Prior* tells, a clever poet, And had a certain way to shew it,  
 That they their forces must augment With some æthereal nourishment:  
 But any simple Tom will tell ye, The source of life is in the belly,  
 From whence are sent out those supplies,  
 Without whose propiæte sympathies,  
 We should be neither strong nor wise :  
 For the main strength of ev'ry member  
 Depends upon the stomach timber ;  
 And if we would improve our thought  
 We must be fed as well as taught.  
 E'en Horace boasts his power to shine, When aided by Falernian wine,  
 And other bards, if bards speak true,  
 When they could get it drank it too."  
 Syntax was now well pleas'd to find A treat for body as for mind ;  
 While, with all his gen'ral knowledge, Or of the world or of the college,  
 The Book-worm Knight was quite delighted,  
 And thought how it might be requited ;  
 When he in welcome words declar'd, " I know not how, Sir, to reward  
 The real pleasure which occurs From such society as yours :  
 You know the hour at which I dine ; And if my table and my wine  
 Should, as I hope, Sir, suit your taste, Let not a day, I beg, be past  
 While you're in town and have the leisure,  
 To me 'twill be a real pleasure,  
 Without your coming here to share, Such as it is, my daily fare.  
 But still I must myself explain, That you may not call here in vain.  
 --Thursday, the next that is to come, I have engag'd to be from home,  
 To dinner at Freemasons'-Hall, A charitable festival.  
 And now I think on't, you my friend, Must thither on my steps attend.  
 You, Doctor, shall my shadow be At this self-same solemnity ;  
 Whose grand design is to impart Help to the wretched sons of art,

To raise their hopes, to sooth their grief,  
 And give their weeping wants relief.  
 Besides, my friend, as I am told,      You do with skill the pencil hold,  
 And therefore I've a two-fold claim Upon your heart and on your name.  
 I here present you with a book,      And ask you o'er its leaves to look,  
 Nor do I fear you will deny      Your presence at this charity."

SYNTAX.—"I've known, good Sir, what 'tis to want;  
 I've felt the time when cash was scant;  
 Nor am I backward to relieve Those who feel want and such as grieve,  
 And look about, with sadden'd eye,      On their surrounding penury.  
 I would from my example teach,      By all the means within my reach,  
 The Heav'n-taught doctrines which I preach.  
 —Devoutly I have lov'd the arts,  
 And mine's among the grateful hearts,  
 Which own the pleasures they bestow, Though I myself but little know:  
 And far as my poor means extend,      I will not fail to be their friend:  
 To this same feast I will repair;  
 Syntax, be sure, will meet you there."  
 —Thus arts and artists were befriended,  
 And here the conversation ended.  
 The Doctor sought a welcome back,  
 That to his lodgings bore him back.  
 The following morn in thoughtful mood,  
 He either saunter'd sat or stood,  
 Doubtful what course he should pursue,  
 And to what point direct his view.  
 His noble friend, to whom he ow'd What fav'ring fortune had bestow'd,  
 Had some time since deserted town,  
 And to his country-seat gone down;  
 So he determin'd to repeat      At the due hour the friendly treat,  
 So kindly offer'd, nor be shy      Of Book-worm's hospitality.  
 But the nice blunder of our sage,      As mentioned in a former page,  
 Had of the auction form'd a tale,  
 Which 'mong the book-tribe did prevail;  
 And by this story it was known      That Syntax was arriv'd in town.  
 —Thus as the bells rang out for pray'rs,  
 He heard some footsteps on the stairs,  
 When Patrick stiffly usher'd in,      Two persons, who, with civil grin  
 And rather vulgar salutation,      Began th' unlook'd-for conversation.  
 "It was with pleasure, Sir, we heard,  
 That you in London had appear'd,  
 And as your prudence may prepare      To cover your expenses there,  
 We, who well know your reputation,  
 Would be first oars on the occasion.  
 'Tis a fine time, Sir, to let loose      Such parts as yours, or to amuse  
 Or to instruct in ev'ry way,      Wherein you can your pen display.  
 A hint to you, Sir, may suffice:      You must not then be over-nice;  
 And take care that your active mind  
 Does not approach too near the wind:  
 Thus, if my long experienc'd nob      Has not forgot to form a job,  
 Which has been, in such various way,      The object of my busy day,

Since I was in the quick employ      Of a Book-seller's errand-boy,  
 And rose from the inferior guise      Of telling, to the printing lies,  
     Which work'd up by such men as you,  
     One half the world will think them true ;  
 We may, I say, create a mint,      Work'd up of manuscript and print,  
 Which, by our secret arts, may join      To stamp the necessary coin.  
 —We only ask, if the intent      Can 'scape an Act of Parliament ;  
     We've but to think, and with good reason,  
     What misdemeanour is and treason :  
 Nay, we know better than the bible,      What is, and what is not a libel.  
 Thus in each scribbling act and deed      In safety we may sure proceed."  
     SYNTAX.—"What in my writings has appear'd,  
     What of me you have ever heard,  
 What in my visage do you see      To show the lines of infamy,  
 As to suppose, I would disgrace      My name, my character, my race,  
     And thus degrade by basest arts,  
     Whate'er they be, my mind and parts—  
     The bounteous gifts of God and nature,  
     And thus blaspheme a kind Creator ?  
 For thus Heav'n's gifts to misapply      Is little short of blasphemy.  
 —Listen, I bid you, to that bell      I understand its language well,  
     It speaks of death—it is a knell,  
     Which has just call'd some spirit home,  
     To quit this life for worlds to come—  
     And in the course of some few hours  
     The awful summons may be yours :  
 And where the devil do you see,      Will then your ill got treasure be."  
 "— Doctor," the other man replied,      "By preaching, we're not satisfied.  
 We have another plan in view      Which has been freely told to you.  
 —You'll let it work within your brain :      To-morrow we will call again,  
     And more at large the scheme explain."  
     SYNTAX.—"Nay, I at present have a scheme  
     Of which you neither of you dream.  
     That you shall down those stairs betake you,  
     As fast as my man Pat can make you."  
     The hint was given, and his strong arm,  
     Fill'd these associates with alarm ;  
     Head-long and side-long down they went,  
     'Till they completed their descent :  
 While Betty with her mop and pail      On the mid-stair case did not fail  
     With well-applied and furious dashing,  
     To give these pamphleteers a-washing.  
 Vellum who was waiting there      Came in for his allotted share :  
     He had the auction story heard,  
     And brought his hopes to be preferr'd,  
 As printer, publisher, what not,      By which some profits might be got,  
 If Syntax had to London brought      Any new work by fancy taught,  
 Which might his character maintain      And promise a return of gain.  
 Vellum arriv'd, all calm and quiet,      Just at the moment of the riot,  
     When squalling, swearing, rattling, rumbling,  
     These pettifoggers came down tumbling

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of the riot,

Upon him full, with all their weight,  
So that he harmless shar'd their fate ;  
And, coming with a fair intent,  
Could not conceive what all this meant.  
The noise itself may be conceiv'd When a close passage floor receiv'd  
Three booksellers, together found Sprawling upon the hollow ground ;  
While without hat, wig, or umbrella,  
They kick'd and each abus'd his fellow  
With horrid oaths and daring threats Of constables and magistrates,  
And calls on Syntax to prepare For grave reproaches of the Mayor :  
While Pat stood on the landing-place With vict'ry smiling in his face.  
This strange and blust'ring bustle ended,  
Vellum upon the stage attended ;  
And had receiv'd no further hurt Than might be caus'd by sav'ry dirt.  
"Know you these men," the Doctor said,  
"By whom I have just been betray'd  
Into a violence of wrath That may not quite become my cloth ?"  
VELLUM.—"O I was glad to see them bang'd,  
Nor should I weep if they were hang'd ;  
For I suspect they are the same Who pilfer'd your respected name ;  
And 'tis apparent with a view No lib'ral tradesman would pursue,  
Though it appears the knavish trick Has made at length the public sick."  
SYNTAX.—"Ne'er mind, whatever their intent,  
I take it as a compliment :  
And calmly let the matter pass— For this I know, a knave's an ass.  
—But what brings Vellum to my view ?"  
VELLUM.—"To pay my best respects to you :—  
And as perhaps you may have brought  
A Manuscript with learning fraught ;  
Or some nice, pretty little skit Upon the times and full of wit,  
A dealing I should hope to drive  
By which our mutual gains might thrive,  
And keep our friendly terms alive—  
Perhaps, Sir, in your country fancies,  
You have compos'd some other dances.  
Your Dance of Life and Dance of Death  
Have added foliage to the wreath  
That binds your brow. But I could tell  
That which would answer full as well.  
What think you of the Doctor's Dance,  
To make the tricks of physic prance  
With clysters, boluses, and pills, And all those cures for mortal ills,  
Where morbid fancy takes the rule, And leads the wise to play the fool ;  
While stores of hypochondriac wealth,  
Are wasted in vain search of health.  
Your fiddle might, in solemn sport,  
Make the law trip through ev'ry court,  
And modernise the ancient brawls Of Serjeants in the Temple Halls.\*  
—But matrimony ! what supply Of infinite variety

\* One of the merry topics of antiquarian knowledge.

Does it not to the Muse present      Of misery and merriment,  
 Of happy harmony and strife,      Too often seen through ling'ring life,  
     And give new pictures in each stage,  
     From smiling youth to snarling age !  
 O this would do, excuse the hint, With all your wit and sketches in't !  
     I will risk paper, plates and print ;  
 I'll take the trouble and the care,      And equal profits we will share." *SYNTAX*.—"The change is curious I must own :—  
     When I, my friend, was last in town,  
     You thought me poor and friendless too,  
     And look'd for homage you deem'd due  
     From coinless bards to men like you :  
     Then all your purse-proud spirit woke,  
 Till a great friend that spirit broke.      But now, good Vellum, now I see  
     Your purse-proud pride will bow to me.  
 And, let me say, my friend, beside, I've somewhat of an author's pride,  
 Nay, am dispos'd to bear me high      With your inferiority :  
 For know the diff'rence is as great      Between our real and genuine state,  
     As regions where the planets glow,  
     And, those you tread, with well-shod toe,  
     The realms of Paternoster-Row.  
 The life of genius will extend      The passing time's remotest end,  
     While yours with all your golden crop  
     Will not outlast your groaning shop.  
     Wealth is the work of worldly art,  
     Whil' Heaven's dispensing powers impart  
     Those gifts with which inspired nature  
     Re-animates the human creature,  
 And bids his native spirit soar      To heights of thought unknown before.  
     Kings may make Lords and tricks may thrive  
     But Heav'n alone can Genius give !  
     —Now if your brain and mine were sifted,  
     How would our sev'ral skulls be gifted ?  
     Yours would be full of golden schemes,  
     And stuff'd with money-getting dreams ;  
     While I should hope that mine might prove  
     The seat of visions form'd by love,  
 From ev'ry sordid notion free,      And warm with Heav'n-born Charity.  
 Hence 'tis, that I shall not submit      To all that Vellum thinks is wit ;  
 What I shall do 'tis mine to tell ;      I'm born to write, he's made to sell.  
 But this I say as my award,      When any future work's prepar'd,  
     He shall its honest fortune guard.  
     Such is the promise you receive."  
     —Vellum bow'd low and took his leave.  
     The day soon came when Bookworm's call  
     Summon'd him to Free-masons' Hall.  
 A num'rous company appear'd,      The sev'ral toasts were loudly cheer'd ;  
     And after he had calmly heard  
 Displays of various eloquence,      Replete with warm and manly sense,  
 From royal lips and noble mind ;      In gen'ral praises Syntax join'd :  
 At length he felt his bosom fir'd,      And with the love of art inspir'd,

\*—Ing  
 † Sequius i



He rose, his modest silence broke ; And thus the zealous Doctor spoke :  
 SYNTAX.—“ I, who am seldom call'd to stray  
 From life's retir'd and secret way ;

I, who presume not to impart      The progress or the rules of art ;  
 I, who with weak and erring hand  
 The pencil's humblest powers command ;

I, who, with timid mind expose      My undigested thoughts to those,  
 Whose elevated genius sways      The rising arts of modern days,  
 Have but one object to pursue,      In thus addressing me to you.  
 'Tis not improving art to teach,  
 A subject far beyond my reach ;  
 But suited to my rank and state  
 On those high powers to dilate,  
 Which the ingenuous arts possess,  
 In fav'ring human happiness ;  
 In strengthening the moral sense  
 By their impressive influence :

While they the improving power impart  
 To quicken and to mend the heart,  
 To animate, by powers combin'd      Pictures of virtue in the mind,  
 And soften, when well understood,  
 Manners, till then unform'd and rude.\*

Horace has said, well known in story,  
 Who liv'd in height of Roman glory,  
 And was at once the barb and sage      Of the renown'd Augustan age,  
 When the fine arts in radiance shone,  
 As Rome Imperial had not known,  
 And ere the Vandal bade them cease,      Were rising up to rival Greece :  
 To this bright wit it did appear      That what alone we list'ning hear,  
 Does not so soon affect the heart,      As does the eye, by works of art.†  
 “ I shall not strive to state the measure  
 Of the secure refining pleasure,

Which the productive arts can give,      And we may ev'ry day receive ;—  
 'Tis not for my weak voice to stray      Into that boundless, glowing way  
 Where arts of the remotest age      May on the canvas charm the sage,  
 Present, in figure, form and fashion,      The grand events of ev'ry nation,  
 And shew each hero known in story,      Amid the blaze of mortal glory ;  
 Can, 'neath the dreary realms of frost,      Give to the eye the sunny coast,  
 And the most distant scenes display      Of ev'ry country's various day :  
 Can decorate the plaster'd wall      Of my embower'd, humble hall,

With Alpine heights and icy vales,  
 Where the fierce snowy blast prevails,  
 While the big mountain-torrent's course,  
 Descending with impetuous force,  
 Does the astonish'd channel fill,      Making a river of a rill.  
 Nay more, the scenes of human strife,      Of transient variegated life,  
 The ocean's or the tented view      Of Trafalgar and Waterloo.  
 Nor these alone, the poet's fire      Does the bold artist's hand inspire,  
 And shews, as we the thought pursue,      The painter and the poet too.  
 But I must leave these powers of art  
 To those who can their charms impart ;

\*—Ingenuas didicisse fideliter artes

Emollit mores nec sinit esse feros. OVID.

† Seguius irritant animos demissa per aures,

Quam quæ sunt oculis subjecta fidelibus,  
 HOR. ARS. POET



Who can with truth and nature tell  
 The secrets which they know so well.  
 "If then the arts are thus endued With such a power of doing good,  
 What have they not a right to claim Of smiling ease and honest fame!  
 And much it doth my heart delight To view th' exhilarating sight  
 Of numbers, who, in art's proud growth,  
 I bless just Heav'n, enjoy them both.  
 They with their pow'rful pencil teach,  
 And to the eye their doctrines preach,  
 When, from the eye, the moral art Steals into and improves the heart.  
 Thus do their generous minds embrace,  
*Without reserve*, Art's pining race;  
 Whether the victim of disease, Or fortune's eccentricities;  
 Or weaken'd by the slow decay That wastes the mind and form away.  
 —O 'tis enough—an artist grieves, And strait the warm relief receives.  
 Are Art's young offspring in distress? Here is a power prepar'd to bless.  
 No narrow, cold exception's made, No stated limits that invade  
 Th' expansive wishes to apply The cheering Aids of Charity.  
 For YOU direct its noble aim  
 To ALL, 'mid Fortune's frowns, who claim  
 From weeping Art a well known name.  
 —The tott'ring easel naked stands, No eye the pallet's tints commands,  
 The pencil's fallen from the hands,  
 Whose nerves have felt the palsied stroke,  
 While penury reviews the shock  
 With tearful eye, that doth not know A termination to its woe.  
 Ye wretched come, and dry the tear, Behold the termination here!  
 And O may Heaven, with ray divine, Illuminate the work benign;  
 And, year to year, may be renew'd, The added power of doing good!  
 —Thus may the arts of Britain's Isle, Beneath a nation's bounty smile!  
 Thus may we hope, when all protect,  
 When talent need not fear neglect,  
 That native genius will encrease, And British arts may rival Greece.  
 —Thus I presume to blend at least,  
 The Artist and the Christian Priest:  
 And, with a two-fold zeal, prefer, In this united character,  
 My prayers to the Almighty power, To bless this righteous, festal hour!  
 And, having thus my blessing given,  
 I leave the rest to fav'ring Heaven."  
 Thus Syntax pleaded Mercy's cause:  
 While the Hall echoed with applause.  
 The few days Syntax pass'd in town, He seldom was an hour alone.  
 He had a pleasing neighbour found,  
 Indeed, he might have look'd around,  
 And made a long, enquiring pother, Before he found out such another.  
 Here he the social evening felt,  
 Where beauty smil'd, and goodness dwelt.  
 Here he met all things to his mind, With constant kindness over-kind.  
 —Wherever he is doom'd to go, In this meand'ring scene below,  
 In the world's busy to and fro,  
 He never will, in all its din, Forget the good of Thavies Inn.

At length, howe'er, the time was come,  
 When he engag'd to be at home ;  
 Besides a letter from the Lake Did on his town amusements break.  
 It seems, a worthy, wealthy Knight, Sir William Constant he was hight ;  
 Gentle yet brave, humane and free, Who might have shone in chivalry,  
 If he had liv'd in those fine gay days,  
 When champions tilted for the ladies ;  
 Disdainful of each flatt'ring art, Had made the offer of his heart  
 To the fair Heiress of the place, Adorn'd with ev'ry female grace :  
 And soon the secret was made known,  
 That she, sweet girl, return'd her own.  
 The Doctor, as she upward grew, Had fill'd her mind with all it knew :  
 Her filial love was scarcely more, Than that she to her master bore :  
 Nor would she tie the holy bands Till he return'd to join their hands.  
 He suffer'd not the least delay, But quitted town that very day,  
 And, at its hasty journey's end He pass'd the night with Dicky Bend.  
 For his return he then prepar'd, And Punch and Phillis were not spar'd  
 He thought and rode, and rode and thought,  
 Till a few days the travellers brought  
 To where was offer'd to their view  
 Keswick's broad Lake and waters blue ;  
 While the old tower, with many a bell, Did loudly their arrival tell ;  
 And on the hill and in the glen Gladness enliven'd Sommerden.  
 Smiles beaming on each lively face, The fond salute, the warm embrace,  
 Did every pleasing thought recall, And all was joy at *Worthy Hall*.  
 —Pat, found his dame with ruddy cheek ;  
 His laughing babes were fat and sleek ;  
 While through the following curious week,  
 He daily did attention draw, To what he'd seen or never saw :  
 With truth, or tales, or merry blunder,  
 He fill'd the gaping folk with wonder :  
 And Pat, no more a pavior, he Now wore the Doctor's livery.  
 At length arriv'd the happy day,  
 For all was joy, and all were gay, 'Twas Hymen's glorious holiday :  
 When was prepar'd within the grove, The feast of Hymeneal love.  
 —In all due form the knot was tied ;  
 Th' exulting bridegroom and the bride  
 In nuptial figure soon appear'd, The assembled village loudly cheer'd,  
 And as the plenteous feast began,  
 The board was crown'd, the vessels ran,  
 From whence the foaming cups o'erflow'd ;  
 And ev'ry breast with pleasure glow'd.  
 —The happy Syntax took the chair, Beside him were the wedded pair,  
 While near him all in smiling state The 'Squire and his Maria sate,  
 Who never had such pleasure known  
 Since such a day had been their own.  
 The dinner o'er, the Doctor rose, And did the heart-felt toast propose :  
 " Health to the bridegroom and the bride, And ev'ry other good beside :  
 O may they live from life till death,  
 As *they* have liv'd who gave them breath !  
 And now we leave you to be gay,

To pass your time in sport and play,      For this is Hymen's holiday."  
The days pass'd on, which pass'd too soon,  
And form'd the happy honey-moon :  
But, when that joyous time was o'er,  
Things went on as they'd done before.  
Syntax resum'd his former station,      With all his native animation.  
Again the Rect'ry he enjoy'd,      Again the studious hours employ'd ;  
Look'd on for pleasures yet to come,  
And felt again that—HOME WAS HOME.

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CANTO I.

How is it none contented lives    With the fair lot which reason gives,  
Or chance presents or labour gains !    Why in our pleasures or our pains  
Does want disturb or envy wound,  
And calm enjoyment's rarely found ?  
— May not this answer meet the ear,  
That life is not th' appointed sphere,  
Where, by the wise design of Heaven,    A cloudless joy is ever given ?  
For that e'en virtue's self must wait  
Till death has clos'd our mortal state ;  
And then our virtue's promis'd meed    Of endless pleasure will succeed.  
'Tis true experience sage has said,    And as a real truth pourtray'd,  
That happy hours may be our own,    But happy days are never known.  
The morn may smile, the noon may weep,  
While pain at night may banish sleep :  
Our own or some dear friend's distress    May check a smiling happiness :  
E'en while it mantles on the brow    The heart may feel a sense of woe.  
Thus throughout life 'tis man's frail nature  
To be a discontented creature,  
Indeed, we must the truth confess,    How oft we look for happiness  
From what we never may possess ;  
But ask, in life's continu'd chase,  
For change of things and change of place,  
And as our real good pursue,    What we behold in distant view,  
Beyond possession's present hour ;—  
'Tis that we wish within our power,  
And o'er a something seem to brood,    Contrasted with our present good.  
If you ask where doth dwell content  
'Neath cot or lofty battlement,  
Whether in car of state it ride    Or by the humble peasant's side ?  
Or in the court of kings doth dwell    Or in the hermit's lonely cell ?



Say does it dance in lover's bower, Or pass in smiles the rural hour?  
 Do laurel leaves entwine it round, Or is it at the banquet found?  
 Say does it crouch 'neath Cupid's wing,  
 Or play upon the minstrel's string?  
 No—this is the keen mind's reply, Such is the world's philosophy.  
 —When in the car of state you ride Content is by the peasant's side:  
 Whene'er you gaze from mountain's brow  
 You see him in the vale below;  
 And when you join the courtly train, He doth appear a rustic swain.  
 Nay, when in splendid halls you're seen, He dances on the village green.  
 Thus in vain your time is spent, For never will you find content.  
 As you pursue, he flies for ever, Nor will you overtake him—never.  
 Or high or low, whate'er our lot, We view him on some envied spot,  
 But dimly seen, where we are not.  
 Broken with toils, with arms oppress,  
 The soldier thinks the merchant blest,  
 Who calmly sits at home at ease, While fortune, with her fav'ring breeze,  
 Wafts him her treasures o'er the seas.  
 And when the threatening tempests rise,  
 War is my choice the merchant cries;  
 For battle ends th' hero's story, Or brings him death or gives him glory.  
 —When the country 'Squire is seen At number six in Lincoln's-Inn,  
 With healthy look and ruddy face To give his fee and state his case,  
 The wearied lawyer 'midst his books,  
 With gaping yawn and pallid looks,  
 Longs to buy lands and country-seat  
 To give him health and calm retreat;  
 While as th' admiring client's eye Beholds the vast variety  
 Of stately forms and the gay measure  
 Of each embroider'd scene of pleasure  
 Which the vast city's limits give, He longs in Portland-Place to live.\*  
 As we pass life's uncertain day, We may submit, but must obey;  
 And all that we are called to do, Is to keep virtue in our view.  
 Not all the dignity of power Can quicken life's sad lagging hour;  
 Nor glutt'd avarice impart A pleasure to the aching heart.  
 If fortune's gifts you truly rate,  
 Then tell me what would mend your state.  
 If real joy on wealth is built, Villains might comfort find in guilt:  
 But when he sees th' increasing store  
 The miser's fears increase the more.  
 Is happiness the point in view? I mean the real and the true;  
 She nor in camps nor courts resides, Nor in the humble cottage bides:  
 Seek her alike in ev'ry sphere, Where virtue is, for she is there.  
 'Tis to no rank of life confin'd, But dwells in ev'ry honest mind,  
 As much, at least, as e'er is known For mortal man to call his own.

\* O fortunati mercatores! gravis armis Miles ait, multo jam lectus membra labore.  
 Contra Mercator, navim jactantibus Austris,  
 Militia est potior: Quid enim? concurritor: hore  
 Momento cita mors venit, aut victoria laeta. Agricola laudat juris legumque peritus,  
 Sub galli cantum consultor ubi ostia pulsat. Ille, datis vadibus, qui rure extractus in urbem est,  
 Solos felices viventes clamat in urbe.  
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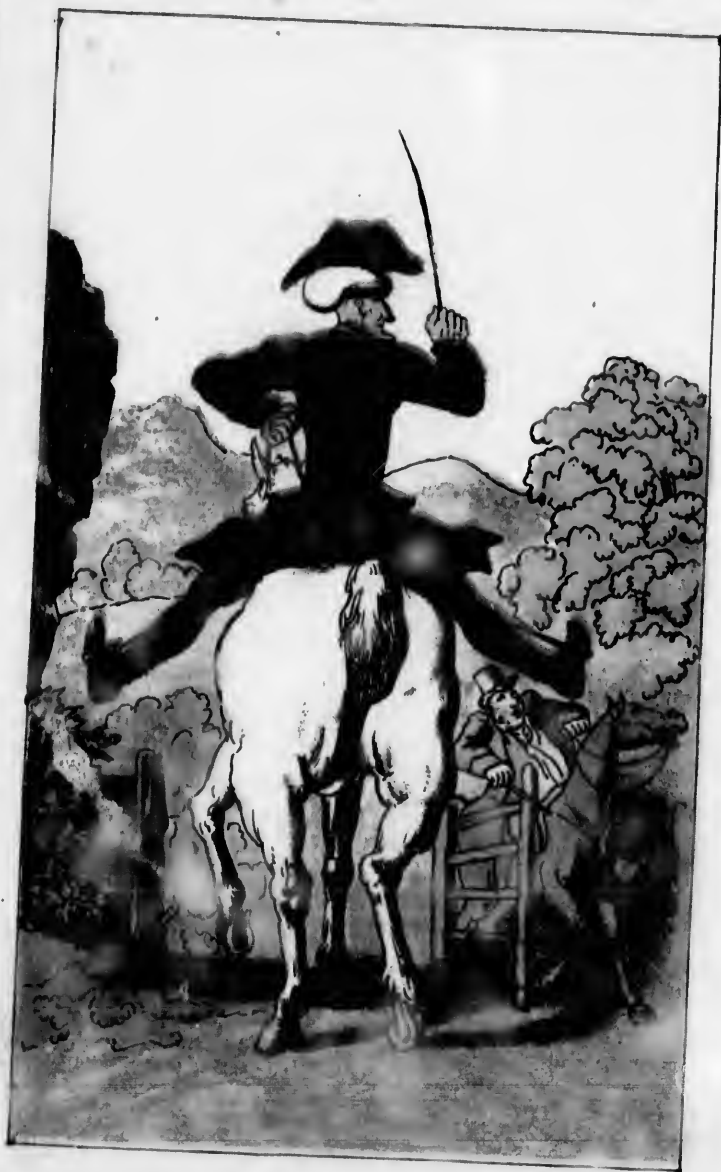
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DR SYNTAX SETTING OUT IN SEARCH OF A WIFE.

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To shine and glitter all in gold, To be in words and science bold,  
 Wealth to enjoy and dainty fare,  
 The monarch's friend, the people's care ;  
 To all that's gay and proud and great, Although such gifts may elevate,  
 The groaning gout, and racking stone  
 May change the mirth to bitter moan.  
 But e'en though sickness ne'er annoys, Riches and honours are but toys,  
 If Conscience be not firm and free, And wrapp'd in its fidelity.  
 The peaceful conscience is the boon  
 That keeps the jarring mind in tune :  
 O 'tis the heart's so cheering guest,  
 Which had—a rush for all the rest.  
 Thus Syntax, as he view'd the throng Who sped the jovial hours along,  
 And took a short-liv'd leave of care, Amid the gambols of a fair,  
 From Rect'ry porch indulg'd the hour  
 In letting loose his well-known power,  
 When, without any social friend, He did his studious mind unbend.  
 Thus with many a maxim fraught That play'd upon his busy thought,  
 He from his easy-chair arose And did again his thoughts disclose  
 That bore the air, though 'twas not meant,  
 Of calm but tender discontent.  
 "The WORTHIES now have left their home  
 For many a week or month to come ;  
 And since their heiress has been tied In wedlock and become a bride,  
 They with parental joy imprest Are now their daughter's welcome guest.  
 Thus since my much-lov'd friends are gone,  
 I feel what 'tis to be alone.  
 Nor do my Classic shelves supply The cheerless dull vacuity :  
 They help to pass an hour away, But cannot serve me through the day ;  
 While sluggard time appears to crawl  
 Through the unwelcome interval :  
 Nor does my reason feel it good To lead this life of solitude.  
 With many a blessing I must own, I'm almost discontented grown,  
 And if I check it not ere long I shall be thinking very wrong :  
 Some foreign help-mates I must call To aid me ere this sense enthral  
 My spirits, 'gainst whose powers I preach  
 And prove the doctrines which I teach.  
 —Besides when I am thus alone I think upon my Dolly gone :  
 I see her wheresoe'er I stray In open walk or woodland way.  
 When I an ev'ning saunter take Beside the margin of the lake,  
 I recollect the tender charm When she hung fondly on my arm,  
 Where, when the day was almost done,  
 We had talk'd down the ev'ning sun.  
 Nay I perceive my erring mind Is to her loss far less resign'd,  
 Than when the power we must obey, Consign'd her to her native clay ;  
 Nay, resignation, ev'ry hour Appears to lose its wholesome power.  
 This is not as it ought to be, Nor reason, nor philosophy,  
 Nor pious duty can forbear To disapprove such worldly care.  
 If then this lonely life appears T' engender sighs and ask for tears,  
 I must th' untoward system change, In wider fields of converse range ;  
 Nor fear to mingle in the strife, As chance directs, that chequers life ;

And, by new, varying, scenes restore My mind to what it was before.  
 Though my earlier years have been Of study the laborious scene,  
 Yet social pleasure bore a part To quicken sense and cheer the heart;  
 Nor did my spirits ever feel When at the foot of fortune's wheel,  
 And life scarce knew its due supply, The tremors of despondency;  
 Such as of late I'm doom'd to find The jaundic'd temper of the mind.  
 What's to be done, how can I cure This restless something I endure?  
 A learn'd Divine, it may be said, Should know where to apply for aid,  
 And he who doth to others preach,  
 Should have the means himself to teach.  
 It is not that my mind's embued With any act of turpitude;  
 'Tis not an error deep and grave That doth the virtuous wish enslave,  
 Which may awake the fear of Heaven,  
 And doubts it may not be forgiven;  
 That doth for pale repentance call To change the sorrowing prodigal;  
 No, 'tis the feeling heart's vagary  
 Which chance may give and time may vary:  
 That from some nat'ral cause arises,  
 Which neither angers, nor surprises:  
 But still it plagues while it doth last, Nor must we let it hold us fast;  
 For should we not its power oppose At length it into habit grows,  
 And may become a rooted feature  
 T' encrease the weaknesses of nature;  
 While full enough, none will contest, Are to be found among the best.  
 But is he not the weakest, who Suffers his fancy to pursue  
 That train of thought which may augment  
 The source of idle discontent?  
 And after all, 'tis this same folly That serves to make me melancholy.  
 'Tis plain then, I have nought to do,  
 But these weak symptoms to subdue.  
 From this dull slumb'ring to awake,  
 From these disheart'ning thoughts to break,  
 To form new schemes, to leave off talking,  
 And set my better mind a walking."  
 Here Syntax paus'd and silent stood,  
 In grave and contemplative mood,  
 When ancient Madge, who wound the reel,  
 And gave the movement to her wheel,  
 Tow'rd's Heaven appear'd to cast her eye  
 And gave a deep and heart-felt sigh.  
 Old Marg'ret, of a village race, Was the sage gran'nam of the place.  
 The dame had pass'd her early day In service of the great and gay;  
 And was well pleas'd to have it known,  
 What stations she had held in town;  
 Would gravely boast where she had been,  
 And tell the fine things she had seen:  
 In short, at threescore years of age, She was become a rural sage.  
 It is not needful to relate What was her lot in married state;  
 'Twas like what others feel, who try Their chance in marriage lott'ry.  
 But time had pass'd full many a year,  
 Since she first shed a widow's tear,

And now she rul'd in due degree,      The household of the Rectory,  
 Where she did all her duties tend,      Less as a servant than a friend.  
 And now old Margaret sigh'd again      As if she suffer'd real pain;  
     When Syntax thus the dame address'd—  
     " What anxious thought disturbs your breast,  
 And wherefore do you lift your eye      As if commercing with the sky?"  
     Now Madge it seems had caught the sense  
     Of all the Doctor's eloquence,  
     And, with kind feelings for her guide,  
     She thus, in measur'd speech, replied—  
 "It is not for myself I sue      To Heaven's mercy, 'tis for you.  
     I could well scold you if I dare,  
     And your whims almost make me swear;  
 You may keep talking on for ever      'Twill never do you good, no never.  
     What is your fending and your proving,  
     'Tis nonsense all—I say, keep moving.  
     Do you not hear what pleasures reign  
     Among the crowd on yonder plain?  
     Quit, my sad Sir, that odious chair,  
 With your grave melancholy air,      And join the pastimes of the fair.  
     See 'midst the bustle what is done,  
     Look on the sports and view the fun:  
 Who knows but a good donkey race      May plant a smile upon your face.  
 Of this I'm sure, that when you see      The scene of harmless revelry,  
 And from the happy people hear      The untaught joke, the merry jeer,  
 Their honest pleasures will impart      Smiles to your sympathising heart.  
     You know the joy your flock will share  
     To view their much-lov'd pastor there;—  
     And when you see how they receive it,  
     You'll feel it two-fold, you who give it.  
 Do as I say—you'll find it right,      'Twill prove a most enliv'ning sight,  
     And save you from a restless night.  
     Keep moving—quit your studious labours,  
     Set off and visit all your neighbours.  
     A change of scene, a change of place,  
     Will from your mind these whimsies chase,  
 And soon I with delight shall see      My master from his meagrimms free."  
     SYNTAX.—"Thank you for that, my vet'ran lady,  
     I'll go and try to get a gay day;  
     'Twas rare, sound common-sense, that brought  
     Such good advice into your thought.  
     To-morrow, I'll clap spurs to horse,  
     And, in good earnest, take my course  
     To *Billy Bumpkin*, who will greet me  
     With his loud laughs, and kindly treat me:  
 Yes, with his broad-face mirth he'll try      The power of hospitality."  
     On the next morn his breakfast done,  
     With not a cloud to hide the sun,  
     The Doctor did his way pursue,      And, in a trotting hour or two  
     *Bumpkin's* old hall appear'd in view.  
 When soon he saw its hearty host      Leaning most idly 'gainst a post,



And letting loose loud fits of laughter To see boys bathing in the water;  
 Who with their splash of mud and mire  
 Amus'd the humour of the 'Squire.  
 Syntax, in sober, solemn state, With Pat behind drew near the gate;  
 And when he their approach espied,  
 Bill Bumpkin clapp'd his hands and cried;  
 "My worthy Parson is it you? The same i' fackins, I've in view.  
 Six months, I think, are gone and past  
 And more since I beheld you last!  
 Whate'er I knew I left at college,  
 And you like none but men of knowledge;  
 Yet, in plain English, I declare, I do delight to see you here.  
 I have no learn'd or Latin lingo, But a fresh tap of foaming stingo,  
 Which will make you to jabber Greek, As nat'rally as pigs can squeak.  
 And, if your heart is out of tune,  
 Will make you long to stride the moon."  
 "—Not quite so high as that my friend,  
 But something which doth that way tend:  
 Not quite so high," the Doctor said,  
 "But yet some choice enliv'ning aid  
 My slacken'd spirits have in view When I pay my respects to you;  
 For here, I'm sure, that humour gay  
 And the frank smile will crown the day.  
 You, my good-hearted friend, must know  
 The cause of my domestic woe.  
 Of my friends too I am bereft, The WORTHIES have the country left,  
 And when they may return to cheer  
 My drooping heart doth not appear:—  
 Thus dulness now is found to reign Within the verge of *Sommerden*,  
 And doth a full possession take Of its fair borders of the Lake.  
 Thus 'tis my joyless fate to roam For comfort that's not found at home."  
 "—Then find it here," replied the 'Squire,  
 "New scenes will other thoughts inspire,  
 My means of pleasure you shall share:  
 I'll teach you how to banish care."  
 Though Syntax did not trust the skill  
 That such a promise would fulfil,  
 He gave assent with nodding head, And followed where his leader led.  
 He took the Doctor through his grounds,  
 Display'd his kennel and his hounds,  
 Their diff'rent ages, old and young,  
 Their speed, their noses and their tongue;  
 Then order'd forth his hunting stud,  
 Dwelt on their merits and their blood;  
 While to their diff'rent feats, and more,  
 The green-clad huntsman stoutly swore.  
 He then described some arduous chase  
 That did his Nimrod annals grace;  
 Show'd many a brush that cover'd o'er  
 The purlieus of the kennel door:  
 Nor did a hero ever prize The trophies gain'd in victories.

Whose flutt'ring ensigns might display  
 The pride of many a well-fought day,  
 With more exulting sense of fame,  
 Than *Bumpkin* told the boasted name,  
 Which his equestrian powers command  
 Among the woods of Westmoreland.  
 The Doctor heard and made pretence To listen to his eloquence ;  
 But though with certain science fraught,  
 It could not charm his serious thought ;  
 Nor did it seem to chase away The gloomy humour of the day.  
 "Why still so grave my worthy friend,"  
 The 'Squire exclaim'd, "where will this end?  
 I prithee, why make all this pothor ;  
 You've lost one wife—then get another ;  
 And sure, in all this country round, Another may be quickly found.  
 From different motives people grieve,  
 For wives that die and wives that live.  
 —That scare-crow Death is oft a sad one,  
 Takes the good wife and leaves the bad one,  
 As sure as that bright sun doth shine, I wish that he had taken mine.  
 Not that I suffer such disaster As to let madam play the master,  
 Nor yet, to let the lady boast That o'er her lord she rules the roast,  
 I learn'd not, where I went to school, In such a way to play the fool.  
 'Tis true from harshness I refrain, But then I always hold the rein :  
 For he who ventures on a wife, To be the comfort of his life,  
 Should never this advice refuse :—  
*Take her down in her wedding shoes."*  
 —Syntax his fancy to beguile Here sunk his laughter in a smile.  
 For it was known to great and small  
 How things went on at *Bumpkin-Hall* :  
 Nay, 'twas a well-known standing joke,  
 Among the neighb'ring country folk,  
 That when the lady's in the way The 'Squire would ne'er say yea or nay  
 But as her ruling spirit told him, Or with a certain look control'd him :  
 Though now his tongue ne'er seem'd to rest,  
 And thus his invitation press'd. —  
 "Doctor come here, next hunting-season,  
 And faith, my friend, I'll shew you reason ;  
 You shall mount on my Yorkshire grey,  
 And gallop all your cares away."  
 "I doubt not," Syntax smiling said, "Your recipe would be obey'd ;  
 It would afford a speedy cure For every evil I endure ;  
 But for my kind physician's sake, I do not wish my neck to break."  
 They talk'd, when soon the bell's shrill chime  
 Declar'd it to be dinner time,  
 Nor was it an unwelcome call That bade their footsteps seek the hall ;  
 For though the Doctor's whims prevail'd, His appetite had never fail'd.  
 By madam he was kindly greeted,  
 As, "How d'y'e do?" and "pray be seated.  
 It doth a perfect age appear Since we enjoy'd your presence here ;  
 I feel it always as a treasure, And wish I oft'ner felt the pleasure."

*"Bumpkin, I pray you move the dish,  
 And help the Doctor to some fish."*  
 "Indeed I hope, 'tis in your view To pass with us a day or two.  
 Nay I could wish it might be more, And lengthen'd out unto a score."  
*"Bumpkin, you think not as we dine,  
 That some folks love a glass of wine."*  
 "I have not seen you for an hour,  
 Since you have made your charming Tour,  
 And I shall ask you to display Its hist'ry in your rapid way."  
*"Husband, I'll bet my life upon it,  
 Our kind guest's plate has nothing on it;  
 Make haste and give it a supply Of that well-looking pigeon-pye."*  
 "'Tis a fine match Miss Worthy made : A charming girl, I always said;  
 And does those qualities possess That claim the promis'd happiness.  
 Some may think one thing, some another;  
 But is she handsome as her mother?  
 Her mamma's auburn locks, I own,  
 Are better than her daughter's brown,  
 Although the latter you may see, Dame nature has bestow'd on me."  
*"Squire Bumpkin, were it not my care To see how all about me fare,  
 Our Rev'rend friend would have good luck,  
 To get a wing of that fine duck."*  
 "Since, Doctor, you were here before, I've added to my Floral store,  
 And some fine specimens have got Which are not ev'ry Florist's lot.  
 They're in the happiest state to view, And will be much admir'd by you."  
*"As some folk do not seem to think  
 That when we eat, we want to drink,  
 I ask you, Doctor, if you'll join Your Hostess in a glass of WINE?  
 Your better taste, Sir, will prevail, Nor share in vulgar cups of ALE."*  
 "My new Piano has a tone Which your judicious ear will own,  
 At least to me it so appears, Such as one very seldom hears.  
 I too of late have practis'd much, And am improv'd in time and touch;  
 Thus with your fiddle's well-known power,  
 We shall delight an evening hour."  
 The Doctor made his frequent bow, And yes replied, or answer'd *no*,  
 Just as the lady's words required, Or as his empty plate inspir'd.  
 Indeed it clearly must appear He'd nought to do but eat and hear :  
 While the calm Husband's sharpen'd knife  
 Obey'd the orders of his Wife.  
 Thus Madam, with habitual art, Continued her presiding part;  
 Did with her smiles the Doctor crown, Or silence Billy with a frown;  
 And, in a well-adapted measure, Alternately display'd her pleasure;  
 Her tongue was never at a stand, But play'd at Question and Command;  
 She could affirm and could deny With mild impetuosity,  
 And scarce her question could be heard,  
 Ere she an answer had prefer'd :  
 Thus, till the absence of the cloth, She to and fro employ'd them both;  
 At once th' attention to delight And give a grace to appetite.  
 The dinner pass'd as dinners do;  
 Ma'am's health was drunk and she withdrew;  
 But as the lady left the chair With solemn smile but gracious air,

"Doctor," she said, "I know your taste  
Is not your time and thoughts to waste  
In that intemp'rance which gives birth  
To boist'rous noise and vulgar mirth,  
Which, with its loud and clam'rous brawls,  
Too oft has echoed in these walls ;

But, if I can such feats restrain,                      Shall seldom echo here again.  
Pray let not that good man prevail To swill yourself with sluggard ale :  
But when you've sipp'd a glass or so Of wine that makes the bosom glow,  
Let him go booze his fav'rite liquor With the exciseman and the vicar,  
While I expect my rev'rend friend Will in the drawing-room attend."  
The rev'rend Friend bow'd his assent, And with a flirt the lady went.

