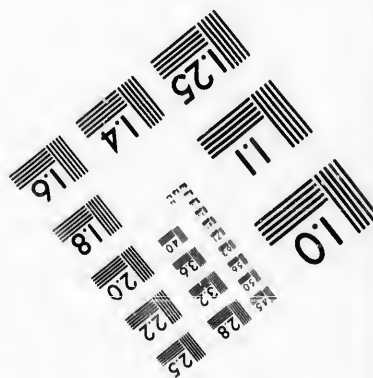
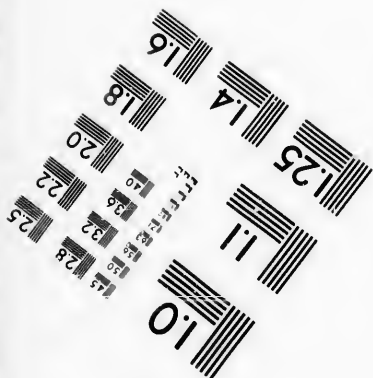
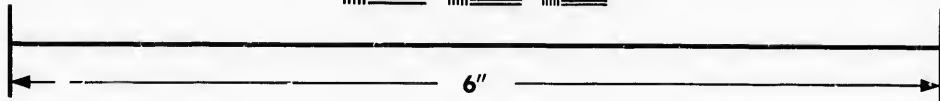
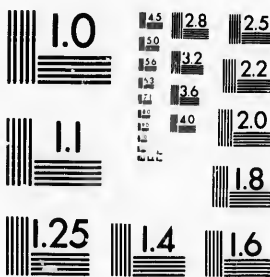


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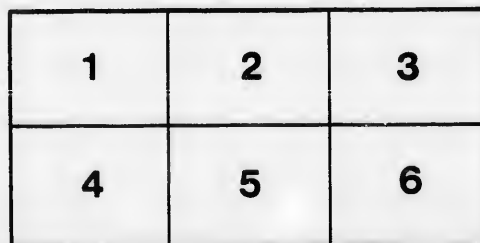
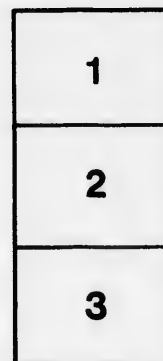
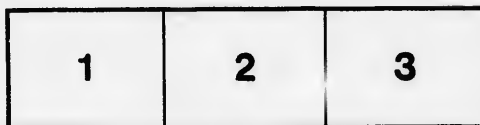
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THOUGHTS IN VERSE

BY

CLAUDE CLEMENT, AND OTHERS,

WHO

SAW THE DOINGS AT Y.....VILLE,

---

ANNO DOMINI, MDCCCLV.

1675. Clement.

1855  
32

## THOUGHTS IN VERSE.

Y——VILLE, October 19, 1855.

To the Churchwardens of St. Paul's Church :

GENTLEMEN:—I beg leave to request that you will lay the enclosed document before the Lord Bishop of To——to,

And Oblige Yours,

(Signed.)

CLAUDE CLEMENT.

P—T—R AND McW—LT—R.

*Shure* never since the precious use  
Of pen and ink began,  
Did letters writ by fools produce  
Such signal good to man.  
While intellect 'mong high and low  
Is marching on, they say,  
Give me P—t—r and McW—lt—r, who go  
Like *crabs* the other way.

Even now I feel the coming light :  
Even now could folly lure  
My Billy H—w—d, too, to write  
The Church's progress sure.  
By geese (we read in history)  
*Ould Room* was saved from ill ;  
And now, to quills of *geese*, we see  
Old Rome indebted still.

Write, write, ye saints, nor stoop to style,  
 Nor beat for sense about,  
 Things little worth a saintsship's while,  
 You're better far without.  
 Oh! ne'er since asses spoke of yore  
 Such miracles were done;  
 For write but four such letters more  
 And the Church's cause is won.

---

 IRISH ANTIQUITIES.

According to some learned opinions  
 The Irish once were Carthaginians;  
 But, trusting to more late descriptions,  
 I would rather say they were Egyptians.  
 My reason's this: The priests of Isis  
 When forth they marched in long array,  
 Employed, 'mong other grave devices,  
 A *sacred Ass* to lead the way,  
 And still the antiquarian traces  
 'Mong *Irish Lords* this pagan plan,  
 For still in all religious cases  
 They put *Lord P-t-r* in the van.

