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THE FOURTEENTH

# LONDONIAD:

(COMPLETE IN ITSELF.)

GIVING A FULL DESCRIPTION OF THOSE  
PRINCIPAL ESTABLISHMENTS,  
IN THE ART-METROPOLIS OF ENGLAND,  
BIRMINGHAM;

WHICH ARE THE MOST SUITABLE FOR CANADA, ETC.

BEING THE CONTINUATION OF AN UNIVERSITY

GREAT PRIZE POEM ON THE ARTS.

ALSO CONTAINING PIECES ON SOME OF THE MOST

CELEBRATED PERSONAGES

IN THE UNITED KINGDOM AND IN CANADA;

FORMING ALTOGETHER EPISODES IN A GRAND

National Poem on the Arts.

BY JAMES TORRINGTON SPENCER LIDSTONE,

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

*Author of the "Conquest of Canada," "Ancient America," "Pictorial Description of the British Provinces in North America," "Geological Survey of Lake Superior," "The Elysium of Art," "Limbo of Science," "Men of the Time," "Canada as a Field for Enterprise", &c. &c. &c.*

"Dulcique animos novitate tenebo."—OVID.

PUBLISHED BY THE AUTHOR, AT BIRMINGHAM.

1867.

(Entered at Stationers' Hall.)

THE AUTHOR RESERVES THE RIGHT OF TRANSLATION.

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PRINTED FOR AND BY THE AUTHOR, SELMA IN MORVEN.

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1867.

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HON. H. SHERWOOD, Member for Toronto, and Prime Minister under the Conservative Administration. Please see 7th LONDONIAD.

GEORGE GURNETT, Esq., several times Mayor of Toronto, appears in the 6th LONDONIAD.

SIR ALLAN NAPIER MCNAB, appears in the 6th LONDONIAD.

HON. W. HAMILTON MERRITT, has not appeared in any of the LONDONIADS, but is the subject of an episode in a Scholarship Poem, called De Witt Clinton.

ARCHDEACON STUART—appears in the 9th LONDONIAD.

BENJAMIN HOLMES, Esq., late M.P.P., appears in the Poem on Parliamentary Character.

HON. MR. MORIN, Speaker of the House of Assembly, appears in the Poem on Parliamentary Character.

SIR JOHN BEVERLEY ROBINSON, BART.—A tribute is paid to the Memory of our late Chief Justice in the 11th LONDONIAD.

STEWART DERBISHIRE, Esq., the first Member of Parliament for Bytown, &c., appears in the 6th, and his Funeral Oration in the 11th LONDONIAD.

WM. NOTMAN, Esq., Member for North Wentworth, appears in a Poem on Parliamentary Character, which I hope to publish in a future LONDONIAD.

PETER PERRY, late M.P.P., Please see 12th LONDONIAD.

WILLIAM WELLER, the great Mayor of Coburg in 13th LONDONIAD.

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The above-mentioned gentlemen (each in his own department truly great, and destined to live in the early History of Canada), were the friends of my youth.





TO THE WORSHIPFUL, THE MAYOR OF  
BIRMINGHAM,  
EDWIN YATES, ESQ.

---

HONORABLE AND DEAR SIR,  
HITHERTO THIS WORK IN ITS VARIOUS EDITIONS  
HAS BEEN INSCRIBED  
TO MY FRIENDS GENERALLY, IN THE WEST.  
I AVAIL MYSELF NOW OF A PLEASURABLE OPPORTUNITY  
IN DEDICATING  
THE FOURTEENTH LONDONIAD TO YOU.  
I LOOKED AROUND AND THROUGH ENGLAND,  
AND SOUGHT TO DISCOVER THAT MANUFACTURING DISTRICT,  
THE PRODUCTIONS OF WHICH  
MIGHT PROVE TO BE THE MOST ACCEPTABLE TO AN  
UPRISING COUNTRY LIKE CANADA,  
AND SOON FOUND THAT IN EXTENT AND VARIETY  
BIRMINGHAM WAS ALTOGETHER UNSURPASSED.