The 'Squire who scarce had spoke a word  
While dinner smok'd upon the board,  
No sooner was the fair-one gone                      But he assum'd a lofty tone.  
BUMPKIN.—"Doctor, I hope you know me better

Than to suppose that I can fetter  
My sports and pleasures to the will  
Of that same tongue that ne'er lies still :

You saw what pretty airs she gave                      As if I were a very slave ;  
But, my good friend, as you were by                      I did not chuse to look awry.

Nor would I wound your rev'rend cloth,  
By rapping out a swinging oath,  
Which, but from my respect to you,                      I was full well inclin'd to do,  
And would at once have brought her to.  
Yes, she may toss her head and hector,  
But she shall have a curtain lecture :

I'll make the saucy madam weep,                      Believe me, ere she goes to sleep.  
I married Mary for her beauty,                      And faith I'll make her do her duty.

Pray tell me, friend, what means you took  
When a pert speech or haughty look  
Was darted at you from your wife, And threaten'd matrimonial strife ?"

SYNTAX.—"She never spoke a saucy word,  
She ne'er an angry look preferr'd :  
Affection dwelt within her eye                      And all her speech was harmony :  
But let I pray that subject rest,                      Nor wake the sorrows of my breast.

For here I came on pleasure bent  
To share your well-known merriment,  
And find good humour and content ;  
My gloomy fancies to beguile                      And learn from you a cordial smile.  
Come, come, a foaming bumper quaff,  
And let me hear you loudly laugh."

This counsel given in solemn measure,  
Appear'd to check the 'Squire's displeasure ;  
But though his spirits ceas'd to flutter,  
His pouting lips were seen to mutter.

At length the coffee was announc'd :  
Again he swell'd, lock'd his big and bound'd :  
But when the bell was made to ring,  
For well he knew who pull'd the spring,  
Another song he chose to sing.

"My worthy friend as you are here, I in good humour will appear,  
 And since the meagre slip-slop's made, I think the call should be obey'd.  
 But one glass more I must engage, My present feelings to assuage,  
 Though, to speak truth, I'm always dry  
 When this same bev'rage meets my eye."

Now led by fragrance and perfume,  
 They pass'd into the drawing-room,  
 Which, from its bright display of flowers,  
 Might pass for one of Flora's bowers.  
 —Syntax enchanted at the sight, Broke forth in language of delight.  
 "—When the Creator's works I view

And, wond'ring, the bright course pursue ;  
 And from sublimest objects range To most minute in endless change,  
 If in those works that meet the eye,  
 From sky to earth, from earth to sky,  
 He in the greatest stands confest, Still is he greater in the least."\*

Thus as he spoke, with ardent glow,  
 Of all the various tribes that grow  
 Or in the garden or the field, Or which the rock or mountain-yield,  
 From the wide spreading cedar tall, To the low hyssop on the wall,  
 The yawning 'Squire devoid of thought,  
 With lazy stride the sofa sought,  
 The cushions cuff'd with all his strength,  
 And then laid down his listless length.

Madam grew red, and then grew white, And gave her rosy lips a bite,  
 Which might denote an inclination To gratify a rising passion :  
 When the Divine to turn aside The rising burst of wounded pride,  
 Continued, with encreasing force, The fervour of his sage discourse ;  
 But as the lady lent her ear, To what she was so charm'd to hear,  
 Poor Bumpkin with a snort and snore, Roll'd from the sofa on the floor:  
 The servants did their master shake, But he was not dispos'd to wake:  
 "There," said their mistress, "let him lay, To pass another hour away.  
 Oh Doctor! ought I not to bless My share of married happiness !  
 Is not this quite enough to shame me ?

Nay, can you for my anger blame me ?  
 Excuse me, but I scarce should weep If this were his eternal sleep.  
 —Where the taste and tempers vary, O what a folly 'tis to marry !  
 The greatest fortune will not suit The gentle spirit with the brute :  
 Nor the fond, tender inclination, With a mere instinctive passion,  
 Nor the affection of the soul

With the rude mind that claims the whole,  
 And will not share the kind controul.  
 —'Tis true I have a coach-and-four, Whene'er I call it, at my door :  
 Or, as I please to take the air Command the ponies to a chair :  
 And when I ride, I also see The Beauty Mare reserv'd for me.  
 I decorate my drawing room With earliest flowers to breathe perfume,  
 And if I chuse, I have the power Winter to clothe with vernal bower :  
 And if it should my fancy suit, To taste in Spring the Summer fruit ;

\* Si l'Auteur de la Nature est grand dans les grandes choses, il est très grand dans les petites.  
 J. J. ROUSSEAU.



While my gay pride, may, to excess,      Enjoy the toilette's happiness.  
 I can make this old mansion gay,      With song or dance in any way  
 That my fond vanity may chuse      The neighb'ring circle to amuse.  
 All this you know, perhaps, but still      It does not my fond wish fulfil.  
 You, Sir, may ask, the question's fair,      What 'tis I want I do not share?  
 What is it I do not receive      Which a fond husband's bound to give?  
 That secret, Doctor, I'll impart :      I want what he has not—a heart :  
 Yes one, where tender feeling rules,      And warm affection never cools.  
 I want a character refin'd      Grac'd by a cultivated mind,

Where taste and science are enshrin'd ;  
 With manners that from kindness flow,  
 Speech that is chaste, and thoughts that glow.  
 Failings e'en in the best must be, But love would ne'er those errors see,  
 When it th' enraptur'd power possess      To nestle in a noble breast.  
 —On shaggy mountain's lofty brow,      Or in the woody vale below,  
 Or by the ocean's craggy side,      Believe me, I would rather bide,  
 With such a being by my side,  
 Than with stupidity to live      And all the show which wealth can give ;  
 Though that show tempted me to join, A Booby's lasting lot with mine:  
 Such is my fate, for you must see      To whom false fortune coupled me."

The slumb'ring 'Squire now op'd his eyes,  
 Look'd round the room with dull surprise,  
 Then slowly rose and shook his head,  
 Call'd for a light and went to bed.  
 MRS. BUMPKIN.—"Since, my good Sir, what has appear'd,  
 Which you have seen as well as heard,  
 You must acknowledge my complaint  
 Doth ask the patience of a Saint."

SYNTAX.—"Excuse the liberty I take  
 When thus I most sincerely speak ;  
 But that same virtue would confer      Perfection on your character.  
 O let me beg you to attend      To the kind counsels of a friend !  
 The die is cast, the deed is done, The cord is fast that makes you one:  
 Though, if well order'd, I confess      I see no bar to happiness.  
 When I perceive the nat'ral state      Of reason in your married mate,

I would consent, in word and deed,  
 That you, fair Dame, should take the lead ;  
 But then employ your better powers To rule by sweets and not by sour.  
 Madam, the ancient proverb says, Which words can never duly praise,  
 That one rich drop of Honey sweet,      As an alluring, luscious treat,  
 Is known to tempt more flies, by far,      Than a whole tun of Vinegar.

—Ask with kind words, he'll ne'er deny,  
 Give winning looks and he'll comply      With waken'd sensibility.  
 If you but smile and never frown      He'll shape his wishes to your own :  
 Nay, symptoms of obedience show,      Whether you do obey or no.  
 Thus blest with temper's cloudless ray  
 Your morrow will be like to-day.

O let him not perceive you rule,      Nor ever treat him like a fool ;  
 Do not, at least to others show,      If he be such, you think him so.  
 O ne'er again delight to tease him,      But look as if you wish to please him,  
 Check notions, that so idle prove,      Of Shepherds and Arcadian love :



Your active, well instructed mind, To such vagaries should be blind,  
 Let not your fancy e'er refine Beyond calm reason's fair design,  
 But leave to Misses of eighteen The raptures they from Novels glean,  
 You surely have the means to bless Your life with social happiness;  
 And O beware you do not spoil Your comforts with domestic broil!"

MRS. BUMPKIN.—"Doctor, I do admire your plan,  
 And I'll pursue it—if I can:—

But as so learn'd you seem to be In all domestic policy,  
 'Tis pity you do not again Assume the matrimonial chain."

SYNTAX.—"Madam, you've touch'd the tender string,  
 That doth to my remembrance bring  
 The heavy loss I have sustain'd Of virtues ne'er to be regain'd.  
 My dearest Dolly was to me What I wish ev'ry wife to be;  
 And since the darling saint is gone, I feel it sad to be alone;  
 But still my doubts I cannot smother, Of ever getting such another."

MRS. BUMPKIN.—"You have my happiness in view,  
 And I must feel the same for you.

I have a very pleasing friend  
 Whom to your thoughts I shall commend;  
 And, if my judgment does not err, In form and age and character,  
 Dear Mrs. Hyacinth will prove An object fit for you to love.  
 She in retirement's peaceful dell Doth in her widow cottage dwell,  
 Though if her thoughts to me are known,  
 She wishes to live less alone.

Her mind employs the quiet hours In study, and in nursing flowers,  
 For, as I hope, you soon will see, She has a taste for Botany;  
 And her delight as well as glory Is in her gay conservatory.  
 Nor is this all—for you will find, That with chaste manners is combin'd  
 A well-form'd and accomplish'd mind.

At all events my friend may call To make his bows at Tulip-Hall;  
 (For by that name the place is known  
 Which she is proud to call her own.)

While I its mistress will prepare To give you a kind welcome there:  
 And much I wish that Heaven may bless  
 My friends with mutual happiness.  
 That flowers which sweetest fragrance breathe  
 May form an Hymeneal wreath,  
 With fairest hopes your life to crown,  
 When this fair Dame may be your own."

—The Doctor promis'd to obey, And in high spirits more than gay,  
 He joyous kiss'd the lady's hand, And bade her all his soul command.

—Brief was the evening's calm repast:

The time of rest arriv'd at last,  
 When the sage pass'd its balmy hours  
 In dreams of Hymen crown'd with flowers.

The morning came when a smart stroke  
 At chamber-door, the Doctor woke;  
 And strait, in rather serious mood,  
 By the bed-side 'Squire Bumpkin stood.

Syntax now rubb'd his eyes, amaz'd, And on the intruding figure gaz'd;  
 Who lolling on an elbow-chair, Began his errand to declare,

"—To wake you thus may be distressing,  
But let me speak while you are dressing."  
Syntax soon shook off his alarms,  
Yawn'd wide, and stretching out his arms,  
"Speak on," he said, "my worthy friend,  
And I will to your words attend."

BUMPKIN.—"You must have seen, with half an eye  
The kind of animosity,  
In greater or in less degree, That reigns between my wife and me :  
And as you are a man of science, On whom I have profound reliance,  
Tell me the track I should pursue ; What to avoid and what to do,  
When to controul it would be fit, And when 'twere better to submit :  
In short, that this great house may be A scene of greater harmony.  
I do not such a polish wear As doth the exterior form prepare,  
To rank among the dandy fools, Who are gay fashion's fribbling tools :  
But what I do should not provoke Her saucy wit's sarcastic joke,  
And, showing off her lively sense, Make others laugh at my expense,  
Of which she's sometimes too profuse,  
But I think worse than rank abuse ;—  
For if in that she chose to stir I fancy I could equal her.

But, to my friend, I here declare it,  
I've sometimes said I will not bear it."  
Syntax as he his garters tied, Thus with half-open'd eyes, replied,  
"You have, all know, a generous heart,  
That spurns the unmanly tricks of art ;  
Nor are you wanting to pursue  
What common-sense holds forth to view,  
And these short precepts you will find The best directors of your mind ;  
Nay, be assur'd, they will succeed, To set you right in word and deed.  
A sportsman knows 'tis to his cost  
Who takes the wrong side of the post :  
As on the course, so in life's stake, You must agree to give and take :  
To bear and forbear is a rule, A lesson prime, in reason's school.  
Try, as you can, your best to please, And, when she that endeavour sees,  
I'm sure she will no longer tease."

"This is good preaching," Bumpkin said,  
"For you well understand your trade.  
That it is true must be confest, And, faith I'll try to do my best."  
—He kept his word, and so did she ; At breakfast all was pleasantry ;  
And thus, the gloomy season past,  
'Twas hop'd the Halcyon time might last.  
When Syntax rose to take his leave,  
He said, "this counsel kind receive :

I do prefer it nothing lot's ; And mind—I give it to you both.  
—For trifles ne'er contest the field, But rather struggle who shall yield.  
Let but affection bear the sway, And you will struggle to obey :  
That feeling ever checks the strife Which tends to poison wedded life.  
Call but affection to your aid, And the tongue never will upbraid ;  
The heart is then a kind of Heaven, Where ev'ry failing is forgiven.  
Without it, sad is Hymen's reign, And fortune's smiles are shed in vain :  
O let but that the union bless, And the sure boon is happiness."

The Doctor now his way pursued  
 Through verdant dale and shady wood,  
 While he reflected on the scene Of Hymen's joys, where he had been,  
 And rather doubted if again He should receive the marriage chain.  
 "Patrick," he said, "How did you find  
 The place which we have left behind?  
 Had you kind hospitable fare, In the domestic regions there?  
 And were you free and joyous all, In butler's room and servants' hall?"  
 "Oh, as for those things," Pat replied,  
 "Plenty and joy do there reside:  
 But though I've travell'd kingdoms o'er,  
 I never heard such things before.  
 The lady doth a form display But seldom seen in summer's day:  
 Nor, than 'Squire Bumpkin, doth the sun A finer figure shine upon;  
 And, in some way, I understood  
 From morn to night they're doing good.  
 The poor are never seen to wait In vain attendance at their gate;  
 Nor pain nor sickness ever feel The want of means to soothe and heal;  
 While children, ere they run along,  
 Are taught to know the right from wrong.  
 —But here, and please you, Sir's the Lothar,  
 They're kind to all but one another;  
 And scarce there passes on a day, But they're engag'd in angry fray,  
 When, by her woman, I was told, He's heard to growl, and she to scold,  
 Though, as she said, things might be worse,  
 For the grey mare's the better horse.  
 You may explain, Sir, if you please,  
 Such uncouth odds and ends as these;  
 But faith, to me it doth belong, To shut my eyes and hold my tongue,  
 Unless you do the fancy take, By way of joke, to hear PAT speak."  
 Thus as they went, a coming storm Did the sky's azure face deform,  
 Whose menace bade them look around  
 To where a shelter might be found;  
 And soon a pleasing cot was seen Amid the hamlet on the green:  
 The honeysuckle flaunted o'er The porch that stood before the door:  
 Nor did the ivy fail to crawl, In spreading verdure, o'er the wall:  
 Away from the world's noisy din, It look'd the seat of peace within.  
 Thither they did in haste repair And found a smiling welcome there.  
 All look'd so nice, so clean and warm, Within the comfortable farm,  
 When she appear'd, the way to show,  
 Whose household care had made it so.  
 The Dame with smiles, the Doctor greeted,  
 Desired his Rev'rence would be seated,  
 And did, with curtsying grace, prepare The comforts of an easy chair;  
 Hasten'd his gaiters to untie, And hurg them at the fire to dry:  
 Then humbly hop'd he would receive The entertainment she could give.  
 "There is a pye in oven baking,  
 There are hog's puddings of my making,  
 And no rich 'Squire, throughout the vale, Can give a better cup of ale."  
 Nay, Syntax, e'en with well lin'd purse,  
 Might have gone farther and far'd worse.

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SONG

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"—I here," he said, "see children four,  
Pray, Goody, have you any more?"  
"Not yet, Sir, but, as I'm their mother, I hope in time to give another ;  
Which I, it seems, begin to show, As all who use their eyes may know."

"Well my good woman," Syntax said,  
"I see one great command obey'd ;  
With that you piously comply :—  
I mean—INCREASE AND MULTIPLY."  
—Himself and the good dame to please,  
He took the children on his knees ;  
Then danc'd the urchins to and fro, And sung as nurses often do.

SONG.—*Lullaby Baby, where shall we go, Lullaby Baby, up in the tree,  
There we shall find a pretty bird's nest,  
For Lullaby Baby, for Charley and me.  
For Charley and me, for Charley and me,  
Lullaby Baby, for Charley and me.*

*Lullaby Baby, when the birds sing, Lullaby Baby, the cuckoo and all ;  
Then we shall smell all the sweets of the Spring,  
With Lullaby Baby, and Charley and all,  
Charley and all, &c., &c.*

*Lullaby Baby in cradle doth sleep, Lullaby Baby the only of its mother,  
Who will soon if she doth a right reckoning keep,  
Give to Lullaby Baby a sister or brother.  
A sister or brother, a sister or brother,  
Give to Lullaby Baby a sister or brother.*

"O Sir," she said, "you are too good  
Thus to delight my pretty brood :  
Not one of whom I e'er would give  
Though the king's crown I should receive :  
But, as you have a foot to spare, Will you just rock the cradle there."  
The Doctor was in full content, When he perceiv'd a certain scent,  
Which was not like the sweets of spring  
That he had just been pleas'd to sing :

But the Muses' dainty noses Are so used to pinks and roses,  
That they know not how to tell The nature of a vulgar smell.  
"What mischief," Goody cried, "is brewing !  
God bless the child, what is he doing ;

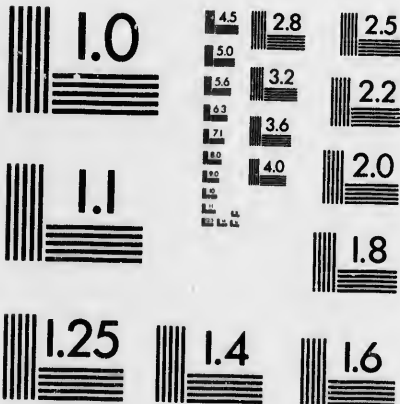
And now, indeed, I do perceive, As I must tell you by your leave,  
The worm-pills which he takes, good Sir,  
Have just begun to make a stir :  
But still, I hope, no harm is done.  
Come, sweetest babe, beneath the sun !"  
And with the child away she run.

Into such laugh the Doctor broke  
That made him look as he would choke.  
And still, with ridicule at heart, He sung and play'd the nurse's part.  
Then lifted up his eyes to Heaven, As if some blessing had been given.  
"Tis thus," he said, "Affection grows,  
And thus the fond deceit bestows :



# MICROCOPY RESOLUTION TEST CHART

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See what a mother will not do, What will she not, when, to her view,  
 The fondling in her arms doth rest, Or seeks the fluid from her breast.  
 'Tis the same glowing sense that burns In father's breast, as he returns  
 From hardy toil, and doth repay The labour of each passing day,  
 When on his knees an infant pair Ask by their looks the kiss to share."

To give that kiss, to feel that glow,

JOHN enter'd with submissive bow,

Nor did he want the smiling grace Of welcome on his ruddy face.  
 FARMER JOHN.—"An' please your Rev'rence here we are  
 Attending on our daily care :

I through my little fields must roam

While MARY governs things at home :

She is a kind industrious wife The blessing of a husband's life ;  
 And she, I doubt not, would agree To speak with same content of me.

We, it is true, must have our cares,

Which mortal man in common shares.

The storm will sometimes blast the field,

And fruit-trees will refuse to yield ;

While some incurable disease Does on our flocks and cattle seize :  
 But then fair plenty comes again, And flocks and herds adorn the plain.  
 Though whether it be good or ill, We patient bear our Maker's will,

Conscious we ought not to repine :

At least that's MARY's way and mine.

Thus time our chequer'd way beguiles,

I never frown, she always smiles ;

For Heaven is kind, and, as you see,

Gives us both health and industry :

While it will be our constant care These little bantlings here to rear,  
 In what our humble state demands, The honest labour of their hands.

That they when our old course is run,

May toil and thrive as we have done.

—And now, I hope you will think fit Of what we've got to pick a bit.  
 The oven does a pye afford, The ale looks bright upon the board,

The liquor's good and brisk and humming,

And soon the puddings will be coming.

Here is not much to cut and carve, But still I hope we shall not starve ;  
 While I a grateful welcome give To what your kindness may receive."

"No," Syntax said, "no never fear, I stand a hungry figure here,  
 And thank you for your friendly cheer.

Besides your welcome gives that zest Which turns a morsel to a feast ;  
 That feast, my friend, I now enjoy, Which satisfies, but does not cloy :  
 I'm as well-pleas'd with your bestowing As I shall be where I am going.

To that point where the sun does rise,

From hence my present journey lies :

To-night, Sir *Stately Stirrup's* guest, I hope at Stirrup-Hall to rest ;  
 For his grave worship condescends To number me among his friends."

"He may be proud," said John, "of you,

But what I tell you, Sir, is true, His flock of friends is very few."

The Farmer now a pipe propos'd, The Doctor on the offer clos'd ;  
 And John who was not prone to balk The fancy which he had to talk,  
 Continued with his rustic force To paint the Knight in his discourse.

FARMER JOHN.—“He’s a rum codger you must know,  
 At least we poor folk find him so.  
 By his grand politics and law      He keeps the country round in awe.  
 He thinks he knows, puff’d up with pride,  
 Far more than all the world beside;  
 But when did any body hear,      He for distress e’er shed a tear?  
 Or when did he a shilling give      A wife in labour to relieve?  
 Or when were seen the hungry poor      Receiving scraps before his door?  
 Nor does he think an orphan’s blessing  
 To be a treasure worth possessing;  
 But warrants, staves, and mastiffs wait  
 To guard the approaches to his gate.  
 Yes, all his acts a tyrant shew him      To all degrees that are below him;  
 But let a man of rank go by,      He’s ready in the dust to lie.  
 From me the laws ne’er find a breach,  
 I therefore keep without his reach;  
 Though if the hills which rise between us  
 Could from his paws for ever screen us,  
 O it would be a blessing found      By all the grumbling country round!  
 —You did not know his former wife:  
 She led the Knight a precious life:  
 That over-bearing haughty spirit,      Which he from nature does inherit,  
 She, whene’er she pleas’d, kept under,  
 With look of flame and voice of thunder.  
 He went abroad, ’tis true, to rule,      But home return’d so calm and cool,  
 That, but excepting form and name,  
 None would believe the man the same.  
 Nor has he ever yet denied      He bless’d the day on which she died,  
 And that he thought her fun’ral rite      Was not a very mournful sight.  
 But you must know, as I suppose,      For ’tis what all the country knows,  
 Ere a few months had pass’d away,      Old *Stirrup-Hall* again was gay  
 With marriage feast; and a young bride  
 Was seen to grace Sir Stately’s side.  
 She, foolish thing, thought it a gay day  
 When golden ring made her a Lady;  
 But though she now precedence takes  
 Of ’Squires’ wives around the lakes;  
 And though she doth a rank display,  
 Which time itself can’t take away,  
 Yet she now finds, as ’tis well known,  
 She scarce can call her soul her own:  
 And as for gaiety or pleasure      ’Tis dealt to her in grudging measure:  
 Nay, it is thought, as some folks say,      Who see and hear her ev’ry day,  
 That she oft wishes, though in vain,      She were Miss *Biddiken* again.”  
 SYNTAX.—“I find, my friend, that you know more  
 Than I have ever heard before:  
 ’Tis strange to me a swain like you      Can such a scene as this review;  
 And how it is you thus can pry      Into domestic history.”  
 FARMER JOHN.—“On market-days, our bus’ness done,  
 We sit and chat and have our fun;  
 And while we handle pipe and pot,      Our betters, Sir, are not forgot.  
 We hear the bad as well as good      In ev’ry farmer’s neighbourhood.

And broach the news with equal bounty,  
From ev'ry corner of the County."

SYNTAX.—"Well, honest John, I ask you then,  
What do you say of Sommerden?"

FARMER JOHN.—"Another cup before I speak,  
And then I will the freedom take  
To say what's in the country said,  
Both of your heart and of your head,  
Nor fear offence, though I speak true ; For good alone is said of you.  
—You're call'd a man of deep discerning,  
Fit for a Bishop by your learning ;

Pious and good, yet very gay, And that you on the fiddle play :  
That in the pulpit you're a rare one,  
And lay it on, and never spare one :  
As for the bad you ne'er defend 'em,  
But headlong to the devil send 'em :  
Though, as the truth you wish to hear,  
And what you preach you need not fear,  
Folks say that you are rather queer."

SYNTAX.—"Give me your hand, my honest friend,  
To more than this I ne'er pretend :  
If it be true, I'm well content Or for my life or monument.  
I ask, indeed, no higher praise,

While Heaven may lengthen out my days ;  
Nor do I wish a better fame, When nought is left me but a name.  
Farewell, for the declining sun Tells me, at length, I must be gone."  
—After repeated kind caressing, The Doctor gave the babes a blessing.  
And having kiss'd the mother too,  
"I feel," he said, "my thanks are due  
For all I have receiv'd from you :

But keep in mind our Village Fair, And who expects to see you there."  
He trotted off, and ere the ray Of parting Phœbus clos'd the day,  
He had arriv'd in cleric state, At Stirrup-Hall's old fashion'd gate.  
PAT quickly made the bell resound, That echoed all the court around:  
Nor was it long before the Knight, In all due form appear'd in sight,  
With "Glad to see you, how d'ye do? I take this very kind of you  
And all within my friendly power, You may command at any hour

—'Tis well known what my life has been,  
What my experienc'd mind has seen :  
I've wrought my policy so nice, That all come here to ask advice,  
And, if your wish is to receive it,  
You know who is prepar'd to give it."

They enter'd—when the talk began, And the long conversation ran,  
How the superior, leading, powers  
Employ'd or misemploy'd their hours ;  
Who at the nation's helm preside ; What policy our statesmen guide :  
That gross corruption sways mankind,  
And int'rest base perverts the mind :  
How bribes have blinded common sense,  
Foil'd reason, truth and eloquence :  
That industry the state maintains ;  
That honest toil and honest gains

Our fathers rais'd to power and fame ;  
 That virtue boldly scoffs at shame,  
 And all, in selfish ends pursuing, But scramble for the public ruin.  
 —At length Sir Stately condescends  
 To talk of neighbours and of friends ;  
 The hist'ry of the County Quorum,  
 And what nice cases come before 'em ;  
 While from his known superior skill  
 They all submit them to his will.  
 " I've heard," he added, " what has past  
 Since I beheld your Rev'rence last :  
 I'm told that you have lost your wife,  
 Who gave such comfort to your life :  
 And here, perhaps, you're come to know  
 My thoughts of what you ought to do :  
 Whether your grief at once to smother,  
 You should look round and get another,  
 Or on one pillow lay your head, And rest you in a widow'd bed :  
 On that important point, I pray. Hear what Sir Stately has to say.  
 You well may take my sage advice,  
 For, Doctor, I've been married TWICE ;  
 And though to own it I am loth, I've had but bad success with both.  
 " My first wife—'tis not very civil, But, faith, she was a very devil.  
 She brought me money, brought me beauty  
 But not a grain of nuptial duty ;  
 For all she at the altar swore, Did not remain the day-light o'er.  
 Old Stirrup-Hall she call'd her throne,  
 And here no master would she own :  
 Whether with tongue or threat'ning fist, In vain I found it to resist .  
 At length, indeed, I thought it best, If on my pillow I would rest,  
 To let fierce Madam have her way  
 And wield at home the sov'reign sway.  
 Thus I, who daily dealt out law, And kept the neighbourhood in awe ;  
 Though potent I abroad could roam, Return'd to be a slave at home.  
 In short to check the daily storm, I to her humours did conform ;  
 And, to close all domestic riot, I held my tongue and liv'd in quiet :  
 But she contriv'd with such keen art To play the matrimonial part,  
 That all the country did agree To throw the real blame on me :  
 Nay, I must own, the truth to tell, Domestic things she manag'd well.  
 —Were she pleas'd, and we alone,  
 She would, but in a soften'd tone, Sharply and glibly lay it on.  
 Yes, would hiss forth in viper's phrase, Fool, upstart, and *et ceteras* :  
 But if a creature did appear That could her observations hear  
 'Twas then my love, my knight, my dear.  
 Though 'tis long past, my ear still rings,  
 With her confounded whisperings ;  
 And every fierce and taunting look Arc character'd in mem'ry's book.  
 — Five years and upwards I had been  
 Beneath this iron-scepter'd queen,  
 When fate most kindly set me free From her domestic tyranny.  
 Though I a downcast visage bore, As I my sable trappings wore ;

Yet I must honestly confess,                      So far from feelings of distress,  
 'Twas with a smiling heart I trod, Behind her bier, the church-yard sod;  
 And silent thought, with tearless eye,              This was a happy obsequy.  
    But still I've prov'd without disguise,  
    Experience has not made me wise;

For ere another year was flown, The Church made me and LUCY one,  
 Whom shortly my good friend will see              The mirror of stupidity.  
 The one so wise was, she must rule,              The other is almost a fool,  
 She, such a cold, unmeaning elf,              Thinks not for me, nor for herself,  
 While I am always on the spur              To think both for myself and her."

"Yes," Syntax said, "to me it seems

You've run into the two extremes;  
 Your mind, I think, had lost its force,  
 Or you'd have sought the middle course.  
 Your conduct, Knight, but seems to prove  
 Reason has nought to do with Love.

Philosophers have said, 'tis true,              And it may be applied to you  
    That Reason fails whene'er the dart  
    Of am'rous passion stabs the heart,\*

Or when its secret pulses move              To beat time to the tune of love.  
    'Tis whim, 'tis fancy, or 'tis chance,  
    That joins us in the wedding dance;  
    Though some have thought a wayward fate  
    Commands or shapes the nuptial state:

By others an opinion's given              That marriages are made in Heaven;  
    Though much I fear you'll not agree

In that sublime Philosophy;              But 'tis a diff'rent case with me,  
 Who, from my sense of love's dominion, Declare I join in the opinion,  
    That wives are known who do combine

Some little spice of the divine;              At least that was the case with mine.  
    Nor my fond hope shall I now smother,  
    That Syntax self may get another,

Who does those qualities possess              Which promise married happiness:  
 And as I do with candour view,              (I do not say 'tis so with you,)  
 The various causes which perplex The marriage state and Hymen vex,  
 I think the husband frames the strife              In full proportion with the wife."

"You men of learning," said the Knight,

"Who in your closets strike a light

On life's so sombre mysteries,

And shape and paint them as you please;—

You classic men, whose fancy gives              A colour to whatever lives,  
 To all our sorrows or our joys,              To what delights or what annoys,

Your fine-drawn, your high-flying sense,              Disdains our dull experience,  
    Which measures all things by the square,

And sees things as they clearly are;—

If you my first grand wife had known,

Who, I thank Heaven, is dead and gone,

That she was fit, you would have said,

E'en to have shar'd the Thund'rer's bed,



A Juno she, and it appears  
 She would have box'd the Thund'rer's ears ;—  
 While, as I speak, you may divine, She had the courage to box mine,  
 Nor will you think I do deplore That she's box'd up to box no more.  
 And when you see the gentler grace  
 That now supplies Ma'am Barbara's place,  
 With flowers from your poetic tree You'll deck her insipidity,  
 But still in vain, I think you'll strive To make her tell you she's alive."  
 Thus as they talk'd the supper came, And with it the insipid Dame.  
 "Insipid?" to himself exclaim'd  
 The Rev'rend Sage, "how falsely nam'd?"  
 If ever he beheld an eye That beam'd with kindred sympathy;  
 If e'er a smile on features play'd, That a benignant heart betray'd;  
 If ever rightly understood, He saw a being fair and good,  
 He could those charming symptoms trace  
 In Lucy's manners, Lucy's face.  
 But amid this superior merit, Which he believ'd she did inherit,  
 He saw at once an humble spirit.  
 Nay, now he felt that he must own,  
 What he had heard from Farmer John;  
 While in Sir Stately's voice and mien,  
 Ungracious speech or look of spleen,  
 Was but too plainly heard and seen.  
 The Doctor with good-humour'd chat,  
 And brisk remark on this or that,  
 Strove from the fair to get a speech, But that was not within his reach;  
 While all the thoughts he did display, Could only draw a yea or nay,  
 With humble bend and silent grace,  
 By which he could no pleasure trace,  
 With sometimes an uplifted eye, A hectic blush, or gentle sigh.  
 —The Doctor felt what all would feel  
 Who could another's thoughts reveal,  
 And saw that care's corroding dart Was rankling in the virtuous heart;  
 While over-bearing power sat by, Nor pitied patient misery.  
 The supper o'er, the Lady gone, (More than content to be alone,)  
 The Knight began, with bloated pride, Both love and lovers to deride,  
 And in his warmth, declar'd a wife Seldom improv'd the lot of life:  
 At least Miss Fortune, in her whim, Had fully prov'd it so to him.  
 "I've told you, that my former choice Gave me no reason to rejoice,  
 And the last gift of treach'rous Cupid Is pretty, but she's very stupid.  
 —O Doctor, Doctor, ne'er again Bind yourself round in marriage chain.  
 If in love's lottery you have tried And gain'd a prize be satisfied,  
 Nor hope that fickle Fortune e'er  
 Will make you twice her favorite care.  
 —Ask not for beauty, it doth lay Its nets of roses in our way,  
 When we are led by tint and shape,  
 Like Zeuxis' birds to peck the grape;  
 And 'stead of chaste affection's glow, We find, alas, a painted show.  
 But if you are resolv'd to try Once more a nuptial destiny,  
 Which my experience bids me say, Is placing you in danger's way,  
 Think not I beg about the charms That waken passion's soft alarms;



But let a fortune and sound sense      Determine the pre-eminence,  
 I know, my friend, that you inherit      A portion large of manly spirit.  
     That you would ne'er be brought to speak  
     In humble tone of Jerry Sneak ;  
 And so attach'd to learned lore,      Of which you have a treasur'd store,  
     That you would thus describe a wife :—  
     One who had such a view of life,  
 Between the vulgar and refin'd,      As suits the tenor of your mind ;  
 With manners too of that degree      Which blends with Cleric Dignity :  
 And such a partner could you find      You to your fate might be resign'd.  
 "Nay, now I think, that I know one,      Our friend the widow *Omicron*,  
 Who may, if I conjecture right,      Give to your life a new delight.  
     She's known for that superior knowledge,  
     Which would do honour to a college :  
 Nay in a college she was bred,      Of which her father was the Head :  
     By a learn'd Dean she then was lov'd,  
     Who a fond, short-liv'd husband prov'd ;  
     But left her, as she haply found,  
     His books with twice six thousand pound ;  
 And, as her fortune I review,      Her house and household chattels too :  
 By letter I will recommend      The Doctor to this female friend.  
     —Think not my sage that I am prating,  
     Ovid's Epistles she's translating ;  
 And that pursuit may seem to prove      The Lady somehow thinks of love.  
 Attack her, win her, wear her then,      And give new life to SOMMERDEN !"  
     Thus did the lengthen'd evening pass,  
     Enliven'd by the cheerful glass :  
 But, as the Sage retir'd to rest,      Fair Lucy's silent charms possess  
     The fine warm feelings of his breast.  
 Whether th' inspired Doctor thought      Exactly as a Doctor ought,  
 Or whether fancy 'gan to play,      It is not for the Muse to say ;  
 But PAT declares his Master said,      As he was stepping into bed,  
     "If but that loit'ring fellow Death,  
     Would just now stop Sir Stately's breath,  
 And set the charming woman free,      I'd ask her if she'd marry me.  
 No, never would I make a stir      To rule the house and govern her,  
 But should rejoice, throughout my life,      To yield me up to such a wife ;  
 A crowing cock I should be then,      Though daily peck'd by such a hen."  
 Thinking on her he heav'd a sigh      In sad and pitying sympathy ;  
 And seem'd as if about to weep,      Had he not fallen fast asleep.  
     At early hour the following day      Syntax proceeded on his way,  
 Until they reach'd a shady isle      Where all the gen'rous virtues smile,  
     Those virtues which had long possess'd  
     A mansion in NED EASY's breast ;  
 Who here enjoy'd his tranquil lot,      By the gay, busy world forgot.  
 —NED in his early life was known      Through all the purlieus of the town,  
     And took, 'tis said, no common measure,  
     Of what the laughing world calls pleasure.  
 He also had a warrior been,      And many a bloody field had seen ;  
     Had pass'd the salt wave o'er and o'er,  
     And swelter'd on the sultry shore ;

Had bravely sought his country's foe In vales of ice, on hills of snow ;  
 True to his country, which he serv'd,  
 He ne'er from rigid honours swerv'd,  
 That honour was his brightest aim, Nor has his life e'er lost the name ;  
 But when peace gave the joyous word  
 To sheath the sharp and blood-stain'd sword,  
 The soldier laid his trappings by T' enjoy a life of privacy,  
 And sought the tranquil calm retreat Of his retir'd, paternal seat,  
 Where, in sweet peace and rural pride,  
 The 'Squire, his father, liv'd and died.  
 Here NED with good, sound common-sense,  
 Health, mirth and ample competence,  
 Laughs at the busy world, and all That fashion's votaries pleasure call :  
 Here all his various wand'rings cease, Here all his labours rest in peace.  
 His mirth is pure, with harmless wit, Nor is he shy of using it ;  
 And though not bred in learned college,  
 He has a useful store of knowledge ;  
 While cheerful, bounteous, frank and free, He beams with hospitality.  
 Good-humour ever seems to cheer him,  
 And makes all happy who come near him :  
 His very name will oft beguile A cheerless thought, and cause a smile.  
 Nay it is true that since he married,  
 Not one fond hope of his miscarried.  
 And that is rare, you must agree,  
 For wives, 'Squire NED has married three :—  
 Nor has, as yet, the growing train  
 Of boys and girls e'er caus'd him pain.  
 'Twas nine, as the clock struck the hour,  
 When Syntax reach'd the mansion door.  
 The swelling hills that rose around  
 Appear'd with sylvan beauty crown'd ;  
 The lawns display'd a charming scene  
 Of waving surface cloth'd with green,  
 While the lake spread its waters clear  
 With glittering sun-beams here and there ;  
 And many a white, expanding sail Receiv'd the impulse of the gale.  
 SYNTAX.—" O Nature bright ! how can it be,  
 When man beholds thy charms, that he Can be insensible to thee !  
 Whene'er he casts his upward eye To the vast, blue ethereal sky,  
 Or turns it to the wond'rous robe That clothes the surface of the globe,  
 With all the expanse that man can see In boundless rich variety  
 Of hill and dale, of plain and flood ; What by the mind is understood ?  
 'Tis NATURE tells of NATURE'S GOD !  
 —But still that animated thrush, Which warbles in the hawthorn bush,  
 Though by instinct it is he sings, Advances in the scale of things,  
 'Till reason doth the system close,  
 From which the World from Chaos rose.  
 Nay, there's NED EASY, in his way, Teaching his growing boys to play,  
 To strike the ball, to guard the wicket, In all the mystery of cricket :  
 Nor can I gravely blame the plan At times to lay aside the man,  
 To seize the frolic, lively joy, That turns the man into the boy

'SQUIRE EASY soon the Doctor spied,  
 When he approach'd and smiling cried,  
 " You as a learned man, I know, Yes, you can tell me where and who ;  
 But surely as my name is Ned, In some old history I have read,  
 Of a wise people, where the rule,  
 Whether they were at home or school,  
 Ne'er did permit their youth to eat 'Till by some grave or active feat  
 Of mind or body, they had won The privilege to pick their bone.  
 Who used to place the bread and cheese  
 On topmost boughs of lofty trees,  
 Nor ever suffer them to eat it, 'Till down their bows and arrows beat it ;  
 Nor did they get a steak or tart, 'Till it was struck by siing or dart.  
 Nor will these boys their breakfast see, 'Till by some brisk activity,  
 Or studied lesson, they're prepar'd To fix their teeth in their reward.  
 Hunger, by you know whom, 'tis said,  
 Will break through walls to get its bread,  
 And here my notion may be right, That this same hunger may incite,  
 Of learn'ng's loaf to get a bite.  
 —I, my dear Sir, make no pretence To more than gen'ral *common-sense*,  
 Which, as fam'd *Pope*, the Poet, says, A genius bright of former days,  
 Is 'mong the kindest gifts of Heaven, And fairly worth the other seven.  
 When fine folks smile, I never mind it ;  
 I take the world just as I find it,  
 Yes, yes, with all its odds and ends,  
 I know no foes, and love my friends ;  
 And among them, it is most true, Doctor, I'm proud to number you.  
 I'm an odd fish, but, to be free, I'm not the only oddity :  
 Others there are, or I mistake, Who make folks laugh about the Lake ;  
 Where I remain, all tight and steady :—  
 But the bell rings, and breakfast's ready ;  
 And sure I am Kate will rejoice,  
 From her good heart to hear your voice."  
 —Indeed her heart is well endued  
 With feelings that must make it good ;  
 While she is sprightly, gay and free, The flower of warm civility.  
 " So long," she said, " the time has been,  
 Since I beheld your precious chin,  
 That if I had the heart to scold you,  
 The house would be too hot to hold you.  
 But you, my friend, are wont to praise  
 My Edward's cot and all its ways,  
 And though some formal folks beshrew it,  
 You'll find it as you always knew it."  
 —Thus lively pleasantry prevail'd, The Doctor's stomach never fail'd ;  
 And though grave thoughts might intervene  
 At sight of this domestic scene ;  
 Though his remembrance might be cross'd  
 By thoughts of her whom he had lost ;  
 Yet the mild mirth that persever'd His unresisting spirits cheer'd.  
 " At present," EASY said, my Kate  
 Must on her house and children wait :

But in a busy hour or two      She will reserve herself for you,  
 And try her best to make you stay, Which we request for many a day,  
     A pleasant scene of grave and gay ;  
     While we will have our friendly talk  
     Beneath the well-known filbert walk."

—Within that undisturb'd retreat      They sought a solitary seat,  
 When EASY the discourse began,      And thus the conversation ran.

NED EASY.—"I have not hinted it before,  
 But truly I your loss deplore ;

For though I'm not by nature taught  
 To court grave airs or solemn thought,

But rather mirth am prone to deal in,  
 Yet still, I trust, I have the feeling

In tales of real woe to join,      And make the ills of others mine :  
 Nay, that I'm anxious to relieve

All such as want, and those who grieve :

Though to my friend I freely own      Instead of answering moan for moan,  
 I rather strive to laugh away,      The thoughts that on his bosom prey.

—To loss of friends we must submit, 'Tis a wise power that orders it,  
 And when our joys he takes away,      His sov'reign will we must obey :

But who like you these truths can tell,  
 Who all our duties preach so well?

If weeping would relieve you, why      Let tears flow fast from either eye,  
 But to prevent a friend from dying,      Sure laughing is as good as crying.

You've lost your wife—what's to be done !  
 Why, you may try to live alone :

If that won't do—what doth remain      To bring past comforts back again,  
 But without any fuss or pother,      To look about to get another ;  
 And, ere a reasoning hour is past,      To that same plan I'll nail you fast."

SYNTAX.—"But if Sir Stately tells me true,  
 'Tis the worst thing that I can do,

And now, Friend Easy, what say you ?  
 Full-well you know the Lordly Knight      Is fond to think that he is right,  
 Though from his matrimonial song,  
 He has been sometimes in the wrong."