---

 OCTOBER 27th, 1855.

GENTLEMEN:—Certain complaints, connected with the Church in this Parish, having recently been laid before the Bishop, and, fearing that the statement so forwarded through you is of an ex-parte character, I think it a duty to put you in possession of the enclosed document, containing, as it does, an impartial account of the whole affair in its *true* and *proper* light.

You must allow me to hold you responsible for the proper preservation of the original paper by retaining it in your own possession; but, at the same time, I would suggest the propriety of your forwarding *copies*, without delay, to the several parties interested, viz: the Bishop, the Incumbent, the Curate, and the parties lodging the complaints.

---

 "Asinus portans mysteria."



I hope that this may tend to promote the cause of truth, order,  
and fair play, of which last, especially, I beg to subscribe myself  
AN ADMIRER.

It happened one day, in a village suburban,  
That a middle-aged cock met an elderly hen,  
It was plain that his anger he scarcely could curb in,  
And he cackled, and cackled, again, and again.

“Tuck, tuck-tuck, tuck-tuck, tuck-a-too,  
Here 's a nice business, a pretty to do;  
Tuck, tuck-tuck, tuck-tuck, tuck-a-too,  
I'm certain I've got a *tractarian* in view.  
I know it by his coat and hat, and how he ties his shoe,  
I know it well by what he does, and what he does n't do.  
Oh, dear! oh, dear! I must confess  
I'm in a precious stew:  
My dear old friend, my faithful friend,  
Whatever *shall* we do?”

The old hen, calmly as she could,  
Raised up her dexter eye.  
(Tis a vulgar thing to be disturbed,  
And her's was lineage high.)  
“I'm quite surprised at what you say,  
For I had no suspicion  
But that the Curate newly come  
Was quite an acquisition;  
And yet, now that you mention it,  
I think he makes a rule  
Of kneeling down upon the floor,  
And not upon the stool.  
His coat's not truly *Protestant*,  
As you observed, and I  
Am certain, since his hat's so low,  
His principles are 'high.'  
He seems to love the sort of vest  
That tailors call a cassock,  
As much as he disdains to use  
The comfort of a hassock.

Oh, what a dreadful state of things  
 Is this we've reached at last;  
 We're drifting all away to *Rome*,  
 Both fearfully and fast.  
 I'm sure 'twas very kind of you  
 To draw attention to it,  
 I wish I knew what I could do,  
 And then I'd go—and do it."

The old hen's calmness was quite upset,  
 And now she was all in a fume and a fret;  
 And so she began, "Tuck, tuck-a-too,  
 I wonder what in the world we'll do?"

Says cock-a-doodle-doo. "I think  
 Our duty's plain: we must not shrink—  
 For since our holy indignation  
 Is thus aroused, we both must fight  
*The battle of the reformation*,  
 Against each horrid *Puseyite*.  
 And in this case we first must fish up,  
 From the foul pool of public lies,  
 Some charge to lay before the Bishop,  
 With what we've seen with both our eyes.  
 Thus on the Curate we shall fasten  
 A name of evil odor; and,  
 According to the ancient proverb.  
 He then might just as well be hanged:  
 While we shall have the sweet reflection  
 Of having, by fair means and foul,  
 Preserved our *Protestant* perfection,—  
 A deed most worthy of such *fowl*."

"I'm sure," the dear old hen replied,  
 "The blessing none can say,"  
 "Of having one so wise to guide"  
 "Our footsteps in the way."  
 Here cock-a-doodle-doo gave a strut,  
 Although he meant to try  
 To look as humble as he could,  
 But that was all my eye.

"Indeed," he said, "I must confess  
 I know a thing or two;  
 In law, or physic, dress, or chess,  
 There's nought I cannot do.  
 I'd challenge Lord John Russell  
 To sail the Black Sea fleet.  
 And Simpson and Pelissier  
 At tactics I could beat.  
 And then as for theology,  
 Why we're the cocks and hens,  
 We'd gravel all the parsons quite,  
 Both with arguments and pens.  
 There's naught like *lay* reformers,  
 (I do n't allude to *eggs*,)  
 Our minds are quite unprejudiced,  
 And free from all the pegs  
 By which book-learning binds them down  
 To preconceived opinions;  
 While we, from all such knowledge free,  
 Rise up on soaring pinions.  
 'Tis plain that to reform the church,  
 The chiefest qualification,  
 Is to know nothing in the world  
 Of one's self-imposed vocation."