I hope to become immediately and personally the unpaid Representative of many firms herein mentioned, and to be the means moreover of establishing an emporium in your midst, destined to supply British America for ages to come. It will be something for me to say, in other lands, and after years, that I was the means of turning the whole tide of business (a great portion of which had long flowed through other channels into *foreign* lands) from an affectionate Colony into the Art Metropolis of the Mother Country.

# THE LONDONIAD.

## QUEEN VICTORIA.

To whom I inscribe the following Poem.

### SIR ISAAC BROCK, THE HERO OF UPPER CANADA.

Without any intention of writing aught more than the substance contained in the first eight lines, which almost imperceptibly ran into rhyme, while

“Thoughts on thoughts a countless throng,  
Rush'd chasing—countless thoughts along.”

I have long had a wish to see a perpetual light on Brock's Monument at Queenstown Heights, either by fire, properly so called, or by gas connected with or attached to either of the following COLOURS:—

Flag, Pendant, Standard, Labarum, Streamer, or Gonfanon, Guidon, or Emblem, Corneta, Pennoncel, or Pennon, Badge, Crest, Escutcheon, Chiffre, Shield, Device, Band, Label, Scroll,

Ægis, Ancile, Palladium, Banner, or Banderolle, Vane, Lampaderii, Girandole, Stars, Pelta, Fleur-de-lis, Lanthorn, Fylfot, Cresset, Flambeau, Torch, Mantling, Blazonry Initial, Girland, Flourishings, Fillet, Wreath, Monogram, Index, Motto, Palm, Vexillum, Flammula, Oriflamme.

From these as from Gorgoneion shall no invader fly,  
For such, when its wierd beamings spread, will surely petrify;  
Here let the *Flamen Martialis* establish his shrine  
And diadem Sir Isaac's brow with a *Koronis* divine.  
Be the lay and the idea a Homeric *Stephanes*;  
To ever-rolling songs transform each mighty inland main;  
The zodiac shall multiply, the yet uncreate shall flock,  
In pilgrim nations aye to hail the classic tomb of Brock.  
O'er Queenstown Heights the heavens shall e'er his etern nimbi be  
And his fame in an Aureola encompass land and sea.  
In Memory's mental region a fiery fount aspires,  
A miracle of ardent deed! the wisdom of our sires.  
Lighting thro' late posterity in its uncertain ways,  
Like the fire in Salem's primal fane full long shall brightly blaze,  
Like those pure flames of Time's young years once the vestales  
dower,  
And that by Chasdinū idealis'd as the Heavenly Power,  
By orient magi worshipped, a rapt and radiant host,  
And through millennial ages held along the Ægean coast,

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The floating lights on mystic Gange', or fairy Behlungdhare,  
 Or that the *inextinguishable* St. Brigad of Kildare.  
 The angel fires as Guards and Guides in mediæval glow,  
 That dazed on holy Florian's, Anthony's, Basil's brow,  
 With the undying attributes of Elmo that remain,  
 Scotland's Bridget, Ireland's Patrick, and Columbo of Spain ;  
 Like th' historic fiery cross of a celtic era flung,  
 From hand to hand, till lake and land, with martial echoes rung,  
 Or the beacon lights of England upon that fearful night,  
 When flood and flame conspired to wing the great Armada's flight:  
 So before that thrilling watchword the omenous name of Brock,  
 Shall the foeman's force be scattered like foam upon the rock.  
 Like God's own light on Israel's march the pillar'd pomp appears  
 Leading all our generations thro' wars wildering years ;  
 Till like Elijah's chariot our souls in flame aspire,  
 And Time, like wayward Phæton, sets all the world on fire.  
 Lo ! all the atmosphere around swells in a lustrous breeze,  
 As trav'lers tell in eastern climes bright heaven th' luminous  
 seas.