NED EASY.—"Wrong do you say ? I hate the brute :

He does not with my nature suit.  
 A brute he must be, who commands      Such softness with such iron hands.

Though as I may suppose, you know,  
 His first wife touch'd him up or so,

A woman of transcendent merit,      Who could not bend her lofty spirit  
 To a vain coxcomb's tyrant whim,      Which is so prevalent with him :

For all or nought he made the clatter,  
 So justice gave the fool the latter :

His boasting counsel throw aside,      And take NED EASY for your guide.

He cannot be compar'd to me,

With his *two* wives, when I've had *three* ;

Nor shall I the base story smother,

Hen-peck'd by one, he flouts the other :

I do not mean to say he beats her,      But like a baby always treats her,  
 While I, though I have married been      So many years, at least sixteen :

Yes, I, with honest heart and hand,  
Can now the *Dunmow Flitch* demand."

SYNTAX.—"Three wives you've had and, as you state,  
Have chosen well in ev'ry mate;  
Then tell me, friend, how you have done,  
That Syntax may chuse such a one:

Whether it be from common sense, Or fruits of sound experience,  
Or chance, or happy accident, Your lot is one of such content;  
That I may, lest the dames should flout me,  
Know how, at least, to look about me."

NED EASY.—"Well then, believe me, I will tell  
My honest, nuptial chronicle;  
How all my diff'rent courtships thriv'd,  
How I made love, and when I wiv'd;

'Tis a request I can't refuse you:— At all events, it will amuse you.  
"When I first sheath'd the shining blade,

And thought no more of my cockade,  
Having escap'd *Bellona's* rattle, And all the risques of bloody battle,  
With limbs all sound, nor yet a scar  
Which sometimes spoils a face in war;

Tho' dangers I ne'er fail'd to dare My eye-brows had not lost a hair,  
And as the broad-sword work and lancing,  
Had not cut short my grace in dancing,

I 'gan to think what I should prove If Cupid drill'd me into love.  
What guard I had against the dart  
With which he might attempt my heart;

What store I had of vows and sighs, And all those soft idolatries,  
Which wake kind looks in ladies' eyes.  
But, while I these attentions paid,  
MARG'RET appear'd, a blooming maid,  
Who seem'd, I thought, well-pleas'd to hear  
Ali that I whisper'd in her ear.

Egad, I ran at Miss full tilt, But, in a week, she prov'd a JILT;  
I courted with a chaise and pair, Which seem'd at first to please the fair,  
But soon the changeling gave me o'er,  
For courtship in a coach and four.

"Then CHARLOTTE came, a perfect grace  
In outward form, but, on her face  
Too oft was seen a scowling look,  
Which my calm temper did not brook:  
Nay, I had heard her scold her mother,  
And seen her cuff her little brother.

She knew how to shew off a charm, In a most fine-turn'd hand and arm,  
Which a known sculptor of renown By modelling had made his own,  
And us'd to shew it as a piece, That rivall'd the best works of Greece:  
But then her fingers she could twist Into a firm and fearful fist,  
And much I fear'd, when married, she  
Might lay that fine form'd fist on me.

"MARIA next my bosom fir'd, And fix'd the love which she inspir'd.  
Her auburn locks were seen to break In native ringlets on her neck;  
Her smiles did to her face inpart The goodness of a tender heart:

In all her steps a grace was seen, With winning words and gentle mien,  
 Oh, while she liv'd she lovely prov'd And never ceas'd to be belov'd !  
 —No, she ne'er left me in the lurch, No, all she promis'd in the church  
 She did with fondest truth fulfil : She studied and obey'd my will ;  
 While her ne'er-failing kindness I Return'd with grateful sympathy.

—These ros' hours, as thus they past,  
 Were far too blooming long to last :  
 Too soon she died—and jealous Heaven  
 Took back the Angel it had given.  
 "Two years pass'd on when my fond grief  
 Began from time to find relief :

Indeed I never thought again To wear the Hymeneal chain,  
 'Till lively ISABEL appear'd, Whose pleasant wit my bosom cheer'd,  
 And there inspir'd a subtle flame,  
 While her black eye confirm'd the same.

But as our intimacy grew And I the lady better knew,  
 The gewgaws and the shew of dress Seem'd all her wishes to possess ;  
 Nor could I happiness foresee In her expensive gaiety ;  
 So as I would not be outwitted, I quietly the Lady quitted,  
 She threw about her lively flams, And scatter'd round her epigrams,  
 Because NED EASY would not waste His rents to suit her tonish taste,  
 But left the Miss, as I'm afraid, To be an antiquated maid,

And to lead apes, O what a shame !  
 Where I, indeed, should blush to name.

"I next became the favour'd swain Of sober and of gentle JANE,

Whom, with ten thousand pounds, I led  
 Well pleas'd to share my marriage bed  
 She could not boast the pride of beauty,  
 But then she felt the housewife's duty :  
 She was, indeed, a darling honey,  
 Who lov'd me well and sav'd my money ;

In ev'ry useful, household care, She bore a more than equal share :—  
 To scold the servants she was free, But then she never scolded me.  
 Though she was careful, she was good,  
 And lov'd by all the neighbourhood :

Though foe to every vain expense, She nourish'd a benevolence  
 Which aided the industrious poor, And fed the hungry at her door.

At length she bore me children twain ;  
 But which I still relate with pain,  
 When procreative nature stirr'd Its innate powers to give a third,  
 She, with the child, her new-born pride  
 At morning's dawn, ere evening died.

"Now discontent for once possess'd The interregnum of my breast,  
 And sorrows, scarcely known, increase To trouble my domestic peace :  
 Hence calm reflection bids me try In Hymen's cord another tie,  
 To soothe a widow'd father's care  
 And ease the toil which he must bear.

The widow HARLEY now I sought, Who was an object as I thought,  
 Most fit, if not the only one, To fill her place so lately gone ;  
 Who would a tender mother prove To babes whom I so fondly love,  
 And, with a warm affection, be, A kind and faithful wife to me.



Nay, as she had a little pride, Whose wants her fortune ill supplied,  
     I thought, when I my hand should proffer,  
     She'd jump transported at the offer :  
 But, instead of grateful graces, Smiling looks and warm embraces,  
 She, on venal interest bent, A rascally attorney sent  
     To claim a hungry settlement,  
 With such conditions at the close, That up in arms my passions rose :  
 When, to return his saucy airs, I sent him, spite of all his prayers,  
     Four steps at once adown the stairs.  
 Thus the vile lawyer's head I broke: And cast away the Widow's yoke.  
     " At length the best of girls I chose,  
     Whom my good friend the Doctor knows,  
 And knows I'm certain, to admire As all a husband can desire.  
     Two more fine bairns my KATE has given,  
     The finest offspring under Heaven :  
 While she a parent is as good To all the other growing brood,  
     As their own mother would have been,  
     Had she remain'd upon the scene.  
     Nor does she anything to tease me,  
     But always, always what will please me.  
 Whate'er I wish or do prefer, Becomes an instant law to her.  
 By Jove I swear, it is no joke, To please me she has learn'd to smoke,  
 And after dinner you will see A smoking trio we shall be  
     Beneath a spreading beechen-tree :  
     Where we our mod'rate cups will quaff,  
     There hear your pleasant tales and laugh—  
 And o'er the philosophic bowl Let loose the language of the Soul."  
     SYNTAX.—"Squire Ned, your Hist'ry makes me feel,  
     As I must own, an added zeal,  
 Once more to try my future fate In vent'ring on the marriage state.  
 Two Widows I have on my list, And cannot you contrive to twist  
     Into the roll some female friend,  
     My hopes to feed, my chance to mend ?"  
     Thus as he spoke, the welcome bell  
     The dining hour was heard to tell :  
     Mirth and good eating there prevail'd ;  
     No stomach round the table fail'd ;  
     And when with grateful pious zeal,  
     The Grace had sanctified the meal,  
 The smoking trio soon was seen Beneath the tree upon the green.  
     NED EASY and the Doctor sat With pipe in hand in usual state ;  
     Thoughtless one look'd, the other wise,  
     With sleepy or with twinkling eyes,  
     While Ma'am the *Aromatics* blended,  
     To gain the scent which she intended,  
 As she would not her taste disturb With plain Virginia's common herb .  
     She thought it would be vulgar joking,  
     T' acquire its perfume by her smoking.  
 —An iv'ry pipe with silver tip She took within her rosy lip,  
     And, as she whiff'd her sweet lips moving  
     Set the exhaling vapour roving :

While o'er her brow it seem'd to wander  
 In a slow, curling, calm meander.  
 And 'mid the branches of the tree,      Display'd a misty canopy.  
 For a short time they silent sat, Reflecting on they knew not what ;  
 When 'Squire NED a glass propos'd,  
 And thus his friendly thoughts disclos'd.  
 " His Rev'rence does our counsel crave,  
 And our best counsel he shall have.  
 We know that he has lost his wife ;      And, to renew the happy life  
 Which his connubial state enjoy'd,      His present wishes are employ'd ;  
 And how his loss may be supplied      By finding him another bride,  
 Whose equal virtues may restore      The comforts he enjoys no more.  
 —Among th' unmarried fair we know, And they may be a score or so,  
 Miss MARY CROTCHET strikes my view ;  
 And now, my Cath'rine, what say you ?  
 In all the fine, delightful art,  
 Whose sounds can raise or melt the heart,  
 We know full well the Doctor's skill, And that may win her to his will."  
 MRS. EASY.—" We all admire his manly sense,  
 His learning and his eloquence,  
 His pleasant manners and his wit,      With such a way of using it ;  
 And I should wish to recommend      So rare a husband to my friend :  
 But all these virtues will not do,      'Tis with his music he must woo ;  
 I know his fiddle will do more      Than all his Greek and Latin lore.  
     No, no, he must make love in score ;  
 Nay, whoe'er wins her, it must be      By his deep skill in harmony,  
 And by the power he has to prove,      That music is the food of Love.  
     " There's not an instrument they say,  
     On which Miss Crotchet cannot play,  
 From the low bag-pipe's dismal hum,      To the all-martial kettle-drum :  
 Nay, in every branch of sound,      'Tis said her knowledge is profound.  
 For anything that she may want,      She asks in a Cathedral Chant ;  
 She suits her voice to every key,      And can discharge her nose in C.  
 Though when she lays her music by      To mix with gay society,  
     She's clever, elegant and easy,  
     With manners that are form'd to please ye.  
     Now if this scheme you should approve  
     To forward your designs in love,  
 Believe me, Sir, I'll not neglect      To tell her whom she may expect ;  
 And in the warmest terms commend      The virtues of our valued friend :  
 Though, on reflection, I must own      They cannot be to her unknown.  
     I'm certain, Doctor, there's no danger  
     That she will treat you as a stranger."  
 SYNTAX.—" Well, if I do not gain my ends,  
     It will not be for want of friends,  
 And I must be completely stupid      If I do not find a Cupid  
 To aid me in the various views      Which now my pleasing hopes amuse :  
 For he's an Urchin that escapes      From Cyprian forms to other shapes ;  
 Who, Proteus like, his ends to gain,      Can diff'rent characters sustain.  
     For youth he has the poison'd arrow  
     That makes a bustle in the marrow,

And to the blood conveys the heat  
 That makes the am'rous pulses beat ;  
 Which, with soft langour clothes the eyes,  
 The tongue with vows, the breast with sighs :  
 But for Miss Crotchet I must find      A Cherub of another kind,  
 Who, when he to his call engages      The grave Philosophers and Sages,  
     His garlands are not made of roses,  
     Nor does he scatter fragrant posies,  
     Their beauties with the season's past,  
     Their fragrance is not made to last,  
 But on his sober brow is seen      The lasting wreaths of ever-green.  
     Nay, when he wantons in the gay days  
     Of matrons and of learned ladies,  
 Another character he bears,      And other emblems then he wears.  
 For stocking blue resigns his bow,      And slumbers on a folio.  
     But in that near approaching hour  
     When I behold Miss Crotchet's bower,  
 I must call Cupid, as he chuses      To wanton with the lady Muses,  
 To dip his cup and take his fill      Of the clear Heliconian rill ;  
 And, to possess himself of hearts,      Play on the dulcimer with darts,  
 Or inflict all his secret wounds      By the soul-soothing pow'r of sounds.  
 But I've my doubts, I e'en must own,      Whether the lady may be won  
 By any int'rest I may prove      With this same treach'rous God of Love.  
 But should sage Syntax act the fool      And feel the shafts of ridicule,  
     He will, at least, have done no more  
     Than wiser men have done before ;  
     And when no ill is thought or meant  
     He'll join the laugh—and be content.  
 —To-morrow I shall see again      The bow'ry scenes of *Sommerden*,  
 To pass a grave, reflecting week,      Before I my adventures seek ;  
     Re-tune my voice with fara-diddle,  
     And practise on my welcome fiddle ;  
 I then with spirit shall engage      In matrimonial pilgrimage."  
     As Syntax finish'd his discourse, A friend was seen to quit his horse,  
 And soon BOB SINGLE made his bows      First to the Lady of the house,  
     Who as she did those bows receive,  
     Curtsied in form and took her leave.  
     Then Easy's hand he warmly squeez'd,  
     And Syrtax by both elbows seiz'd ;  
     Nor did the smiling neighbour fail  
     To claim the jug that foam'd with ale.  
     —In lands and woods this 'Squire had clear  
     At least twelve hundred pounds a year,  
 And, in a sober state or mellow,      Was a good-humour'd jovial fellow :  
 Nor had he an unsocial name      But in the article of game :  
 And if he prov'd a vengeful foe,      It was the poachers found him so :  
 For, by foul means to catch a hare,      To ply a net or lay a snare,  
     Was, by this rigid sportsman's reason,  
     Deem'd a dire act of country treason,  
     Which he with more than vengeance due,  
     Call'd the law's rigour to pursue,

And punish'd, in his legal rage,      With cat-o'-nine tails and the cage.  
     —In all those noisy loyal greetings  
     Which are well known at public meetings,  
     He oft was heard to take the lead,  
     Was steady too in thought and deed,  
     Nor did reflection ever balk      A fancy for Stentorian talk :  
 In politics was always hearty,      Nor, for a moment, chang'd his party ;  
     All private, petty views disdain'd,  
     And boldly Freedom's cause maintain'd.  
 BOB, to the middle age of life,      Had made his way without a wife ;  
     Nor ever fail'd, with hackney'd gibe,  
     To rail against the married tribe,  
 And in warm language to prefer      The happier state of Bachelor.  
 Thus when he found the nuptial state      Had been the subject of debate,  
     With blunt remark and oft-told story,  
     BOB SINGLE soon was in his glory ;  
 And with important look, begun      To let his captious accents run.  
     BOB SINGLE.—" I thank my stars that I am free :  
     I was not made for slavery !  
 Pardon me, Doctor, but the Church,      Has never got me in its lurch :  
 I should prefer the hempen string      To licence and a wedding ring.  
 Quiet I love, and that word WIFE      Is but another name for strife ;  
 —Our friend, Ned Easy, I allow,      Is better for the marriage vow ;  
 For fortune somehow, as a whim,      Has work'd a miracle for him.  
 I'm forc'd to own that prizes three,      And rich ones too, I do agree,  
     He's gain'd in Hymen's lottery.  
 But this, I think, or friend or foe,      He is the bravest man I know ;  
     For when I heard what he was doing,  
     I thought him running to his ruin ;  
 I cried have mercy on him Heaven,      And may his folly be forgiven !  
 For travel all the kingdom over,      From the Isle of Sky to Dover,  
 The curious journey would be vain,      In hope to see the like again.  
 —I know you'll argue that a nation      Exists alone by population :  
 That I'll acknowledge to be true,      Though I could add a word or two  
 To what is said by state physicians,      And niddle-noddle politicians,  
 I reason but from what I see,      That more or less, the stern decree  
     Of nuptial bonds is misery.  
 Exceptions, I was taught at school,      Are found to rise from ev'ry rule ;  
     But such exceptions, I could prove,  
     Are rare in Grammar rules of Love.  
     I'm sure that I could name a score,  
     Aye more than that, yes, twenty more,  
     Who in their wives have so miscarried,  
     They scarce have smil'd since they were married.  
 —There's BILLY HUMBLE will not own  
     That he detests his bouncing Joan :  
     How oft that *Ferry Sneak* appears,  
     With smiling face and well pull'd ears,  
 When with soft words and fondling kiss,      He talks of matrimonial bliss ;  
     While all, who know the coward, know  
     He scarce dare look, or speak or go,

But as in form, or mode, or measure,  
 She pleases to make known her pleasure.  
 I saw the booby t'other day      As he was pacing on his way  
 To fetch a doctor for his wife,      Whose illness might affect her life,  
 Nay he insisted he should cry      For a full week, if she should die ;  
 And on this errand full of love,      He went as slow as foot could move.  
 His long, lank face, by home-bred wars,  
 Look'd red with scratches and with scars,  
 Which he with stamm'ring tongue complain'd  
 From his bad razors were sustain'd :  
 I laugh'd to hear his barefac'd tales :—  
 The razors were his spouse's nails."  
 The Doctor now impatient grown,  
 Of all he heard 'bout Jack and Joan ;  
 With grave looks and sarcastic twang,  
 Thus put a stop to Bob's harangue.  
 SYNTAX.—"I've heard these stories o'er and o'er,  
 You know it Bob, and many more ;  
 I wish you'd tell us something new, And what is better, something true :  
 Not this poor cant, so stale, so dull,  
 That may come forth from any scull.  
 Excuse me, but it makes me sick,      Because I think it is a trick,  
 That men the marriage state deride      Some folly of their own to hide,  
 When in a wife they have miscarried,  
 And some low vulgar baggage married ;  
 Some black-ey'd Moll, or rosy Nan,  
 Some priestess of the dripping-pan,  
 To whom malicious Cupid gave,      Such wond'rous powers to enslave,  
 That e'en a 'Squire of good estate      Could not resist his am'rous fate,  
 But still afraid that fate to own,      And bent to keep the rites unknown,  
 He bears disguis'd the sturdy bride,      To secret vales or some moor-side,  
 Where he may to his deary go,      And none the am'rous parley know.  
 Then to delude suspicion's eye      From looking after mystery,  
 His blust'ring censure does not fail      Against the marriage-state to rail;  
 Laughs at all husbands, wives abuses,      And no occasion e'er refuses  
 To treat with scorn the wedded vow,  
 As you, BOB, have been doing now ;  
 Talks all the scandal that he can,      Then steals away to MOLL or NAN,  
 In some sly corner to improve      The unknown joys of wedded love.  
 —Such is the zeal I've known to stir      An unsuspected bachelor,  
 'Till some unlook'd for strange event,      Or from neglect or accident,  
 Or the keen, watchful, prying eye      Of envious curiosity ;  
 Or the good dame's impatient pride  
 To draw the cruel veil aside,      Which did her real station hide,  
 Display'd at length the hidden plan  
 And brought him forth a married man.  
 A nine days' wonder, it is true,      He then appear'd to public view,  
 Join'd in the laugh, left off his prate      Against the matrimonial state,  
 And now of Benedicts is found      The happiest all the country round.  
 —Thus have I known a cunning hen      Leave her domestic, noisy pen,  
 And seek the covert of a bush      Where all was quiet, all was hush,

There lay her eggs, unheard, unseen,  
 Beneath th' o'er-shadowing foliage green,  
 Till in due time the bird appears Cackling aloud her hopes and fears,  
 Around her chirping, flutt'ring, picking,  
 A brood of unsuspected chicken ;  
 Thus to the cot, as 'twere by stealth,  
 Bringing a troop of feather'd wealth.  
 And who can tell, but, some years hence,  
 When time has broken down the fence  
 Of your reluctant awkward shame,  
 Forth from her covert the fair dame,  
 Who dares not yet avow her name,  
 If such an one by chance should be—      Excuse my curiosity—  
 May your long wedded mate appear      With little *Singles* in her rear !  
 Then bells will ring and music play,  
 And all your villagers be gay,      To celebrate your wedding day.  
 Full ten years since the deed was done,  
 When Parson *Slyboots* made you one.  
 How I should joy the day to see  
 When, cur'd of your vain heresy,      You should be Hymen's devotee.  
 I know I've read, but when or where, Needs not at present be my care,  
 And I am ready to allow      Tricks may attend the nuptial vow,  
 That marriage, as by some profess'd,      Is but a money job at best,  
 That cold compliance may be sold,  
 That wav'ring hearts may be controul'd—  
 But love's beyond the price of gold.  
 And now, my jovial, jeering friend,  
 Do to these wholesome truths attend !  
 How great the good were they imprest  
 On early manhood's glowing breast ;  
 And, spite of you, gay noisy trampers,  
 Misses should work them on their samplers.  
 —Those who true love have ever tried,  
 (The common cares of life supplied)  
 No wants endure, no wishes make,      But ev'ry real joy partake :  
 All comfort on themselves depends,  
 They want not power, nor wealth, nor friends :  
 Love then hath ev'ry bliss in store,  
 'Tis friendship, and 'tis something more :  
 Each other ev'ry wish they give ;— Not to know love—is not to live !"  
 Syntax, now smiling, fill'd his glass,  
 Then bade the bright decanter pass,  
 And on the ruby juice intent      Gave this congenial sentiment :  
 " May Hymen with fresh wreaths be crown'd,  
 And fusty bachelors be drown'd !"  
 —BOB's visage gloom'd with discontent,  
 His colour came, his colour went :  
 Whether it was a fancied joke,      Or truth prophetic Syntax spoke,  
 Old faithful Time would not forbear      In its due season to declare ;  
 Cut by Ned Easy it was thought  
 The net was spread, when Bob was caught,



And that a picture had been shown  
 Which conscience told him was his own.  
 "Doctor," he said, "I must agree, You much too learned are for me;"  
 Then fill'd the cup with ample measure,  
 And gave a frown that mark'd displeasure;  
 Pull'd the bell-rope with all his force,  
 And bade the servant bring his horse:  
 But though invited much to stay, He grumbled *No*—and went his way.  
 —Syntax exclaim'd, "O let him pout,  
 I think that we have found him out:  
 O what a bursting of the bubble      To see *Bob Single* carry double!  
 Though now in other view so zealous I warmly hope to hear him tell us,  
 That life no higher joys can prove  
 Than those which flow from wedded love."  
 In friendly chat the evening pass'd,  
 Sleep's balmy season came at last;  
 When *Easy* said, "Here take my hand,  
 My heart, you know, you may command:  
 Such as it is, it ne'er beguiles      With flattery's deceitful smiles.  
 If you return to Keswick's side, With a kind, gracious, pleasing bride,  
 I shall, with truth unfeign'd, rejoice      And loud congratulating voice;  
 But should your varying suits miscarry,  
 Should it not be your lot to marry,  
 And you might sometimes wish to roam From your too solitary home,  
 Here you will find your friend NED EASY,  
 Ready to do his best to please you."  
 —Syntax return'd the grasping fist, And with due grace the lady kiss'd,  
 Then sought the pillow's welcome powers  
 And slept through night's refreshing hours.  
 On the next morning, when the sun      His daily course began to run,  
 The Doctor took an early flight,      In hopes to see his home at night,  
 Up to the hill he now ascends,      Then to the vale his way he bends,  
 Enjoys his meal at mid-day hour      Beneath a cot's inviting bower,  
 O'ershadowed by the mantling vine, And sweet with flow'rs of eglantine.  
 Pregnant with matrimonial dreams,  
 An' ratt'ring fancy's thousand schemes,  
 He had beguil'd      s sultry way,      When, at the misty close of day,  
 He reach'd the door he call'd his own, But sigh'd to find himself alone.  
 Old Marg'ret hop'd that he was come  
 In health and better spirits home;  
 With kind attention did dispose      Her glasses on her peaked nose,  
 To see what signs his features bare      Of calm contentment or of care,  
 But the good dame saw nothing there;  
 No cheerful aspect there was shown, To call forth pleasure on her own.  
 —She told him all the village news, As in his chair he chose to muse;  
 While he laid out where he had been,  
 What he had heard, whom he had seen,  
 And, wheresoe'er his face appear'd,  
 The welcomes which his bosom cheer'd.  
 But now the manor-house was left,  
 And for some months would be bereft

Of those warm friends who never fail'd  
 When his free spirits were assail'd,  
 Since Fate, with Happiness at strife,  
 Had robb'd him of his darling's life,  
 To pour, by ev'ry friendly art, The balm of comfort in his heart.  
 Thus while Madge sought his night's regale,  
 With soothing pipe and sparkling ale,  
 "O it will never do!" he said, "The social power must be obey'd;  
 Such joy to hear a female tone, I'll marry—I'll not live alone:  
 I'd sooner wed the first I see, Than live in taciturnity.  
 Though old and ugly she should be, I will begin th' important tour,  
 Nay, ere another week is o'er, 'Till I have found another wife!"  
 Nor e'er return, if I have life,

## CANTO II.

WHAT is a Coxcomb?—'tis a fellow A kind of dashing Punchinello.  
 That does his best attractions owe To glitter and to outward show!  
 Nor is it to the form confin'd, For there are Coxcombs of the mind,  
 And, perhaps, fairest ridicule Rests with a better right and rule  
 Where the young man, just come from college,  
 With slight bespatterings of knowledge,  
 Does the grave attention claim, That's due alone to learning's name;  
 Than where he in life's early vigour,  
 With glowing cheek and striking figure,  
 And all those spirits that give wing To the blooming hours of spring,  
 Asks of vain Fashion's various art Those gay attractions to impart;  
 Those trappings of exterior show,  
 Which catch the eye and form the beau.  
 —The real worth, the sterling good, Require, to be well understood,  
 Reason, reflection, piercing sense, And, above all, experience;  
 While what the surface may display To gen'ral gaze, in open day,  
 Claims little but to see and hear, A ready eye, an open ear.  
 Syntax well knew that what gave birth  
 To knowledge and to inbred worth  
 He could unfold with sure reliance, And set all doubtings at defiance,  
 Nor did he fear a search to stir In quest of real character;  
 But still he thought that something more  
 Than moral charms and learned lore,  
 Something that's sprightly, gay, gallant,  
 Must deck his journey militant:  
 "For," he exclaim'd, "in this same Tour  
 I do foresee, nay I am sure, What obstacles I shall endure!  
 I almost tremble to recount them,  
 But then how glorious to surmount them.  
 I must a diff'rent course pursue From all that I've been us'd to do;  
 My habits I must lay aside, And cocker up my mind with pride;  
 Feed my calm fancy with a treat Of what the world may term conceit;  
 For I shall never gain my ends, With all the flattery of friends,  
 Unless I mend my awkward paces And gain the favour of the Graces,

In common visits I could do, But I'm to visit and to woo :  
 I may my flatt'ring unction ply To please a lady's vanity ;  
 But then do I possess the art To play the humbug with the heart ?  
 "The Dame who 'midst the fragrance lives,  
 That her conservatory gives,  
 Will ne'er allow tobacco's fume To vapour in her drawing-room :  
 I fear Ma'am Tulip, whose fine eyes Are us'd to nature's richest dyes,  
 Which, from the morn to night, she sees  
 On flow'rs and plants, on shrubs and trees,  
 May with a sudden shriek start back  
 When she beholds my dingy black :  
 My speech then must be rich with flowers, As her own aromatic bowers ;  
 And I must bow and I must bend, Ere to her favour I pretend ;  
 And I must tell her she's as fair As any of her lilies are.  
 If I should dare to snatch a kiss, While I taste th' ambrosial bliss,  
 The loves to which the plants are prone,  
 And Dr. Darwin's verse has shown, I must implore to be her own :  
 I must implore to let me hope That I may be her Heliotrope,  
 And in return that she may be A smiling Heliotrope to me.  
 But I must never say or sing That the fine season is the spring ;  
 Though after all, I fear she'll find That I have left May-day behind ;  
 That I am, what she does not want, A stout, tho' but autumnal plant ;  
 And much I fear I shall not prove That autumn is the time for love :  
 However I will do my best And to my stars must leave the rest.  
 "Still, on my way new doubts, I find,  
 Are ever springing in my mind :  
 Whether with comment or with text, I feel how I shall be perplex'd,  
 Whene'er the learned dame I see, The mirror of philology.  
 She has just pass'd the spring of life ; So far she'll suit me as a wife ;  
 But to my hopes O what a blow If I should dare to tell her so !  
 For 'tis her wish, as it appears, To sink at least some saucy years,  
 And therefore *beautiful and young* Must be familiar to my tongue !  
 For surely I've too much discerning,  
 If I should think mere praise for learning  
 Would bribe her glowing heart's consent,  
 However deck'd with compliment :  
 If I could brush up to her door With liv'ried train and coach-and-four  
 I then of love might truly speak, And tell my Cyprian tales in Greek.—  
 But much I fear my simple guise, Will not attract the widow's eyes ;  
 The way to favour I must find By the exertions of the mind,  
 And by the sentimental art Make out a passage to her heart.  
 And if I can the way discover To be just smil'd on as a lover,  
 I'll treat this *Lady Omicron* With *Ovid* and *Anacreon*,  
 And by those am'rous poets' fire, I may her classic warmth inspire :  
 Ill-fortune then alone will hinder My scatt'ring sparks upon her tinder ;  
 And waking feelings which may move Her bosom to contemplate love.  
 "As to Miss CROCHET, I must try To work her into harmony.  
 The poet and historian tells Music, that by its powerful spells,  
 Has been a source of miracles :  
 And I may hope, without much stir, To work a miracle on her,  
 If such it be, by music's art To tickle an old maiden's heart,

—At all events I'll be as fine      As doth become a sound divine ;  
 New clad, new hatted and new wigg'd,      With all becoming order rigg'd,  
 In that due figure to appear      Which suits the views of this career,  
 Whose final hist'ry will display      The colour of my future day."

Thus did he reason, thus he thought,  
 Then into use his fiddle brought,  
 And all his tender, melting airs      To win Miss *Crotchet* he prepares ;  
 Then turns at times his curious eye      To scientific botany,  
 Which might prepare him for his call      And welcome kind at Tulip-Hall ;  
 And thus by various means improve  
 The ways he plann'd of making love.

In the mean time he stroll'd about,      At farm or cot popp'd in and out,  
 And, with kind condescending glee,  
 Chatted with those he chanc'd to see.  
 One morn, as in the church-yard walking,  
 He to himself was calmly talking,  
 While Mat, the Sexton, sung a stave,      Half in and half out of a grave ;  
 He was saluted by a dame,      And Cath'rine Horner was her name ;  
 On whom, long past her early youth,  
 Old Time had work'd with rankling tooth :  
 Her wrinkled cheeks, so lank and dry,  
 Form'd channels for each wat'ry eye,  
 And on her chin the curling hair      Was thinly sprinkled here and there.  
 With age she was completely shent,  
 Her knees with tott'ring weakness bent,  
 And on a young man's arm she leant ;  
 When thus she to the Doctor spoke,  
 In tones between a squeak and croak :  
 "I hope my suit may not miscarry ;      I am to ask you, Sir, to marry."  
 His Rev'rence then, with scornful eye,      Began this curious colloquy.

SYNTAX.—"To marry?—whom? you doting fool !  
 What's got into your brainless scull?"  
 Th' old woman, striving to display      A bashful look, begg'd leave to say  
 "I meant not, Sir, to give offence      Unto your honour's reverence :  
 I mean no harm as I can see,      When I ask *you* to marry *me*."—

Now Syntax, had he seen a ghost,  
 Could not have look'd more terror-crost,  
 "What means the witch?" he stamping said,  
 "Or has your old age turn'd your head?"  
 M. H. "I've reach'd, 'tis true, my latter season,  
 But still, I hope, I've kept my reason ;  
 I cannot be an idle prater,      If I but seek to follow nature ;  
 I only wish you'd marry me      To the young man whom here you see ;  
 And I declare as I'm alive,      I was last week but sixty-five.  
 I know I ne'er was much a beauty,      But honest Jack will do his duty ;  
 And why should I withhold consent,      If I'm well-pleas'd, and he's content?  
 I know that many silly folk      Will turn grave things into a joke,  
 But where's the joke in this connection?  
 He gains support, I gain protection ;  
 And let them laugh, when they shall see  
 That he has made a fool of me.

The girls may scoff, but they'd be glad  
To have for sweethearts such a lad.  
If I told all that I could tell"—

SYNTAX.—"If you were quiet, 'twere as well.

Sexton, I now must trust to you      What with these people I'm to do."

SEXTON.—"An' please you, Sir, I know the story

Of this same pair who stand before you :

And though I feel I am but dull—      One is a knave and one's a fool :  
Her cottage, that's by yonder wall,      He wishes to be his—that's all.

Besides 'tis known that Mother Horner

Has gold and notes in some sly corner,

And when that he has nos'd them out,

The Raff will make them fly about :

Though young he is a sorry sot,      Her little all will go to pot ;

If he's permitted to deceive her      He soon will to the parish leave her.

I know the boy from five years old,      Saucy and impudent and bold :

When than that stone he was not higher

He was a most notorious liar ;

And I must own I should be loth      To take his word upon his oath :

This leg of mine 'gainst that dead bone

I'll lay, that he's not twenty-one.

Always so wicked, and so wild,      'Tis said he's Farmer Fatgut's child,

For he maintain'd him while he liv'd,

And his tricks oft the old man griev'd.

He has been caught in laying snares

For catching 'Squire Worthy's hares,

And now with artful, am'rous fuss,      He's laid a snare for that old puss ;

And, if not stopp'd in what he's doing,

He'll lead the old fool to her ruin ;

For if he could, ne'er mind the sin,      He'd eat her flesh and sell her skin."

Again the old dame rais'd her voice,

"Pray," said the Doctor, "cease your noise,

Or else I fear you'll wake the dead,

Beneath the ground whereon you tread."

The Sexton once more stopp'd his trade,

And spoke while resting on his spade :

"Your Rev'rence, please you, need not fear,

She'll recollect who's sleeping here :

'Twas one who gave her many a thwacking,

To punish her foul tongue for clacking.

Persuade her that her tongue would wake

Old Simon, and she ne'er would speak.

I knew old Simon Horner well,      I dug his grave, I rung his knell,

Nay, well I know this is the spot      Where his remains were left to rot ;

And I do think, or I'm a fool,      That this is honest Simon's scull ;

And while I'm shov'ling 'mong these stones,

I bring to light his mould'ring bones.

Look dame and see how he is grinning,

To keep his wanton rib from sinning."

"Have done," the Doctor said, "have done,

Matthew this is too solemn fun ;

If she will wed, why I must wed her, And let deriding folly bed her.  
I cannot marry them to-day, So quickly send them both away."

—Jack made appearance to resist,  
Clench'd both his hands and shew'd his fist,  
When the bold grave-man, at the meeting,  
Gave the rude clown so sound a beating  
That he forsook his hop'd-for bride,  
While with his spade the conq'r'or plied,  
Stroke after stroke, the seat of shame,  
Which blushing Muses never name,  
And drove him bellowing as he fled, From out the region of the dead.  
Th' affrighted dame, pale and down-hearted,  
To find that she was thus deserted,  
Mutt'ring revenge, and swearing too,  
Which she was sometimes apt to do,  
While hobbling o'er sepulchral stones,  
Was pelted by her husband's bones,  
And Matthew chose to let her know  
Whose bones they were at ev'ry throw.  
And thus she pass'd amid the jeer Of all who were assembled there,  
'Till of her cot she turn'd the latch And sought the shelter of her thatch.  
Syntax, half smiling, said, "This tale  
Will long be echoed through the vale;  
And many here will lie and rot  
Before the story is forgot."

Time passes on, whate'er our schemes,  
Our waking or our sleeping dreams,  
Whether life's pleasure or its pain Join in our course or form the train;  
And it ran on until the hour Call'd Syntax to th' appointed Tour:  
Nor had he ever yet been seen As to outward form and mien,  
In all that gives exterior show, So near what might be styl'd a beau,  
As when he bade his home adieu With one great object in his view,  
To take for better or for worse Heav'n's best of gifts or direst curse,  
Which adds a smile or frown to life, In the fix'd image of a WIFE.  
All things were in fit style prepar'd,  
With his known valet for his guard:  
Well-curried Punch the Doctor bore,  
Which PAT bestrode in former Tour;  
While he a farmer's gelding rode, Of strength to bear the weighty load:  
For prancing Phillis now was gone To canter through a honey-moon;  
And Syntax hop'd to see the day  
When Punch would trot the self-same way.  
—The journey's secret had been kept,  
And while each curious tattler slept,  
At early dawn, in tranquil state, The Doctor pass'd the village gate,  
Look'd cheerful, nay, seem'd quite delighted,  
In hope his pains would be requited.  
In our life's chase what various game  
Becomes the mortal huntsman's aim!  
And then, with what discordant views He that variety pursues!  
They, who with independence bless'd,  
And by no urgent wants oppress'd,



Who range at large and unconfin'd, Free as the impulse of the wind,  
 Are often driven to and fro By the various gusts that blow,  
 Unless calm reason checks her force  
 And keeps them in their steady course.  
 The passions are of life the gales;  
 Then keep the helm and watch the sails,  
 And with a clear and steady eye Look to the haven where you lie.  
 "Nay ought I not," thought our Divine,  
 "To look to that which may be mine?"  
 It seems, indeed, a pretty port, Where Cupid may, perhaps, resort,  
 And learning with the Graces three Is said to live in harmony;  
 And who knows it may be my fate  
 To nestle there and change my state!  
 Its Mistress I've ne'er chanc'd to see,  
 Nor have her eyes e'er look'd on me, Or my originality.  
 It is not that my form pretends To dash at matrimonial ends;  
 'Tis by my tongue I must succeed,  
 'Tis that must do th' important deed:  
 I must depend on classic vigour To give allurements to my figure;  
 And, watching her coquettish art, Make my way boldly to her heart.  
 'Tis not by canting or by whining, Or a long course of undermining,  
 That this fine fort can be obtain'd; By sudden storm it must be gain'd.  
 Throw out false colours to her eye, By weavings fine of flattery;  
 That she those weaker parts may show  
 Which will not stand a sudden blow.  
 If thus my powers should succeed 'Twill be a more than glorious deed.  
 And if I fail 'twill be no more Than many a one has done before:  
 E'en heroes of the first renown, Have had their hopes all tumbled down,  
 But then they did not strive in vain Bravely to build them up again,  
 While persevering arduous bless Their final darings with success.  
 Thus cheer'd by hope, my prospect's fair,  
 But for struggles I prepare, I snap my fingers at despair.  
 Of these so tempting fair-ones three One will be full enough for me;  
 And my work must be idly done If I do not secure that one—  
 And if dispos'd to be as kind As the old dame I left behind:  
 If I could find a Widow Horner Wealthy and willing in a corner,  
 Well-looking and dispos'd to cooing; O it would save a world of wooing!  
 And then I should re-visit home Without another wish to roam.  
 Thus half in earnest, half in joke,  
 He in soft, mutt'ring whispers spoke.  
 —Of saunt'ring folk he would enquire The name of ev'ry village spire,  
 Who was the Parson, who the 'Squire;  
 Whether the one his virtues prov'd  
 By such good deeds as made him lov'd,  
 And if the other did excel In the first art of preaching well.  
 Nor did he ever fail to speak With those he chanc'd to overtake;  
 And even had they nought to say He was as well content as they;  
 So that they did well-pleas'd appear, And give his words a listening ear.  
 'Twas thus he fail'd not to beguile With pleasant chat the ling'ring mile.  
 Phœbus his course had almost run,  
 And soon would put his night-cap on,

\* The c  
 apoused, i

Thus to prepare him for his nap      On the soft down of Thetis' lap  
 When the embower'd spot was seen  
 Of which Ma'am *Omicron* was Queen.

—A chance companion on the road, Who liv'd not far from her abode,  
 And happ'd to know the Doctor well,  
 Propos'd her mode of life to tell.

The Doctor too was glad to hear,      And op'd an interested ear  
 "In this fair Lady are combin'd The beauties of the form and mind.  
 She's rich withal and has withstood Five years of tempting widowhood,  
 When many a suitor, but in vain,      Has strove her favour to obtain,

The soldier bold, the dashing squire,  
 Have hop'd to wake the amorous fire ;  
 Beaux of various sorts and size      Have thought to bear away the prize ;  
 But she, as it is said, has sworn      She ne'er to Hymen would return,  
 Unless the saffron-mantled power Would join her in his roseate bower,  
 To one with ancient learning fraught,  
 With all that modern science taught,

And in whose talents might be trac'd The seeds of genius and of taste.  
 For one endued with such a mind      She'd leave exterior grace behind :  
 A scholar and a virtuous sage,      Whate'er his shape, whate'er his age,  
 Would her discerning heart engage.

A witty, a deformed *Scarron*      She would prefer, like *Maintenon*,\*  
 To all that superficial race      Who know no charm beyond the face

And are enchanted by the plume  
 That waves in fashion's drawing-room."

Syntax this question then preferr'd :

"Think you that she will keep her word ?"

When he was answer'd frank and free,

As such enquiries ought to be :

"My understanding's too refin'd      To fathom a fine Lady's mind,  
 I cannot know and do not care      What whimsies may be passing there,  
 For my best half doth never own      A thought that is to me unknown.  
 A fond and amiable she,      As frank as honest heart can be ;—

But hear the best authority.

—The Widow's Rector oft displays

His thoughts of what she does and says,

And he is known, I believe, to shine      As a sagacious, learn'd divine.  
 He has free entrance at the Hall,      Whenever he is pleas'd to call,

Though I've been told it is but rare      He's known to pay his visits there,  
 For when she's in a certain whim

She strives to play some trick with him.

—He says he's sure she will not stray      From virtue's fair and open way,  
 Nor that she e'er will give offence      To the mind's purest innocence :

But she's as lightsome as a fairy      In pranks and whimsical vagary :  
 As a coquette she daily dances,      Then gratifies blue stocking fancies ;

To-day, to deck her charms inclin'd,      To-morrow to enrich her mind ;

Nay, 'mong the *Jacks*, the *Dicks*, the *Harrys*,

'Twill not surprise him if she marries,

\* The celebrated *Madame de Maintenon*, afterwards the secret wife of Louis XIV, espoused, in the bloom of her beauty, the infirm and deformed, but eminently witty *Scarron*.