The pious plan so deftly laid,  
 Was straightway carried out,  
 And what the npsnot proved to be,  
 You'd like to hear, no doubt;  
 And if all's well, perhaps I may  
 Inform you all another day.

---

To—to, Nov. 5th, 1855.

GENTLEMEN:—Hearing that J—n To—to, the Lord Bishop, has  
 sent you a *decession*, I take the liberty of sending you a few lines to  
 lay before the vestry along with it. Hoping you will do as you are  
 bid, which is the d of all churchwardens,

I am, yours truly,

MANSUETUS.

## WO! WO!

Wo, wo! unto him who would check or disturb it,  
 The beautiful light which is now on its way;  
 Which beaming at first on the head of McW-lt-r,  
 Now brightens St. Paul's with its beautiful ray.

McW-lt-r, McW-lt-r! how much do we owe thee!  
 How formed to all tastes are thy various employs;  
 Lord Raglan himself ought sooner have known thee,  
 The knowledge of thee would have heightened his joys.

Wo, wo, to the man who such doings would smother!  
 Oh, thou *Luther* of Y—ville, without a *degree*;  
 With sword in one hand, and the Bible in t' ot' r,  
 Like Mungo's tormenter, both *preachee* and *floggee*.

Come saints from all quarters and marshal his way,  
 Come P-t-r, who, scorning profane erudition,  
 Popp'd Innes's Catechism in a river one day,  
 Tho' it was only an *ould Baltimore* edition.

Come W-ity who doubted, so mild are thy ways,  
 Whether bullets or Bibles are best for the nation;  
 Who leavest poor P-t-r no medicine to choose,  
 'Twixt the wooden St. Pauls, and a *new reformation*.

What more from her saints can the Church now require?  
 St. Bridget of yore, like a dutiful daughter,  
 Supplied her, (the Church) 't is said, with perpetual fire,—  
 And saints keep her now in eternal hot water.

Wo, wo, to the man who would check the career,  
 Or stop the good work that from P-t-r awaits us!  
 When blest with an orthodox crop every year,  
 We learn to raise *protestants* fast as potatoes.

Wo, wo, to the wag who would laugh at such cookery!  
 Thus from his *perch* I hear 't a *long* crow  
 Caw angrily out, while the rest of the rookery  
 Open their bills, and re-*echo* wo! wo!

To—ro, Nov. 12th, 1855.

Tho—s — —, Esq., Churchwarden of St. P—'s:

Sir:—I understand you are to have a vestry meeting at St. P—'s, on Wednesday next; you will be kind enough to lay the enclosed document before them; afterwards you will take care to have it placed in the archives of the Church.

I Remain, Dear Sir, Yours, &c.,

PALLADIUS.

CANONIZATION OF McW—LT—R OF Y—VILLE.

Canonize him! yea verily we'll canonize him;  
 Tho' eant is his hobby, and meddling his bliss,  
 Tho' sages may pity, and wits may despise him,  
 He'll ne'er make a bit the worse *saint* for all this.

Descend all ye spirits that ever yet spread  
 The dominion of *lumbag* o'er land or salt water:  
 Descend on the Cardinal's biblical head,  
 And finish the fame of the lengthy McW—lt—r.

Stand forth, man of Bibles, not Mahomet's pigeon  
 When perched on the *Koran* he dropp'd there, they say,  
 Strong marks of his *faith*, ever shed o'er religion  
 Such glory as McW—lt—r sheds every day.

Come, Galen of souls, with what vigor he crams  
 Down the throat of P—t—r B—yl—e till it cracks again,  
 Bolus on bolus, good man, and then d——ns [again.  
 Both their stomachs and souls if they dare cast them back

Canonize nim! by Judas! we will canonize him.  
 For *cant* is his hobby, and *laudation* his bliss,  
 And though wise men may pity, and wits may despise him,  
 He'll make but the better long saint for all this.