Stream on Lights of Western Glory ! thus ever brightly burn,  
 To you the Patriot youth inspired and patriot sire shall turn ;  
 O Pharos of our race and clime our Sinai stands confest,  
 Parsees of the occident are we, the Ghebers of the west,  
 As the Bonzes of the flowery land filled aéreal thrones,  
 With forms of light in the Pagod (known) of *ten thousand stones*  
 So long as spreads th' empyrean dome shall live the Brockiad tones.  
 Other thro' Thee Muse, shall the wand'rer in lov'd rememb'rance  
 track,

Than that flaming brand which placed the minds upon the rack  
 Of our first parents when they looked on fabled Eden back.  
 You created first your subject, and the anointed theme,  
 Coeval with his fame, thro' Time shall ever glorious beam.  
 Niagara wizard minstrel wild harping on his rock,  
 Calling for heroes long in vain found one at length in Brock.  
 See blaze in height and holiness his spirit-light aspire,  
 Like the Bauldrick of the Heavens or sacramental fire.  
 Nor Burganet in compast creast, Curat, nor Haberjeon,  
 Nor arms embost, Medusæan targe upon my hero shone ;  
 But like fomes to housling fire his soul burned brighter at the foe,  
 With chevsaunce stout thro' darrayne, in deeds of derring doe ;  
 Nor tent had he nor equipage, the sod and sky his camp,  
 A levin-bond in foeman midst, or flew the lion ramp.  
 Now evening skies in varied hue all splend'rings of the west,  
 Encanopie our great hero gone to his etern rest.  
 Lo ! Archimed' at Syracuse, where burned the Roman fleet,  
 Ho, Proclus at Byzantium taught Vitilian defeat,  
 So with or proffered aid or worse, should ever come the Yankee,  
 Our burning mirror of the Past ! O flash the words *no thankee*.  
 As from the bush at Horeb's base when Moses kept his flock,  
 A startling voice shall emanate from the monument of Brock.

When ask'd by that faithless race whom back we oft have driv'n  
 Whence borrowed you the flame? be this the answer given,  
 More than the Promethean spark 'twas *handed* down from heaven.  
 Sons of the three kingdoms, Britain, thy vict'ry ever be,  
 Like that of the Bible, youthful trio, o'er th' tyrant of Chaldee.  
 And you ye patriots sublime, whose power nought e'er resists,  
 Nor fiery skies nor fields of ice O, U. E. Loyalists.  
 Who mounts yon living car of light with harping wings for wheels  
 While all the horizon awakes to planetary peals.  
 Reflex of mightiest nations attending at her side,  
 Careering 'midst exulting hosts apparently allied;  
 A Deity! 'tis CANADA I see personified,  
 Like Gospel Tetramorph wheels wing'd and set about with eyes,  
 Type of unparallel'd speed she forth to empire flies;  
 Like vision of Ezekiel or the forerunner John,  
 Or the Evangelistic symbols, are the *four* joined in One.  
 Yea! like the Phoenix you shall live, and when your time be come,  
 'Tis you yourselves alone, brave *race*—no other make your tomb.  
 Thro' eras yet unfledged shall spring new life for evermore,  
 And each new birth, O Canada, be happier than before.

\* \* \* \* \*

In billowing clouds th' wint'ry war before them passed away,  
 And the uplifting of their banner was as the spread of day,  
 Its consecrated language all races understood,  
 Its fire, thus ever burning, lights up land and flood.  
 Other than the destroying flames tuned over by Nero,  
 Like that, attracted Leander once unto his Hero,  
 Or warned shadowy hosts from airy heights of Pero.  
 Let the BEAVER be his ensign, the march of Time to flout,  
 And the MAPLE his lambrequin shaking disast'rous rout;  
 Though Monument, and Queenstown's self fall 'fore Times'  
 mighty shock,  
 O bright inheritor of fame, still live Sir Isaac Brock.

\* \* \* \* \*

I dream'd a dream, a marv'lous dream, back in my early youth,  
 The greater marvel was, awake, I found it but the truth.  
 Thus I beheld the misty forms of a long forgotten band,  
 Assembled on Queenstown heights, and all from spirit land.  
 And these were they who in the West once held a high renown,  
 Before or Europe flourished, before was Asia known;  
 Their names and acts long unreveal'd I need not here proclaim,  
 Down in the misty Past let them deep sleep with all their fame;  
 Yes! in the Necropolis of the Past they sleep *with* all their fame.  
 The heroes of Æneis and Pharsalia appear'd,  
 And Torquato's mail'd legions their crosiad upreared,  
 There from Marathon's Reign of Right, and here Thermopylæ,  
 Salamis, and Actium, those famous fights at sea;  
 And more than can th' hurrying muse of other times declare,  
 For when there was not room on land, they throng'd the middle  
 air.