If she chuse one of science full,                      Or one impenetrably dull,  
 Some grave man for his sterling sense,            Or parson for his eloquence :  
     Nor would he wonder, if through life  
     She ne'er renew'd the name of wife.  
 And now, Sir, you may form a notion  
 Of Madam *Omicron's* promotion."  
     It must be own'd that all this news  
     To Syntax was of sovereign use,  
 To shape the plans he had in view,            Inform him what he had to do,  
     And how and in what way to woo.  
 --Thus arm'd, he sent Pat on before,  
 T' announce his coming at the door,  
 Where Madam O——, with smiling face,  
 And the most condescending grace,  
 Gave her best welcome to the cot,            Which was her philosophic lot,  
     For such she's named the charming spot.  
     The walls were festoon'd o'er with flowers,  
     Here winged boys and there the hours  
 Floated along in airy ease,            The surface of the lengthen'd frieze ;  
 And all around he seem'd to see            Some well-dress'd Pagan Deity.  
 She plac'd him in a satin chair,            'Tween MERCURY and JUPITER,  
 And plac'd a stool with fruitage drest    On which his either foot to rest.  
 —Thus seated with the Olympic folk,    Syntax began to scent a joke ;  
     And, fitting their forms to his own,  
     Doubted if he should smile or frown.  
     "If this," he thought, "be classic fun,  
     I'll gravely wait what's to be done :  
 If of the scene I am the jest            I'll work my way and act my best."  
     The Doctor felt that his queer phiz  
     Was such as might invite a quiz ;  
 For, right or wrong, he seem'd to see            Quizzing was her propensity.  
 At all points therefore he prepar'd            To keep himself upon his guard,  
 In *jesting* to give joke for joke,            If it were *wit*, give stroke for stroke ;  
 If learning he were call'd to ply,            To mix it up with flattery,  
 And cull from poets and from sages            The gallantries of former ages.  
     An antique tripod now appear'd    Upon three grinning Satyrs rear'd,  
 And at each corner there was wrought    The visage of a bearded goat ;  
 The basins which contain'd the tea            Show'd ornamental sympathy,  
     For they shone bright with golden darts,  
     The cakes too bore the form of hearts,  
 While the dark vase that held the cream    Did the Etruscan fabric seem.  
     —And now a glove the Widow dropp'd  
     When up in haste the Doctor popp'd,  
 To give back with an eager grace,            The fallen trine to its place ;  
     When the stool tripp'd, and threw him o'er  
     In sprawling length along the floor :  
 The tripod also sought the ground,            The goats and satyrs lay around,  
 And china's broken forms display'd    The ruin which his fall had made,  
     Ma'am to the bell plied such a stroke  
     That the rich silken cordage broke,  
     And pale-fac'd maids came rushing in

To know what caus'd the mighty din.  
 The Doctor rose, confus'd; amaz'd,      And on the shatter'd ruins gaz'd,  
 When he exclaim'd, "The best design  
 Doth often meet a fate like mine!"  
 But soon the sage was kindly greeted And soft consoling words repeated.  
 "O be not at this bustle griev'd      If you no mischief have receiv'd,  
 If safe in hand, if safe in arm,      Let not your looks express alarm;  
 O never, never mind the rest,      And be not, Doctor, so distrest!  
 Genius does awkward things they say—  
 I'm doing them, aye, ev'ry day:  
 And, when that you shall know me better,  
 You'll find in me, Sir, *à la lettre*,  
 What POPE so honours with applause,  
 That temper which, whate'er the cause,  
 Ne'er makes complaints, nor frowns, nor squalls,  
 E'en though the fav'rite china falls.  
 But to dispel your startled care,      In the next room we'll seek a chair,  
 And Bacchus' self shall meet you there."  
 "—A chair," said Syntax, "by your leave,  
 I will with your commands receive,  
 But, please you, I'll excuse the stool  
 Which caus'd me thus to play the fool,  
 Unless you can procure me one      To mourn the mischief I have done;  
 Where I may seat me and repent,      In form of awkward penitent."  
 —The Dame exclaim'd, with uplift eye,      As if in rapt'rous extacy,  
 "O bravo, Doctor! O what a wit!  
 How nicely too you manage it!  
 All the best china I've in store  
 I'd willing see upon the floor;  
 O it would be a trifling price  
 To make the paltry sacrifice,  
 If but my fancy would take wing,      And make me say so good a thing!  
 But wit like yours is never taught,  
 Nor can with power of gold be bought;  
 'Tis genius, or the happiest nature,      That of this gift is the creator;  
 But she forgot as you may see,      To give th' awak'ning charm to me.  
 Hence 'twould be venial if from you      I could purloin a flash or two,  
 To keep for use and lively play,      Upon some chosen, gawdy day."  
 That quiet spirit call'd self love,      So apt the human breast to move,  
 Began a little place to find      Within the Doctor's wav'ring mind;  
 And, if it did not turn them out, Was prone to calm each rising doubt;  
 While the warm sense of conscious pride  
 Inclin'd him to the flatt'ring side  
 Of what the smiling widow spoke,      Whether in earnest or in joke.  
 He now a sofa's corner grac'd,  
 On the same seat the Dame was plac'd,  
 Though to some distance she retir'd,  
 As chaste, decorous form requir'd.  
 In gilded frame there hung between,  
 From Titian's hand, a fav'rite scene,  
 Where young Adonis did appear;—  
 A boar's head crown'd the pointed spear,  
 While 'neath the silken folds behind      The doting Venus lay reclin'd.  
 The lady cast her eyes above      As if she view'd the Queen of Love,

Then to her side a look she threw,  
 Where she had Syntax in her view ;  
 But it was rather to explore      The heads of Syntax and the boar,  
 When whim endeavour'd, if it could,      To find out some similitude,  
 While her gay fancy strove to rig      The beast's head in a parson's wig.  
 —Some little chit-chat 'bout the arts, But not a word as yet of *Hearts*,  
     Of ling'ring time fill'd up the measure,  
     'Till supper waited Madam's pleasure,  
 Which was in tasteful order set      In an adjoining cabinet,  
 Whose classic paintings like the rest,      The genius of the place confest.  
 —Two Bacchanalian infants lay      Upon a tiger's skin at play,  
     Beneath an overshadowing vine  
     Around the elm whose branches twine,  
 And purple clusters hang between      To give a richness to the scene ;  
 While views of wood and water-fall      Are scatter'd o'er the crimson wall:  
 But Syntax look'd to satisfy      His palate rather than his eye,  
 And that eye was dispos'd to stare      When it beheld the bill of fare.  
     One dish a single pigeon grac'd,  
 On t'other side three larks were plac'd ;  
 A tart, about two inches square,      Cut out and fashion'd like a star,  
     Potatoes two, most nicely roasted,  
     The produce which her garden boasted,  
 And in the midst, the eye to please,      A milk-white Lilliputian cheese,  
 Were all arrang'd in order due,      And look'd so pretty to the view.  
     The Doctor, who so long had fasted,  
     Nor since 'twas noon a morsel tasted,  
 Besides he had kick'd down his tea,      Beheld this festive symmetry  
     Deck'd out in all the simple cost  
     That Wedgwood's pottery could boast,  
 In hungry fury, almost able      With the scant meal to eat the table :  
     Nay, while the puny bits she carv'd,  
     Poor Syntax fear'd he should be starv'd.  
     The wine was call'd, the summons cheer'd  
     His spirits till the wine appear'd.  
 Two minniken decanters shone      Like twenty prisms form'd into one ;  
     Nay, with such lustre did they shine,  
     The eye could scarce discern the wine,  
 And quite perplex'd his eager sight,      To know if it were red or white.  
     The Hostess fill'd her ready glass,  
     And did the health to Syntax pass :  
 It held what might just wet her lip,      But was not large enough to sip.  
     Then, with *Bon Soir* ! her guest was greeted,  
     And he the sleepy toast repeated :  
 But the cheering hopes were o'er,      The gay decanters held no more  
     " I'm tir'd with our sheep-shearing feast,"  
     She said, " and long for balmy rest.  
 Hence, Sir, you will excuse my dress, As I've just been a shepherdess,  
 And therefore suited my array      To the employment of the day :  
 To morrow I'll put on my best      In honour of my honour'd guest."  
     She order'd then her chamber light,  
     Wish'd calm repose and bade good night.



The Doctor follow'd in high dudgeon,  
 At having been so tame a gudgeon ;  
 Hungry and sore with discontent, He grow'd and mutter'd as he went,  
 "Of starving jokes, I'll make her sick,  
 And faith I'll play her trick for trick,  
 Before to-morrow's course is run, I will return her fun for fun :  
 And may my hopes all go to pot, If my resentment is forgot !"

Poor anxious Pat begg'd leave to know  
 What seem'd to plague his Rev'rence so :  
 Nor did his kind enquiries fail Of hearing the droll, starving tale.  
 "'Tis strange," he in his way replied,  
 "For I, Sir, thought I should have died,  
 Of roast and boil'd, of bak'd and fried :  
 Not such a kitchen one in twenty, So cramm'd with overflowing plenty.  
 But just permit me to observe, Your Rev'rence surely need not starve ;  
 You may defy, though you've forgot, The utmost spite of spit and pot ;  
 For safe within your great-coat pocket,  
 As big as any two pound rocket,  
 A fine Bologna is well-stow'd By way of prog upon the road ;  
 And many a biscuit too pack'd up,  
 On which your Rev'rence now may sup,  
 Nor do I think that I shall fail To get a jug of foaming ale."

He said, and soon the ale appear'd,  
 The sight the Doctor's spirits cheer'd,  
 And to complete his well-laid plot, A nice clean pipe he also got ;  
 Nay more, some high-dried weed he brought,  
 Without which pipes are good for nought.  
 The sausage gave its poignant slice, The biscuit too was very nice ;  
 He gave a whiff, the ale he quaff'd,  
 And at the Widow's banquet laugh'd :  
 The feast, which mov'd his humble pride,  
 Now shook with mirth his aching side.  
 Thus with these means of consolation,  
 And cure of thought that brings vexation,  
 Syntax dismiss'd his faithful valet To snore the night out on his pallet ;  
 While in arm-chair, with half shut eye, He spoke a brief soliloquy :  
 "Thou welcome tube, to whom belongs  
 To make the mind forget her wrongs,  
 Thou bid'st my keen resentment cease  
 And yield to harmony and peace !  
 The Widow's mischief now is o'er, And I shall frown and fret no more,  
 But arm myself with watchful care, To fall into no other snare :  
 Nay, if her genius should succeed, I'll bid good humour meet the deed ;  
 And let her frolic and her joke—  
 If she must have them—end in *Smoke* !"

At length he felt 'twas time to rest,  
 And Morpheus claim'd him as his guest,  
 When in due time, refresh'd and gay, He hail'd the promise of the day,  
 And in the book-room was display'd The luxury of breakfast laid.  
 His eyes now joyous wander'd o'er The contrast of the night before :  
 The tea in fragrant fumes ascends, The sister coffee too attends,



While many a smoking cake appears  
 In butter sous'd o'er head and ears ;  
 Boil'd eggs, slic'd beef and dainty chicken  
 Invite him to more solid picking,  
 While honey of delicious taste, Adds sweetness to the morn's repast.  
 But Syntax here was all alone, For Madam did not rise till noon ;  
 So that there were no forms to tease him,  
 And he could take whate'er might please him :  
 Nor did he the free choice refuse,  
 He pleas'd his taste, he read the news,  
 Then search'd the well-rang'd shelves, to find  
 A classic breakfast for his mind.  
 He now took Ovid and Lucretius To con o'er what those poets teach us,  
 That if he should be left alone With this same Madam Omicron,  
 He might th' important question move, Of the Philosophy of Love ;  
 And find, at least, how all things stood ;  
 If with success she might be woo'd,  
 Or, as he thought, if he should be A play-game to her vanity :  
 Though, if her fancy should not chuse him,  
 Her fine vagaries might amuse him,  
 At all events, he was prepar'd To take what fortune should award.  
 The Dame, howe'er, he did not see  
 'Till the house-clock had sounded three.  
 She now appear'd in all the pride Of figure and of ton beside :  
 Her form was fine, for plastic Nature  
 Had work'd with pleasure on her stature.  
 Of those bright, heav'nly rivals three, Who call'd on Paris to decree  
 The envied apple, form'd of gold,  
 The Dame seem'd cast in Juno's mould,  
 To whom 'tis by the poets given  
 To wear the breeches e'en in Heaven ;  
 And Madam, as her neighbours sing,  
 Would do on earth the self-same thing.  
 Grand, full of animated grace, The chasten'd smile play'd on her face,  
 And though old Time, that scurvy fellow,  
 Had brought her to be more than mellow ;  
 Yet taste and art contriv'd to shade  
 The inroads which his hand had made.  
 The Doctor view'd her to and fro ; And eyed her form from top to toe,  
 Transfix'd he stood by wild surprize  
 Told by his tongue and by his eyes,  
 And stammer'd, for he scarce could speak,  
 A line in Latin, then in Greek ;  
 Nay told her that she rivall'd Eve,  
 Who did from Milton's strains receive  
 That praise which dwells on every tongue,  
 And has by many a Muse been sung.  
 The thought with flatt'ring brilliance shone,  
 And more than pleas'd Ma'am Omicron :  
 For though each self-prevailing thought  
 Was with a lurking laughter fraught,

Yet her heart aim'd not at concealing  
 A pleasure at the Doctor's feeling ;  
 Who, from his lips as well as eye,      Gave fuel to her vanity.  
 Her thanks with so much grace were given,  
 That Syntax seem'd half-way to Heaven ;  
 Nay, his heart beat with such delight,  
 He fancied he had got there quite.  
 She now propos'd a garden walk      Where, in some sentimental talk  
 They might the sun-shine hours consume,  
 'Till summon'd to the eating-room.  
 "—O plaintive Hammond, how he shines,"  
 Said Syntax, "in these charming lines !  
 "How sweet to wind along the cool retreat  
 To look and gaze on Delia as 'I go ;  
 To mingle sweet discourse with kisses sweet  
 And teach my lovely scholar all I know !"

She bow'd, and with a side-long glance,  
 Threw the poor Doctor in a trance,  
 In which he felt strong inclination  
 To hint at Love's o'ercoming passion ;  
 But still he felt afraid to stir,      'Till he receiv'd a hint from her.  
 They gain'd the slope, they sought the glade,  
 Or, seated 'neath the beechen shade,  
 They search'd those principles of taste,  
 Which to Elysium turn the waste ;  
 Here make the crystal waters flow,  
 Or dash from heights on rocks below,      And there erect the portico ;  
 Or column raise, or sink the grot,      But ne'er let nature be forgot.  
 Through fragrant shrubberies they rove,  
 But not a word was said of Love,  
 'Till they approach a basin's side,      In whose transparent waters glide  
 The fish, who their bright forms display'd  
 In gold and silver scales array'd.  
 "I do not as Narcissus did,      Of whom in classic tale we read,"  
 Syntax exclaim'd, with fond delight,      "I view not in the mirror bright  
 My meagre self ; a form divine      Does in the liquid crystal shine.  
 Ah, Lady, and I feel it true,      The shadow steals its charms from you !  
 Here would it stay when you were gone,  
 And thus be seen when you are flown,  
 Here would I ask a cot, and gaze  
 Through the bless'd remnant of my days."  
 But on the vision too intent,      O'er the green brink he fondly bent,  
 And sudden dash'd into the water,  
 While Ma'am ran off to hide her laughter,  
 And send her household to await      The Doctor in his dripping state :  
 But the mirror was so shallow      There was not room to sink or wallow ;  
 And without aid he soon was seen      Shaking his wet legs on the green :  
 But Pat his ready help applied,  
 And soon each moisten'd part was dried.  
 The dinner was a plenteous feast      Where ev'ry varying dish was best,  
 And Bacchus in the realms above      Ne'er furnish'd better wine for Jove.

Thus when he had his fill of both And all was mov'd off with the cloth,  
Thought Syntax, "I'm not such a fool To let a dip my courage cool ;  
Besides, with Heaven's own vintage warm'd,  
I feel that I am doubly arm'd,

And will not any longer wait, To try my chance and know my fate."  
But while he his best looks prepar'd To see what fortune might award,  
He was address'd in gentle tone, And ask'd by Mrs. Omicron,  
If by his logic he could prove Where was the real seat of Love ;  
She begg'd that philosophic spirit, Which Fame allow'd him to inherit,  
To fix and settle her opinion As to its rights and its dominion.

—This was the topic which he sought  
And such the doctrine which he taught.

"—*Lucretius*, now before me, says (A poet whom all lovers praise)  
That love is seated in the liver,  
That there the BOY exhausts his quiver ;

While *Ovid* sings it is the heart In which he aims to dip his dart :  
For me I know not how to trace it  
Unless 'tis where you chuse to place it."

"Pooh ! pooh !" she said, "I'm grown so stupid,  
As to forget the laws of Cupid ;

Nay, having lov'd a husband once, I am become so great a dunce,  
That now I think 'twould be in vain, Howe'er I strove—to love again."  
"Nonsense !" th' enliven'd sage replied,

"Take my experience for your guide :

No greater weakness than to mourn And weep beside a husband's urn :  
Believe me 'tis an idle whim When you've your duty done to him,  
Not such an useless grief to smother And do that duty to another.

Still, while the form of beauty lives,  
And the cheeks' roseate glow survives :

While sympathetic feelings warm, And hope and fear may wake alarm,  
It is the sober call of reason To cull the fruitage of the season,  
To love again, again to coo, And wed—as you and I might do."

He paus'd—a willing ear he lent To hear his hope's accomplishment,  
But Ma'am said *nought*—though that's *consent*,

He thought, if but the adage old Does a decided truth unfold ;  
At least he chose thus to infer And be self-love's interpreter :

Though soon this charm the lady broke,  
And thus with serious aspect spoke.

"The dream in which your fancies shine  
Will never be a dream of mine,

No ne'er again my heart will prove The pleasures or the pains of love ;  
Whether 'tis in the heart or liver, I defy Cupid and his quiver,

Though I may not disdain the hour  
Which bears me into Hymen's bower,

But then it will be reason's care To lead me as a votary there ;  
And all that I shall look to find Will be the husband of my mind.

Or be he fat, or be he thin, Whether his long and pointed chin  
Appears as if it meant to rest Upon the cushion of his chest,

Or if his prolonged nose

Should guard his grinning mouth from blows,

Whether the one or t'other eye Or both indeed should look awry,

I care not—'tis his sense refin'd,      And chaste decorums of the mind,  
Which will my inclinations move      To join in pure seraphic love."  
The Doctor wonder'd at the whim,      But it might be a hint to him ;  
So, on his steady purpose bent,      He still pursued his argument.  
—He reason'd long, he reason'd deep,      He reason'd till she fell asleep :

He saw indeed her eyes were clos'd,  
Though he ne'er fancied that she dos'd,  
But thought she took this blindfold course  
To give attention greater force.

The tea and rattling china's sound,  
Now 'woke her from her sleep profound ;

But 'twas again to hear him prove,  
What ancient bards had sung of love,

And what philosophers had wrote,  
He did not fail with warmth to quote :

The subject was not of her chusing,  
But still she found the sage amusing :

Science and wit he did combine,      'Till the turret-clock struck nine,  
When there appear'd the ev'ning wine,

With season'd sandwiches to boot,      That would the nicest palate suit.  
—To the Muse it is not known      Whether it were from frolic done,

The Doctor's high-flown thoughts to quicken,  
And cause the evening plot to thicken,

But the round tray did not resort      To the dull flow of humble port,  
Inspiring champagne, sparkling, bright,

Was the rich order of the night,  
When Syntax, having wet his whistle,

Seiz'd on the high-wrought, fam'd epistle

Which *Sappho* to her *Phaon* wrote ;      A poem far too long to quote,  
But, mov'd by the impassion'd verse

Thus did the lover's pains rehearse,

Or whether the enliv'ning juice      Had made his spirits too profuse,  
The widow felt the gay divine      Dispos'd to act the libertine ;

And therefore thought it time to rule      His wilfulness to play the fool.

"Doctor, you just now talk'd of livers,  
Of bleeding hearts and Cupid's quivers ;

But you would wish me to suppose      Love makes his entry at the toes,  
Or wherefore do you thus incline      To let your broad foot press on mine.

For shame, Sir, you who court the Graces !

Your feet are in improper places ;

Why, my good friend, it is most shocking,

You'll rub the blue, Sir, off my stocking.

Susan, I'm sure, will look askew,      If on the clocks she chance to view  
The symptoms of your awkward shoe."

"Instant she rose and seiz'd the light,

"'Tis time," she said, "to say good night."

"Good-night," in rapture he repeated,

And thus his hurrying hostess greeted.

"But ere you go, O let me sip      Th' ambrosial sweetness of your lip !"  
One warm salute he stole—no more,      Though he attempted half a score :

But she her open hands applied      To his lank cheeks on either side,

Then gave his ears a wringing pull,  
 Twitch'd his long nose, and rapp'd his scull,  
 Turn'd his fine wig all o'er and o'er,  
 And brought the hinder part before ;  
 Blew out the light, and off she went,    As if on bitter vengeance bent.  
 "Susan," she said, "my rev'rend spark    Is left completely in the dark :  
 So get a light, that he may clamber    With all attention to his chamber ;  
 Then give him to his servant's care,    That he may do no mischief there."  
 Susan obey'd, but scream'd to see    Such an alarming effigy,  
 When the recover'd Syntax said,    "Tell me, I pray, my pretty maid,  
     With what your mistress is possest  
     That thus she treats her rev'rend guest."  
 "Lord Sir, believe me, 'tis no more    Than she has often done before ;  
 One of my lady's lively airs,    For she's gone laughing up the stairs  
     To her own room—to say her pray'rs."  
 "Well," he then thought, "I will refrain  
     From sense of wrong, nor e'er complain :  
 She will not, I now think, expose    My sufferings from her doughty blows,  
 And as she laughs, I will not cry ;    She'll keep the secret—so will I."  
 He now approach'd his welcome bed,    But ere he laid his aching head,  
 Pat was inform'd, at early hour    He should proceed upon his Tour.  
 But yet he did not like to go    Without returning blow for blow,  
 Not as a fretful, angry stroke,    But half in earnest, half in joke ;  
 And thought he could not do it better    Than by an unexpected letter.  
 His was a short, disturb'd repose,    When from a silken bed he rose,  
 Just with the sun ;—he then began,    And thus the sly epistle ran :—  
     *Madam, With all regard that's due*  
     *I offer these few hints to you ;*  
*The best return that I can make, And which you will in kindness take,*  
     *For all your laughing, quizzing, eating,*  
     *Not to forget the precious beating*  
*Which, such was your correcting zeal, As I now write I still can feel.*  
     *Last night, I know, I play'd the fool,*  
     *And serv'd to wake your ridicule :*  
     *Your wit, your wine, your gay pretences,*  
     *Must have depriv'd me of my senses,*  
*Or surely, I should ne'er have done    What I now blush to think upon.*  
*Could I suppose, when I came here,    That one like me had aught to fear?*  
     *Say, could I think of aught so shocking*  
     *As Mock'ry clad in azure stocking?*  
*The Muses and the Graces too    I thought to find in garter blue,*  
*That which old proverbs do maintain,    Is never known to bear a stain.*  
*And, with my sable rev'rend hue,    The chaster'd fancy might review*  
     *A union rare of BLACK and BLUE.*  
     *I hop'd to list beneath the banners*  
     *Of high-wrought mind and graceful manners,*  
*All which, enliv'n'd I should see    With philosophic pleasantry,*  
*While hearts congenial might consent    To join in tend'rest sentiment.*  
     *—Such were my hopes, nor need I tell*  
     *What fortune those same hopes besel.*  
*Fine taste and elegance I own    I look'd for in MA'AM OMICRON,*

And they I know might suited be      To deck, as I had hop'd to see,  
     The most refin'd simplicity.  
 But lo! there enter'd in its stead,  
 What you'll remember, while you read,  
 Well manag'd trick and ready laughter,  
 Nor will I tell what followed after—  
 For I can only take for granted,      That, by some art, I was enchanted.  
 —And now, as I am taking leave,      Deign my kind counsel to receive.  
 You laugh at others, and what then?  
 They may return to laugh again.  
 How ready's your sarcastic word,  
 With She's a fright, and He's absurd!  
 But while at others' fault you frown,  
 Think you, alas, that you have none?  
 'Tis time, if I have eyes to see,      To quit your frisky mockery,  
     In five years you'll be Forty-three!  
 That secret I've contriv'd to trace,      Besides the dial on your face,  
 Believe me, Madam, tells as true      As any household clock can do.  
 Youth may be pardon'd when it plies      Its soft or sprightly coquetries,  
 And even be allow'd to hear      The flattery which courts its ear.  
 Indeed, I'm not so idly bold      As e'en to hint that you are old.  
 Yet I can ne'er allow my tongue      To err, in saying you are young.  
 Your beauty, though once overflowing,      Is like an auction lot—a-going:  
     In vain, Madam, you may scold and frown,  
     Time's hammer soon will knock it down,  
 And I do not forbode a stir      Of who will be the purchaser.  
     Why, think you, that I could not see,  
 Midst all my words' embroidery,      You wear a Wig—as well as me?  
 Nay, I could name a striking feature  
     That's deck'd by art and not by nature,  
     Though such your taste, I do confess,  
     When, in the splendid show of dress,  
 So well trick'd up your form appears,      You lose full half a dozen years.  
 But yet I own the radiant eye,  
     Which still may wake th' admiring sigh;  
     Whose stern look still may cause alarm,  
     And whose soft, smiling beam may charm,  
 Nay, I with warm assent allow,      While I with ready homage bow,  
 That you possess the mental grace,      That in your character I trace  
 A mind with ample powers endued,      To please the learned and the good.  
 Let then your affectations cease,      Give joy, do good, and live in peace.  
     —Quit then, O quit your CIRCE'S Art,  
     By which you play a treach'rous part!  
 O leave the witch'ry of her school,      Nor turn a wise man to a fool!  
     Strive from all whims your mind to free,  
     And think not, you e'er laugh at me.  
     —Thus I present my farewell warning,  
     And to your night-cap bid GOOD-MORNING.  
 With all regard your virtues claim,      I humbly sign my humbled name,  
   SYNTAX.  
 Thus as he did the letter fold,  
 "I may," he thought, "have been too bold,



But have I not been as severe      On my own folly as on her?  
 If I can check these wayward tricks,      And her fine understanding fix,  
     (From Nature's gift improv'd by art)  
     And give right impulse to her heart ;—  
 If I can damp her lively glory,      In chanting forth my silly story,  
     To make the grave Blue Stockings laugh,  
     While they their evening beverage quaff,  
     And that their meeting may be jolly,  
     By heighten'd pictures of my folly,  
 This letter, thus well understood,      May prove the source of real good."  
     Now with a sort of doubtful whistle      He wafer'd close his warm epistle,  
     And without pause, he thought it best  
     To leave the letter thus address'd :  
*" This packet Susan's bid to take,      When Madam chuses to awake."*  
     This done he did no longer wait,  
     Punch ready stood ;—he mounted straight,  
     And trotted briskly through the gate.

## CANTO III.

Now SYNTAX was, it might be thought,  
 To serious contemplation wrought  
 By all he had so lately seen,      Nay what he had so lately been,  
 That there was matter to supply      Twelve miles a good soliloquy.  
 But he wish'd not his mind to fix      On the strange widow and her tricks;  
 For though, as he employ'd the key,      T' unlock the gates of memory,  
     Some motley whimsies might appear,  
     Which had found a sly corner there,  
     And would awake a sense of mirth ;  
     Yet he must feel that they gave birth  
 To certain interludes beside,      Which serv'd to wound his solemn pride.  
     For, though so pure might be his aim,  
     Reflection gave him much to blame ;  
     And 'stead of furnishing content,  
     Still conscience whisper'd him—*Repent*.  
 Thus in the struggle to forget      The being caught within the net,  
     Where nought that he had hop'd was gain'd,  
     Nor e'en the slightest good obtain'd ;  
 Of all his usual life bereft,      He neither look'd to right nor left,  
     Nor down to earth, nor towards the spheres,  
     But onward 'tween his horse's ears  
     Where to a point his eyes he brought,  
     Which though wide open, yet saw nought ;  
 A situation often known      To thought, when it is left alone.  
     At length the pensive Doctor doz'd,  
     And both his eyes were quickly clos'd ;  
 For a soft, all-subduing sleep      Did on his senses gently creep,  
 And Pat, a faithful servant he,      Did on this sleepy point agree.  
     This page attempts not to explore,      As *Æsop* did in days of yore,  
     How beasts and birds and reptiles thought,  
     And by what potency were taught

To think and speak and act like men,  
 Which they don't now,—if they did then,  
 Monkeys, it seems, might grin and vapour,  
 There cut a joke, here cut a caper ;  
 The Lion might be call'd to rule,    An Elephant might keep a school ;  
 The Snake, with gratitude at strife, Might strike at his preserver's life ;  
 While from base, mean and selfish ends,  
 The Hare might lose her many friends ;  
 And thus the animals dispense    The sterling rules of common-sense,  
 But well-fed Punch was form'd by nature,  
 A mere instinctive, useful creature ;  
 Who on the road or in the stable, Would not have answer'd for a fable :  
 Sure-footed, subject to no whim,    And sound alike in wind and limb ;  
 Who both the whip and spur obey'd, In the proportion they were laid ;  
 But if he happen'd not to feel    An angry hint from thong or steel,  
 He, by degrees, would seldom fail    To adopt the gallop of a snail.  
 Just now, then it may be suppos'd    That, while his drowsy rider doz'd,  
 He thought he had a right to go    As slow as any horse could do :  
 But still he'd change his forward way,    To ease a passing cart of hay,  
 Or to the right or left would pass,    To snatch a tempting tuft of grass.  
 The sun grew hot and Punch was dry, A rippling brook was running by :  
 Towards the clear stream his way he bent,  
 Snuff'd the cool air, and in he went ;  
 When after having drank his fill  
 His feet were cool'd, and he stood still ;  
 When, feeling neither whip nor spur,  
 He thought there was no hint to stir.  
 Pat did the self-same footsteps trace,  
 And his horse sought the self-same place.  
 Thus, side by side, the cattle stood,  
 Knee deep within the crystal flood ;  
 While fast asleep the riders sat,    The Doctor here, and there was Pat .  
 And how long on the river's lap    They might have thus enjoy'd their nap,  
 It is not worth the while to guess,    It would, of course, be more or less ;  
 But a tinker on his ass,    Happ'ning that morn, that way to pass,  
 Could not but think it rather droll    To see them sleeping cheek-by-jowl :  
 Nor could he check his rude, gruff laughter,  
 To hear them snoring o'er the water :  
 Then with a piece of solid metal,    He struck with force a hollow kettle,  
 And instant the resounding stroke,    The master and his valet woke.  
 With the sudden noise they started,    And from their wat'ry station parted,  
 The Doctor thought a shot was fired,  
 And from what quarter he enquired ;  
 The Tinker said, " You need not fear,    No enemy, good Sir, is here :  
 I travel all the country round,    To fill up holes, where holes abound.  
 I am a trav'ling tink'ring stranger,  
 Who thought, Sir, that you were in danger ;  
 For had you met an overthrow    In the mill-dam that is below,  
 'Twould have been labour all in vain,    To get your Honour out again :  
 And as I could not reach to shake you,  
 I made the noise I did to wake you."

"I thank you, friend," the Doctor said,  
 "Kindness like yours should be repaid ;  
 It is a debt, I freely own,                      So, Patrick, give him half-a-crown."  
 Poor Tink'ring Tom was quite delighted,  
 Who look'd not to be thus requited,  
 For all he did, and all he spoke,                      Was in the way of saucy joke :  
 But so it was, and off he went    Singing his way, with loud content ;—  
 While his brass kettles told the tale,  
 As they resounded through the vale.  
 "How long," says Pat, "we might have stay'd  
 In the quick waters' running shade,  
 And why my brown horse and your mare  
 Chose to take a position there,  
 Now I'm awaken'd, makes me stare :  
 For howsoe'er we slept or doz'd  
 An' please you, Sir, our eyes were clos'd."  
 "Pat," said the Doctor, "you're a fool ;  
 The morn was hot, the river cool,  
 The beasts were early out and dry,                      And drowsy too, like you and I,  
 For I throughout the night before,                      Had not slept out a second hour :  
 —But let us on our journey haste,                      The breakfast-time advances fast,  
 And I've within a certain power                      That telis it me besides the hour.  
 Nor must you, Pat, forget to rig                      In its first honours, my last wig,  
 Renew its curls, and thus restore                      Its form to what it was before ;  
 Its air Canonic was beset                      By that vain, whimsical Coquette,  
                     To whom I owe resentment yet ;  
 Though, as a Christian, it were better    To forgive her and forget her."  
 Thus as he reason'd to and fro,                      Not yet determin'd what to do,  
 He reach'd a pretty town, whose name                      Does not possess historic fame,  
                     But boasts an inn which Syntax blest  
                     For morning meal and welcome rest.  
 The wig, with all due skill, repair'd,    The chin dismantled of its beard,  
 His whole exterior made as smart    As could be done by PATRICK'S art,  
 He set off, with design to call,                      Ere the sun set, at Tulip-Hall,  
 And on the way his mind supply                      With gen'ral terms of Botany ;  
 Call on his mem'ry to review                      Whate'er he once of FLORA knew ;  
 Then add sweet, sentimental bloom,                      A type of offerings yet to come,  
 And with such fragrant hope prepare    A welcome from the flowery Fair.  
                     Thus as he thought a voice behind,  
                     Which seem'd to load the passing wind,  
 Exclaim'd—"What, Doctor, is it you ?  
 My eyes, I thank them, tell me true :  
 And pray accept my solemn greeting,    At such an unexpected meeting."  
 Syntax replied, "The same receive,    Which I to Doctor JULEP give."  
 —It turn'd out that their journey lay,  
 For sev'ral miles, the self-same way,  
 When the Physician thus began                      To tell his visit and its plan  
                     "CAPIAS, the Lawyer, whom you know  
                     Left business some few years ago :  
                     In short he now has given up thinking  
                     Of nought but eating and of drinking.

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Nay once a fortnight 'tis at least,      That after some redundant feast,  
 For me he in a hurry sends      As one among his oldest friends,  
 To ease his overloaded paunch      Of what remains of ham and haunch,  
 And to exert my utmost power      His weaken'd stomach to restore ;  
 But soon, alas, too soon I think,      His food will be confin'd to drink,  
 When he must yield to his disease,      And I shall lose his gen'rous fees ;  
 For I am not ashamed to tell      The Lawyer pays the Doctor well.  
 Forgot is his Attorney's trim,      His wary tricks are chang'd to whim,  
 In stucco'd eating-room he dines,      But takes his glass with all his wines,  
 And where to vary his regale,      The cask pours forth the foaming ale ;  
     For to his cellar he descends  
     And 'neath its vaults he treats his friends ;  
 There the ever-moving glass      Quickens the hours as they pass,  
 While the tale, the joke, the song,      The Bacchanalian feast prolong,  
 There of his Vintage he's profuse,      And e'en if BACCHUS were to chuse,  
 Wherever he might chance to dine,      With CAPIAS he would take his wine,  
 O, how I wish you would attend,      This visit to my jovial friend :  
     To him, dear Sir, you're not a stranger,  
     Nor will your virtue be in danger !  
     He'll kindly put you at your ease,  
     With him you'll do just what you please :  
 Nay, 'twill amuse you thus to see      And hear, the strange variety."  
     "You know I'm not so very nice,"  
     Said Syntax, "to pronounce it vice  
     When friends in mod'rate glasses join,  
     And cheer their heart with gen'rous wine ;  
 Social love appears the best      When seated at the friendly feast,  
 Nor can it wound a D.D.'s pride,      When I've an M.D. by my side.  
 I'll therefore join this pleasant frolic,      But, if I chance to get the cholic,  
 You must, my learned friend, agree,      To cure the pain without a fee."  
     This, by the Doctors twain, agreed,  
     Well-pleas'd they on their way proceed.  
     Capias, with smiles his guest receives,  
     And a loud, hearty welcome gives ;  
     Nor did he cease repeated greeting  
     Till dinner came—and then to eating.  
     Not a word pass'd but when he boasted  
     The ven'son to a turn was roasted ;  
 And of the dishes, as they came,      He told their excellence and name.  
     The dinner o'er with thanks to Heaven  
     For all the various bounties given,  
     The Bacchanalian suite attend      And to the cellar they descend,  
     In the vaulted cave benighted,      Till by suspended lanterns lighted,  
     The colour'd blaze dispers'd the gloom      Of the subterranean room.  
     —Syntax on all around him gaz'd,      The more he saw, the more amaz'd ;  
     Bottles on bottles seem'd to rise      In ev'ry form, of ev'ry size,  
     And casks, of large and lesser shape,  
     Rich with the juice of ev'ry grape,  
     Were there in order due maintain'd      By thirst luxurious to be drain'd.  
     —Syntax now felt himself inclin'd  
     T' indulge the impulse of his mind ;

But this was not a time for thinking  
 'Mid such a fearful threat of drinking.  
 He now took the appointed seat,      Suspicious of the liquid treat,  
 Resolv'd to keep his reason clear  
 And watch what might be doing there.  
 — *Capias* exclaim'd, "This is the toast,  
 Which in this place must rule the roast,  
 And my good friends, I'm sure, will see      Its claim to fair priority :  
 I give the LAW,—to that are owing  
 The means to set these currents flowing :"  
 He loudly then pronounced the word,  
 And straight the ruby bumper pour'd.  
 The Doctors both the reason saw      Of his just preference to Law.  
 — *Capias* again fill'd up his glass. "The second toast that I shall pass  
*Fulep* with pleasure will receive, 'Tis one that he himself would give :  
 Here's PHYSIC—call'd the eye of science,  
 Life's firmest friend and best reliance :  
 Without it boldly I declare      I should not now be sitting here,  
 Thanks to the learned Doctor there.  
 You both, I think, forebode the next,      Or as a toast, or as a text ;  
 Though last, the highest in degree,      So now I give DIVINITY."  
 The flowing wine here found a pause ;  
*Capias* talk'd loudly on the laws ;  
 When *Fulep*, without vain pretence,      But with a ready eloquence,  
 Display'd his scientific knowledge, As a learn'd member of the College;  
 While Syntax thought it best would suit His priestly office to be mute.  
 Nor did the Lawyer now appear  
 To wish the Doctor's thoughts to hear,  
 For then he happen'd to be thinking  
 'Twas time to take again to drinking,  
 "To what we've drunk, we all agree,  
 And now," he said, "I'll give all *three*,  
 LAW, PHYSIC and DIVINITY !  
 —All toasting hence, my friends, will cease,  
 And each may do as he shall please."  
 Syntax who sat serenely by,      Kept on his glass a wary eye,  
 While the physician and his host      Grew rivals as to drinking most ;  
 When the good-humour of the day      Seem'd to be melting fast away.  
 "Let me," said *Fulep*, "recommend,  
 Good *Capias*, as your real friend,  
 From this wild drinking to refrain,      Nor let me counsel you in vain.  
 From that vast paunch what ills betide you,  
 As big as any cask beside you !  
 For, if you thus go drinking on,      I e'en must tap that *Human Ton*."  
 —"Tap me ? I then shall ne'er recover :  
 No," *Capias* said, "'twill soon be over :  
 Life's stream will quickly run to waste,  
 For what's tapp'd here can never last :  
 From long experience I must own,      Belly or cask, 'twill soon be gone.  
 But hark, you ignoramus elf,  
 Feel your own paunch and—tap yourself !

And now I'll ask the grave Divine  
 Which is the biggest, yours or mine !"  
 —"You, like your brethren of the law,"  
 Cried *Julep*, "always find a flaw,  
 And, as you strive to patch it o'er,      Contrive to make as many more.  
 This history I have the power      To lengthen out at least an hour,  
 But 'twould be painful to rehearse,      So I will sing it in a verse.  
 "When the terrible law,      Lays its horrible paw  
 On a poor man he's sure to be undone ;  
 Nay, 'twill cause his undoing      And e'en prove his ruin,  
 Though as rich as the Lord Mayor of London."  
 "Your tricks," said *Capias*, "never cease  
 To humbug health into disease :  
 And thus you find the wealthy ninnies,  
 Who take your pills and give you guineas.  
 You know, old Galen, this is true,      And I can sing as well as you.  
 "—You Doctors ne'er fail      Whatever we ail,  
 To talk us all o'er as you please ;  
 For whether you cure us,      Or in church-yard immure us,  
 'Tis the same—you all pocket our fees !"  
 Thus they drank and thus disputed,      Thus they argued and confuted ;  
 Thus they sang or strove to sing,      It was much the self-same thing,  
 With some little stammering ;  
 Then they slept and woke again,      'Till the stable-clock struck ten.  
 Syntax to escape was thinking      From this beastly scene of drinking,  
 When he would almost have prefer'd  
 A hog-trough with the grunting herd :  
 Nay, as he rather had a feeling      That sleep was o'er his senses stealing,  
 He thought it better to remove      To some sweet place of rest above ;  
 When, as he turn'd his heavy head      He saw behind a supper spread,  
 Attended by a household dame,      Whom we shall now Rebecca name.  
 Thither he dragg'd his wooden chair,      And took a fix'd position there :  
 To Becky's hand he gave a squeeze,  
 And thus address'd her—"If you please,  
 I'll taste your tempting toasted cheese,"  
 "No, Sir," she said, "here's better picking  
 Broil'd ham and a nice mushroom'd chicken,  
 So season'd I should not be willing      To swallow it for twenty shilling ;  
 Though as a relish, I can boast      The making an anchovy toast :  
 And something's here with name uncivil,  
 For our cook christens it a Devil."  
 —"A Devil, in any shape, sweet maid  
 A Parson fears not," Syntax said ;  
 "I'll make him minc'd-meat, 'tis my trade.  
 But while your sav'ry bits I'm eating  
 Tell me what means this vaulted meeting ?  
 Whence comes the whim and what's the cause  
 That moves this agent of the laws  
 To play a part that seems high treason  
 Against the sov'reign law of reason ?"



"Through summer months, it is his rule,"  
 Rebecca said, "because 'tis cool.—  
 For the first hour of their descent 'Tis all kind words and compliment,  
 But sure as my stool is a barrel,  
 They first dispute, and then they quarrel,  
 Then sleep and wake and snort and snore  
 'Till they, dear souls, can drink no more.  
 —It is my office to appear      With this superfluous supper here ;  
 For, when before them I have plac'd it,  
 Heav'n bless the toppers, they ne'er taste it ;  
 And while they sleep, I leave the cats  
 To guard the dainties from the rats.  
 But that self-same fat doctor there  
 Plays a sly game, as I could swear :  
 For though he drinks and talks and sleeps,  
 Yet he a careful measure keeps ;  
 For he contrives to save his head,      And walks off steadily to bed ;—  
 While Mr. *Capias*, to his cost,      Drinks 'till his ev'ry sense is lost,  
 When all the household, while they bless him,  
 Bear him up-stairs and there undress him.  
 He wakes at morn with aching head,  
 And rumbling stomach over-fed,      When *Fulep* seats him by the bed.  
 The pill, the purge, the powders follow :  
 Which he, alas, is doom'd to swallow :  
 Then for a grumbling week, forsooth,  
 He does not use a grinding tooth :  
 For nought is on his table seen,      But sago, broths and medicine.  
 Indeed, whene'er his room I tread,      To ope the curtains of his bed,  
     I almost fear to find him dead.  
 —The Doctor having done his deed,      Is by the grunting patient fee'd,  
     Takes leave and darts off, like a rocket,  
     With five fresh guineas in his pocket."  
     Said Syntax, "'Tis a wretched sight,  
     So let your fair hand take a light,  
     And shew me where to rest to-night ;  
 For, without any formal warning,      I will be off to-morrow morning ;  
     And leave, sweet maid, my pious prayer,  
     A tribute to your gracious care.  
 As soon as cocks begin to crow,      I hope to be prepar'd to go."  
     But though those birds their matins sung  
     Before his wak'ning bell had rung,  
 It had not struck the seventh hour      When he was jogging on his Tour.  
     Some miles they pass'd, but not a word  
     The Doctor or his man prefer'd.  
     At length his Rev'rence wish'd that Pat  
     Should let loose his amusing chat  
 Of what he did and all he saw,      While they were with the man of law.  
     "—Whate'er," he said, "I look'd to see,  
     Was just, Sir, what it ought to be.  
     So kindly Mrs. Becky chatter'd,  
     And Oh, how Pat from Cork was flatter'd !