Come quickly together the whole tribe of reformers,  
 Convoke all the serious B—yl—s of the nation,  
 Bring all H—w—ds and D—x—ns and H—ld—rs and H—w—ds  
 To witness McW—lt—r's great canonization.

Yea humbly I've ventured his merits to paint,  
 Yea feebly have tried all his gifts to portray,

And they form a *sum tottle* for making a saint  
That the Devil's own advocate could not gainsay.

Jump high ould D-B-q-r-e, D-x-n you roar,  
While McW-lt-r's spirit nraised from your eyes,  
Like a kite made of foolscap in glory shall soar,  
With a long tail of rubbish behind, to the skies.

PALLADIUS.

To—TO, Dec. 1st., 1855.

REV'D SIR:—Knowing you have a great respect for the dignitaries  
of the Church, I enclose you a few lines in praise of the Cardinal  
of Y—ville. I hope you will take care of them, and place them  
among your valuable papers.

I am Rev'd Sir.

A LAY REFORMER.

THE CARDINAL'S GOT A "BIG BEE" IN HIS BONNET.

McW-lt-r, McW-lt-r, how great is thy fame!  
St. Paul knows thy name you may depend on it:  
Poor P-t-r of Y—ville will tell you the same,  
That you 've got a "big bee" in your bonnet.

Your knowledge of law, it has gone far and near,  
Chancellor *Bacon* himself would be proud on 't:  
But to all your own friends the case is quite clear,  
You 've got a "big bee" in your bonnet.

The Rajah of Bellevue, the friend you ken weel,  
Has a very great wish, you may rely on 't,  
To sound your great praise, your glory to tell,  
But he's told by the Priest you've a "bee" in your bonnet.

Your friends in religion speak high in your praise,  
Your *sound* opinion they think highly on it,  
And wish you to teach them the whole of their days,  
But still they all say you've a "bee" in your bonnet.

Your *quality* shure none will dare to gainsay.  
Tho' *quantity* should dare to think on it,  
Your amiable sense will show the right way,  
Although you are blest with a *bee* in your bonnet.

Oh, immaculate conception! you brought forth of late,  
 The very great charge, and all you wrote on it;  
 So much hard work must have addled your pate,  
 No wonder you've got a "*big bee*" in your bonnet.

O, thou man of renown! who shall "*echo*" thy praise?  
 The Lord Bishop himself, you may rely on it,  
 Thy acts will remember to the end of his days,  
 He very well knows you've a "*bee*" in your bonnet.

Heck W-t-t-y McH-v-rs, it's weel enough kent,  
 And the Laird (Bishop) says it's as sure as 't were put in  
 a sonnet,  
 That a *new reformation* is all that you meant,  
 Knowing fit' weel there's a "*bee*" in your bonnet.

I do n't say, my dear W-t, that your conduct's "*occult*,"  
 "*Fatuity's*" not your forte, I do rely on it.  
 Your old friend P-t-r into trouble you've pult.  
 I'm sure he'd believe there's a "*bee*" in your bonnet.

And now to conclude, my dear friend of St. Paul's,  
 The last *race* that you *run* I'm sure that you won it,  
 And P-t-r of Y-ville tried to save you from falls,  
 Though he very well knows there's a "*bee*" in your bonnet.

ZANGA.

---

Te—to, Dec. 31, 1855.

SIR:—I beg to enclose for your consideration, the accompanying document, and would suggest the propriety of sending copies of the same to those parties for whose real welfare it was written, and of communicating its contents to any, or all, who may feel an interest in the same.

Yours,

NEMO.

---

I promised, when last I indited some verses,  
 To tell how our friend Cock-a-doodle got on:  
 But crab-like, 't was backwards he went; and what's worse is,  
 No eye but the old hen's, midst all his reverses,  
 With the soft glance of kindness or sympathy shone.