But there was One that met my view with hair erect for crest,  
 Albion's Aboriginal chief that tower'd above the rest;  
 Brock's great ancestor and mine, as he met the Druids' view,  
 When he seemed ubiquitous where the Roman Eagles flew.

(Please see page 78 First Londoniad.)

I trac'd him 'midst that assemblage of ages and nations,  
 A living line of human life thro' sixty generations;  
 Till I beheld a minstrel youth Alastor-like in form,  
 Whose life was like a chequer'd day sunlit or darkest storm.  
 Oft-times thro' streamy sylvan lands songs of mild Peace he'd  
 sing,

Some said with seraph's luteal heart and cherub's harping wing;  
 But when the Furies tired his soul 'twas then burst forth his ire,  
 And Phlegethon enfountain'd storm'd on the redd'ning lyre.  
 'Twas the spirit-life and phantom of one that living now,  
 Had brac'd his heart to desp'rate deeds, but—never took a vow;  
 Thro' aerial prospective hours attendant on him then,  
 I saw him gird the buckler on but still he held the pen.  
 A man of peace yet joins the war that burns on the frontiers,  
 And here with torch and sword in hand another view appears;  
 I see him on the Northern route, and now 'tis he 'gan set  
 Fire to all the habitations around Naragansett;  
 I look again, and I behold whole settlements lost on  
 The survey, and down hath sunk the 'cursed town of Boston.  
 Let but once war's wild trumpet wake; th' soul-inspiring shout,  
 By heavens we'll on the war tract, and burn the Yankees out;  
 I'll bear my own expenses in that eventful day,  
 Nor give nor ask for quarter thro' all the ensanguin'd fray,  
 To Vengeance thus I dedicate the rapt and burning lay.

## PRINCE ALBERT.

I HEARD a voice, "The Blessed Prince has gone!"—  
 All the ARTS trembled on their eterne throne,  
 Science no longer in meridian shone,  
 An eclipse darken'd o'er our mental cope,  
 And left the world without one beam of hope;  
 It seem'd that myriads on the race of Mind  
 Were thrown in Vandal ages far behind.  
 Not mere respect followed where'er he moved,  
 He was by all of human kind belov'd;  
 He gave an impetus to all that's great,  
 And still his power is felt in ev'ry State.  
 His equal England never held before,  
 After-centuries must his Name adore,

Thro' Time's long vista we may look in vain  
 To find an Albert in the world again.  
 Suspended be the music of the spheres,  
 Droop, wings of time, through many mournful years—  
 Art thou dead? Yes! and the shock has rent,  
 As with volcanic might, the Continent.  
 Who now within our hearts shall fill the throne,  
 Which here deserted desolate and lone,  
 Lost to the darling—brightest son of time—  
 Stands like a fabric in a ruined clime?  
 We fain would call thee back to earth again,  
 With tears of agony—but that were vain.  
 The country mourns in every distant part,  
 Grief dries the life's-blood of a nation's heart.

\* \* \* \* \*

Hark! I saw his spirit soar away,  
 With hosts of Heaven, in angelic array,  
 Up! like the MORN of an eternal day.  
 I watched him still, with dazzled eyes afar,  
 Rushing in brightness on from star to star;  
 His winged form, with braided rainbows hung,  
 Back on ten thousand spheres fierce splendors flung.  
 Blinded by aerial floods, I saw no more,  
 When once he reached the far crystalline shore,  
 Where all the sons of glory went before.  
 He heeds you not, nor the giant piles you rear,  
 Though these may well his attributes declare.  
 His godlike deeds as mountains firm will stand,  
 His monument throughout our English land.  
 Niagara! Nature's Orator! thy tongue,  
 In rapid eloquence his praise prolong;  
 Mirror his lofty fame, ye inland seas,  
 Ye forests, bow before the sighing breeze,  
 'Till Sol's chariot with Neptune's coursers hurled,  
 Rush thro' electric tempests o'er a ruined world.