Of the good things I had the best ;  
 And, faith Sir, I'm not now in jest :  
 For Mrs. Becky was so kind, That she, perhaps, might have a mind  
 In my warm heart to make the stir If I had been a widower ;  
 For when I told her I was married, O quite another face she carried.  
 And, please you, Sir, could it be shown  
 That my sweet person were my own,  
 I could work up a bargain well As, if you please, I hope to tell.  
 I think 'tis true or I mistake, That Becky butters well her cake ;  
 She does whatever she may please, And she not only keeps the keys,  
 But faith nor does she think it worse,  
 She handles the old lawyer's purse.  
 Besides when'er he turns to clay, And that she looks for ev'ry day,  
 'Twas whisper'd in my ear that she Expects a good round legacy.  
 Thus, when his guzzling season's o'er, She will ne'er go to service more,  
 But be a comely, wealthy wife, And bless some honest man for life ;  
 Nay, had I been from marriage free, I might have been the happy he."  
 He paus'd.—The Doctor ever kind,  
 Who felt what pass'd in Patrick's mind,  
 With smiling glance, gave this reply : " I do not wish just yet to die,  
 But when, please Heaven, my course is run,  
 And life's appointed work is done,  
 Patrick may find that Syntax knew  
 His worth, and could reward it too."  
 The honest fellow touch'd his hat :  
 " My heart now thanks you, Sir, for Pat."  
 He softly spoke, and breath'd a sigh,  
 Then drew his hand athwart his eye :  
 And if 'twere ask'd what he felt there ; It might be said, a grateful tear :  
 They journeyed on nor fast nor slow, But much as other people do :  
 And, at an anti-dinner hour, Syntax was seated in a bower,  
 For bower it was, though we must call  
 The blooming mansion, TULIP-HALL.  
 Fresh, balmy sweets were found to breathe  
 From blushing vase or pendant wreath,  
 While springing flowers of ev'ry dye Enchanted the admiring eye.  
 Nor was this all, the landscape's pride  
 With the gay garden's beauty vied :  
 Wide spreading groves with lawns between,  
 In summer foliage, grac'd the scene,  
 And the glittering streamlets play'd  
 In eddies through the sunny glade,  
 While flocks were scatter'd o'er the dale  
 Where tall pines whisper in the gale,  
 And midway, in th' ethereal blue, The spire divides the distant view.  
 As Syntax did the landscape trace The widow'd mistress of the place  
 Appear'd with welcome in her face,  
 Which she confirm'd with cheering voice.  
 " To see you, Sir, I do rejoice,  
 Pleas'd too that you did not delay Your coming here beyond to-day :  
 We want just such a man as you To please and to instruct us too :

For I expect three charming neighbours  
 Who aid me in my floral labours :  
 But I this counsel must impart ;—  
 Cast a broad buckler o'er your heart :  
 For 'tis my duty, though a stranger, To warn you of a certain danger  
 Thus you will, now, your mind prepare Our lively, social joys to share ;  
 While I to-morrow shall decree To Flowers and to Philosophy.  
 But as the toilette now attends To deck me out to meet my friends,  
 I leave you, Sir, till I am drest, To do whate'er may suit you best."

Then from her breast-knot gay she took  
 A nosegay, and, with gracious look,  
 "This gift," she said, "I pray receive, It is the sweetest I can give."  
 "Nay," he replied, "the gift I view,  
 Is sweeter, since it came from you—"  
 And thus the young acquaintance grew.  
 —The Doctor up the village walk'd  
 And with the gazing peasants talk'd,  
 When as a church rose in his view,  
 He thought there was a parson too ;  
 So to the vicarage he hied Where at the window he espied  
 A damsel full of joke and laughter,  
 Who prov'd to be the parson's daughter.  
 He with respectful look and mien, Ask'd if her father could be seen,  
 When, with quick speech and sprightly eye,  
 The fair one hasten'd to reply,  
 "I'm sorry you to-day are come, As my dear father is from home,  
 For he is gone to take his station At the Archdeacon's visitation."—  
 "Will you then say, my pretty dear !  
 That Doctor Syntax has been here,  
 And if it is my lot to stay At TULIP-HALL another day,  
 If I to-morrow should remain, I hope, sweet maid, to call again :  
 In the mean time, I pray, receive, 'Tis all, I fear, I have to give,  
 These flowers, in whose form is shown, A native beauty like your own ;  
 And may it, many a coming year, In all its present glow appear !"  
 He did his fragrant gift present, She revell'd in the charming scent,  
 And smil'd a grateful compliment.  
 —A matron who was on the watch, From upper window in the thatch,  
 Thought it but proper to descend, And give the warnings of a friend.  
 "Pm sister, Sir, to our Divine, Nay that Miss is a niece of mine,  
 And much I wish to hint to you What my good brother's self would do ;  
 That you must your keen thoughts prepare  
 To guard against some hidden snare,  
 By which you may become the tool Of Lady Tulip's ridicule :  
 For she delights, at the expence Of men of gravity and sense,  
 To make some saucy trick prevail, And furnish out a merry tale,  
 In which her well-fed guests combine,  
 And scandal-mongers love to join ;  
 As by example will appear From the recital you shall hear.  
 "Last week, she had the art to move  
 A neighb'ring 'Squire to offer love ;  
 And while upon his knees he swore He lov'd as none e'er lov'd before,

She scream'd aloud, while 'tis as certain,  
 Three Misses, hid behind the curtain,  
 Did with their added clamours rouse  
 The various guardians of the house,  
 Who in the carpet did enfold him,  
 And all along the flooring roll'd him ;  
 Then squatted on him, but no further,  
 As they might run the risque of murder.  
 Embrown'd with dust, all hot and panting,  
 Cursing the hour of his gallanting,  
 How he recover'd, no one knows  
 But round the neighbourhood there goes,  
 Or true or false, a curious story, Which I decline to lay before you :  
 But wheresoc'er the 'Squire can move,  
 He hears the tale of making love ;  
 And all repeat the carpet brawl That shook the floors of TULIP-HALL.  
 Now, should this strange, capricious dame  
 Attempt on you some idle game,  
 Let not, I beg, your patience leave you,  
 Be calm, come here, and we'll receive you."  
 The Doctor thus was well prepar'd To keep himself upon his guard,  
 And when he reach'd the hall, he found  
 Th' assembled Misses ranged around,  
 In the full ton, and rather pretty, With apt pretensions to be witty.  
 The dinner came with taste prepar'd,  
 And Syntax its rare bounties shar'd :  
 In the dessert fresh garlands bloom,  
 Whose odours fill'd the ambient room ;  
 And much he thought the coming hours  
 Would blossom with the world of flowers,  
 Their classes, orders, native dies, Their species and varieties,  
 Their leaves, trunk, stem, supports and root,  
 Their flow'ring, with their seed or fruit ;—  
 He thought they would Linnæus quote,  
 And all Miss Wakefield speak by rote.\*  
 But not a word was said of flowers,  
 No sweets were there, they dealt in sours,  
 For not a thought dismiss'd a sound  
 But some known name receiv'd a wound.  
 Among the grave, they nought could see But symbols of hypocrisy,  
 While those whom merry fancy rules Were noisy and outrageous fools ;  
 The grave, the gay, the old and young,  
 Felt the full malice of their tongue :  
 And as for beauty, not a grace Was own'd to smile about the place.  
 Tea came, nor did its cheering water  
 Check the malignant, smashing slaughter :  
 For still they told of ev'ry feud That did disturb the neighbourhood :  
 The gossip's tale and envy's gail Resounded in the blooming hall.  
 —The sage benignant utter'd nought  
 But thus indulg'd the secret thought :

\* An elegant Introduction to the Science of Botany, by Miss Priscilla Wakefield.

"Where all these fragrant flow'rets blow,  
 Rue, wormwood, nettles, ought to grow."  
 At length the temple of perfume Was quitted for the billiard-room.  
 Ladies command, he must obey, So Syntax took a cue to play.  
 Tho' he did not the laugh approve, As he propos'd to play for *Love*,  
 Or when the usual sum was nam'd,  
 For which these ladies always gam'd.  
 But, yet it seem'd as if he won,  
 Though when the pastime they had done,  
 He was inform'd, and to his cost, The several parties he had lost,  
 As they were coolly counted o'er By the tall Miss who kept the score.  
 Whate'er he fancied in their feats,  
 He could not say he thought them cheats,  
 So he put on a smiling face, And paid his losings with a grace.  
 —The ev'ning rather calmly past,  
 When they all said, good-night, at last ;  
 And the next morn, the breakfast o'er,  
 The whole a pleasing prospect wore ;  
 When Ma'am proposed to show the glory  
 Of her renown'd Conservatory,  
 Where every plant and flower was found  
 That takes a root in British ground,  
 While many a native it could boast  
 Of distant clime and foreign coast :  
 Nor did her fine harangue neglect  
 The true Botanic Dialect.  
 But just as Syntax felt inclin'd  
 To speak the impulse of his mind,  
 And, with a ready force, dispense  
 His scientific eloquence,  
 She urg'd him to direct an eye  
 To a fine Rose of Tartary :  
 "It is upon the upper row,  
 So mount, and bring it here below,  
 And I'll refresh it as I stand  
 With a full wat'ring-pot in hand."  
 Careful and step by step he mov'd,  
 But just as he successful prov'd,  
 A shelf gave way, another follow'd,  
 Ma'am Tulip scream'd, the gard'ner hallooed,  
 While Syntax join'd the gen'ral bawling,  
 And soon upon the ground was sprawling ;  
 When, scatter'd round upon the green,  
 Pots, flowers and hat and wig were seen.  
 The lady trembling, from the spout Let the cool, sprinkling water out,  
 Which did in various streamlets play On Syntax as he struggling lay.  
 "O cease," he cried, "these rills to pour,  
 My head is neither pot nor flower,  
 And for the flowers my brains produce,  
 They're not for Lady Tulip's use :  
 If with these dripping favours crown'd,  
 Have mercy, or they'll all be drown'd."  
 He roll'd away and then uprose His moisten'd drap'ry to compose ;  
 But when she saw on looking round  
 The fragments scatter'd o'er the ground,  
 O never did the realms of Drury Display a more decided fury.  
 "See," she exclaim'd, "you horrid *Bruin*,  
 The matchless mischief you've been doing !

These plants, I tell you, cost me more  
 Than a year's tithes could e'er restore.  
 Ill-luck in its worst guise, is seen, In that beshrivell'd face and mien !  
 Be gone, you old, ill-boding fright,  
 Haste, leave my house, and quit my sight !  
 The lemon-scented moss that came  
 From—— I've forgot the frightful name,  
 And my conundrum tulip's gone, A flower so rare, that's scarcely known  
 In any hot-house but my own.  
 It makes my blood with vengeance boil,  
 That you this EDEN should despoil !"  
 "EDEN," he said, "it may appear, For I behold a *Serpent* here ;  
 Though not with one attractive feature  
 To tempt the heart of human creature."  
 "Gard'ners," she cried, "where are you all ?  
 Expel this instant from the hall  
 This saucy parson, chase him hence, And kick him for his insolence."  
 At him the wat'ring pot she threw, His arms repell'd it as it flew,  
 When it return'd a hollow sound, As it bounc'd from the verdant ground.  
 But when a fork she sought to wield,  
 The Doctor did not wait to yield, But to the fury left the field ;  
 And with quick steps the prudent sage Sought refuge at the Vicarage ;  
 Where, with his pipe and balmy ale, He jok'd and told his curious tale.  
 "But how," said he, "does she contrive To keep this influence alive ?  
 And what are they who thus submit  
 To her strange pranks and ribald wit ?"  
 "Good Doctor Syntax, have you been  
 So many years in life's strange scene,"  
 The Vicar said, "and ask to prove How all the various passions move ?  
 Your experience sure can tell Who know so much and think so well,  
 That, where the powers of wealth abound,  
 There humble parasites are found ;  
 Whose base and reptile soul will bear, If they be said a soul to share,  
 The humbling tricks, and be the game  
 Of such a witch as Tulip's dame,  
 Brib'd by the feed she can afford To offer at her plenteous board.  
 I hate her, as she loves to deal in  
 Pranks that betray such want of feeling.  
 Though wealth may this world's heaven impart,  
 That breast's a hell which wants a heart !  
 She strove one day to give me pain,  
 But she'll ne'er play that game again.  
 I let the haughty Madam see, That a poor Vicar could be free,  
 And stamp upon her tyranny ;  
 Nor do I think she's free from fear Of him who is now sitting here.  
 She once seiz'd on my blushing daughter  
 To be a theme for open laughter,  
 But Sophy dear, who does inherit A portion of her father's spirit,  
 Return'd a calm but modest dressing,  
 For which I gave the girl my blessing.  
 But as the Lady, from her store, Is sometimes lavish to the poor,



Hence, as her due, respect attends,  
 Whene'er we meet—but there it ends.”  
 Syntax his rev'rend host approv'd, For 'twas the spirit which he lov'd.  
 —Thus having pass'd a cheerful day,  
 Tow'rds ev'ning he pursued his way.  
 As he jogg'd to his night's abode  
 The thoughtful trav'ler lost his road ;  
 And as he stopp'd awhile to know      The ready way he ought to go,  
 The distant shouts of joy were heard,      But not a living soul appear'd.  
 At length Pat cried, “ I see them come,  
 And 'faith, it is a harvest home.”  
 Said Syntax, “ What a charm to see      This show of glad simplicity !  
 How diff'rent this delightful scene  
 From those where we so late have been,  
 Where wealth dealt out its doles of folly,  
 Enough to make one melancholy.”  
 The throng'd procession now drew near,  
 In front the mingled groups appear  
 Of jovial peasants, who employ      Their voices loud, in hymns of joy.  
 Then comes the lab'ring waggon's load,  
 Dragg'd on along the winding road,  
 Rich with the sheaves the harvest yields,  
 The closing bounty of the fields.  
 —The Farmer, joy from top to toe, With loud huzza led on the show,  
 While rustic music join'd the strain  
 Of HARVEST HOME, and cheer'd the plain.  
 —Th' enliven'd Doctor thus address      The jolly master of the feast.  
 “ My honest friend, I joy to see      This rich reward of industry,  
 And may this plenty still appear      To greet you many a future year,  
 And to your honest wish be given, The bounties of indulgent Heaven !”  
 He then at once declar'd his name,  
 Told who he was, and whence he came,  
 And ask'd the farmer just to show      The way which he proposed to go.  
 “ Leave, Sir,” he said, “ that thought behind,  
 It is an awkward way to find :  
 To-night, I pray, no further roam,  
 But stay, and join our Harvest Home ;  
 And in the morn without delay,      I will conduct you on your way.  
 It will to us an honour be,      And by my looks I trust you see  
     I speak with humble honesty.  
 All welcome and respect that's due, Shall, Rev'rend Sir, be paid to you :  
 Besides, Sir, and that's worth possessing,  
 Our feast will have your pious blessing.  
 O think not that the clam'rous noise  
 With which the peasant tells his joys,  
 Makes him forget to whom he owes  
 The plenty which the year bestows.”  
 Said Syntax, “ No !—It is the heart  
 That does the grateful sense impart :  
 Though rude the language, if the prayer  
 Can trace it to its fountain there,

Howe'er or whene'er it is given,  
 'Twill surely reach the courts of Heaven !  
 —Beneath the temple of the skies      You offer your glad sacrifice;  
 And that I join it you will see      From the example set by me."  
 —The dance, the music and the song,      United as they came along,  
 And gave a spirit to the scene,      Amid the gambols on the green,  
 —Syntax would now his skill display      Among the minstrels of the day,  
 And ask'd a fiddle to be sought;      The instrument was quickly brought :  
 In answer to his active hand,      When he march'd on and led the band.  
 The joyous show in rural state,      Now approach'd the mansion gate,  
 Where its delighted mistress stood      With comely look and smiling mood ;  
     While her three daughters fair display  
     Their charms with flow'rs and ribbons gay,  
 And sung—" With joy we see you come,  
 Welcome, Welcome Harvest Home !"

The rural banquet now appear'd,  
 Each loaded dish was loudly cheer'd ;  
 Beef roast and boil'd, the Briton's fare,      Was in abundant plenty there :  
 The pastry too, with walls of crust,      Waited the ploughman's eager thrust ;  
     The pudding, with its plums well-stor'd,  
 And many a cheesecake crown'd the board :  
 Nor was the custard, so renown'd      As rural dainty, absent found ;  
 While *Bacchus* did to *Ceres* pay      The friendly homage of the day ;  
 Nor did his flowing tribute fail,      In copious jugs of foaming ale.

—The Sage uprose :—with solemn look  
 And silent preface, thus he spoke.  
 " To THEE, the giver of all good,      We offer up our gratitude,  
 For all the blessings that we share      From thy benign, paternal care ;  
     And while our thanks we thus employ  
     For blessings which we now enjoy,  
 The crying wants of those supply,      Who bend beneath adversity :  
     Relieve them from thy plenteous store,  
     That they like us may want no more.  
 As Ravens from thy hand are fed,      O give us all our DAILY BREAD !  
 And in what state soe'er we move,      That all our doings may improve  
     Assist us, Gracious Power, and we  
     Shall learn thy laws—and live to THEE !"

—A chorus of Amens succeed, Which gave the sign from word to deed.  
     The Doctor now resum'd his seat,  
     And smiling view'd the piles of meat ;  
 When hasty hunger seem'd to wait      Round ev'ry dish, on ev'ry plate :  
     E'en sixty mouths were soon seen wagging,  
     And not a single jaw-bone lagging.  
 Ere a short hour was gone and past,      This mighty meal had seen its last,  
     While many an empty dish display'd  
     The change by hungry labour made.  
 The brimming cups now took their round,  
 When jests and merry tales abound :  
 And social fun and many a joke      Blend with the pipe's ascending smoke.  
     The toasts are given, and jovial song  
     Does the gay, festive hour prolong.

Then to the garden turf they sped ;—  
 The moon shone brightly over head,  
 And many a maid and many a swain  
 Tripp'd nimbly on the shaven plain ;  
 Nor was their merry-making done      'Till Luna yielded to the Sun,  
 But just as Phœbus 'gan to peep From his night's lodging in the deep,  
     The farmer thus his friends address'd :  
 " I give, ere we depart to rest, The health of our kind, rev'rend guest,  
     With hearty thanks that he should come  
     To grace our humble Harvest Home.  
     The toast which I with pleasure give,  
     You will, with gen'ral joy receive ;  
     Then join the heart-felt wish with me ;  
     So here's his health—with THREE TIMES THREE !"  
     The Doctor felt an honest pride,  
     Then wav'd his hand and thus replied :—  
     " Think not because I preach on Sundays,  
     I may not aid your joy on Mondays !  
     Think not I fear dread Heav'n's displeasure,  
     Because I guide your festive measure,  
 Or that I thus your feast prolong      With social mirth or lively song ;  
 These doth indulgent Heaven dispense      To labour and to innocence.  
 —Continue worthy to receive The bounties Heaven is pleas'd to give ;  
 The blossoms of the fragrant Spring, The Summer, when the valleys sing  
 With yellow harvest, and demand      The sickle in the reaper's hand :  
     The Autumn, when the fruitage glows,  
     Bending to earth the laden boughs ;  
     And when the barn in Winter pours,  
     To pay your toil, its hoarded stores :  
     For these your hearts and voices raise  
     In humble prayer and grateful praise ;—  
 And, in your various stations move      With virtue, harmony and love.  
     Your duty crown with cheerful labour,  
     And upright dealings with your neighbour.  
     What conscience tells must not be done,  
     That is the deed which you must shun ;  
     What conscience tells that you should do,  
     That is the way you must pursue ;  
 And acting thus, you will possess      The surest means of happiness.  
 With patience bear the ills that wait On mortal man, whate'er his state,  
     In lowly cot, or rich or great :  
 And when fair fortune beams its ray, Grateful enjoy the prosp'rous day ;  
 Whether 'tis sunshine or the storm, To your known duties still conform.  
 Practise these lessons of a friend ; Then comfort will your lives attend,  
     And peace will bless your latter end."  
     Thus did the sage his counsels close,  
     Then sought his pillow's calm repose.  
     The Muse may have forgot the hour  
     When Morpheus yielded up his power,  
 And Syntax from his slumbers broke, As if 'twere said—when he awoke :  
 And surely 'tis enough to say,      He found his spirits light and gay ;

When, in their full and lively flow, He join'd the worthy folk below ;  
 Nor was the Don displeas'd to see The morning's hospitality ;  
 And to improve the plenteous fare The welcome smile abounded there.

—To all the Doctor's friends 'tis known,  
 And he himself will frankly own,  
 That whether good or ill o'ertakes him,  
 An active stomach ne'er forsakes him ;  
 And he did such a breakfast make On new bak'd loaf and oven-cake,  
 That they all look'd with wond'ring eye,  
 At his gaunt mouth's artillery.

—The *Honest Farmer*, such was known  
 His name and all his life to crown,  
 For 'twas in gen'ral use becorae To call *Tom Truman* HONEST TOM,

Now hop'd his rev'rend guest would stay  
 And glad his house another day, For still it would be holiday :  
 But Syntax said he must be gone, And begg'd the favour to be shown  
 To *Crotchet Lodge*, the nearest way, As there his promis'd errand lay.

"O," said the farmer, "from my grounds  
 You may see clear the wood that bounds  
 The place where Madam doth reside, 'Tis not a hasty hour's ride ;

Within that time, I'm sure your mare,  
 With all her fat, will take you there."  
 —A smile now play'd on *Truman's* face,  
 On which the sage thought he could trace

A certain inward, secret feeling, That his good host aim'd at concealing ;  
 Which, could he urge him to declare,  
 Might give him hints that would prepare  
 His mind with caution due to greet Whate'er reception he should meet.

"Tell me," he said, "friend, what you know  
 Of this same place where I'm to go ;  
 As it may be of use to me, To hear what I perchance may see :

You will oblige me to explain  
 What whimsies haunt Miss *Crotchet's* brain,  
 As ladies who thus live alone Are sometimes to odd habits prone,

And more so when old maidens grown :  
 As 'gainst her droll'ries, should she show them,  
 I can protect me, did I know them ;

Nor can you fear I should betray What to my ear you may convey."  
 But while the farmer seem'd to doubt If he should let the matter out ;  
 The mistress of the mansion said, "Why, Thomas, need you be afraid ?  
 She's music-mad, the country knows it,  
 And ev'ry day her fancy shows it.

Where is a lady ever seen To play upon a violin ?  
 And more than half her time is spent In scraping on that instrument ;  
 And we have heard, when thus engag'd, She looks a bedlamite enrag'd.

Sometimes she smiles and then will frown,  
 Casts her eyes up and then looks down,  
 Is known to swear as well as sigh, And scream aloud in extasy ;  
 Nay, she is even said to swoon, When German Peg plays out of tune :  
 For while she works her fara-diddle,  
 The old girl strums a monstrous fiddle,

Of such a size, our Clerk can prove,  
 That asks a strong man's strength to move ;  
 He as a workman did attend it,  
 And once was call'd in haste to mend it :  
 He says its belly would contain More than will fill a sack with grain.  
 —Nor is this all, no not by half, And oft her whimsies make me laugh  
 When any of the straggling poor, Relief to ask approach her door,  
 She does not question their distress,  
 Or how their wants she may redress,  
 But for an instant song will call, And if they sing, whate'er they squall,  
 They're usher'd to the servants'-hall,  
 And 'mid the men and maids and boys,  
 She laughs and listens to their noise ;  
 And those who chaunt a pleasant ballad,  
 Will to their roast meat get a sallad :  
 But if they cannot sing or play, They penniless are sent away.  
 Such are her whims, and many more The country rumours have in store.  
 But when her music quits its tether,  
 Which sometimes haps for days together,  
 She then like other folks is seen In quiet chat with easy mien.  
 While thus postpon'd her music's labours  
 She hospitably treats her neighbours ;  
 And then, perhaps, as you may see, Madam is no more mad than me."  
 The Doctor thus the matron heard And felt her story had prepar'd  
 His fancy to play off its art, Not with a view to guard his heart,  
 For he no reason had to fear That Crotchet's female chanticleer  
 Would e'er excite one idle wish To dip in matrimonial dish.  
 He thought, with widows I have fail'd,  
 And now a maid must be assail'd :  
 I little from the scheme expect, But still I'll not the chance neglect ;  
 For this world's plans so strangely vary,  
 That oft our fairest hopes miscarry,  
 While sometimes those designs succeed  
 When dark despair beclouds the deed.  
 How oft when storms disturb the morn,  
 The sun's bright rays the noon adorn ;  
 Nay, when the day has boist'rous been,  
 The evening's gay with smile serene.  
 Thus without much of hope or fear,  
 To *Crotchet-Lodge* my course I steer,  
 While I a cautious mind prepare For all that may befall me there ;  
 Ready to meet with steady eye, Whether the fair one may supply  
 Her DISCORD or her HARMONY :  
 E'en though she's govern'd by the moon,  
 She'll beat in time and scold in tune.  
 —And now, good friends, my thanks receive ;  
 I wish that I had more to give !  
 But still my grateful thoughts are bent  
 On more than bare acknowledgment.  
 Permit me then, to say again That my warm home is Sommerden :  
 Nay, what I mean, full well you know, When, honest Tom, I tell you so ;

And while I take you by the hand  
 My heart's regard you may command."  
 —Syntax now gave the dame a kiss      As well as to each rustic miss  
 Who did the busy needle ply,      The boast of *Truman's* family.  
 Thus did he his farewell conclude With the fond blessing of the good ;  
     And soon his ready way pursued.  
 Of the gay Lodge he came in view, And pac'd down the long avenue ;  
 Where cages hung on ev'ry tree,      From which was heard the melody  
 Of birds, who in their nature rove,      The choristers of every grove :  
     But thus confin'd the whole day long  
     They charm with their untutor'd song ;  
 While fountains with their tinkling falls      Fill'd up the silent intervals.  
 The doors no noisy knocker plied      To bid the portals open wide ;  
     But when the fingers touched the string  
     Soft silver bells in cadence ring,  
 Which a smart, tuneful Indian call      To give admittance to the hall,  
 While his big pouting lips dispense      The pipe's Pandean eloquence.  
     Thus Syntax did an entrance gain  
     And soon his ear was charm'd to pain ;  
 For, in each window there reclin'd      A harp that felt the sweep refin'd  
     Of the soft zephyr's waving wind ;  
     No hands could touch the strings so fine.  
     What sweep, what solemn airs divine  
 Now up the diapason roll,      Then sink again into the soul,  
 And wake sweet musings in the heart      As seraphs did a hymn impart  
     Beyond the reach of mortal art ;  
 And did enchantment soft supply,      By its aërial minstrelsy.  
     The Doctor pass'd through many a door ;  
     The little Negro walk'd before,  
     And, in his way, he play'd a tune,  
     'Till they had reach'd a gay saloon,  
 Whose ceiling and its walls display'd      A various kind of serenade,  
 Where all the Muses nine appear      In Heliconian character ;  
     Nay, Music all around inspires ;—  
     The very chairs are deck'd with lyres,  
 While satyrs, with their piping reed,      Support the sofa's lolling bed ;  
     And clocks with spreading symbols screen  
     Their dials that scarce are seen ;  
     Not plac'd so much to mark the time,  
     As to play tunes and ring a chime.  
     The organ too, whose sound obeys  
     The nimble hand that sweeps the keys,  
 Or that whose settled tunes he finds Whoe'er the turning barrel grinds ;  
     And still the zephyrs breath'd the swell  
     Of sounds from power invisible.  
     —Thus the Doctor's ears and eyes  
     Were quite suspended with surprise :  
     In short, all that he saw around him  
     Serv'd to delight and to confound him.  
     He thought, if e'er beneath that roof  
     The harmonious virtues stood aloof,



Nay he was sure if Discord e'er  
 Should make a moment's entrance there,  
 The witch would vanish in despair.  
 'Thus as his wav'ring mind compar'd  
 What he now saw with what he'd heard,  
 His faith began to be at strife      With the tale told by *Truman's* wife ;  
 Nay other items did conspire      To set the old woman down a liar.  
 When, as he thus pursued his thought,  
 With grace and as a lady ought  
 Miss CROTCHET enter'd, brisk and gay,      Apologis'd for her delay,  
 With pleasing smile possess'd a chair,  
 And welcom'd Doctor Syntax there ;  
 Then did a slight discourse pursue      As other well-bred ladies do ;  
 The weather and the road he came,  
 What news was on the wings of fame,  
 And if his neighb'ring Lakes had reason  
 To hope an overflowing season.  
 Thus she a sprightly turn display'd,      But not a word of music said :  
 The Doctor, therefore, thought that he      Must enter upon harmony,  
 And what he saw and heard supplied A theme to please a lady's pride.  
 Please her it did, for off she ran  
 With the same thought—and thus began.  
 "You, Doctor, as I understand,      Are fit to lead an opera band ;  
 And, therefore, you may scarce incline  
 To add to such a crash as mine :  
 But if your powers will condescend      To treat me as a common friend,  
 You shall, Sir, in the evening try      My little school of harmony.  
 It is not oft 'mong ladies seen,      But I play on the violin.  
 To touch the harp and the piano  
 In what each farmer's daughter can do ;  
 And therefore 'tis I wish to move  
 With those who by their science prove      An honour to the art I love.  
 Hence my fond mind is solely bent      To chuse this arduous instrument.  
 I have a foreign person here,      Who at our dinner will appear,  
 A widow of the music tribe,      Whom I with handsome sa'l'ry bribe  
 To live with me in friendly guise,      As mistress of my harmonics :  
 She plays the bass, blows the bassoon,  
 And keeps the instruments in tune ;  
 Teaches the parish boys to sing  
 Psalms, anthems, and God save the King."  
 Thus as she spoke a bugle's blast  
 Summon'd them to the hour's repast,  
 When she propos'd the famous glee      Of the NON NOBIS DOMINE,  
 In which the ladies' parts were sung  
 Without or time, or tune, or tongue,  
 And Syntax felt, with all his care,  
 He should not pass his evening there ;  
 That they would never keep in tune  
 Through the approaching afternoon ;  
 For Music, with this mighty show,  
 Was the last thing they seem'd to know.

But still the good things he assail'd  
 Where Music's ev'ry form prevail'd,  
 That sing-song fancy could supply      To deck the skill of cookery,  
 Or the same whimsy could impart      To the confectionery art :  
 Thus songs in sav'ry wrappers shone      On cutlets *a la Maintenon*,  
     While *Blanc-mange* dotted o'er with notes,  
 Made Music slip adown their throats ;  
 Then sweets in ev'ry form display      The instrumental orchestra :  
 Thus fiddles, flutes and harps unite      To harmonise the appetite.  
     At length came the appointed hour  
 When, in the garden's gaudy bower,  
 Where flowers and climbing plants o'erlaid  
 Combin'd to form a scented shade,  
 These vot'ries of sweet sounds appear      To wake Apollo's list'ning ear.  
     —Miss C—— began with furious force,  
 The Doctor follow'd her of course,  
 While the old dame with slower pace,  
 Came rumbling after on the bass :  
 But ere they got to the conclusion,  
 Th' harmonious piece was all confusion.  
 If great Corelli from the dead Could but have rais'd his list'ning head  
 And just then heard his mangled strain,  
 He would have wish'd to die again.  
 Miss was too fast by many a bar,      The old-one was behind as far,  
 While Syntax strove their faults to cover  
 By smoth'ring one and then the other.  
 "Oho," he whisper'd, "this same trio  
 Will shortly end in my *Addio*."  
 —He thought at least he would be civil  
 And try to check the coming evil ;  
 For he saw in Miss Crotchet's face  
 That rage was working his disgrace.  
 "If Music be the food of love      Let us another trio prove,"  
 Syntax exclaim'd ; when she replied,      "I tell you I am petrified ;  
     To me, you humstrum, it appears,  
 That you have neither eyes nor ears  
 You could as well bestride the moon,  
 As keep your time or stop in tune ;  
 And 'twas, in an extreme degree,      Impertinence to play with me."  
 —Instead of *Time* he thought he'd beat,  
 With all good manners, a retreat ;  
 But, in retiring from the threat,      With which he thought he was beset,  
     He overturn'd the o'ergrown fiddle,  
 And set his foot plump in the middle :  
 The crash produc'd a shriek of rage,  
 Which nought he utter'd could assuage  
 When, to avoid the rout and roar,  
 He quickly pass'd the mansion door,  
 And, driven by *Discord*, sought to fly  
 From this strange scene of harmony,  
 While, with vociferous halloo,      He call'd on his man Pat to follow.

But Pat had half an hour's stay,                      Before he told of his delay  
                                  Which he let loose in his droll way.  
 "The lady, Sir, 'tis very sad,                      Is, I am sure, at times, half-mad !  
 She rush'd into the servants' hall                      And utter'd, with an angry squall,  
 'Your master is a brute, I say,                      And I have sent the fool away.'  
                                  'No *man*,' I said, 'would call him so,  
                                  But this arm's vengeance he should know,  
                                  Though as he's gone, why I must go !'  
 Orders she gave to lock the door                      And pointing wildly to the floor,  
                                  'Stand here,' she said 'and sing a song,  
                                  Or you shall stop the whole night long.'  
 I bow'd and did at once let fly                      A pretty piece of melody,  
 Such as did never yet miscarry                      To please the lads of Tipperary :  
                                  The chamber madams whisper'd—Hush !  
                                  And knew not if to laugh or blush ;  
                                  While the cook dame, call'd laughing Nan,  
                                  Beat time upon the dripping-pan.  
 The butler turn'd his head away,                      So how he look'd I cannot say ;  
                                  While stiff the little Negro stood,  
                                  Shew'd his white teeth and grinn'd aloud.  
                                  —At the fourth verse off Madam flew,  
                                  And here, Sir, I'm return'd to you."  
 The Doctor now could not beguile His feelings with his usual smile,  
 But lean'd his head against a tree,                      And, spite of cleric dignity,  
 Let his gay muscles off at score,                      As Pat ne'er saw him do before ;  
 But when his spirit had regain'd                      The gen'ral tenor they maintain'd,  
 He bade Pat ask how far from hence Was Lady *Macnight's* residence ;  
 "I know 'tis somewhere here about,                      And we must try to find it out.  
                                  She's cousin to my friends the *Hearties*,  
                                  And sometimes join'd their pleasant parties,  
                                  Three years must now have flown away,  
                                  When, if I ever pass'd this way,  
                                  I promis'd I would shew my face,  
                                  With her kind leave, at *Comet Place*."  
 A peasant said the road was strait,  
 And nine miles from the turnpike-gate :  
 But as the moon began to peep                      Above the wood on yonder steep,  
 It would be soon as light as day,                      And they could never lose their way.  
 "But as 'tis late," the Doctor said, "Our journey must not be delay'd ;  
 Though for this fair Astronomer,                      Night is the time to visit her,  
 While she may chase through fields of air                      The aberration of a star."  
*Punch* felt the tickling of a spur,                      And Pat's fat sides were in a stir :  
 Nor was it long ere, from the road,                      They hail'd the lady's fair abode  
                                  That, plac'd upon a woody height,  
                                  Display'd full many a glimm'ring light,  
                                  Which from the various windows shone  
                                  And check'd the lustre of the moon.  
 The Doctor now made known his name,  
 When soon appear'd the smiling dame.  
 "I scarce, dear Sir, my joy can measure,  
 At this so unexpected pleasure ;

And 'tis with singular delight I see my learned friend to-night."  
 Thus she exclaim'd, when Syntax fear'd  
 That some celestial sign appear'd,  
 And stead of supper and a bed Whereon to lay his aching head,  
 He should be hurried to survey  
 The greater BEAR or MILKY WAY ; But thus she did his fears allay :  
 " When'er the moon shews all her power  
 And shines through each nocturnal hour,  
 My distant neighbours always come  
 As her clear beams will light them home,  
 And I have now a pleasant party Which only wants my *Cousin Hearty*,  
 Though as you're come I'm quite content,  
 Without a word of compliment."  
 The Doctor soon in pleasant mood, Amid the gay assembly stood :  
 Curtsies and bows and shaking hands With all that etiquette demands  
 Pass'd on with due becoming grace, Engaging words and smiling face.  
 The Doctor talk'd and sipp'd his tea With pleasing, mild hilarity ;  
 Nor did he fail a meal to make On butter'd bread and sav'ry cake.  
 This done, the patronising dame Propos'd some lively, gen'ral game ;  
 And Syntax drew his ready chair In the night's play to take a share.  
 Pope Joan was nam'd and soon prepar'd :  
 When each receiv'd the destin'd card.  
 The comely fair by whom he sat, A lady cheerful in her chat,  
 Propos'd by way of social whim To share the gain and loss with him.  
 Who could refuse a pleas'd assent ?  
 And all around there beam'd content.  
 The game, in gen'ral way, went on,  
 And Syntax thought they rather won :  
 But still the lady often cried, " Doctor, our wants must be supplied,  
 Fortune, at present, is unkind,  
 And we, dear Sir, must raise the wind."  
 He thought, indeed, he rais'd enough,  
 While she ne'er gave a single puff,  
 But of the cash maintain'd control And in her lap conceal'd the whole.  
 At length when this gay game was o'er,  
 She said, " Alas, we're wond'rous poor,  
 And to propose to make division Of what is here would be derision."  
 Then from her lap, which seem'd half full, She almost fill'd her reticule,  
 And left the Sage, with silent lips, To comment on copartnerships ;—  
 While she stalk'd off with waving plume  
 To wander through some distant room.  
 —The supper came and pass'd away,  
 With many a song and frolic gay ;  
 And when the household clock struck *one*,  
 The country neighbours all were gone.  
 —But ere the chamber lights were brought,  
 The scientific dame besought  
 The Doctor's patience to bestow His ear for half an hour or so,  
 While she inform'd him by the way Of the great object of the day.  
 " For you must know," she said, " at noon,  
 O'er the sun's disk the errant moon

Will pass, as that orb has not done  
 For many a year long fled and gone ;  
 And, in this state of her career,      How I rejoice to see you here,  
 As you will aid my measuring eye      By your more learn'd Geometry.  
 That done, we then may pass the day      In tracing out some starry way ;  
 And if it proves a radiant night      You'll set my computations right ;  
     When, to conclude, I will make known  
     A system new and quite my own."  
 —The Doctor's chin now touch'd his breast :  
 She bow'd—and they both went to rest.  
     The morrow in due progress came,  
     When Syntax by th' impatient dame  
 Was led, not to the upper story      Which form'd her fix'd observatory,  
     Where many an instrument appears,  
     As quadrants, telescopes and spheres,  
 To aid the scrutinising eye      In its vast commerce with the sky :  
 But did in a balcony place      The glass, where she as well could trace  
 The lunar passage o'er the sun      As could from greater height be done.  
     —At length arriv'd the pregnant noon,  
     When o'er the sun the darken'd moon  
     Mov'd on the grand eclipse and show'd  
     What man to daring science ow'd.  
     But though the mind may strive to trace  
     The orbs that float in boundless space,  
     Though it may pass through realms of air,  
 Converse with planets rolling there,      And by its name call ev'ry star ;  
 The body ne'er will be content      Without its native nourishment ;  
 And hunger will suggest the sign      Of when to breakfast, sup or dine,  
 Or when the luncheon should reveal      Its interlocutory meal.  
 That meal, by frequent signals sought, *Pat* now in eager hurry brought :  
 But whether 'twas the slipp'ry floor,      Or running dog, or banging door,  
 It may not be required to tell ;      Certain it is the valet fell,  
     Swore a loud oath, when plate and platter  
     And spoons and sauce-boats made a clatter ;  
     While yelping curs, or kick'd or wounded,  
     Were in the gen'ral din confounded ;  
 A noise which both the gazers drew      From their celestial interview.  
     They saw, by Patrick's luckless trips,  
     The luncheon in complete eclipse,  
 As his huge form was rolling over      Each dainty dish and smoking cover,  
     While down his skirts there seem'd to stray  
     Fresh streamlets of the milky way.  
     "—The scene around, above, below,"  
     The Doctor said, "our problems show,  
 Whether it is attractive power,      Or the repellent rules the hour :  
 Patrick we see could not resist,      Or with his feet or with his fist :  
     His feet gave way, the balance lost,  
     His paunch to right and left is tost ;  
 The fingers driven from the thumb      Make the tureen a *vacuum* :  
 And there we see the varlet lie,      A proof of *Central Gravity*."  
 Madam replied, "O never mind,      A fresh supply we soon shall find,

And, as when Falstaff cried peccavi,  
 We'll change the *gravity* for *gravy*.\*  
 Nature hates *vacuums*, as you know, We therefore will descend below,  
 And fill, with dainties nice and light The *vacuum* in your appetite."  
 —All this was done, as it might be, On axioms of Philosophy ;

When the grave lady thus requested :—  
 "As other matters are digested,  
 And we have now an hour to spare,  
 Let us each take our reas'ning chair,  
 Then talk of what we've seen and know  
 Of things above and things below, And do you first your system show ;  
 When you have done, my learn'd divine,  
 Then I will venture upon mine."

SYNTAX.—"When from the earth we lift our eye  
 To the vast concave of the sky,  
 We view it like a curtain spread That shows the welcome morning red ;  
 The noon with golden splendour bright,  
 And the dark veil that clothes the night :  
 Thus both the light and shade are given,  
 With all the varying scenes of Heaven.  
 But when we lose the sun's bright ray,  
 The gloomy night succeeds to day :

Again his flaming lustre burns, And then the cheerful day returns :  
 Still we behold, as they appear, The varying pictures of the year,  
 The morn may yield its splendid reign  
 To cloudy mists and pouring rain :

And oft the noon is overcast,  
 'Mid the black storm and lightning's blast ;  
 While pitchy clouds obscure the night,  
 And quench the bright stars' glimm'ring light.  
 Then, to our eyes, the giant sun His annual circuit seems to run  
 In one grand course, and his career  
 Assigns the day, and forms the year ;  
 But when his setting orb retires, Or earth no more perceives his fires,  
 The moon presents her silver ray, And kindly sheds a fainter day :  
 Yet still she keeps her monthly race  
 With various beams and changeful face.