"Upon my life, I do declare,"  
 Quoth Cock-a-doodle-doo,  
 "'T would almost make a saint to swear;  
 And if I were not better ware  
 Than saints in common, then I dare  
 To say, that I should too.  
 Here have I labored night and day,  
 To show these stupid people,  
 That Church reform is needed much,  
 From basement to the steeple;  
 That Clergymen are fools and knaves,  
 If they do n't think with me;  
 That Laymen will be turned to slaves,  
 By priestly treachery;—  
 And yet the fools wo n't see it,  
 Although 't is clear as mud;  
 And I am almost left alone,  
 To chew the bitter end  
 Of disappointment and of strife,  
 And righteous indignation,  
 That they own me not to be the light  
 Of another Reformation.  
 Alas! the world 's ungrateful,—  
 Unworthy such as *I*."  
 And he hid his head beneath his wing,  
 And I think he piped his eye.

The old hen sighed, and sorrowfully said,  
 "Our case indeed is worthy of compassion;  
 Here have we called, and called in vain, for aid  
 To mould our faith according to the fashion  
 Of the dissenting hen-roost, and have made  
 Our very combs grow pale with holy passion;  
 And yet these hood-winked people shut their eyes,  
 And close their ears against our earnest cries!  
 Still, 't is some comfort midst our woes, to know  
 How nicely we the Bishop overreached,—  
 Frightening him with the thought that *we* should go,  
 Unless the doctrine that we liked was preached.  
 Thus having made his lordship put his foot in it,  
 We're safe in Curates now to have a change.



Bishops CAN'T ERR! and though there's not much good in it,  
 We must be grateful for the late exchange;  
 Since that presumptuous Curate, who, you know,  
 Thought he could teach *us*, now, at length must go."

"That Curate be hanged," cackled out Cock-a-doo,—  
 "I—I did n't mean to swear,  
 But the letter he wrote me's a great deal more  
 Than even a saint can bear.  
 And to think of the sufferings that I endure,  
 For the sake of the reformation,  
 Would have turned the patience of Job, I'm sure.  
 Into vinegar and vexation.  
 Little boys, 'round the corners of streets, do grin,  
 And they shout 'tuck, tuck-a-too!'  
 And if I run after them, others behind  
 Sing out 'Cock-a-doodle-doo!'  
 Thus when we hoped to have gained renown,  
 Midst the stupid parishioners here,  
 'Tis very disgusting to meet with a frown,  
 Or else with a cutting sneer.  
 The five, that with us made a glorious seven,  
 Have left us both in the lurch;  
 And O, to think that on *Thursday* last,  
 We were fairly drummed out of the Church!  
 Oh dear! what a terrible wound I've got  
 In the organ of self-esteem.  
 Perhaps my head's rather prominent just at that spot:  
 But who in the world could dream,  
 That after the Bishop's decision we'd got,  
 That all the *people* would grow so hot,  
 And hit me a crack on the tender spot,  
 That almost makes me scream?"

"Alas!" more calmly said the aged hen,  
 "Another feature in the case I see,  
 Which I don't like, and it is this: that when  
 Money is wanted for the Church, why then  
 They'll stop supplies, and look to you and me.  
 In *doctrine, knowledge, goodness*, there's no doubt.  
 Our *quality* their *quantity* outweighs;—

But when it comes to downright forking out,  
 Why then *I* do n't despise the man that pays.  
 I love, 'tis true, to serve the Church — by *talk*;  
 And I can speak of peace in words of honey;  
 But I would rather leave my perch, and walk,  
 Than have to be forever giving money.  
 Your five pounds will not build the Church, nor fifty  
 From me won't keep it up, however thrifty."

"Oh, never fear," quoth Cock-a-doo,  
 "I see the way to save  
 Our credit and our bacon too,  
 So now give ear I crave:—  
 I've heard it said, the Curate new,  
 On Thursday, at the meeting,  
 Declared the old one's teaching true,  
 And on his excellences too,  
 He gave them cordial greeting.  
 So now observe, our way is clear;  
 We will not pay till he  
 Has made it plainly to appear,  
 That he's from Puseyism clear,  
 And that we've nothing more to fear  
 From semi-Popery."

## MORAL.

When silly people will forget  
 The ancient proverb, always true,  
 "*Ne sutor ultra crepidam,*"  
 They must not wonder if they get  
 Laughed at, and scorned, and pitied too.  
 I'm sick of scoffing, — that I am:  
 But still, one must their duty do:  
 And since one can't convince a fool,  
 There's nothing left but ridicule.