\* \* \* \* \*

Reason did seem to abdicate her throne  
 In the dark hour we heard that you were gone;  
 I still did hope new lively strains would start,  
 To praise our Albert in some counterpart,  
 That health and happiness and length of days  
 Were his—but now those drear and solemn lays,  
 That once like roses round my path should bloom,  
 Transformed to willows, weep above his tomb.  
 Oh, near to us though in these distant parts,  
 Thy memory inhabits all our hearts.

THE MAYOR.



JOHN YATES AND SONS,  
ELECTRO-PLATERS, GILDERS, & GERMAN SILVER  
MANUFACTURERS,

Pritchett Street, Birmingham.

*Birmingham Spoon and Fork Works.*

THE Muse of Science' led by smiling fates,  
Attracted the Bard to the famous house of Yates ;  
While loveliest Art and Pure Design we greet,  
At their famous manufactory, Pritchett Street.  
Thro' Europe's bounds and o'er the Western floods  
Have reached their ev'ry variety o' Plated Goods ;  
In Electro, as in Albata Plate,  
Singly, alone in Birmingham, they stand elate.  
NEW METAL, VIRGINIAN SILVER ! renown  
Thro' years hath followed this peculiarly their own ;  
And what's peculiar too, you may depend  
On every article they to your order send ;  
Long hail'd for prompt attention to commands,  
They th' greatly trusted on all th' globe's seas and  
lands.

## ALDERMAN ASTON.



THOMAS ASTON AND SON,

Manufacturing Jewellers and Silversmiths in all branches, and Dealers in Precious Stones, 12, Regent Place, Caroline Street, Birmingham. Mourning Brooches and Rings, Ladies' and Gentlemen's Gem Rings, Snuff and Scent Boxes, Card Cases, &c., Communion Services.

OF the great family name of Aston I had often heard,  
 Ay, long before I in this Art Metropolis appear'd;  
 And now I cast mine eyes around and find it everywhere,  
 And doth Glyptotheca or Pinacotheca declare,  
 All Halls of Art, in Temple, Park, or Fountain, Street, or Square.  
 Alderman Aston's domes here met the western minstrel's ken;  
 He has sent out a dozen apprentices now master-men.  
 He built the establishment which hath of fairy realm the glow,  
 And in which he rules supreme in art, full 30 years ago.  
 Gold thimbles, and those begemmed, gentlemen's mourning rings,  
 And mementos, of which anon the rapt art minstrel sings;  
 These with devices and emblems, I survey a thousand kinds,  
 The inquirer here from every near or distant region finds.  
 Genii of the earth's interior from off irradiate thrones,  
 Consign their empire unto him with all their precious stones;  
 Pearls, and Garnet, Opal, Torquoise, and the Sapphire's blaze,  
 Emerald, Ruby, Diamond, in all concentred days  
 "To the twelve (or more) as the immortal Milton says,  
 That shone in Aaron's breastplate," all these mine eye I cast on,  
 As displayed before me by the illustrious house of Aston.  
 Brooches all gold, 15 carats, of loveliest design,  
 And everything elsewhere unrivalled in the jewellery line;  
 Rings ranging from 9s. to £100 a piece,  
 In form and substance well might vie with Rome or elder Greece.  
 An equal to this honoured house it were in vain to seek,  
 Th' son pays duty on rings alone, £100 per week.  
 Hair rings, Emerald do., are here a nation's dower,  
 And their Mourning Brooches, too, confess artistic power;  
 His son's rings are of weights varying from 1d. weight to 4.  
 He brings 100 ounces of gold from the bank at a single time,  
 Wherewith to make them, and thus supplieth every clime;  
 Ever all pure as is the gold of which the sovereigns are,  
 Being made with th' old kind of coin and with superior care;



Keeper rings, 9 carats (here for all tastes o' society),  
Do. 12, 15, 18, patterns in rare variety,  
Silver Wedding rings, a feature form which might entrance ye,  
And those called Keeper rings, approaching to the Fancy.