—Each planet in its proper sphere Does round its distant orbit steer ;  
 While, with peculiar lustre crown'd, They course a fix'd eternal round,  
 And, in th' immeasurable space, They know no change of time or place ;  
 But in their rise and their decline All with a foreign radiance shine,

Their brilliant beams are not their own,  
 But borrow'd of the parent sun,  
 From whom all nature doth inherit That active and creating spirit  
 Which gives to life each aim and end,  
 Where'er his genial rays extend.

—Again we see the thousand stars, Not rang'd in circles or in squares,  
 But proving with their various light  
 The hand that made them Infinite.—  
 If such the harmony that reigns, If thus the Almighty power ordains,

\* Shakespeare—Henry the Fourth—second part—Act I.



May not these orbs, which your faint eye Sees fix'd in one eternal sky,  
To which, as it may seem, is given To shine in a remoter heaven,  
Each as a sun its splendour give, And other worlds the rays receive?

Around the zones of other skies,  
Their moons may shine, may set and rise  
To other globes which raise their pole,  
Whose lands spread wide, whose oceans roll,  
Whose mountains lift their lofty head,  
And shape the valley's deepen'd bed,  
With climates that may smile or frown,  
To changes subject like our own ;

Nay, in the space of air and sky,  
Suns, moons and stars and earths may lie Invisible to human eye,  
E'en with the powers which have been given  
To penetrate the paths of Heaven.

—The comet, whose resistless force Asks cent'ries to complete its course,  
I shall not follow as it flies, Nor trace its eccentricities ;  
Nor speak of sun-beams which are fraught  
With swiftness that out-travels thought,  
But lost in wonder close my view, And listen silently to you."

—He ceas'd, and now with conscious pride,  
The scientific dame replied ;

"You have with truth your system told,  
But may I, Doctor, be so bold  
To say, that you have said no more Than many a one has done before ;  
Though not with such perspicuous sense,  
Or the same pleasing eloquence.

—Yes, on my loaded shelves you see Each volume on astronomy,  
That has increas'd the author's fame With added honour to his name :  
I have all instruments at hand That this vast science may demand,  
Which do their wond'rous aid supply  
To make acquaintance with the sky ;

But I new systems shall explore ; I wish to know a little more.—  
—Perhaps, you'll say, 'tis whim or fun ;

And that a woman's tongue must run ;  
Or that conceit or silly pride Do my weak, frivolous fancies guide ;  
Or that by something like defiance To the establish'd rules of science,  
To be held forth I thus may strive, As the most learned dame alive ;  
If such your thoughts, I hope you'll find  
Some reason soon to change your mind,  
Or that disdainful of the fame

Which those *Blue-stocking* fair ones claim,  
Who confine their pretty fancies, To poems, novels and romances,  
Who take no flight, but are content To steep their minds in sentiment :  
I wish to soar a little higher Than their fine, fangled thoughts aspire ;  
If this be your sagacious guess, You prophesy with some success.  
I only ask you to attend With the calm candour of a friend,  
As least, if you an error see, You will not pass a harsh decree,  
But treat it with humanity."

The Doctor, not by intuition, But by a feeling call'd suspicion,  
Was on her subject led to fear That the new doctrine he should hear

Might require a cautious sense, To give his thoughts without offence.  
 Oft with *Blue-stockings* upon earth Reason he found a source of mirth;  
 And e'en when Fancy play'd her tricks He could a pleas'd attention fix:  
     But when *Blue-stockings* please to soar,  
     Where none had ever been before,  
     He rather trembled at the height  
     Which mark'd this lady's promis'd flight.  
 When such a one her notions shrouds In regions far above the cloud  
     While she does her pure æther quaff,  
     He might not check a sudden laugh,  
 Which certainly would not agree With the most calm philosophy;  
     And thus whate'er she might discover,  
     He wish'd the dang'rous trial over.  
     Hence did he frame each future thought  
     To be with proper answers fraught,  
 And thus he hop'd he was prepar'd, When ask'd, to offer his award.  
     —Such was his aim, and then he heard  
     The wonders which she now prefer'd.  
 LADY MACNIGHT.—“You have explain'd in language clear  
     Each planet's course as they appear,  
     As they appointed are to run In their own orbits round the sun;  
     You travell'd in your airy car To visit ev'ry ruling star,  
     And did not, for a moment, err In marking their true character,  
     Nor in assigning each its place In the immensity of space:  
     But here you stop and nothing know  
     Beyond the glasses' RAREE-SHOW.  
 Men, whose renown'd and learned name Irradiates the field of fame,  
 With all their genius to explore, Have indeed told us something more.  
     When Nature's laws lay hid in night,  
     NEWTON unveil'd new rays of light,  
 And gave the wond'ring world to see, By his sublime Geometry,  
 Those hidden powers which he has shown To act in Nature's unison:  
     But of those orbs which deck the sky,  
     He gave no local history.  
 Tho' view'd by his pervading eye,  
     Nor did he e'er pretend to tell  
     What BEINGS might within them dwell,  
     Their forms, their natures and their speech,  
     To what perfection they might reach,  
 And how their systematic powers, Differ from this same world of ours:  
     What are their plants and flowers and trees,  
     If they have running streams and seas,  
 And whether fleeting time appears Like ours divided into years,  
     And if their years by lunar powers  
     Are form'd of months and days and hours:  
 Whether their life concludes by death, Or if men die for want of breath,  
 And if to their fond hope is given Another world, a future Heaven.  
 What do I gain, when I but see These planets' eccentricity,  
     Unless my reason could pervade  
     For what wise purpose they were made?  
     —You'll laugh no doubt, and say I dream,  
     If I should now unfold my scheme,

And think, perhaps, that I may vie      With Bedlam in its lunacy.  
 But I, dear Sir, am not so bent      Upon my mind's experiment,  
 As to look grave if my excursion      Should minister to your diversion;  
     Nor does the thought make me uneasy  
     That some have fancied I was crazy.  
     —While my poor dear Sir John was living,  
     Whose soul, I trust, is now in Heaven,  
 Some booby, in a long hiatus,      Urg'd him to burn my *Apparatus*:  
     When he said, 'No!—While she maintains  
     Each due decorum, while she gains  
     Their warm regard to whom she's known,  
     And who her smiling friendship own;  
 While I her fond affection share      And feel her faithful, tender care;  
     While she to household rule attends,  
     And makes home pleasant to my friends,  
 What care I, as at early morn, I urge the chase, with hound and horn,  
 Or cheer at night each jovial soul      With the full glass and flowing bowl,  
 If she employs her eager eye      To trace the wonders of the sky!  
 Yes wives there are, and not a few,      Who a more idle course pursue,  
 Nor is there one of those who shine      The votaries of fashion's shrine  
     Whom I would e'er exchange for mine.  
 —Thus did my dear lamented Knight      Set the intruding fellow right:  
     And much I hope, good Sir, that you  
     May think my husband's praises true;  
 And they, I trust, who know me well      Will the same friendly story tell."  
     SYNTAX.—"They who have gravely trod the round  
     Of gen'ral science must have found  
     That trifles, nay, that whims have led,  
     When floating in a thinking head,  
 To quicken genius as it tries      The course of new discoveries:  
 E'en accident has made a stir      In brains of the philosopher.  
 A codling falling from a tree      Might fix the point of gravity:  
 Or house-maid's twirling of a mop      Might into NEWTON's cranium pop  
 The principle, by which was found      Whether the poles are flat or round.  
 And why, my Lady, may not you      Strike from your study something new,  
     And, what's still better, useful too?"  
     LADY MACNIGHT.—"With that benignant lib'ral spirit,  
     Which I well know that you inherit,  
 I'm sure your justice will not swerve      From any praise I may deserve:  
 Nor will you with harsh rigour blame      If I attempt too high an aim,  
 And strive those regions to explore      As none have ever done before,  
     But call me back to reason's lore;  
 And, if strange wanderings appear,      Restore me to my proper sphere.  
     "Now, in due order, to proceed,      Philosophers have all agreed,  
 That to each planet, in its sphere,      Our earth rolls on in prospect clear,  
     And, in great Nature's solar scheme,  
     They're seen by us, as we by them.  
 Nay from analogy 'tis thought,      Though not by fix'd experience taught,  
     That these are worlds and though unknown  
     May bear a likeness to our own,  
 Peopled with beings who fulfil,      Like us, the Almighty Maker's will,

To answer, in their destin'd station, The wise design of their creation.  
 And now you'll hear my cunning guess  
 At what these several orbs possess,  
 With every animated feature Of what I call their reas'ning nature,  
 As the prime power that may controul The active impulse of the whole.  
 —Whether I reason from its name, Or angry redness of its frame,  
 It matters not how they refer To stamp its native character;  
 I still shall dare suppose that MARS Is the continual seat of wars;  
 Not of arm'd military bands, Whom the fierce, bloody sword commands,  
 But, from the beggar to the king, Contest must be for ev'ry thing;  
 Nay for a fortune or a rattle That there must be a constant battle;  
 That hourly, individual strife Is the grand principle of life.  
 No helm or breast-plate do they wear,  
 Nor do they sword or jav'lin bear,  
 But all their policy consists In a concomitance of fists;  
 In the sharp, nimble fingers' raps, Or the broad palm's redundant slaps.  
 —They cannot get a steak to eat Unless they battle for the meat;  
 Nor can their statesmen get a place  
 'Till they have fought it face to face.  
 But then I'd have it understood They never cause discharge of blood:  
 Whatever blows the parties give Whatever bruises they receive,  
 A lasting pain they cannot feel, And all without a plaister heal.  
 As bound by nature to oppose, Friendship's an interchange of blows.  
 Fond lovers in their am'rous greeting  
 Know not of kissing or entreating,  
 'Tis done by scratching and by beating;  
 And love cannot be better shown Than by a rude squeeze and a frown.  
 —Children and youth I shall suppose Have not the privilege of blows,  
 Nor gain permission to engage 'Till they can prove they are of age.  
 —Of virtue contest is the source, And moral rectitude is force;  
 While he who does the most contest Is of the sons of MARS the best.  
 —Thus he, I'm ready to suppose, Who ne'er receives nor offers blows,  
 Is an offender 'gainst the laws, And subject to the hangman's paws,  
 Or sentenc'd to some dismal place  
 'Mong criminals who keep the peace;  
 And as we do our convicts see Depriv'd of cheerful liberty,  
 They're chain'd in some dark cell below,  
 'Rest of the joy to strike a blow.—  
 —So far, so good—their power of speech  
 At present is beyond my reach:  
 Morals and manners form the whole  
 That's subject to my mind's controul,  
 And farther, Doctor, I confess, It is not in my power to guess:  
 What my search may hereafter do, As I my vent'rous course pursue,  
 I cannot say;—but what say you?"  
 SYNTAX.—"Nay Madam, you have gone as far,  
 Riding a cock-horse on a star,  
 Nay farther than has yet been known By any Genius but your own:  
 —Indeed, I must admire your fancy, In this star-gazing necromancy;  
 For you have nat'ralis'd your sphere, As I could ne'er expect to hear.—  
 Though with the plan I can't agree, I thank you for its drollery;

And though I cannot well allow      The principle which you avow,  
 Your story, Shakespeare gives the hint,  
 Though strange, has much of matter in't."  
 LADY MACNIGHT.—"A few words more and I have done  
 With these attendants on the sun.  
 —In the bright orb that's known to claim  
 VENUS as its establish'd name,  
 I shall pursue my arduous way      In the conjectures of the day,  
 That BEAUTY is the height sublime      Of *Virtue* in that genial clime,  
     Whose light and heat, within its zone,  
     Bears no resemblance to our own ;  
 And the grand crime they there confess, Is what we here term *Ugliness*.  
 The good and ill which there prevail      Is measur'd by a settled scale  
 Among its people, as each feature      Is favour'd or deform'd by nature ;  
 And all the value of their duty      Is form'd by more or less of beauty ;  
 And thus it is that I pervade      Its moral light, its moral shade.  
     —The flowing hair, the well-turn'd brow,  
 The fine form'd arches just below, And skin that vies with driven snow :  
 The bright, the soft and sleepy eye,      The two-fold rows of ivory ;  
 The pouting, ruby-colour'd lips,      Where sweetness its own nectar sips ;  
 The cheeks with rosy blush o'erspread, And dimples sinking in the red ;  
 The neck that doth the bosom join      By a scarce seen but graceful line,  
 While the firm semi-orbs below      Heave with a gentle to and fro :  
     And arms whose less'ning round extends  
     To the fine, taper fingers' ends :—  
     —Such is the form, and such the grace,  
     That's virtue in the female race ;  
 While man's proportions are the same, But suited to a stronger frame.  
 Each virtue is, and more or less      They virtuous are, who most possess ;  
 While the vicious nature lies      Proportion'd by its contraries.  
 Therefore it is that I suppose      The squinting eye, the wide-spread nose,  
     The yawning mouth, that may appear  
     Stretching athwart from ear to ear ;  
 The rising back, a sad mischance,      And stomach's rude protuberance,  
     Are crimes which, by their law's intent,  
     Receive proportion'd punishment ;  
 While ugliness in ev'ry sense,      Must be a capital offence ;  
     And they will be condemn'd to die,  
     Whose crime's complete deformity.  
     So much, dear Doctor, for my Venus,  
     And what as yet has pass'd between us."  
 —She paus'd—but when she 'gan to tell      Of Mercury, the dinner-bell  
 Brought her fine fancies to a close ;      And as the Rev'rend Doctor rose  
     He said, "I here beg leave to mention  
     How much I'm pleas'd with your invention,  
     But still I think it might be right  
     To calm its course and check its flight,  
 Nor let it wander out of season      But yield it to the rule of reason ;  
 And instead of its commanding,      Let it obey, your understanding ;  
 Consult your own superior sense,      And gratify your pride from thence.  
 For all is known we ought to know      Of things above, or things below,



'Till other Boyles and Newtons rise  
 T' unveil dark Nature's mysteries.  
 I do not strictly mean to say      You throw your studious hours away,  
 Or that your star-work is misspent,      For still the pastime's innocent ;  
 But yet I think that *à la lettre*,      You might employ those hours better :  
 Nor do I wish to read a lecture      Upon the errors of conjecture,  
     Which may refinement's thoughts expose  
     To smiling friends and scoffing foes ;  
 I only ask you to receive      The friendly counsel that I give :  
 If to the Planets you must soar,      Be silent, wonder and adore.  
 Though they're in diff'rent stations plac'd      In the immeasurable waste,  
     Though their ends may not be the same,  
     Each is to answer one great aim,  
 And with some local means endued,      To aid the universal good,  
     Will'd by the Power whose plastic hand  
     Doth all immensity command,  
 And whose vast, universal sway      Creation's countless worlds obey."  
     He spoke, and in due order pass'd,  
     To things more suited to his taste.  
 Indeed, he was well pleas'd to see      A change in the philosophy ;  
 And with his knife and fork to reason      On ev'ry dainty dish in season,  
     And make his choice 'tween wrong and right,  
     As guided by his appetite.  
 At length the plenteous dinner o'er,      As he did in his goblet pour  
 The sparkling wine, he begg'd to give, A toast she surely would receive.  
     "Here's to the health of friends above,  
     I care not in what star they move,  
     Or whatsoe'er their modes may be ;—  
     *May they have din'd as well as we !*"—  
 —The afternoon they stroll'd away, In various chit-chat, grave and gay,  
     And time brought on the close of day ;  
     When Syntax begg'd she would make known  
     Any commands she had in town,  
 As early on the following day,      Thither he must direct his way."  
     "O," she replied, "I will commend  
     Your Rev'rence to my charming friend  
     Dear Mrs. BRISKIT, whom I've known  
     Since I was taught to walk alone.  
 In her I know that you will find Good manners and a fashion'd mind :  
     But if she has a fault, Heav'n bless her,  
     'Tis the high spirits which possess her :  
 She'll laugh with you in endless glee      At my high-flown Astronomy !  
 Though, as her husband's lately sent      On business to the Continent,  
 She sees 'till his return but few :      Yet this I know, with honour due,  
     Her door will open be to you.  
 —And now I think on't there's another  
     To whom without or form or pother  
     I must, dear Doctor, introduce you :  
     O how that dear girl will amuse you !  
     My sweet Miss PALLET, she is one,  
     To whom, my friend, you must be known,



A female Artist, whose fair name                      Is rising rapidly to fame,  
 And all the paintings round the room  
 Did from her earliest pencil come:  
 Her works you will with pleasure view,  
 Nay, you can give instruction too.  
 My fond hopes wait on her success,                      As I was her first patroness;  
 And she my friendship will commend,  
 When I present her such a friend."  
     While she these kindly passports wrote,  
     He did the passing time devote  
 To a small volume, whose rich page Would his delighted mind engage,  
 And when her scribbling work was done,  
 He thus his farewell thoughts made known:  
 "—As your pen mov'd, by chance I took  
 From off your shelves a fav'rite book,  
 Of solemn bards the boasted pride,  
 You know him well, 'tis AKENSIDE—  
 And in his high-wrought work you'll see  
 Fancy rob'd in Philosophy,                      What that pow'r is and ought to be;  
 And in its page the Muses show                      What Fancy does to reason owe:  
     Nay, there a lesson may be known  
     How you, fair dame, may guide your own.  
 —And as my grateful thanks I tell,                      And while I humbly say, farewell,  
     Your gracious kindness may receive  
     The faithful counsel which I give.—  
 Like poor Sir John's advising friend,                      I would not dare to recommend  
 That you should venture to destroy                      The apparatus you employ,  
     But lock the door of that high story,  
     Which forms your learn'd Observatory;  
 Against the stars at once rebel,                      *And throw the KEY into a WELL."*

## CANTO IV.

SYNTAX, in deep, and pensive mood,  
 Tow'rd London now his way pursued:  
 The eastern sky involv'd in cloud  
 Did from his eye the sun-beams shroud,  
 And not one active darting ray                      Gave spirit to the early day:  
 While the mist, hanging o'er the brow                      Of woody upland, sunk below  
     Amid the smoke, rais'd on the gale,  
     From hamlet cottage in the vale.—  
 No lark was heard, ascending high,                      To give his carol to the sky;  
 Nor did the blackbird or the thrush Make vocal the green, dewy bush:  
     The rooks, departing from the wood,  
     On the high branches cawing stood,  
     Whose noisy notes alone were heard,  
     With raven's croak, ill-omen'd bird,  
 And gloomy nature's self gave warning Of a dull, uninspiring morning,  
     At least, of thoughts alive and gay,  
     Which sometimes flow from radiant day.

What was the cause doth not appear ;  
 Whether oppressive atmosphere,  
 Or that the pillow had not blest      The Doctor with his usual rest ;  
 Or whether it was fancy's whim, (Which seldom rul'd or troubled him,)

He was not in his usual trim ;  
 So that he, as he ponder'd o'er      The dark side of his nuptial Tour,  
 Had half a mind to turn again      To the green shades of Sommerden,  
 And be contented with the good      Which he might find in widowhood.

" Since I left home," he mutt'ring said,  
 " What to my wish has been display'd ?  
 The high-flown fair whom I have sought  
 Did not awake one tender thought :  
 Such sense mix'd up with so much folly  
 At times would make me melancholy :—  
 They might, perchance, an hour, a day, Contrive to pass in smiles away.  
 But Fortune I should ne'er forgive, If I with such were doom'd to live.  
 —It is not that a woman's mind      May not be of superior kind,  
 Or that its powers may not be fraught  
 With views enlarg'd and depth of thought,  
 Or that a lady's studious hours May not have treasur'd learning's stores :  
 I know that many have been known, Who in the realms of science shone,  
 Whose learning, judgment, critic taste,  
 Have seldom been by men surpass'd,  
 And yet who never soar'd above The line where duty bade them move,  
 And were not seen to give offence  
 To that prime virtue, COMMON-SENSE.

But these are form'd for higher life,      And not to be a parson's wife,  
 Unless by fortune he had been      A bishop, or at least a dean.  
 Whose dames, thus living at their ease,  
 May chuse what pastime they shall please."  
 The clouds now broke and many a ray  
 Of sunshine darted on the day ;  
 When, as inspiring Phœbus shone,  
 The Doctor chang'd his grumbling tone,  
 While a good breakfast had the merit      To quicken his dejected spirit ;  
 And now his homeward way to trace  
 He thought would be downright disgrace ;  
 That perseverance was a feature  
 Which aggrandis'd our common nature :  
 And no great act he could relate,      Of ancient or of modern date,  
 But to that virtue did refer      Its energetic character.  
 Thus, without further doubt or fear,      He was resolv'd to persevere.—  
 Nay, as his spirits 'gan to rise,      He ventur'd to soliloquise,  
 And did his waken'd hopes express,  
 Of what he thought he might possess.  
 " LONDON is the general mart,  
 The warehouse vast that does impart  
 Whate'er the life of man requires,      To minister to its desires :  
 But mine's a search of tender feeling ;—  
 Those articles I cannot deal in  
 Which demand a golden treasure      To furnish out luxurious pleasure,

To gratify each active sense,                      Or love of proud magnificence ;  
     These come not in my humble view,  
     They are not what my thoughts pursue :  
 I've but a faithful heart to offer, And a warm parson's home to proffer,  
     Where a fond pair may love and live.  
     Though this is all I have to give,  
 Yet I shall think it rather hard                      If, as my errant toil's reward,  
 I cannot find a Ma'am or Miss                      Somewhere in this metropolis,  
 Who may indulge a secret wish                      To dip her sop in Hymen's dish ;  
 Who'd like to leave its noisy riot,                      To live with me in rural quiet.  
 But after all if I should fail,                      And all my hostile stars prevail,  
 I will not my false hopes lament,                      But teach my mind to be content,  
 Contrive to cheer my widow'd life                      Without the blessing of a wife,  
 And while I live, I ne'er again                      Will leave the woods of Sommerden."  
     Such were the thoughts from day to day,  
     Which beguil'd his untroubled way,  
     'Till rising above the cloud of smoke  
     St. Paul's Dome on the prospect broke ;  
 And, pacing on, he enter'd town                      By the north side of Mary-bonne.  
     A proper inn he sought of course,  
     Where there was food for man and horse,  
 'Till he could find a decent station                      In point of air and situation,  
 As it might most convenient seem,                      And fitted to his leading scheme.  
     Thus as he trotted through a street,  
     Whose houses seem'd compact and neat,  
*Apartments to be let* was seen                      Upon a door of brightest green,  
 And underneath a name had place,                      As dealer in fine foreign lace :  
     The curtain'd windows caught the eye,  
     With their gay, festoon'd drapery,  
 And in balconies there were seen                      Flowers and plants of ever-green,  
 Where the geraniums blossom'd red                      And myrtles rose from mossy bed,  
 While all, as far as he could see,                      Appeared to suit him to a T.  
     —He thought what trouble it would save,  
     If here he could a lodging have ;  
 So he knock'd smartly at the door                      And was admitted to explore  
     The different rooms by a fat lady,  
     Who certainly was past her heigh-day,  
     But if time had destroy'd her figure,  
     Her tongue retain'd its pristine vigour ;  
 Thus she so manag'd to succeed                      By flatt'ring chat, that he agreed  
 No other residence to seek,                      And took th' apartments for a week.  
 He answer'd to the usual claim,                      And paid a pound-note to the dame ;  
 Deliver'd his portmanteau there,                      To the old lady's promis'd care,  
 Then took his leave with spirits light                      And promis'd to be there at night.  
 PAT too receiv'd commands to find                      A liv'ry stable to his mind,  
 Where both the travell'd nags and he                      Might find due hospitality ;  
 And bade him keep it in his pate                      To be with him next morn at eight.  
 "Well, now" said Syntax, "I'll e'en go                      And visit *Pater-noster-Row*,  
     VELLUM I trust will much rejoice  
     To hear once more my well-known voice."  
 He went, and as St. Paul's struck three,                      His appetite rejoic'd to see

The print and paper-selling sinner      Preparing for a plenteous dinner.  
 —After much warm and friendly greeting  
 At this so unexpected meeting,

When the good Doctor's hungry zeal      Was settled by a hearty meal,  
 While a full pint of wine at least,      Had given spirits to the feast,  
 Vellum his curious talk began,      To dip into the Doctor's plan,

And by his shrewd discourse discover  
 What just now made him such a rover.

"—You cannot have been long in town,  
 Or some Muse with the news had flown

And have contriv'd to let us know      The pleasing tidings in the *Row* :  
 For you, no doubt Sir, must have brought  
 Some work with taste and learning fraught,

Something of bold and new design,      Dug from the never-failing mine  
 That's work'd within your fertile brain,  
 Where all is cut and come again ;

And much I hope you will command      My practis'd and obstetric hand,  
 And chuse me, as my skill you know,      Among the midwives of the *Row* ;  
 To bring it forth, with your fair name,      To a long, future life of fame."

A smile now seem'd to give assent,  
 And Vellum's visage beam'd content :

But when he from the Doctor heard  
 What street and place he had prefer'd,

And that he was thus lodg'd alone      In a snug house in Mary-bonne,  
 He thought without a smile or joke

He should speak out—and thus he spoke.

"Where'er you are there must be good,  
 Whate'er may be the neighbourhood ;

But, 'tis a region, let me say,      Where, you, Sir, will not wish to stay,  
 Though I do not presume to measure  
 Either your fancy or your pleasure :

But should you wish to quit the place,  
 Which possibly may be the case,

I have a friend who has left town      For sev'ral months and who does own  
 Nice chambers in an Inn of Court,      Where sages of the Law resort ;  
 And he has left, as you may see,      The entire care of them to me,  
 Furnish'd with all accommodation

That well may suit your rev'rend station ;

And where you may employ your pen,      As quiet as at *Sommerden*,  
 With a neat laundress to attend you,  
 To whose good care I should commend you."

Said Syntax, "In a day or two,      I'll ask another interview,  
 And then the subject we'll renew."

—The hasty evening pass'd away      On gen'ral topics of the day ;  
 How learning sped was not neglected,  
 And authors of all kinds dissected ;

'Till the departing hour was come,      And Syntax sought his novel home  
 To the opening door there came

The old, fat, grinning, prating dame,  
 Who begg'd that he would take a chair  
 In her boudoir, and seat him there :

Smart, well-dress'd, giggling Misses three,  
Compos'd the old lady's company.

"These, I presume, these charming fair,"

He said, "are your maternal care?"

"These are my chicks," the dame replied,

"At once my profit and my pride,

Some folks have talk'd about their beauty,

But this I know, they do their duty,

And e'en if scandal dare to flout 'em,

I'm sure I could not do without 'em."

But with his day's fatigue oppress'd, Syntax begg'd leave to go to rest.

"Laura," she said, I "prithce come, And light the Doctor to his room."

She rose and as she squeez'd his arm

He calmly smil'd, but thought no harm ;

He took it in the kindest sense, And thought it frolic innocence ;

Bore, from her hand the blazing light,

Then bade God bless her and good night.

He was next morn in full array And planning out the future day,

When Pat appear'd quite pale and wan,

And thus in ruffled tones began :

"I hope you will not take offence If I just tell your Reverence,

This is a house of evil fame, I know its character and name :

A coach is here—Be off, I pray, Nor here another minute stay ;

You now, Sir, may remove in quiet, Or the old hag will breed a riot."

Nay, now, from what he saw last night,

The Doctor thought that Pat was right,

Who soon the trav'ling baggage bore

Straight to the hackney at the door ;

And then flew back to save his master From any insolent disaster :

But, as the staircase he descended, He found the passage well defended.

There the hag stood, all hubber-bubber,

A half-dress'd form of living blubber.

"What going, Sir, without a warning?"

"Yes," Syntax said, "and so good-morning."

"But stop Sir, pray, and hear me speak ;—

You still must pay me for a week."

"One pound," says Pat, "for one night's rent,

Is pay enough, so be content."

But she by some outlandish name

Bawl'd, "Captain come !"—The Captain came,

When he display'd a horrid grin More frightful from his hairy chin,

And threaten'd loud ; but Patrick stood, In a stout, sturdy attitude.

"Ah, move," he said, "and you shall feel

That Paddy has a heart of steel ;

Nay, Captain, he may prove to you, That he has hands of iron too."

Whether the Captain did not like

The kinds of blows that Pat might strike,

With mumbling oaths and ghastly frown,

He went up-stairs as he came down,

Thus neither light nor heavy-hearted,

But between both the Sage departed ;

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Though not o'erburden'd with content, To Vellum now again he went.  
 There are, and many I have known,

Though not to naughty habits prone,  
 Who are scarce ever heard to swear,  
 And seldom miss their Sunday prayer,  
 Yet of their lively roving boast, When youthful fancies rul'd the roast;  
 And when their latter days prevail, Or o'er their wine, or punch, or ale,  
 And while the smoking fume ascends Among familiar, social friends,  
 Will chuckle at an idle thought,  
 Which Scandal's gossip tongue has brought,  
 And cautious looking round the while,  
 Will give the half corrected smile.

Such solemn Vellum was, and when Syntax he saw so soon again,  
 That Mary-bonne, a shrewd guess told him,  
 The Doctor found too hot to hold him.

—But though our fanciful Divine Ne'er thought to play the libertine,  
 He could not, as he sipp'd his tea, Refrain from mystic drollery,  
 And by that drollery did provoke The Bookseller to cut a joke,  
 And, with a blinking eye, let fall Quaint words in sense equivocal.

—But now, to cut the matter short, Nice Chambers in an Inn of Court  
 Receiv'd the Sage that very night,  
 And there he found that all was right;  
 With Laundress ready to attend His service as an humble friend.

The travelling steeds at liv'ry stood  
 Somewhere in the near neighbourhood,  
 So that Pat ever was at hand, For any duty or command.

—In thought the morrow was employ'd,  
 Which, as it pass'd, was not enjoy'd;  
 For he began to think his scheme Was but an idle, fruitless dream,  
 While reason, in this state of doubt,  
 Seem'd not dispos'd to help him out.

In ev'ry shape the cause he tried, But still he was not satisfied.  
 Thus as he pac'd from room to room, Contemplating his future doom,  
 With scarce a hope his mind to cheer, And yielding to a coward fear;

"Is it that I a place have chose,"  
 He gravely said, "where life's worst foes  
 Their unpropitious gains receive,  
 From eyes that weep and hearts that grieve?"

Is it that I with Lawyers share This dismal roof, this tainted air,  
 That I an humble spirit bear,  
 And seem no longer to preserve The active mind, the daring nerve;  
 Nay, am at once dispos'd to yield The conquests of the promis'd field?"

Thus as he spoke, good Mrs. Broom,  
 The Laundress, came into the room,  
 And hearing how he talk'd and sigh'd, Thus in respectful tone replied—  
 "Believe me in this staircase here,

I've pass'd, good Sir, full many a year;  
 And I have many a Lawyer serv'd  
 Who ne'er from truth or justice swerv'd;  
 Though, Sir, perhaps, within this court  
 There may be some of ev'ry sort:



But if you chose to change the air,  
 For Portland-place or Portman-square,  
 Of those who live in splendour there  
 I fear that you might say the same      Nor do injustice to their name.  
 Some vile professor of the Laws      Has grip'd you hard within his paws,  
     I must suppose, and given you cause  
 The common anger to sustain      Against the Laws and Lawyers' train.  
 Excuse me, Sir, but I must smile      At whims that do our minds beguile.  
 I met just now, upon the stairs,      A Dandy in his highest airs,  
 Who calls the Lawyer that's above      The faithful clerk of doating love;  
 And swears that by his powerful pen      He proves himself the best of men.  
     Though, Sir, if I must speak the truth,  
     This gallant and delighted youth  
 Is on the lawyer's toil intent,      Whose skill draws up an instrument,  
     Which, when in all due form prepar'd,  
     Will give him his vast love's reward :  
 O 'tis a most delicious sound      Beauty, and forty thousand pound !"  
     The Doctor smil'd nor check'd the dame,  
     Who thus continued to exclaim ;  
 " Marriage I think, as well I know      Is the far happiest state below ;  
     I twice have prov'd that happy state ;  
 Twice I have lost a faithful mate,      Nor do I think it yet too late,  
     To seek again love's soft dominion,  
     Were John Quill-drive of my opinion."  
     This chatter, and of marriage too,  
     Brought the same subject to the view  
 Of Syntax in a better state      Than he had given it thought of late :  
     Besides, good wine and dainty fare  
     Are sometimes known to lighten care :  
 Nay, man is often brisk or dull      As the keen stomach's void or full.  
     The Doctor, to all meals inclin'd,  
     Had on a well-dress'd sweet-bread din'd,  
 While a nice pie of sav'ry meat      Gave added poignance to the treat ;  
     As the good Laundress wish'd to show,  
     That she did kitchen cunning know,  
 And, therefore, had contriv'd the best      To furnish out a tempting feast :  
 While Vellum had Madeira sent      Which might a Bacchanal content.  
     He ate, he drank, his spirits rose,  
     And cheerful thoughts succeed to those  
     Which through the hopeless morning past,  
     Had his shrunk mind with doubts o'ercast.  
     — Again he pac'd the chamber floor,  
     And talk'd his various projects o'er. —  
     " E'en should they fail he knew no harm,  
     That ought to give his mind alarm :  
 The smiles of Fortune, if attain'd,      Must be by perseverance gain'd ;  
     Therefore, be gone, thou Coward, Fear,  
     For Syntax still shall persevere."  
     Thus as these thoughts his spirits cheer'd  
     Vellum with smile and bow appear'd ;  
 " I come to know, Sir, if you find      The situation to your mind ;

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And if ought can be added to it I trust that you will let me know it :  
For you shall see it is my pride To have it instantly supplied."

The Doctor fail'd not in expressing  
His thanks for all he was possessing.  
—Now Vellum had a ready nose  
For scenting works, in verse and prose,  
Which Authors, for some special reason,  
Might keep a secret for a season :  
Authors, we mean, whose favour'd name  
Is trumpeted by Madam Fame.

A dinner he was us'd to try, With a few scraps of flattery :

Of wealth and gen'rous deeds would boast,  
A theme on Authors seldom lost ;  
And these, kept up with prudent skill,  
Might bring the Author to his will.  
Hence may be trac'd the worldly feeling  
That brought on all this friendly dealing ;  
For surely Vellum could not dream  
But that it was some learned scheme  
Which brought the Doctor up to town,  
When all the snow of life was flown.  
Syntax, with native keenness felt

At the same time he did not feel It would be prudent to reveal  
The curious wish that bade him roam  
So far in summer months from home ;

But to avert his prying eye The sage began this colloquy :—  
" You have already had a ken Of what I call a specimen,

When piety inspir'd my pen,  
And much, my friend, I wish to know, Could I a pious volume show,  
All fair and ready for the press, What you may think of its success,  
And as we both may be concern'd, If fame and money may be earn'd?"  
V. " What mean you ?—Sermons ?"—S. " Yes the same."

V. " Sermons by you, and with your name :—  
Upon a first and gen'ral view, I rather think that they will do :  
At all events, Sir, as a friend, I to your int'rests will attend."

Thus with solemn face he spoke, And we will guess, by way of joke  
What to himself Old Vellum said, As the sly, secret hints of trade.

Deep thought two forehead wrinkles prov'd,  
But neither tongue nor lips were mov'd,  
While to his interest never blind,  
These hints were whisper'd to his mind :

" Sermons by him !—O quite the thing,  
To publish in the ensuing spring !

They will I'm sure be all the fashion,  
And read, perhaps, by half the nation.

For Sermons, as the taste prevails, Are read as eagerly as tales,  
And if the preacher has renown No works more popular are known.  
I'll try to-morrow ere we dine To fix the copy-right as mine."

But still he thought : " Why need I stay,  
To strike this stroke, another day !

Another day? No, No—I vow I'll strive to make the bargain now."

Thus these dumb hopes acquired strength,

So that he let them speak at length,

But in a calm and measur'd tone :—

"—These Sermons, Doctor, I must own

I rather wish"—"My honest friend,"

Syntax exclaim'd, "I must attend

To other matters which, 'tis known,

Have caus'd my pilgrimage to town ;

And it will be a week or two Before I can attend to you :

But sure I am—it cannot be That we should ever disagree."

Vellum, well pleas'd that he had made

Some progress in the way of trade,

Which, as he plann'd it, would repay

All his shrewd sense could do or say,

His sly enquiries now repress'd, And hush'd his wary zeal to rest :

Thus, having smok'd a pipe or two In social mood, he bade adieu.

Syntax, who had not liv'd so long

Without that sense of right and wrong,

Which Observation's known to give To those who think as well as live,

Felt Vellum's use—but then he knew

That int'rest must be kept in view ;

That this same money-scraping sinner

Would ne'er be lur'd to give a dinner,

Nor would his spirit e'er incline To ask a *Letter'd Man* to dine,

Or bow, or smile, or send his wine,

Unless he thought by way of trade,

His kindness would be well repaid.

He therefore kept 'neath lock and key These Volumes of Divinity ;

And did his distant promise make, To keep curmudgeon zeal awake.

—Thus it appears the day was pass'd,

And night's calm hour arriv'd at last ;

For, Vellum and the Laundress gone, The Doctor now was left alone;

As Pat took up his night's abode

Where Punch with her companion stood,

And moisten'd many a Dublin tale

With the rich draughts of London ale.

But Syntax, ere he went to rest, Ponder'd on what might be the best,

What it became him now to do, And which the way he should pursue.

"Can I," he calmly said, "do better,

Than send my Lady *Macnight's* letter?

And thus fair Mrs. BRISKIT see With all her wild vivacity

Nor fear to risk what she may do With all her fun and frolic too."

Thus, the next morn, a formal note He with all due politeness wrote,

To let her know what joy 'twould give him,

Did she but say she would receive him.

"—This evening *Madcap* is at home,"

The answer said, "so prithee come."

"How," she exclaim'd "shall I enjoy,

The visit of this Rev'rend Boy !

I shall be in my highest sphere, When the Quixotic Parson's here !"

No sooner was it said than done,  
 And thus commenc'd the scheme of fun.  
 All in due time a stout house-maid Was like the lady's self array'd ;  
 The pendants dangle from her ears,  
 The plumage o'er her brow appears ;  
 The ostrich spoils, so green, so red,  
 Bent graceful from her auburn head,  
 While all that pucker'd silk could show  
 Appear'd in flounce and furbelow,  
 And muslin's broider'd folds display'd The pow'rs of millinery aid.  
 The *Reticule* grac'd one rude hand, The other did a fan command ;  
 But Molly, in this tonish dress Was the sublime of awkwardness.  
 While she, indeed, or sat or stood, All motionless as log of wood,  
 She look'd like wholesome flesh and blood ;  
 But when she mov'd and when she spoke,  
 Then was to come the promis'd joke,  
 As Syntax, by the trick betray'd Would for the mistress take the maid,  
 And let forth many a classic speech,  
 Which pedant gallantry might teach ;  
 While Madam, from some cushion'd height,  
 Nor seen, nor yet quite out of sight,  
 Could from behind a curtain's sweep With silent caution take a peep,  
 At the cross-purposes display'd 'Tween Syntax and the lady-maid :  
 But when the parley awkward grew She might at once appear to view,  
 And in brisk measure rush between To give new spirit to the scene.  
 Such was the plan this lively dame  
 Had laid to form the evening's game,  
 And in due course the evening came.  
 Pat now applied his utmost art To make his Rev'rend Master smart,  
 Who when he cast a partial eye, The smooth-fac'd mirror passing by,  
 Just whisper'd, on the glancing view,  
 "'Tis not amiss—I think 'twill do.  
 And now," he said, "'twere well to try A taste of that electuary,  
 Which, as I've known, so often serves  
 To give fresh vigour to the nerves."  
 He with the dose was well content,  
 For 'twas of that which Vellum sent.  
 Now in a hack was Syntax shook, And Pat behind his station took,  
 When thus, in all becoming state,  
 They pass'd along through Gray's Inn Gate.  
 —The Doctor let his fancy bend, As to the evening he should spend ;  
 And how he might be best prepar'd To play a safe and cautious card ;  
 For sure he was from all he knew, There would be fun and frolic too ;  
 But what this gamesome Ma'am would do  
 His mental eye could not foresee, Though in such near futurity.—  
 Thus as he conn'd his lesson o'er,  
 The carriage reach'd the promis'd door.  
 —In the mean time the bouncing maid  
 Was taught the part that should be play'd ;  
 And thus the artful Mistress gave  
 Th' instruction how she should behave.

"When he shall ask you how you do,  
 You'll say, I'm well and thank you too.  
 But beyond this you must not go, Nor e'er reply but YES or NO."  
 What other fancies she was told A few lines onward will unfold.  
 He enter'd, when with awkward air She motion'd him to take a chair,  
 And, having plac'd it by her side,  
 He thus began—She thus replied :—  
 "Ma'am, 'tis an honour you confer"—  
 She said—"I'm well and thank you Sir."  
 "—I have a letter here to show  
 From Lady Macnight"—She said "No."  
 "I hope you'll take it not amiss, If I present it!"—She said, "Yes."  
 "I'm Doctor Syntax as I live."— She answer'd with a *Negative*.  
 O ho ! he thought, but I'll go on,  
 For Madam I suppose for fun Is playing an Automaton ;  
 And if that is the Lady's cue, I will be somewhat funny too.  
 "Madam," he said, "that lovely face Seems to invite a soft embrace,  
 And if you please"—She answer'd, "Yes."  
 The Doctor therefore took a kiss,  
 Which she return'd with such a blow  
 As her rude hands could well bestow :  
 But while, astonish'd and amaz'd, He on the angry figure gaz'd,  
 The Lady thought it time to move From her snug hiding-place above :  
 Into the room at once she darted ;  
 The Doctor turn'd around and started,  
 And, scarce recover'ing from the slap, Sunk unawares in Molly's lap.  
 She shov'd him briskly tow'rds the dame,  
 Who push'd him back from whence he came,  
 And thus, by force of arms uncouth, He play'd at to and fro with both ;  
 Such as a shuttlecock explores, Between two active battledores.  
 Molly, who thought her bus'ness o'er,  
 Made hasty passage through the door,  
 And left the Madcap Madam Briskit  
 With her sage, rev'rend beau to frisk it.  
 —But now another air prevail'd, When she her visitor assail'd  
 With humble grace and winning smile,  
 So form'd displeasure to beguile ;  
 And, having kindly grasp'd his hand,  
 With looks not easy to withstand :  
 "I am," she said, "a silly creature,  
 And you, I know, are all good nature,  
 Which will without offence receive The droll reception that I give  
 'Tis thus I ever treat my friends, But I will make you full amends :  
 For though the evening has begun In gamesome play and active fun,  
 Reason shall better things supply, And all shall end in harmony."  
 —The Lady did her promise keep, Her gambol spirits went to sleep :  
 And in what'er she did or said Such serious goodness was display'd,  
 So pleasing to his ear and eye, As well as reverend dignity,  
 So subject to sound reason's rule, He wonder'd she could play the fool.  
 She spoke with magic on her tongue,  
 While with a Syren's voice she sung ;

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Then touch'd the organ with such skill  
 That wound the Doctor to her will,  
 And by her flatt'ring power to please      So charm'd his sensibilities,  
 That he did all his views relate      To seek again the marriage state ;  
 Nor did the dear Divine conceal  
 One awkward wish that he might feel.  
 —At once the frolic Madam caught  
 A plan with precious mischief fraught :  
 " O what an idle silly dance,"  
 She said, with warmth, " to trust to chance,  
 To hope by accident to find      A mate that's suited to your mind !  
 You've but a fortnight here to stay, Scarce time to hear a *Yea* or *Nay* :  
 You can't to courtship's rules conform ;  
 A siege won't do—attack by storm !"  
 Then she exclaim'd with tongue and eyes  
 " *We for a Wife will advertise !*"  
 She squeez'd his hand—and he complies.  
 " The happiest Hymen I e'er knew,"  
 She said, " from advertisements grew ;  
 And to my friend, I wish it known      That I shall scarce except my own.  
 Nay do but trust the whole to me,      I am the soul of secrecy.  
 If this nice project should succeed,  
 You'll thank and bless me for the deed :  
 If it should fail, it is no more      Than wisdom's self has done before.  
 —Of candidates you need not fear ;      Perhaps too many may appear ;  
 But, ere their forms salute your eyes,      I'll learn their secret histories ;  
 And you shall see, my rev'rend friend,  
 The one which I may recommend,  
 And if you think that one's the thing,  
 Then for the licence and the ring."  
 —The Doctor took it all for granted : It seem'd as if he were enchanted.  
 Then, in impressive eloquence,      He spoke at once his grateful sense  
 Of her warm friendship and regard,  
 Though goodness is its own reward :  
 But both in mode as well as measure, He left it all to her good pleasure.  
 'Twas midnight past when he departed.  
 Charm'd with the plan and quite light-hearted,  
 Leaving his lady friend to dream      Of all the mischief of her scheme.  
 Syntax now set his heart at rest,  
 Thought what was done was for the best,  
 And to fill up the interval      He would on dear Miss PALLET call.  
 Here his reception was most kind : Sweet manners with superior mind,  
 And taste and genius were combin'd.  
 —When the first formal chat was o'er,  
 The works of Artists they explore,  
 Whose labours gain'd the height of fame  
 And fix'd the imperishable name.  
 They then the living talents try,      With just remark and critic eye.  
 " And now," she said, " you will incline  
 To tell me what you think of mine.  
 I hear you say, 'how sweet, how fine !'