---

**ALDERMAN CUTLER.**



JOSH. H. CUTLER,

Manufacturer of

BUTTONS, HOOKS AND EYES, THIMBLES, &c., &c.,

12 & 13, *Newtown Row, Birmingham.*

AND here it was the western bard surveyed,  
The largest Pearl Button ever made ;  
Shirt buttons all are here, and very good,  
With which I'll supply our Nations o'er the flood.  
Immense folio Vols. throng on each shelf,  
Of Patterns infinite as Nature's self.  
Fancy, Ladies, Dress, Coat, Trowsers, Vest,  
With which I will enchant the wond'ring west.  
Here are the bone kinds and all sorts of shell,  
In which Design bound me as with a spell.  
Metal, linen, mirror-like, jet, Ladies' Solitaires,  
Waist-buckles, sleeve-links, Alderman prepares  
Such, Pearl Studs, Hooks and Eyes (th' patent his own),  
The Alexandria now in its zenith of reuown.  
'Twas high education thus to advance  
Th' Art Student, even a casual glance,—  
Much less to sketch in tongue of England and France.  
Lo, science and philosophy we find  
Are in our city-father's patent joined ;  
And philanthropy is a trait in 's mind.  
"Like master like man" (old saying recal!)  
His, more than any other house, to the hospital  
Gave ; with conchology loved Science I might thro' th' nations  
go.  
Here hail shells white from the Indian ocean, black from Mexico,  
Silk, terra velvet, buttons, in which taste and beauty glow ;

The Alderman, as I did his vast establishment survey,  
 Alone my *cicerone* was in that eventful day;  
 His clear calm wisdom, like an orb, enlight'n'd all the way.  
 Machinery endued with instinct at once did me surprise,  
 When ready-made in cataracts came down the hooks and eyes;  
 On zinc and yellow metal as if entranced I mused,  
 And on science brought to bear 'nd enormous quantities used;  
 And ready prepared each article thence  
 Was for the shop-keeper's convenience.

---

### ALDERMAN MANTON.



#### MANTON AND MOLE.

Gold Chain Manufacturers and Jewellers, 95, Hatton Garden,  
 London, and Edmund Street, Birmingham.

FROM History the Bard great information gains,  
 Relative to various kinds of Chains:  
 Chains of Lakes, of Mountains, of Evidence;  
 Ports, Rivers, Streets, in numerous kinds. from thence  
 Chains might bear the Art-Muses near or far,  
 Lo, the arms of Westminster and Navarre;  
 —Prometheus Caucasus, did pant on,  
 Gold chains o' magistrates need I descant on,  
 Here they are as made by Ex-Mayor Manton,  
 Hail'd where'er the sun shines or billows roll,  
 Thro' him and his nephew-partner Mr. Mole,  
 From whom I knowledge gained, and o'er the flood  
 Will say their styles are various and all are good.

---

### ALDERMAN SADLER.



Were I disposed to mention one species of Art-production  
 alone in its utter isolation, I might justly remark I have as yet  
 found nothing more acceptable than that manufactured by  
 Alderman Sadler and under his own Patent, but I shall reserve  
 the article on HINGES and several other works for the poem on  
 Mediæval Metal Work, the hero or heroes of which I have not  
 yet chosen.

## COUNCILLOR CARTER.



JOHN CARTER AND SONS,

Boat Builders, and English Timber Merchants, New and Second-  
Hand Boats always on sale or hire. Manufacturers of Tar-  
paulings, Oil Cloths, Rick Covers, &c.

*Lady Wood Dock, and Long Acre Dock, Aston, Birmingham.*

Not since Dædalus invented sails,  
And with Icarus fled to Crete,  
Did better vessels e'er woo gales,  
Or dare with Carters' craft compete.