But if, while your kind words commend,  
 You should see faults—O what a friend !"  
 "—I see no faults—but let me tell, The leading power of painting well  
 Must spring from studying various nature,  
 In ev'ry form and ev'ry feature :  
 'Tis that alone which can impart  
 The height and depth and breadth of art ;  
 Nor do I see your pencil err      From that primeval character."  
 "Doctor," she said, "O will you stay  
 And take your dinner here to-day :  
 You then will hear two Artists prate Of Art—and who each other hate.  
 Such things there are—e'en lib'ral arts  
 Are known to poison human hearts,  
 And their warm feelings oft supply      With envy base and jealousy."  
 —The Artists came—"Sir, Mr. B—  
 'Tis Doctor Syntax. Mr. G—"  
 The dinner soon appear'd in view,      And pass'd as other dinners do :  
 But with the fruit the talk began,      And thus around the table ran.  
 —Said Syntax, "I my wonder own Where a fair lady's heart is shown,  
 That among all the figures here,  
 The God of Love does not appear."  
 "—We known professors of the art."  
 Says G— "have got him quite by heart :  
 We want no model, do you see,      Of this familiar Deity :  
 Sure am I, that I'm not so stupid,  
 But sleeping I could paint a Cupid."  
 "—I wish you would the trouble take To paint a Cupid when awake,"  
 Said titt'ring B— "I know 'twill prove A very sleepy God of Love."  
 "Have done ! have done !" Miss Pallet said,  
 "The passion shall be well display'd,  
 Not as a painter's eye may view it,  
 But as the Doctor's tongue can do it :—  
 And therefore, Sirs, I humbly move  
 That he may speak his thoughts on Love."  
 "—'Tis a nice theme," Syntax replied,  
 "But ladies must not be denied :  
 Mine are peculiar thoughts I fear,      And I ask candour's self to hear.  
 —The passion that commands the heart Is in this world *a thing apart*;  
 And throughout life, as we may learn,  
 Has nothing like a fix'd concern :  
 It makes fools wise, and wise men fools,  
 But not by any written rules.  
 Love, as recording Hist'ry shows,      Leads wisdom often by the nose :  
 Nature does female weakness arm      With that inexplicable charm  
 That oft without exterior grace,      Or piercing eye or lovely face,  
 Or e'en th' alluring power of wit,      Makes all-presuming man submit ;  
 Assumes the full domestic reign,  
 And sees him smile to wear the chain.  
 It is a secret sympathy,      A hidden power that doth decree,  
 As in the world we often see,  
 Natures the most oppos'd to join      At the matrimonial shrine ;

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Nay, has been often known to match  
 Affection warm with hands that scratch ;  
 And e'en in Hymen's net trepan, The polish'd Peer and blowzy Nan.  
 Such the effect, but then the cause Is work'd by nature's hidden laws,  
 And if you ask me to explain  
 The *Whys* and *Wherefores*, 'tis in vain,  
 I cannot, and think no man can."  
 "The Doctor knows the human heart,"  
 Says B—"But can he talk of Art?"  
 "—That," says the Lady, "will appear :  
 If you will listen, you shall hear.  
 —What think you of this sketch, my friend?"  
 "In ev'ry part I do commend  
 Its force, its freedom," Syntax said : When either Artist shook his head.  
 The Doctor then, in prudence clos'd The observations he propos'd :  
 But thus continued :—"May I ask, Should it be no unpleasant task,  
 To tell me, if the Arts abound And flourish fair in British ground,  
 Where Science is so largely found?"  
 "O no," 'twas said, "they're going down,  
 There's scarce an Artist of renown."  
 The Sage then mention'd many a name  
 That dwelt upon the lips of fame.  
 "O no," they said ; then one by one,  
 With many a shrug, they ran them down,  
 And only differ'd in degree As they let loose their calumny.  
 This colour'd not, that wanted vigour,  
 A third knew nothing of the figure :—  
 Thus having clos'd their critic law,  
 They Syntax ask'd if he could draw :  
 When he his ready pencil took And in the blank page of a book,  
 Design'd a gallows, from which swung  
 Two figures that by cordage hung.  
 "Pray," it was said, "who may be those ?  
 They are two murderers I suppose."  
 "Yes," Syntax said, "of my formation,  
 They're murderers of REPUTATION."  
 —B— a short time in silence sat, Then slid away and took his hat :  
 The other sought the self-same track,  
 Nor said adieu, nor e'er came back.  
 "I think the lecture I have given,  
 Has not sent your good friends to Heaven,"  
 Syntax observ'd. "No," 'twas replied, "O what a lesson to their pride !  
 Which if we could their feelings trace,  
 Has sent them to another place.—  
 Though they have merit which is known,  
 They hate all merit but their own :  
 They cordially detest each other, But both will join t' abuse another.  
 They're useful to me in my art, And both lay claim to my poor heart :  
 But when they make their wishes known,  
 I laughing vow 'tis fled and gone :  
 Still they are faithless ; but to you, I may declare that it is true ;

Though with calm patience I must wait  
 'Till the stars smile upon my fate.—  
 And now, dear Sir, I beg and pray, Come often while in town you stay,  
 And be assur'd whene'er you come To none but you I'll be at home !"  
 Syntax took leave with great delight,  
 In hopes to pass a tranquil night,  
 Without one unpropitious thought  
 Which a day's hurry might have brought :  
 But at his door attendant care, In Pat's pale face, was waiting there.  
 With something like a wat'ry eye Pat said, " I fear poor Punch will die.  
 I did not know where you were gone,  
 That I might ask what should be done ;  
 But as I knew you would not spare Expence to save the poor old mare,  
 I did the best assistance claim, And Doctor Glanders quickly came :  
 I know not what he might discover, But I am sure he gives her over:  
 Your Rev'rence—but to hear her moan,  
 And Oh !—so like a Christian groan,  
 Yes, it would melt a heart of stone."  
 "—My good friend Pat, what can I do?  
 The poor beast I must leave to you.  
 Go take your ale to sooth your sorrow,  
 And see me early on the morrow."  
 —Pat came to orders—op'd the door  
 And said, " poor Punch, Sir, is no more.  
 How oft have I the mare bestrode,  
 In field, through woods, and on the road !  
 Poor thing ! she knew my voice as well  
 As the flock knows its leader's bell.  
 I've brush'd her grey skin o'er and o'er,  
 But I shall rub her down no more ;"  
 "—Now Pat, I pray you, hold your peace,"  
 The Doctor said, " your wailing cease :  
 I'm sorry that I've lost the mare, But 'tis a loss which I can bear :  
 It is not worth this mighty pother ;  
 She's gone, and we must get another :  
 Yet I will, for old Punch's sake, Go and all due enquiry make,  
 And hear the stable-people state, What caus'd her unexpected fate."  
 Syntax arriv'd when Glanders there  
 Was looking at the breathless mare :  
 And soon an angry conflict rose,  
 Big with hard words that threaten'd blows.—  
 "What caus'd her death, Sir?" ask'd the sage,  
 "Hard work," old Glanders said, "and age."  
 S. "What do you think I'm such a Turk,  
 To kill the mare by over-work,  
 Who did, I say, for years conduce Both to my pleasure and my use?  
 Whate'er my many faults may be, I ne'er fail'd in humanity ;  
 This my whole life I trust will show,  
 And all who long have known me know.  
 Nay, from your looks, it is a chance,  
 But she died from your ignorance."

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G. "Four hundred miles, though travell'd slow  
 At her old age, you must allow Is hardish work,—What say you now?  
 I tell you too, I drew my knowledge From the Veterinary College.  
 John Ostler there, I pray appear, You know, at least, for many a year  
 I with success have practis'd here.  
 Again I say and you may stare, It was hard work that kill'd your mare."  
 "—Oh! Oh!" cried Pat, "how my hand itches,  
 Thou guinea pig, in boots, and breeches,  
 To trounce thee well!—Thou lying sinner,  
 To beat thee I would lose my dinner!"  
 —Glanders deign'd not to make reply,  
 But, with grave look and leering eye,  
 Just utter'd: "Here is my account, And I now beg the small amount."  
 Syntax began to fume and vapour, And tore at once the dirty paper.  
 Within the house his voice was heard,  
 When the yard's master soon appear'd,  
 And did in humblest terms request  
 The Doctor's rage might be suppress.  
 "Though of strange form and uncouth feature,  
 Old Glanders is a useful creature:  
 And though his ways are coarse and rude,  
 He is with ample skill endued,  
 And is pursued by hourly calls For all the ails of animals;  
 Nay, does his ready aid supply, From sporting stable to the styce.  
 Indeed, I think, if skill or care  
 Could have preserv'd your old grey mare,  
 She would not have been lying there.  
 Leave, Sir, this bus'ness all to me, It is beneath your dignity;  
 And, if another horse you buy, My judgment shall its aid supply."  
 —Smiles and kind words, how great their skill,  
 To regulate the wayward will!  
 And, in this out-of-humour hour, Syntax was soften'd by their power.  
 "Thank you," he said, "my honest friend,  
 To your good counsel I attend."  
 Then spoke, as round his eyes he threw,  
 "Pat come with me!—Poor Punch, adieu!"  
 "An' please you, I ne'er long'd," says Pat,  
 "Since my round head has worn a hat,  
 T' employ my fists as on that fellow,  
 That half-grown, o'er-grown Punchinello!"  
 Said Syntax, "prithee hold thy tongue:  
 I fear that we have both been wrong;  
 And, when we do our errors find, 'Tis well to give them to the wind,  
 And with more care our way pursue In what we yet may have to do."  
 Good, rev'rend man, with all thy knowledge,  
 First gain'd at school, enlarg'd at college,  
 And by hard study still improv'd  
 In the long track where thought has mov'd;  
 With thy strict honour, gen'rous worth,  
 And all those virtues which have birth  
 In the warm, unpolluted heart, Where cunning low or tutor'd art

Was never, never known to dwell,  
 Whence all who know thee love thee well ;  
 With piety that from above      Has caught the flame of sacred love,  
 That, not confin'd to time or place,      Extends to all the human race ;  
 With all that thou hast known and seen  
 In the wide space that lies between  
 The time when on the chin appears  
 Manhood's first down and fifty years ;  
 With that shrewd and sagacious mind  
 That can the depths of learning find,  
 And with a critic eye explore      The dubious paths of ancient lore,  
 Draw hidden knowledge from the night  
 Of ages past, and give it light—  
 With this and all your boasted care,      You see not the insidious snare  
 That female frolic does prepare,  
 Not to seek vice within its bower,      For that is not within her power,  
 Nor, to say truth, does her design      To such dark malice e'er incline ;  
 But 'tis to make you play the fool,      To be the sport of ridicule,  
 To make you in the mischief chime,      As buffoon in the pantomime,  
 And hold your fancies up to view      T' amuse her half-bred, giggling crew,  
 In such a way, and such a place, As might be bordering on disgrace.—  
 —It almost makes me melancholy,  
 To think my pen must tell your folly ;  
 But still I can with safety say,  
 When you, my friend, from wisdom stray,  
 It is your virtues that betray,  
 Or failings which, to good allied,      Are fighting seen by virtue's side.  
 Such are the sources, I well know, From which your venial errors flow ;  
 But with them all, I wish most true,      That I were half as good as you.  
 —For how can the mind's eye see clear,  
 When vanity presents the ear ?  
 How can suspicion close the heart,  
 When grateful thoughts their warmth impart ?  
 How can it fond belief deny,      When urg'd by sensibility ?  
 How turn away and not attend,      When beauty says, I am your friend ?  
 And when it adds, my friendship use,  
 Can the kind spirit then refuse ?—  
 —But I cease to apostrophise      The unthought frailties of the wise ;  
 And, my kind friends, shall lay before ye  
 The future progress of my story.  
 The Doctor now employ'd his pen,      In letters kind to Sommerden ;  
 With feelings rather grave than gay      He pass'd a sentimental day :  
 Though a late evening hour was cheer'd,  
 When Vellum's smiling face appear'd.  
 They smok'd their pipes and chatted o'er  
 The topics of the passing hour.  
 At length 'twas said ; " I here have brought,  
 As matter for your future thought,  
 A written paper that contains      What I propose as mutual gains,  
 Which will, as you may plainly see,      Transfer your manuscript to me."  
 Syntax the paper keenly cy'd,      And thus without reserve replied :

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"I own your very liberal feelings,  
 My friend, in all our former dealings,  
 And I'm content, I must avow, With what you're pleas'd to offer now ;  
 And when I throw into account Your kindness, with its full amount,  
 What I expected to receive Is less than you propose to give."  
 —The solemn contract thus agreed, Without delay in word and deed,  
 Old Vellum, when away he went, Left Syntax, like himself, content.  
 —The literary business done, And the pleas'd Doctor now alone,  
 On what was pass'd in accents grave  
 His candour thus its judgment gave.  
 "—He acted with a tradesman's care,  
 But all I've seen was right and fair,  
 And I in justice must commend His conduct as a civil friend ;  
 And should I hear abuse of Vellum,  
 I would in strong expressions tell 'em  
 This reputable man of letters Is just and gen'rous as his betters."  
 Next morning as he calmly took His coffee, poring o'er a book,  
 A letter from Ma'am Briskit came, That did his quick attention claim.  
 He broke the seal, then rubb'd his head,  
 And thus aloud the epistle read :—  
 "Try, MY DEAR DOCTOR, all your art,  
 To make yourself supremely smart,  
 For ere 'tis mid-day you will see  
 Two pleasing objects, I think three, To claim your fond idolatry.  
 But then they will not come alone,  
 Each has a friend to make her known,  
 Because, to speak their several state Must shock you as indelicate.  
 A kind aunt will on one attend, Another has a guardian friend,  
 And with the youngest of the three, You will a tender mother see.  
 Either of them will suit you well ; I've seen them all, and all excel  
 In diff'rent ways perhaps, but still,  
 If in my sex I've any skill, They must your utmost wish fulfil :  
 Your heart, of course will fix on one,  
 And then the important deed is done.  
 I've been to my commission true, And so, my dear Divine, Adieu !  
 While I possess the power to frisk it, I shall be yours,  
 SUSANNA BRISKIT."

The Doctor conn'd the letter o'er,  
 And thoughts arose unthought before :  
 Nay strange suspicions now began To seize upon the inner man ;  
 And ere he could arrange his view Of what it now were best to do,  
 About the door a certain stir Announc'd a two-fold visitor.  
 The elder said, "Sir, if you please, Permit me to present my niece."  
 But the prim lady scarce had spoke,  
 When, in a voice like raven's croak,  
 Another said, "I here attend, As counsellor to this my friend,  
 Who for your sake would feel a pride In laying widow's weeds aside."  
 Another at that moment came, A somewhat of a dashing dame :  
 "My daughter, Sir, I here present, The excess of all accomplishments."  
 ~Syntax observing on each face A certain smother of grimace,  
 "Pat, I command you keep the door, Nor entrance give to any more,"



He then exclaim'd, "and now I pray,  
 What, ladies fair, have you to say?"  
 —In a strange kind of bustling fuss,  
 They in succession answer'd thus :  
 "—I am first cousin to a Lord,  
 And therefore claim your earliest word."  
 "My niece is of superior age, And should the first your ear engage,  
 "—My child is youngest of the three,  
 As at a glance, Sir, you may see,  
 And if you 'bide by Love's decorum,  
 She, Doctor, should be heard before 'em."  
 "—Ladies," he said, "I plainly see  
 The tricks that you would play with me.  
 In all that's said, in all that's done, I see 'tis Mistress Briskit's fun;  
 I feel I am a very fool And well deserve your ridicule;  
 But if you do not quickly go, A Constable the way shall show."  
 "—Was ever any thing so rude ! Was ever such ingratitude !"  
 About the room their tongues resounded :  
 And 'twas confusion worse confounded.  
 "We came not here for nought you know,  
 And we will kiss you ere we go ;  
 For though we do not gain our ends,  
 Pray, sweet Sir, let us part as friends.  
 We only claim what is our due, And each expects a kiss from you."  
 —The Doctor did defence prepare, And barricadoed with a chair,  
 But what, alas, was to be done, 'Twas fearful odds, 'twas six to one.  
 Thus they 't'wix angry Sage assail'd,  
 He kick'd and fought, but they prevail'd.  
 Urg'd by his passion as by shame, Thus loudly did the Sage exclaim :  
 "Pat, turn these beldames out I pray,  
 O make them, make them brush away,  
 By any means, or smooth or rough, I care not how you get them off."  
 Says Pat, "I hear, Sir, your commands,  
 I'll take the ladies off your hands !  
 And now I beg, my pretty dears, That you will lay aside your fears ;  
 I'll do your ladyships no harm,  
 I'll kiss you well, and make you warm.  
 So come along my sweetest honeys,  
 For love like mine hates ceremonies."  
 He kept his word with no small busting,  
 Muslins were torn, and silks were rustling,  
 And as they glided tow'ards the stair,  
 He smack'd and clapp'd each passing fair,  
 But the muse must not mention where.  
 —Pat, who was now in all his glory,  
 Thus hurried onward with his story.  
 "Sir, as the party went down stairs  
 With frowning looks and humble airs,  
 And halted on the landing-places To brush up their disorder'd graces,  
 I bid them send their Mrs. Briskit Just to visit us and frisk it,  
 As we had a rod in pickling, To give her fancy such a tickling,

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That with all her fine pretences, Would soon restore her to her senses.  
Something of this kind she will play, As her maids told me, ev'ry day.

Nay, would you think, Sir, this sweet jewel,  
Once drove her husband to a duel ;

Who stood a shot to make amends For her mad fits of odds and ends ?

"—All's well that ends well, honest Pat,  
So we will think no more of that,"

The Doctor said, and, tir'd of riot, He sought the sofa's lulling quiet,

'Resign'd to sleep's oblivious power,  
Till time announc'd the dinner hour.

It may have been before observ'd,  
The Doctor's stomach never swerv'd

From all those duties, morn or night, Which wait on genuine appetite ;

His spirits therefore now had gain'd  
The strength by dainty food attain'd ;

And as he did the goblet quaff, He found himself dispos'd to laugh,  
And not to think with fretful spleen

At the past morning's senseless scene,

Though with self-taunting ridicule, He would just call himself a fool.

This evening he was quite alone, Patrick and Mrs. Broom were gone,  
And, as he pac'd the chamber floor, His journey past he ponder'd o'er :

And though his hopes he did not crown,

Yet many pleasures, he must own, He had in its long circuit known ;  
Mix'd up indeed with various whim, That was familiar quite to him.

For he still felt the Quixote spirit, Which he was destin'd to inherit

From his long-past, e'en boyish age,

To that which now had dubb'd him sage.

-- He had his little business done, And it was time he should be gone.

Still he another week would stay, And for his mere amusement stray  
About this wond'rous town, to see What wakens curiosity.

Nor was this all, poor Punch had died,

Her vacant stall must be supplied ;

And, now his mind was more at ease,

On the fair Artist's power to please

He dwelt, and on the ample measure

She could dispense of solid pleasure,

So that he did, at least, refer

A day to reason and to her

-- Thus as he turned his projects o'er, A rap resounded at the door.

"Well ! Well !" he thought, "what can this be,

To break in on my reverie ?

Old Vellum ne'er so late would come,

As 'tis his time for gadding home."

He op'd the door, and 'gan to stare,

For lo, no visitor was there ;

Ere, looking onward to the floor,

There was a basket cover'd o'er

With a warm blanket, which remov'd,

The covering of an infant prov'd :

There a sweet, lovely baby slept, And look'd as if it ne'er had wept.

Syntax, now all amazement, said, Or rather lift his hands and pray'd :

"O save me, Heaven, what shall I do !" Exclaiming, on a closer view,

"And Heaven I trust will save thee too !"

A neighbouring Lawyer op'd his door,

The exclamation to explore,

When Syntax, all amazement, said, "Here at my door a child is laid."  
 "Well," the Attorney then replied, "By no law is it specified  
 That you're oblig'd to take it in." "But think," said Syntax, "what a sin  
 To leave the infant here to lie Throughout the night—perhaps to die!  
 It would be murder in my creed, And my heart shudders at the deed."

The Lawyer then withdrew his light,  
 Said, "Wish you joy, and so good night."

—A message soon reach'd Mrs. Broom, With orders instantly to come.  
 Short was her period of complying,

For she thought Syntax must be dying;

But when she came and found him well, How she began her joy to tell.  
 "But then, Sir, why this mighty hurry? I really am in such a flurry!"

"It is the same," he said, "with me,

Beneath that cloth the cause you'll see." And then he told the history.

"O," she exclaim'd, "the wretched creature,  
 That thus could violate her nature!

Indeed Sir, it may not be civil, But such a mother is a devil!"

"Good Mrs. Broom, that may be true, But say what are we now to do,  
 For we must instantly prepare To make this innocent our care."

"O 'tis a charming babe," she said, "As ever was in cradle laid.  
 O such a cherub to destroy— But is it, Sir, a girl or boy?"

The Sage replied, "pray look and see, For that is yet unknown to me."

She on her nose the glasses plac'd,

And the sweet, sleeping figure trac'd;

"O," she exclaim'd, "the truth I scan;

When he grows up he'll be a man!

'Tis well, Sir, that it is no worse, For I now know a ready nurse,

And ere that you are gone to rest The babe shall find a milky breast."

The Doctor then the foundling eyed, And thus in soften'd tones replied:

"Let the same tender love be shown As if the infant were my own:

I leave the creature to thy care, Nor cost nor fondest caution spare."

He kiss'd the infant as it went,

Then smil'd, for goodness beam'd content.

—'Twas a droll day, few such we see, But such the Doctor's destiny.

At morn, three would-be wives besought him;

At night a new-born child was brought him:

But these strange haps did not molest

The tranquil temper of his breast;

Nor did it cause a wakeful eye,

When the slow, midnight hour drew nigh.

—Sweet are the slumbers of the good,

And Syntax slept as virtue should.

The morning came and Pat appear'd, Full of the story he had heard,  
 With feelings of parental care But still of anger no small share

'Gainst those that brought the infant there.

He did not fear the child would perish,

He knew there was a heart to cherish,

Nor ever to the parish send it,

But where 'twas left would there befriend it.

—At length there with the laundress came

An humble, curtsying, comely dame,

Of pleasing aspect, neatly dress'd,  
 With the poor foundling at her breast,  
 Where active instinct seem'd to cling As if it were its native spring.  
 "Last week," she said, "I lost my own, And I will nurse this little one  
 With all the fond and tender care As if my child were milking there.  
 Who knows, good Sir, but on my word, I think its sire may be a Lord.  
 Dear heart, the linen is so fine, And work'd with such a nice design,  
 Nay, here and there, with flow'rs beset, My fancy sees a Coronet!"

"Heaven," said the Doctor, "only knows  
 To whom the babe existence owes ;  
 But this I know, and will not spare, To whom it owes a parent's care :  
 Therefore, good woman, I commend Its wants to you, and pray attend,  
 As if th' unconscious infant had Some rake of title for its dad,  
 Who for your service paid you well, That you might not the secret tell.  
 I have no other anxious wish, But from the full and flowing dish  
 Which nature gives you, it may share Its wonted meal, with ev'ry care,  
 'Till the due weaning hour demands  
 Increas'd attention at your hands ;

When I shall leave a faithful friend Who to your counsel will attend,  
 And whose kind power is well prepar'd To satisfy and to reward.  
 For, while I live, the life that Heaven Has thus to my protection given  
 Shall want no necessary care That Christian duty bids prepare."

The nurse each promise kind profess'd,  
 And clasp'd the infant to her breast ;  
 While Mrs. Broom, with fond surprise, Applied her apron to her eyes.  
 The good folks wept and then they smil'd,  
 Bless'd the good deed and kiss'd the child ;  
 Nor took their leaves with signs of sorrow,  
 When told to bring him there to-morrow.

Syntax, who felt his tutor'd heart Was doubly fitted to impart  
 Those higher feelings which bestow The wish to lessen human woe,  
 Or do their active powers employ To aid the flow of human joy,  
 Bade his thoughts range that they might find  
 A spot just suited to his mind ;

If not, to pass the day alone Was a resource to him well known.

But 'twas not long ere reason's voice,  
 With pleasure join'd, declar'd the choice.  
 Miss PALLET'S study was the place  
 Where he should find a smiling face,  
 Which would with brighten'd eye declare  
 An unaffected welcome there.

—He went, she saw, and rang the bell,  
 When she was heard aloud to tell  
 Th' attendant maid, "let who will come,  
 Remember I am not at home.

'Tis a vain moment I allow," She added, "but I would bestow

If such a phrase I dare avow,  
 A day upon my learned friend, Which his warm favour may commend,  
 And in his kind remembrance shine, As it will ever do in mine."  
 —Here the delighted Doctor sat In grave debate or lively chat,  
 With no vain folly to deride him, But with attention's ear beside him

And such a mind, where he could pour  
 His sage instructions, treasur'd lore ;  
 Nay, whence 'twould be return'd again  
 In accents soft and humble strain.  
 At length fish, ham and roasted chicken,  
 With peas and tart, form'd pretty picking :  
 Nor was there wanting port and sherry,  
 Which would have made him more than merry,  
 If he had wanted mode or measure To aid his sense of present pleasure.  
 Miss too from Pat contriv'd to glean  
 That, to complete the social scene,  
 A pipe the afternoon would bless With unexpected happiness :  
 And when she did the tube command,  
 He bent the knee and kiss'd the hand  
 That did the cherish'd gift present, Which gave perfection to content.  
 —Such was the sentimental duet ;  
 With pleasure does my fancy view it :  
 The wise, the kind instructor he, The pleas'd, attentive list'ner she ;  
 Receiving all his words pursued With beaming smiles of gratitude.  
 She was a fine, accomplish'd creature,  
 A student of those powers of nature,  
 That clothe the earth and charm the eye With ravishing variety :  
 And though with sister arts endow'd, She was too virtuous to be proud,  
 But kept the course we seldom see,  
 From ev'ry vain pretension free, And grac'd with calm humility.  
 They talk'd of arts—the room around Did with fine specimens abound ;  
 And e'en the window open'd wide On rising hills and flowing tide,  
 Which her fine pencil gave to hide  
 An old, beplaster'd dismal wall That cross'd th' opposing interval.  
 —Her beauty was a certain grace That play'd about her air and face,  
 And a mark'd unassuming sense Was cloth'd with artless eloquence :  
 While his Quixotic praise enshrin'd  
 The embellish'd pictures of her mind,  
 Nor did they thoughts on Love deny,  
 When the fair Artist heav'd a sigh,  
 Though she ne'er ventur'd to explain The cause of her resistless pain :  
 She only said she must endure it,  
 And that hope told her time would cure it.  
 E'en by her silence it was shown That her fond heart was not her own.  
 So that if he did then incline  
 To say, " I wish thou wouldst be mine,"  
 He saw and heard enough to prove, 'Twas not for him to offer love.  
 With Syntax and his *Idol mio* Who would not wish to form a *trio* !  
 When, sometimes grave, and sometimes gay,  
 The lengthen'd evening pass'd away.  
 —The Doctor was forewarn'd by pride  
 Ma'am Briskit's impudence to hide,  
 And, therefore, he made nothing known  
 Of folly he had blush'd to own ;  
 But with a tear and half a smile That did his feelings reconcile,  
 He told the foundling's curious lot, And what a present he had got.



By some it would be thought distressing,  
 But he—that it would prove a blessing—  
 A blessing where a power was given  
 Tobey the first command of Heaven,  
 And like th' Egyptian princess, save An outcast infant from the grave.  
 "Yes, yes," he said, "it shall receive  
 Each fond attention I can give,  
 And 'till a parent comes to claim      The rights of a parental name,  
 I will my sense of duty prove,      Nor shall it want a parent's love :  
 And if, my dear and charming friend,  
 You to its state would condescend,  
 If your blest charity would share, Or watch, at least, the nurse's care,  
 'Till it grows into strength to bear  
 A journey to my tranquil home,  
 Where you, I trust, will one day come,  
 I will before Heaven's altar plead, To bless you for the virtuous deed !"  
 "Fear not," she said, with moisten'd eye,  
 "My friendship or my charity ;  
 And, when the spring's returning hours,  
 Shall clothe with green your peaceful bowers,  
 The babe in all its cherish'd charms Shall fill its foster-father's arms."  
 —The time now came when they must part  
 With mutual wishes of the heart.  
 The fair-one, with a modest grace, Receiv'd the Doctor's kind embrace,  
 With promise to embrace again,      Ere he set off for SOMMERDEN.  
 Next morn he ask'd the child to see, And all was as it ought to be :  
 But, as the time was drawing on      When he had settled to be gone,  
 It now became his anxious care      The loss unlook'd for to repair  
 Of Punch, that dear, departed mare.  
 His breakfast paper told the tale,      At Hyde-Park-Corner, of a sale,  
 Where he indulg'd the hope to find      A beast of burden to his mind.  
 Bays, chestnuts, blacks and greys were shown,  
 Or for the road, or field, or town,  
 And one stout mare he chanc'd to see,  
 Which seem'd to suit him to a T :  
 Nay, while he on the creature gaz'd,      He had its ev'ry action prais'd  
 By certain busy jockey buyers,      Who look'd too honest to be liars.  
 He bade—the mare was soon his own,  
 The money paid, the bus'ness done,  
 And he in gay equestrian pride Forth from the yard was seen to ride :  
 But soon his sad mistake was found ;  
 He ne'er had ask'd if she were sound.  
 —What was the mischief of her nature,  
 Or what vagary seiz'd the creature ;  
 What trick her hinder parts assail, Or prickly branch to wound her tail,  
 Which stable frolic might impel,      Though I suspect, I cannot tell,  
 But she set off at such a rate      That, as he pass'd the turnpike gate,  
 The toll-man well nigh met his fate.  
 Away the hat and peruke flew,      A cabbage-merchant he o'erthrew ;  
 And while the dame was sprawling laid,  
 Her angry donkey kick'd and bray'd :



Nay, nought could check the wild mare's rage  
 But running headlong 'gainst the stage,  
 Which caus'd a scene of strange distress,  
 That language knows not to express.

Half breathless and with naked pate Syntax on his mad palfrey sat ;  
 While she at length obey'd the reins,  
 Stopp'd by the shock which shook her brains.  
 The inner passengers alarm'd  
 Scream'd from affright, though none were harm'd ;  
 While from the dickey and the roof  
 Was heard the loud and coarse reproof,  
 Mix'd with loud laugh and scoffing groan,  
 As the unconscious coach drove on.

The Doctor, with astonish'd air, Dismounted from the trembling mare,  
 And soon, alas, was taught to find Th' unwelcome secret—she was blind !  
 'Tis well that, for the Doctor's cost,  
 No limb was broke, no life was lost,  
 And half-a-score of shillings paid  
 For all the tricks that had been play'd,  
 The wand'ring hat and wig were sought,  
 Which on a poor sweep's head were brought ;

Who met them on his road to town And proudly wore them as his own.  
 —Just in the midst of this disaster,  
 Pat had now haply reach'd his master.  
 And, with the sightless mare, they sought  
 The place where she had just been bought :

When Syntax loudly 'gan to preach Or rather to let forth a speech,  
 When he so talk'd of rogues and cheating,  
 That certain horsewhips threaten'd beating :

But Pat stood forth and loudly vow'd, Whoever such an insult show'd  
 Should ne'er again speak out a threat, Or lift an angry hand to beat,  
 Wielding a pretty piece of wood  
 That would have made his promise good.

But as he still continued railing And in harsh terms the place assailing,  
 Nay, did in venom'd language strike Buyers and sellers all alike,  
 The Doctor might have found disgrace  
 Among the sharp-set jockey race ;

But so it was, a friend was nigh To calm his rash perplexity—  
 The kind and friendly baronet, Whom he some years ago had met  
 In his first journey to the North, And known for opulence and worth,  
 Who shaking Syntax by the hand  
 Could scarce a bursting laugh command,  
 Thinking to what a market he Had brought his learn'd philosophy,  
 And in his Greek and Latin trade What a blind purchase he had made,  
 "My wonder there is no concealing,"  
 The Knight exclaim'd, "to find you dealing  
 In this far-fam'd equestrian college,  
 Where all your stores of various knowledge

Would be as useless as the stone Which you now chance to stand upon.  
 But now, my friend, take no more care  
 About this awkward, strange affair.

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I am a Yorkshireman and breed For this same market many a steed,  
 And I, my rev'rend friend will see Into this same rascality :  
 I will take care that you shall find The bus'ness settled to your mind.

I therefore counsel you to pop  
 Your head in some Bookseller's shop,  
 And there your vacant time amuse  
 'Till four, with chit-chat or the news ;

Then for my dinner pray prepare, On the south-side of Portman-Square,  
 And let your servant too be there."

'Thank you, good Sir, and I obey," Was all the Doctor had to say.  
 Suffice it, at the hour of four, Sir John receiv'd him at his door,

With "your foul, ugly matter's o'er.

I've swapped your grey mare for a bay, And you have not a doit to pay :  
 A useful, handsome, trav'ling hack, As e'er had Doctor on its back ;

And if your sturdy valet's come,  
 He may now mount and take her home."

Orders were given, and smiling Pat, With many a doffing of his hat,  
 Was quickly seen with sprightly air

Trotting the purchase 'cross the square.

Syntax, with all that powerful feeling  
 Which good hearts catch from gen'rous dealing,

Said little, rather he said naught ;  
 His mind involv'd in grateful thought,  
 Check'd the quick impulse of his tongue,

'Till dinner o'er the glasses rung ;

When Burgundy and brisk Champagne Awoke the gay convivial strain.

The Doctor told his hist'ry o'er, Sir John delighted wish'd for more,  
 And Time, as it was growing late, Broke up at length the tête-à-tête.

But ere the well-fed Doctor went, Contented he, his host content,  
 The latter did his wishes tell Before he said, good-night, farewell :

"You say that ere three days are past

You tow'rs your northern home must haste ;

Now let me tell you, ere a day Is clos'd, as you pursue your way,  
 You will a stately mansion see, Where you must stop and ask for me.

There dwells a noble Lord, whose worth

Equals your patron's in the North,

And as a truth I'm pleas'd to tell, Whom I admire and love as well.  
 In him the image you will see Of noble hospitality

By whom your worth will be discern'd

And learning known, for he is learn'd.

To-morrow I this place shall seek, Where I prepare to pass a week,  
 And you will do yourself much wrong,

If you remain not there as long ;

Nay, I myself will smoothe the way, Or for your short or longer stay.  
 —Syntax revolving in his mind Honour and luxury combin'd,

And where his dazzled eyes would see Life in its rich embroidery,  
 Express'd in a most joyous measure Both his obedience and his pleasure.

—He took his leave—the hour was late

As he return'd through Gray's-Inn-Gate,

When he found Pat his vigils keeping,

In snoring and most soundly sleeping,

Who, after many a hurried shake That did th' o'erpow'ring stupor wake,  
 Would in exulting tones declare The virtues of the purchas'd mare,  
     Whom all announc'd as safe and sound,  
     And must have cost full three-score pound.  
 This and much more :—"I have done ! have done !"  
 Syntax exclaim'd, "the clock strikes one !"  
 When, with the day's fatigue oppress'd,  
 His bed he sought and sunk to rest.

The morrow was a busy day : For his departure no delay  
 Th' impatient Doctor would admit : London he now resolv'd to quit ;  
 Nay, thought it could not be too soon, Why not that very afternoon ?  
 To Pat he made his wishes known, With orders, that all might be done,  
     To quicken the departing hour  
     Which would commence his homeward tour.

But Pat just hinted they must stay For packing due another day,  
 As the soil'd linen was just sent To wash-tub's cleansing management,  
     And certain clothes, from rents and tears,  
     Were at the tailor's for repairs.  
 Now, as th' unwelcome truths he told,  
 The room-door open'd and behold  
 Good Mrs. Broom—when with her came  
 The smirking, curtsying, comely dame,  
 Who, smiling on the foundling's charms,  
 Would place it in the Doctor's arms.

He, half-afraid and half-asham'd, Refus'd the boon, when she exclaim'd,  
     "You need not fear, depend upon't  
     You've held five hundred at the font,  
     And do not, Sir, look grave and frown,  
     I'm sure you'll love it as your own."

It was not that his heart relented Or of his charity repented ;  
 But that he saw another cause In present haste to make a pause  
 That a whole day might be beguil'd In some provision for the child.  
     At length, howe'er, the babe he kiss'd,  
     And when he had the charge dismiss'd,

He told the laundress to apply To the parochial ministry,  
 That ev'ry sacred rite be done, And the poor child be christen'd JOHN.

He order'd too, that twice each week,  
 The nurse would dear Miss Pallet seek,  
 Who would o'er all his wants preside, As a kind patroness and guide.

"But let me ask, for, in this town,"  
 The Doctor said, "strange things are done,  
 How shall I know, when, brought to me,  
 It is the self-same child I see ;  
 And that the foundling does not come  
 A changeling to my distant home !"  
 "Fear not," she answer'd, "I will show  
 A sign by which the child you'll know ;

It is not in the baby's face, Nor do I chuse to name the place :  
 A *Strawberry*, as blushing red As when it ripens on its bed,  
 Does on a certain part appear,  
 Though I, Sir, must not tell you where ;

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Nay, it is such a curious mark,      That you may feel it in the dark.

The mother, when encreas'd in waist,  
Long'd I suppose the fruit to taste,  
And, as her wish was not obtain'd,  
'Th' unconscious child this mark has gain'd.  
—When I was big, Sir, with my Stephen,  
Who now is singing hymns in Heaven,  
I long'd for *Pork*—I'm not mistaken,  
And the dear child was mark'd with *Bacon*.  
Nay, at the time when beans were ripe  
It grew more like its prototype,

And never fail'd to meet the eye      I vegetating sympathy.

The mother's longing makes it so  
As Doctors say—and they should know."  
The Sage, who was his coffee taking,  
Laugh'd 'till his very sides were shaking ;

And, waken'd to a lively key,      By Goody Broom's philosophy,  
He lost at once his teasing sense      Of hurry and impatience,  
And thus determin'd to delay      His journey to another day ;  
And with Miss Pallet to enjoy,      Without alloy, without alloy,  
The hours that might remain his own      Ere he forsook the smoky town,  
To her his willing steps he bent,      And as her list'ning ear she lent.

He told his plans, unveil'd his cares,  
Display'd what were his hopes and fears,  
His purpose ne'er again to roam  
From his lake-side and pleasant home ;  
Nor more indulge in fancy's dream,  
Nor let the air-built flatt'ring scheme

Of worldly interest turn aside      His mind from reason as its guide ;  
But while th' allotted moments pass,      As the sands lessen in the glass,  
By duty's ordinance to move      In the strait path of social love ;  
T' enjoy the various good that's given,  
To seek and teach the way to heaven,  
And cheerful view the curtain fall—  
The common fate that waits us all.

I do not mean to reason, why      ('Tis not in my philosophy)  
A dainty dinner meal inherits      The power to elevate the spirits ;  
But this I know, that Syntax never      Appear'd so lively or so clever,  
As when he found superior work      For the display of knife and fork :  
Thus when the Lady's dinner came,      The mild and sentimental flame  
By lively sallies was suppress'd      And yielded to the active zest

Which, at the table and long after,  
Made dear Miss Pallet burst with laughter.  
But, as the time drew nigh to part,  
More solemn thoughts resum'd his heart,

And the fair Artist thus combin'd      The sense of her reflecting mind.

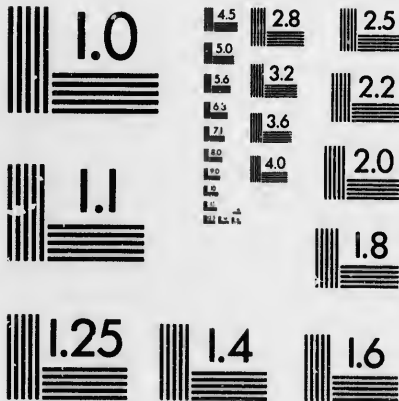
"—Your high renown, dear Sir, for learning,  
Is far beyond my weak discerning :

But still I surely may aspire      To feel as well as to admire  
The eloquence and brilliant wit      That does each rising object fit ;  
And humour that ne'er passes by      The offer'd opportunity.



# MICROCOPY RESOLUTION TEST CHART

(ANSI and ISO TEST CHART No. 2)



APPLIED IMAGE Inc

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Yet I must own, that I prefer                      The dignity of character,  
     Which, leaving frolic out of sight,  
     Does the mind's higher taste delight ;  
     The nobler sense which virtue loves,  
     And while it pleasure gives improves ;  
     Becalms the pressing sense of pain,  
     When fun plays all its tricks in vain :  
 Nay, e'en in sorrow's mournful hour,              It offers its consoling power ;  
     And though tears glisten in the eyes,  
     The heart in smiles will sympathise.  
     The tale that does our feelings soften  
     Cannot be heard or read too often ;  
 But laughing tricks, however treated, Are stupid always when repeated:  
 When novelty no more supplies              The quick sensation of surprise,  
     The joke grows dull nor will beguile  
     The forewarn'd list'ner e'en to smile.  
     The proverb says, there's nought so stale,  
     So stupid : s a twice told tale.  
 Unless it has a higher bent,              When rais'd and gemm'd by sentiment,  
     Then 'twill repeated pleasure give,  
     While the heart melts and virtues live :  
     And you ne'er please my mind so much,  
     As when on those high points you touch  
     Which the soul's brighter flights display  
     That bear me from myself away.  
     But you command the two-fold power :  
     The solemn and the lively hour  
 Alike, in pleasing change, submit              Or to your wisdom or your wit ;  
 And, with rare energies combin'd,              You rule the muscles and the mind.  
 Within the hour that's passing by              My heart has felt a heav'nly sigh,  
     And laughter moisten'd either eye :  
     But though my higher feelings bend  
     To the grave maxims you commend,  
 Believe me, I am nothing loath              In season due to feel them both."  
     This and much more the Doctor heard,  
     When he his foundling's suit preferr'd,  
 And as he urg'd her heart to move              With pitying and protecting love  
     She said her utmost to content him  
     About the child whom Heaven had sent him,  
     And to repay her gen'rous care,  
     Ask'd but his blessing and his prayer.  
     That blessing from his heart was given,  
     And his prayer crav'd the grace of Heaven :  
 For well he knew that pious prayer              Is sure to find admission there :  
     And he had learn'd the happy way,  
     Both how to bless and how to pray.  
 —A warm embrace, a fond adieu,              Clos'd this kind-hearted interview,  
     With hopes of time so charming, when  
     They both should meet at SOMMERDEN.  
 The morning of the following day              Did by its hurrying scene betray  
 His wild impatience to be gone              From this ungenial, smoky town.

Once more he saw the foundling press'd  
 To the fond nurse's welcome breast,  
 And view'd with scrutinizing eye The spot mark'd by the *Strawberry*.  
 His bills were then cast up and paid,  
 And gen'rous presents duly made,  
 When Mrs. Broom, with added zeal,  
 Prepar'd once more his dainty meal:  
 Thus did he in contentment dine,  
 And cocker'd up with hope and wine,  
 He felt the evening, as the last, Must be with friendly Vellum past.  
 Nor did the Doctor fail to go To the bright region of the Row;  
 There tiff'd his punch and talk'd and smok'd,  
 Was sometimes grave and sometimes jok'd;  
 But when he ventur'd to explore Th' adventure at the chamber door,  
 And 'gan to tell the curious tale, Vellum cried hush! and, like a snail,  
 Mov'd slowly onward, as in search Of some one waiting in the lurch.  
 At length he said, "It is most true,  
 The secret I may tell to you, I wish'd to keep my wife in view:  
 I sought with caution to find out What my good woman was about;  
 For, I believe, in human nature,  
 There ne'er was such a curious creature,  
 So fond to place a list'ning ear Where'er she may a secret hear;  
 But as a meagrim in her head Has sent her to an early bed,  
 You may, my Rev'rend Sir, proceed, And tell of this irrev'rent deed."  
 —Syntax proceeded to unveil The strange and unexpected tale,  
 Nor, from false shame or awkward pride, Did he his real feelings hide:  
 Nay, told, with an expressive eye, Where last he saw a *Strawberry*.  
 "—Mercy," said Vellum, "if my dear  
 Had caught a tithe of what I hear,  
 O what a blessed curtain lecture Might my foreboding fear conjecture!  
 She would, by jealousy beguil'd, Have made me father of the child,  
 And sworn that you, to hide my sin,  
 Had ta'en th' adult'rous bantling in.  
 You hear Paul's clock now striking ten,  
 And 'till that hour is struck again,  
 When the grave bus'ness of the day  
 Must call me from her tongue away,  
 She would not those revilings cease Which interrupt domestic peace,  
 And ev'ry child she heard or view'd  
 Would have the painful scene renew'd.  
 She also might, to aid her jeers, Have beat my wig about my ears,  
 For 'tis, to you the truth I own,  
 No more than what her hand has done;  
 Nay, from the pillows, 'tis most certain,  
 I've oft been shelter'd by the curtain.  
 Doctor, that matrimonial ring I've found a very serious thing!  
 And should Poll be the first to die,  
 Should that be Heav'n's kind destiny,  
 That ring she in her shroud shall wear, Nor will I e'er the loss repair:  
 Nay, when this symbol death shall smother,  
 I swear I ne'er will buy another.

—If you had said, to save my bacon,  
 Dear Madam, you are quite mistaken,  
 You're not to Vellum's virtue just,      And wrongfully his love mistrust,  
 As I explain the facts to you,      The story's literally true ;  
 Had you said this and even more      Her tranquil spirit to restore,  
     You would have heard this warm reply,  
     'Doctor ! I tell you, Sir, YOU LIE !'  
 —Not all the water in the streams That swell the flow of silver Thames,  
     No, nor the Thames, in all its pride,  
     When heighten'd by the Ocean's tide,  
     No, nor all the power of reason,  
     Would cleanse me from the fancied treason."  
 —Syntax did not the subject press,  
     But smil'd and wish'd him all success  
 In ev'ry scheme of passing life, That might embrace or books or wife :  
     When Vellum thus, in flatt'ring strain,  
     Did certain gainful views maintain.  
 "—Genius like yours, profound, refin'd, Inspiring such an active mind,  
     Cannot sit still beneath the shade  
     Which your name has immortal made,  
     But must in those pursuits engage  
     Which both improve and charm the age,  
 And I my services commend      To my learn'd patron and my friend ;  
 From whom I've had a letter'd store,      And only want a little more."  
     "'Tis very true," replied the Sage,  
     "That I have many a scatter'd page,  
     Which I may still collect together,  
     In wint'ry nights and rainy weather :  
 But, as I think again in town      My time-worn phiz will not be shown,  
 You for your own, or for my sake, Or both perhaps, a tour must make,  
     And fetch the Learning from the Lake."  
 —Thus with kind words from head and heart,  
     These friendly folk were seen to part :  
     Vellum's rich hopes were running o'er,  
     And Syntax gain'd an added store  
     To what from Sommerden he brought,  
     When he, with nuptial fancies fraught,  
     The promis'd smiles of Hymen sought.  
 —As he pass'd on, St. Paul's hoarse bell  
     Struck, as he said, the welcome knell  
 Of his departure, to regain      The blessings of his Sylvan reign.  
     Impress'd with this delightful thought,  
     A calm but short night's rest he sought.

## CANTO V.

THE morning smil'd, and ere the clock  
 Had the mark'd hour of seven struck,  
 The breakfast, plac'd in order due,      Presented plenty to their view,  
 For Mrs. Broom had taken care      What the time could allow was there ;

And, on the journey, should they feel  
 To munch a jig-jog trav'ling meal,  
 A sausage, big as one-pound rocket,  
 Had found its way to Patrick's pocket,  
 With such assistances as might      Give relish to the passing bite.  
 The nurse and fourdling too were there,  
 To hear a blessing and a prayer  
 For those propitious smiles of Heaven  
 Which oft to pious hopes are given.  
 What pass'd besides, I need not tell,  
 The words were kind, and meant farewell.  
 The Doctor now bestrode his mare,  
 And calmly mov'd across the Square,  
 But soon more gaily trotted on,  
 And as he pass'd through Highgate town,  
 In pensive gaze he wander'd o'er      A scene he should behold no more,  
 And felt inspired to invoke      St. Paul's high dome, but, ere he spoke,  
     Its noble form was lost in smoke :  
 Nor did his Muse or mind agree To praise what he no more could see.  
 Besides, the creature he bestrode      Was not for thinking on the road ;  
 She was of an high-mettled breed,      An eager pacing, lively steed,  
     Active, but a well-temper'd creature,  
     *Sprightly* her name, as was her nature ;  
 Not as old *Grizzle* e'er had been      And as poor *Punch* was lately seen,  
 To sober paces early taught,      On whom the rider's serious thought  
 Might be indulg'd, from trotting free,      In silence or soliloquy.  
     It seem'd her wish, as was her power,  
     To trot eight miles within the hour.  
 Without a touch of whip or spur      To set her motions on the stir :  
 Nay, 'twas alone the tighten'd rein  
 That could her quick'ning steps restrain.  
     The earlier hours of morn were past,  
 When speed repress'd, there came at last,  
 To suit the Sage, the tranquil hour  
 When thought could re-assume its power,  
 And the calm spirit of his breast Thus weigh'd the feelings it possess'd :  
 "In this same matrimonial dance      It seems I stand but little chance :  
 As for the widows I have seen,      They rather serv'd my mind to wean  
     From cheering hopes of those delights  
     Which ought to flow from marriages rites,  
 Whoe'er those curious dames may find      In matrimonial bonds to bind,  
     If charms in them they chance to see,  
     Must have far diff'rent tastes from me.  
 In London I soon found 'twas vain      For me to try a bride to gain :  
 Alas, how I was there beguill'd !      I gain'd no *wife*, but found a *child*.  
 The Darling PALLET might have prov'd      An object worthy to be lov'd :  
     But soon the fair-one made it known  
     That her warm heart was not her own ;  
 Nor could I hope, had it been free,      She would bestow that heart on me.  
     With charms she does from nature claim,  
     And fortune waiting upon fame,

To favour I could ne'er pretend      But as a fond, admiring friend.—  
     Such then has been my outward tour ;  
     Nor can I hope from fortune's store,  
     My journey home will give me more.  
 —In such a semi-grumbling tone      He mutter'd as he travell'd on ;  
 When, to his unexpected eyes,      High spiry tow'rs appear'd to rise,  
     That crown'd a noble mansion's state  
     Whose ancient figure mark'd the date  
 Of grandeur, which worth could attain      In our Eliza's glorious reign.  
     He view'd the woods that spread around  
     The wide extent of various ground,  
     The verdant lawns, th' embosom'd glades  
     Which court the branchy, sylvan shades ;  
     The crystal stream that winds between,  
     And, where it flows, reflects the scene,  
 Enliven'd by the dappled breed,      Whose ranging herd unnumber'd feed.  
     Scarce need I say his eye pursued,  
     With warm delight, the place he view'd.  
     —Now Syntax, though in humble state,  
     Bent him not low to rich or great,  
 Unless their virtues did supply      Life's more commanding dignity.  
 He felt the honour that was due      To station, and he paid it too ;  
     But would scarce yield a flatt'ring word  
     To one who was a mere MY LORD.  
 He knew that wealth well understood      Has ample powers of doing good.  
 He therefore bent the willing knee,      Where it flow'd forth in charity ;  
 But he could the rich man disdain      Whose coffers overflow'd in vain ;  
     And titled greatness he defied  
     Which dealt forth scorn and cherish'd pride.  
 Hence he, in calm parsonic state,      Approach'd the lordly mansion gate,  
     With neither more nor less of fame  
 Than he was conscious he could claim,      Due to a pious pastor's name.  
 There, 'neath a grand antique arcade,      For coolness or reflection made,  
 He saw Sir John, on thought intent,      Who 'gainst a Gothic column leant :  
 The Lord of this so princely place      Was walking by with solemn grace ;  
 For on his breast was seen from far      The glitt'ring of his silver star.  
     This Syntax saw through branches green,  
     Before that he himself was seen :  
     But soon as his known form appear'd  
     The Knight aloud the Doctor cheer'd,  
 Nor was my Lord a whit behind      In words that mark'd a welcome kind,  
 And promise of the friendly care      That waited his reception there.  
     "Doctor," he said, "you now are come,  
     To where, I tell you, 'be at home' :  
 And if you wish your host to please,      O let him see you quite at ease !  
 Nay, I will take it more than kind,      If by no needless form confin'd,  
     You will pursue your willing pleasure  
     According to your fancied measure.  
 The life we lead here, you will see,      Is not without variety :  
 Consult your fancy then and chuse      Whate'er around will best amuse.  
 Such is the wish that I make known,      And now I leave you to Sir John ;

Who will to all your thoughts attend, As your good *Cicerone* friend."  
 —All this kind ceremony done, Syntax was to his chamber shown,  
 Where Patrick waited to prepare The toilette with attentive care,  
 For much he wish'd his skill to show, In turning Syntax to a beau.  
 "I must," he said, "try all my art, To make your Rev'rence very smart :  
 A valet's skill I long since knew In the gay camp and quarters too ;  
 For here are ladies I have seen Each of them fine as any queen,  
 And therefore, Sir, you must be dress'd  
 To-day, at least, in all your best."—  
 "Then be it so," the Sage replied, "Your's is an honest proper pride,  
 Nor do I now, good Pat, conceal How I approve your active zeal :  
 So turn all out, and let me see My better show of drapery."  
 —This done, Pat labour'd to unfurl The wig into a dropping curl,  
 That done, and nicely powder'd o'er, It was a grizzle wig no more.  
 —The neat, new pumps, in London made, By a fam'd artist in his trade,  
 And the silk hose then took their turn,  
 Which feet and legs had never worn ;  
 With a canonic suit of black, That had but twice adorn'd his back.  
 His long chin Syntax self had shear'd Of a stiff three days' grisly beard ;  
 Then scrubb'd with soap, whose fine perfume  
 Distill'd a fragrance through the room.  
 Pat to his neckcloth gave an air In style and a la militaire :  
 His pocket too a 'kerchief bore With scented water sprinkled o'er.  
 Thus bang'd up, sweeten'd and clean-shav'd,  
 The Sage the dinner-table brav'd :  
 Between two beauties he was seated,  
 And with such kind attention greeted,  
 That he could not have hop'd for more,  
 Had he rich Durham's mitre bore.  
 As he drew in his chair he bow'd, When, looking on each side he vow'd,  
 He felt himself a coat of arms, Supported by angelic charms.  
 Thus with fine sentiments he warm'd ;  
 With his gay, brilliant sallies charm'd,  
 And, by his Quixote tales, gave birth  
 From time to time, to such keen mirth  
 That the high Lady of the feast Declar'd he in himself possess'd  
 The leading powers that impart Perfection to dramatic art ;  
 That his bold, lofty thoughts rehearse The tragic dignity of verse ;  
 That in his sketches after nature There's Comedy in ev'ry feature,  
 And in his stories Farce appears, Broad laugh to wake almost to tears.  
 Nor did my Lady think alone ; The thought was that of ev'ry one.  
 Three days were past, and not a void  
 Was known in pleasure unemploy'd :  
 Luxurious plenty crown'd the board, And reason was the sov'reign lord  
 That did the splendid scene controul ; Whether it were the flow of soul,  
 Or fancy's sport, or active play, Time pass'd delightfully away,  
 And Syntax was rejoic'd to see He added to the gaiety.  
 —Among the rest, the jovial chace Was a known pleasure of the place,  
 And he by his kind Lady friend Was warmly summoned to attend  
 As her Equerry in the field : To her commands most proud to yield,  
 He there appear'd, in sprightly glee, Be-capp'd in due conformity ;



For, to give him a sportsman's air, Some fair hand did his cap prepare.  
 He canter'd by my Lady's side      Who undertook to be his guide ;  
     But when the hounds had caught the scent  
     Swift as the wind my Lady went :  
 She was the Dian of the day,      O'er hill and dale she brush'd away,  
 And left the Doctor to pursue      The pack, which never caught his view.  
 But whether that he could not keep      His saddle as he took a leap,  
     Or by what strange mischance he fell,  
     He could not, or he would not tell :  
     Between two banks he was seen sprawling,  
     And loud enough for mercy calling.  
     He found himself 'midst prickly bushes,  
     Half smother'd with dead leaves and rushes ;  
     While sportsmen, as he shudder'd there,  
     Pass'd all above him through the air ;  
     Like an old broomstick-mounted witch,  
     They each flew o'er him in the ditch,  
     Exclaiming, " Sir, lie snug and warm,  
     And you'll not come to any harm !"   
     But when he thought they all were over,  
     He scrambled mainly from his cover.  
     His rambling horse was quickly caught,  
     When he the welcome mansion sought,  
 Bespatter'd o'er with mud and dirt,      But sound in limb and quite unhurt ;  
     And in the luncheon's morning ration  
     He sought and found his recreation.  
 My Lady had the story heard,      And when at dinner she appear'd,  
 Enquired as if she nothing knew      How he had kept from out her view,  
     And what he with himself had done  
     Throughout the morning's glorious run.  
     He told his tale, 'twas such a treat,  
     That they could scarcely drink or eat,  
 It produc'd such food for laughter      Both during dinner and long after,  
     " When you put on your wings and flew,  
     And vanish'd quickly from my view,  
 Forc'd to my fortune to submit,      I fell," he said, " into a pit ;  
     And such appear'd my wretched birth,  
     I thought that I had run to earth,  
 And should require no other aid      Than an old sexton and a spade."  
     " Well," said my Lord, " no sport shall break  
     Or even risk the Doctor's neck,  
 For the next hunting morning, he      Shall pass his better hours with me  
     In hunting through my library."  
 " Alas, my Lord," the Doctor said,      " I wish that you could be obey'd,  
     But I must add that, to my sorrow,  
     My sporting here will end to-morrow :  
 For I have other game in view,      Another chace I must pursue :  
     I, my good Lord, must cease to roam,  
     And turn my willing steps tow'rds home.  
     I there have friends to whom I owe  
 The ev'ry comfort which I know,      And they a kind impatience show

To see their Pastor once again      Among his flock at Sommerden."  
 "—I'm sorry, if it must be so,"      A soft voice said, "but ere you go,  
 Try to persuade your friend Sir John      To take a wife, nor live alone.  
 He has great wealth and ancient birth,      And is possess'd of real worth,  
 Yet so wrong-headed he prefers      To swell the list of bachelors.  
 I tell you, Doctor, what is true,      And now I leave him, Sir, to you."  
 Syntax replied—"I will obey—      And now, Sir Knight, mind what I say.  
 I'm but an organ rather rude      Of one most excellently good,  
 Though, as I speak by her decree,      I claim all due authority.

—I have been married and can state  
 The pleasures that on marriage wait ;  
 I know what 'tis to lose a wife,      The pride and comfort of my life ;  
 Nor does a day pass o'er my head,      But I lament my Dolly dead :  
 Then listen as your Syntax preaches  
 The doctrine his experience teaches.

Of wisest maxims this is one,      It is not good to live alone:  
 'Tis grievous through life's path to stray  
 Without companions on the way ;      If it were only thus to say :

How very glorious is the sight,      How the sun, in its utmost height,  
 Tinges with gold the wood-clad hill,  
 While its beams glisten on the rill !

—With what a grace that myrtle grows !

How fragrant is that op'ning rose !

How sweet the bird that does prolong  
 The vernal ev'ning with a song !

But O what joy their hearts will prove,  
 Who, as they journey, say, *We love !*

—When ills the married pair betide,      Each feels a comfort or a guide :  
 For we will not exceptions make

Which captious minds may chuse to take :

And if a marriage proves a pain,      If it should feel a galling chain,  
 It is the fault of those who bear it ;

They forge it first before they wear it :

They merit all that they endure      Who feel the evils they could cure.  
 When ills assail, who has not seen      That sufferings have lessen'd been,  
 When they participation prove      From friendship, tenderness or love ?

How soon the fretful pain grows less,

When kind hearts share in the distress :

Nay sorrow almost disappears,      When each wipes off the other's tears :

'Tis better, though it still annoys,

Than many things the world calls joys.

The wifeless man retains his pleasure

But a short time, whate'er its measure ;

And his vexations all grow stronger,

Nay, which is worse, they last the longer :

While he who has a tender heart      In a wife's breast, and will impart  
 All that he feels within his own,

The cheering thought, the sigh, the moan,

Will two-fold ev'ry pleasure know      And take but half his share of woe."

—Sir John replied with gentle grace,      But smile sarcastic on his face :

"All this is very fine you say      About life's matrimonial way,

Where, though sometimes a flow'ret blows,  
 Yet there are prickles on the rose ;  
 And may we not have cause to mourn,  
 When we are wounded by a thorn ?  
 But then, besides these self-same thorns,  
 Hymen is sometimes crown'd with horns."

"—Whose fault is that ?" Syntax replied,  
 "Treat your wife always as a bride,  
 And let your honeymoon survive,      "Till one or other cease to live.  
 Be good, be kind, love as you ought,      The wife will rarely be in fault :  
 'Tis want of husband's love and care  
 That plants those ugly branches there.  
 O cultivate the nuptial soil      With fond affection's anxious toil ;  
 Where, if love's fragrant flowers you sow,  
 Nor Thorns nor Horns will ever grow.  
 And now, my worthy friend, Sir John,  
 My grave, appointed task is done."—

He ceas'd and bow'd, when, all around, Praise did in ev'ry form abound :  
 The ladies scream'd out with applause  
 For pleading thus the female cause :  
 While one from off her finger took      A ring, and with a gracious look  
 Bade him the brilliant trifle take      And wear it for her sex's sake :  
 While Sir John said, "my shame to smother,  
 Accept, I pray you, such another,  
 Impute it to my stupid brain That thus you preach, and preach in vain.  
 The time may come when Cupid's arrow  
 May set in flow my frozen marrow ;  
 Or when bright eyes their beams may dart,  
 And wake my now too slumb'ring heart :  
 Then, when to marry is my lot,      I'll send to you to tie the knot."  
 —Thus the enliven'd ev'ning pass'd      And all were sorry 'twas the last :  
 For not alone the Doctor's sense,      His scholarship and eloquence  
 Had given the hours a quicker flow      Than common conversations do ;  
 But he possess'd the power to please      By his mild eccentricities.  
 —The parting words were very kind,      Nor in the common form design'd,  
 Just to be civil and no more,      To be forgot the following hour ;  
 But such as were to virtue due,      And were the boon of friendship too.  
 The following morn and when the sun  
 Had scarce three hours his course begun,  
 Syntax was trotting on his way,      And a long journey clos'd the day :  
 Nor was it 'till the third day's end  
 That he shook hands with DICKY BEND.  
 —Here he well knew he could impart      The secret wishes of his heart :  
 Here tell his late adventure o'er      And all his future hopes explore,  
 While friendship would its aid prepare  
 To grant the wish or soothe the care.  
 Nor did he for a day postpone      To make his hopes and wishes known.  
 The provost answer'd :—"My dear friend,  
 You know full well you may depend  
 On all that I can say or do      To forward the important view,  
 That I may venture to presage      Does your whole anxious mind engage.

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DR SYNTAX MAKING HIS WILL

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You wish another wife to gain, Nor will the wish be made in vain,  
 If, as I hope, you will approve The lady offer'd to your love.  
 Of my dear wife a friend most dear To-morrow is expected here ;  
 Who, if I do not greatly err, In manner, form, and character  
 Is just the fair you would prefer.  
 You would not startle, if 'tis said She may be call'd an ancient maid,  
 But then, to give the maid her due,  
 My friend, she's young enough for you,  
 Of my wife's age, and to be free, My wife is young enough for me.  
 If the Divine and learned Sage Wishes a plaything for his age,  
 She's still so fashion'd as to prove What reason can demand of love.  
 She has enough of what is good To fill your void of widowhood ;  
 A lady bred, and, I can tell, She tickles the piano well :  
 And truly, speaking of the heart, Her bosom bears your counterpart.  
 There's fortune too, a pretty thing, T' enrich the matrimonial ring.  
 Her nuptial prospects have miscarried,  
 But still she wishes to be married ;  
 And my wife says it is her aim To bear a known and learned name :  
 A fact, I think, the truth secures, When I declare that name is yours."  
 Syntax exclaim'd, "Aye, this would do !  
 'Tis a fair prospect to the view, But my stars must be rul'd by you."  
 —The following day the lady came : Nor need I tell her maiden name,  
 For ere a week or so was o'er That maiden name was hers no more.  
 On the third day kind Mrs. Bend, Who with both, as a mutual friend,  
 Had talk'd the important matter over, Presented Syntax as a lover ;  
 While Dicky whisper'd, "push it well,  
 And you'll soon bear away the belle ;  
 Let her know all that you can do ; And Miss, fear not, will buckle to."—  
 The lady, as for many a year Soft things were strangers to her ear,  
 Seem'd to be carried by surprise,  
 For high-flown thoughts and gentle sighs  
 Possess'd, it seems, the wish'd-for power,  
 And she said AYE within the hour,  
 Nay, on the third or fourth day after :  
 They were both noos'd in Hymen's garter.  
 —Nought now was heard but *Love* and *Dear*,  
*My Dear* go there ! *my Love* come here !  
 And, since it is such charming weather, O let us take a stroll together !  
 While she would sing to some fine tune,  
 "Our life shall be one honeymoon."  
 Thus it appear'd, and Dicky Bend Rejoic'd to see his happy friend ;  
 And only wish'd the joy might last When many a future year was past.  
 —Patrick to Sommerden was sent To tell the tale of this event,  
 And to employ his utmost care How to receive the nuptial pair.  
 He with great glee the tidings carried :  
 And that his Reverence was married  
 To tell its wonder and its joy.  
 Did ev'ry village tongue employ  
 The WORTHIES were but lately come Back to their long deserted home,  
 And felt it as a sad disaster To be without their much-lov'd pastor :  
 But still it touch'd a doubtful string  
 The kind of wife that he would bring.--



Syntax to his friends had written, That he had been by reason smitten ;  
 That he was not so very stupid As to play a game with Cupid ;  
     But he had found a proper wife  
     Who, he believ'd, would through his life  
     Strive to exert her various powers  
     In quickening his slow-pacing hours,  
 And that 'twould be her constant aim To be an honour to his name :  
     She, he was sure, would gain her ends,  
     To charm himself and please his friends."  
     Pat, who had seen both great and small,  
     Was ask'd, and he confirm'd it all.  
 "A lady of genteeler air," He said, "was not seen any where ;  
 Nor is there one about the Lake Who will a better figure make :  
 On Thursday next they will be here, And the whole parish will appear  
 In its best figure and array, To celebrate the holiday,  
     When my dear master comes again  
     With his fine bride to Sommerden."  
     The day arriv'd, the sun shone bright,  
     And ev'ry face gay with delight,  
 The motley crowd were seen to wait Impatient at the village gate ;  
     And when the expected pair appear'd,  
     One gen'ral voice of joy was heard.  
 The Bride, whose tonish inclination Attended to the ruling fashion,  
 To make her entry had bedress'd Her upright form in all her best,  
 And thought it a becoming care To make the natives gaze and stare.  
     The plumage nodded from her head,  
     Her pale cheeks wore a tint of red :  
 And, as the carriage pass'd along, She bow'd to the admiring throng :  
     Nay, scatter'd silver 'mong the boys  
     Whose huzzas join'd the jovial noise.  
     Some lin'd the paths beside the road,  
     As some the way with branches strew'd.  
 Four damsels of superior grace, The humble beauties of the place,  
 By *Worthy's* care all clad in white, With rose-red ribbons gay bedight,  
     A garland bore, whose flow'rs combine  
     To make the nuptial symbol fine ;  
     And Sal and Kate and Doll and Betty  
     Were never known to look so pretty ;  
     While many a tender village swain  
     View'd them and own'd a lover's pain.  
 The steeple bells were loudly ringing, The parish choir preceded singing  
     Accompanied by fifes and drums,  
     "Behold the conquering hero comes."  
 Ma'am own'd she felt no small delight At this unlook'd for rural sight  
 But felt it more because it prov'd How much the Doctor was belov'd  
     —The long procession mov'd on straight  
     To the old hall's wide op'ning gate,  
     Where *Worthy* and his charming mate  
     Stood with kind smiles upon their faces,  
     And their known hospitable graces,  
 The married couple to receive With the best welcome they could give.

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"The Husband," Syntax said, "commends  
 His dear wife to his best of friends."—

"The love we to that husband bear  
 That dear wife will most fondly share."

The 'Squire replied ; when to her breast Madam receiv'd the bridal guest.  
 —The bride at once felt she was come

To where she found an instant home :

Such cheerful kindness did appear, The wish to please look'd so sincere,  
 The forms which well-bred manners boast

Were in frank ease so quickly lost,

That ere an hour or two were o'er The stranger feel was felt no more ;  
 And Mrs. Syntax gladly found,

Ere she could throw her thoughts around,

A husband kind, by all belov'd,

And friends her heart at once approv'd.

—The crowd retreated to the green,

Where a sheep roasting whole was seen ;

And many a stream of ale increas'd The pleasure of the joyous feast ;  
 While song and dance and pastime gay Conclude the Hymeneal day.

Thus hope on future prospects smil'd,

Nor was it of its views beguil'd.

The higher class of neighbours came To visit the new-married dame,  
 And all delighted were to see The mistress of the Rectory :

Nay, the gay Ladies round the Lake

Did from her dress the fashion take.

At first she seem'd but stiff and starch,

And walk'd as upright as a larch,

But she knew when to condescend And to the due occasion bend.  
 She saw that former modes of life Would suit not with a Parson's wife ;

She therefore pass'd the farmer's gate

And chatter'd with his flatter'd mate ;

Would ask a chair and sit before The threshold of the cottage door ;  
 Call forth the children from within,

And stroke the head and chuck the chin,

raise the attentive parents' care, And talk of favours they should share,  
 f she the active fruits should see Of virtue and of industry.

Though in her bounties unrestrain'd She still her dignity maintain'd ;

though she would at the cottage call And talk in gentle speech to all ;

Yet when she thus impos'd her law,

Their love was not unmix'd with awe.

hus she assum'd the village reign, Nor did she bear the rule in vain ;  
 And oft-times both the WORTHIES bless'd

The new-brought treasure they possess'd.

Thus, while she gave the village place Another and a better face,  
 syntax a change had undergone, By which at first he scarce was known,

He now a varying semblance wore From what he ever seem'd before,

e now a diff'rent form was seen, So nicely dress'd and always clean,

He might be taken for a Dean :

esides, as Pat was heard to say, His chin was clean-shav'd ev'ry day.  
 ay, while in contemplative mood, His various studies he pursued,

ot as it us'd to be before, In some old coat to threadbare wore ;

He now in robe of purple dye, Maintain'd Canonic dignity.  
 His gaiters with dust cover'd o'er Were seen upon his legs no more,  
 But when he rode his top-boots shone, Or hussar'd à la *Wellington*.  
 The squeez'd-up hat that deck'd his brow  
 Was chang'd to solemn beaver now :  
 His queer, grey caxon laid aside, A smart brown wig the place supplied,  
 Which, manag'd well with comb and care,  
 The semblance bore of native hair.  
 Thus chang'd, the wond'ring people star'd,  
 And the first time that he appear'd  
 At church in all this novel gear, There scarce was one attentive ear ;  
 The gaping wonder and surprise Forc'd all the soul into the eyes.  
 —The gentry much admir'd the art That made the learned sloven smart ;  
 And all around approv'd the dame Who quietly contriv'd the same :  
 But she had something more to do,  
 To change his gen'ral manners too.  
 —His violin was not unstrung, But only touch'd when Madam sung ;  
 Or when the Lady chose by chance To join the *Worthies* in a dance ;  
 No more he fiddled to the people,  
 When they bejigg'd it 'neath the steeple ;  
 No more he prais'd the most adroit,  
 Who urg'd the ball or threw the quoit ;  
 But still the people all around him  
 As kind and friendly ever found him,  
 As when he wore a six-days' beard And in his grizzle wig appear'd.  
 He still smil'd 'mong the village folk,  
 Though he left off his funny joke ;  
 And such was the continual good Which they in word or deed pursued,  
 That when he and his stately Lady  
 Stroll'd round the village, 'twas a gay day.  
 The winter came, the winds were bleak,  
 And the cold breeze blew o'er the Lake,  
 When Madam Syntax never stirr'd But well beruff'd and well befurr'd.  
 While the Sage was to public view  
 Wrapp'd-up and well bemuffled too.  
 His neck was bound with hairy skin, That form'd a pillow for his chin ;  
 So careful did the Dame appear,  
 To guard from cold her swaddled dear.  
 —Some hinted, 'twas a silly whim, To deck the Doctor in this trim,  
 And make him look so like a bear  
 Whose skin he thus was seen to wear ;  
 But that these fancies prov'd of course  
 The Grey Mare was the better Horse.  
 How that might be I cannot tell,  
 But this was known—all things went well,  
 And if her fancy was for sway, She rul'd by seeming to obey.  
 The *WORTHIES* too, who Syntax lov'd,  
 The new-born'd changes much approv'd :  
 They joy'd to see his alter'd phiz, That he no longer was a quiz ;  
 And were delighted at the plan That made him look a Gentleman ;  
 That his exterior might not err From his pure, native character.

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On moonlight nights the neighbours round  
 Or music or card-parties found,  
 All in due form and social glee, Or at the Hall or Rectory ;  
 While each, in some kind welcome way, Did hospitable rites repay.  
 The higher show, the Christmas ball,  
 Were the display of Worthy-Hall ;  
 While lesser pleasures did engage Th' attentions of the Parsonage :  
 But, in regard and kindness shown, These families appear'd as one.  
 —Thus pleasantly the Winter pass'd,  
 When ling'ring Spring arriv'd at last ;  
 And when it was now growing gay With the sweet offerings of May,  
 A Letter to the Doctor came Inscrib'd with sweet Miss PALLET's name.  
 " You know, DEAR SIR, I did intend To pay a visit to my friend,  
 As well for his dear, rev'rend sake, As to steal beauties from the Lake,  
 And let my pencil ramble round  
 The charms of that enchanted ground.  
 But sage discretion bids delay To future time my northern way :  
 For I had promis'd that my care  
 To Keswick's side the child should bear ;  
 But if with nurse and child I travel,  
 A score of tongues would soon unravel,  
 By scandal tutor'd the strange sight  
 Of poor Miss Pallet's distant flight ;  
 And all the spiteful world would join  
 To swear the little Bantling's mine.  
 I think you will with this agree, And praise my cautious prudery,  
 If I defer my course to steer To Keswick 'till another year.  
 The Boy's a perfect Cherub grown,  
 And the good nurse will bring him down ;  
 I trust within a day or two She will her northern tour pursue,  
 And soon present the babe to you.  
 But though his is a wayward fate, I cannot but congratulate  
 The little urchin, since he shares In your kind heart a parent's cares :  
 And be assur'd, my Dear Divine, That he has gain'd a share in mine.  
 My best respects I pray, make known  
 To one whom now you call your own ;  
 And when to Heaven you urge your prayer, O ask its all-protecting care  
 For one, who does her name commend  
 To the remembrance of her friend !  
 That name, as you've been us'd to call it, Is your most grateful,  
 SARAH PALLET."

In a few days the bantling came,  
 Whom now we *Little Johnny* name,  
 And Mrs. Syntax thought the story So added to the Doctor's glory,  
 That she seem'd proud of *Little John*, As if the babe had been her own.  
 Though sprinkled from the sacred rill  
 Of parish-church on Holborn-Hill,  
 She would it were baptis'd again With all due form at Sommerden :  
 And so it was, when *Worthy's* self Stood sponsor for the little elf ;  
 And Madam Syntax held it there With promise of her future care.  
 Each ceremonial rite was done, Again the child was christen'd John :

No other name, alas was known.  
 To give the name it ought to bear, No parents did the duty share,  
 Th' unnat'ral parents were not there,  
 But such as happy chance had sent, Or Heaven had in its mercy lent.  
 —The Register, as all may see, Records th' eventful history.  
 All things pass'd on in that calm way  
 Which leaves description nought to say.  
 All that the Doctor found of leisure  
 From parish cares and social pleasure  
 Was to his Study's toil confin'd; Where ev'ry impulse of his mind  
 Was urg'd to gratify the aim On basis firm to fix his claim  
 To Learning's meed and Future Fame :  
 And when Ma'am's busy morn was o'er  
 Among her birds, her flowers and poor,  
 She was beheld in silent pride Embroid'ring at his table's side.  
 Nay, oft-times she would fetch the book  
 In which enquiry ask'd to look,  
 And having found the wish'd-for page,  
 Would smile and say : "Look there, my Sage !"  
 —Thus hours and days and seasons went As it appear'd in full content :  
 At least complaint in silence slept, Or was a perfect secret kept.  
 During the summer *Dickey Bend* With Madam visited his friend,  
 And joy'd to find their nuptial scheme  
 Had not turn'd out an idle dream,  
 Fair *Pallet* also came to glean The charms of the surrounding scene,  
 And gladly bore away to town The beauties she had made her own.  
 Nay, *Vellum* also did repair To talk of print and paper there ;  
 And, in due time, he bore away The treasure of a future day,  
 Which the learn'd Author had prepar'd  
 With promise of no slight reward.  
 At length another year pass'd o'er Just as the last had done before :  
 Syntax ne'er utter'd a complaint, And Madam was a perfect saint.  
 The gout indeed gave hints, though slight,  
 Just to disturb his sleepy night,  
 And certain feels to her would say, Upon a cold and shiv'ring day,  
 You're not so young, fair dame, we trow,  
 As you were twenty years ago :  
 But then, all these complaints to smother,  
 They were such nurses to each other !  
 The foundling also 'gan to walk, And which was better still to talk :  
 Nay, Mrs. Syntax oft would quote His sayings in imperfect note ;  
 Was pleas'd when he could say, "*Your Tah !*"  
 But more so when he said "*Mamma !*"  
 A fondling sound that did appear So pleasing to her ready ear.  
 Just at this time the evening fair, With a soft breeze of summer air,  
 Dear Mrs. S—— propos'd to take A little fishing on the Lake.  
*Pat* did the usual boat prepare, The lines and angle-rods were there,  
 When the sage Doctor plied the oar,  
 And cautious row'd along the shore.  
 Madam stood upright in the boat, And eager ey'd the bobbing float ;  
 When, by what shock no one could tell, Into the flood the Lady fell :

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Instant he plung'd into the wave,      The darling of his life to save,  
     When *Patrick* follow'd, nothing loth,  
     And flound'ring, nearly drown'd them both :  
 But they were near the grassy shore, And all the danger soon was o'er.  
     The wet clothes chang'd from foot to head,  
     The fright dispell'd, and both in bed,  
     They somehow had the secret charm  
     To hug and keep each other warm.  
 The *Worthies* hurried down to see      The mischief at the Rectory ;  
     But, finding ev'ry thing was right,  
     And Ma'am recover'd from her fright,  
 To keep alarming thoughts away,      They ask'd for some amusing play,  
 And soon the welcome cards were spread      On either corner of the bed.  
     The curious scene throughout gave birth  
     To bursts of unexpected mirth,  
 'Till the kind friends, the visit over,      Left them to sleep and to recover.  
     The following morn, as they talk'd o'er  
     The dangers of the day before,  
 Syntax began to shake and shiver,      While ev'ry limb was seen to quiver :  
     He wish'd to treat his state with laughter :—  
     "O hissing hot into the water  
 I popp'd, 'tis true, as I may say      With old Jack Falstaff in the play :  
 And as it harm'd not him, d'ye see,      I think it cannot injure me ;  
 Such flesh had he to work upon,      And I am nought but skin and bone."  
 Poor Mrs. S—— big with alarms,      And all her fears and frights in arms,  
     Could not help saying :—" 'Tis provoking !  
     At such a time you should be joking !"  
     When he with chatt'ring teeth replied,  
     " My love lay all your fears aside :  
 And as I do not feel alarm,      When I'm so cold, be not so warm !"  
     Though he, indeed, as it appears,  
     Let loose his jokes to calm her fears.—  
 —But not a moment was delay'd,      To send for neighb'ring Doctor's aid.  
 The Doctor in a hurry came,      And found the system in a flame :  
 —The lancet to profusion bled,      The blisters cover'd back and head  
     And Syntax was convey'd to bed.  
     When there reclin'd, his upward eye  
     Seem'd as commercing with the sky,  
 And his hand wav'd, as if to tell,      This is a long and last farewell !  
 Torpor then o'er his senses crept,      And he appear'd as if he slept ;  
     But Death had given the final stroke,  
     For from that sleep he ne'er awoke :  
 Nor will he e'er again awake,      Until Creation's self shall shake,  
     And the last Trump its silence break,  
 To call him, with a life renew'd,      To the bright guerdon of the Good,  
     When the good man had breath'd his last,  
 Poor Mrs. Syntax stood aghast,  
     Then laid her pale cheek to his face,  
     And clasp'd him in a long embrace :  
 Nor did she on the horror wait      To contemplate the work of fate ;  
 But to the *Hall* in hurry hied,      With little *Johnny* by her side.



She told her state, pale as despair,  
 And fill'd the house with sorrow there.  
 ---Thus SYNTAX clos'd his life's career,  
 With all to hope and nought to fear.—

The frequent tear still in his eyes,      *Worthy* prepar'd the obsequies,  
 With all due rites to grace the end      Of his belov'd, lamented friend.  
 O 'twas a melancholy scene      When he was borne along the green ;  
 What train of mourners did appear, And scarce an eye without a tear!  
 No toil the harvest fields display,      It seem'd grief's mournful holiday.  
 The village wept—the hamlets round Crowded the consecrated ground;  
 And waited there to see the end      Of Pastor, Teacher, Father, Friend !

—When in the cold ground he was laid,  
 Poor Patrick from his trembling spade  
 Could scarce the light dust scatter o'er  
 The form which he should see no more.—

—At first the bursting sorrow came In floods upon the widow'd Dame,  
 But, by affection's care consol'd,      Unruly grief was soon controul'd :  
 Religion too had taught her mind      Its law divine, to be resign'd :

Though, for the rankling, heart-felt wound,  
 A perfect cure was never found.      O 'twas a loss !—The Blessing flew ;  
 Th' enjoyment and the prospect too !

It was a tranquil calm, delight ;  
 No glare—but ev'ry day was bright !  
 —Through life's long way she travell'd on,  
 In gloomy guise, with *Little John*.

The relict of the man they lov'd,  
 She still the *Worthies'* kindness prov'd ;  
 While *Dicky Bend* and his fond wife  
 Had been and were her friends through life.—

—But, once a year, affection's claim  
 The Pilgrim Widow always came,

To Sommerden, to shed a tear      Beside his tomb who died for her :  
 And *Little John*, as there he knelt,  
 Was taught to weep for what she felt !

And, as he wept he scarce knew why,      Lisp'd the instinctive agony.

The Tomb near path-way side appear'd,  
 By *Worthy's* sadden'd friendship rear'd :

Near it the dark, o'erspreading yew  
 Sheds tears of morn and evening dew ;  
 And, as the sculpture meets the eye,

“ALAS, POOR SYNTAX !” with a sigh,      Is read by every passer-by :  
 And wakes the pensive thought, sincere,  
 For ever sad !—for ever dear !—

My verse has now no more to tell.—  
 The Story's done.—*SYNTAX FAREWELL !*

THE END.

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