Not since the Argonautæ did prevail  
On unknown seas spread Argo's primal sail.  
Now on enchanted floods and roseate, th' Muse shall start her  
Fairy skiff of pearl and sunlight to hail Councillor Carter.  
Thro' early life in Americ' was his standard far unfurled,  
And he is now a city-father in th' Art metropolis o' the world.  
Two Boat establishments flourish beneath his genal sway,  
His sons are with him, and their united energies for aye,  
O'er all the Mercian realms beam the light and strength of day.  
Not one Science or Art follows our Councillor alone,  
In variety long his intellectual greatness shone,  
And biography proves that the mind is the more intense  
The more it is diversified (all life proves it!), and hence  
We find him in the Nickel business. Would you have proof  
Of his philanthropy? look at the light aspect of his roof;  
Water verily maketh his a streamy dominion,  
And what might give new vigour unto the Muse's 'pinion.  
And in cognizance of which th' Bard his seal of approval sets,  
Councillor Carter chiefly from Canada his timber gets.  
Many boats propelled by steam up th' arteries o' many lands,  
Owe their first project to his mind and wonder-working hands.  
His enterprise, too, hath scattered many bounties,  
With deific magnificence o'er all the midland counties;  
And in conjunction with his congener Councillor Inshaw,  
Trails of light over every isle and main shall draw;  
The uproarous floods of Time their attractive force shall dam,  
And he shine for ev'r in the Art Legends of Birmingham.

## COUNCILLOR CORNFORTH,



By her Majesty's Royal Letters Patent.

JOHN CORNFORTH,

Manufacturer of Iron and Steel Wire, Pointes de Paris, and all sorts of Wire Nails. Contractor to the Electric Telegraph Company. Ne tentes aut Perfice. Berkley Street Wire Mills, Birmingham.

*Fabricant de Fil de fer de toute sorte et de Pointes de Paris de tous les genres.*

His equal in courtesy we might long and vainly seek :  
 He sendeth forth 100 tons of wire every week ;  
 From the thickest to the finest sort e'en beyond th' British Isles,  
 Some lengths of which would fully reach ay half a hundred miles.  
 I see the mighty chimneys, each a Cyclopean Tower,  
 Boilers and engines here of illimitable power ;  
 And doth 'midst his multifarious engagements rise  
 In him the truthful spirit of enlightened enterprise.  
 His, not the mere physical, for Councillor imparts  
 Mental vigour to the elevation of the Fine Arts ;  
 His engine that with Briarous' arms doth power supply,  
 Can be easily stopped—yea in the twinkling of an eye ;  
 And what makes some of your midland manufacturers flinch,  
 And surprised the Bard, here's 60 lb. steam to the square inch.  
 Nor is my hero merely bound by *coterie* rules,  
 He makes his own machinery, and his engines and tools.  
 The "Slow Canal," as Goldsmith says, along the wall doth glide,  
 Thro' which machicolation-like are all the coals supplied.  
 He makes th' Wire Nails, and what might well entrance the  
 Art-Muse,  
 Wire for that which supplieth both hemispheres with Screws.  
 Four brothers were left to follow the business of their sire.  
 Hail ! pioneer of Science, that now inspires the lyre,  
 Thou still aspiring to stand 'mongst men single in renown,  
 Founded the great establishment which now is all thine own.  
 (Thro' numerous halls my way I held on  
 Led by cicerone named John Sheldon.)  
 None the laurel-wreath may from our Councillor Cornforth  
 wrench.  
 Who fluently speaks the Italian, the German, and the French.

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## COUNCILLOR PAGE.



THE GREAT STOVE POEM.

THOMAS AND GEORGE PAGE,

The Bee Hive, Watery Lane, Birmingham.

Bees inspired Maro's classic song in Rome's meridian day,  
 And tipped the lips of Plato as he in the cradle lay;  
 St. Ambrose and St. Chrysostom have bees as attributes,  
 Bees have charm'd bright lyres and themes, and woke the  
 sweetest lutes.

But now I strike the newer note to sound thro' ev'ry age,  
 Over every land and ocean the illustrious firm of Page.  
 Their fame for general castings erst reach'd us o'er the main  
 From Birmingham, 'nd 73-74, Watery Lane.

Baronial Hall or Mansion thro' wide England approves  
 Their Register Stoves, Kitchen Ranges, Shop, Cabin, and Hall  
 Stoves;

And Science in meridian day lights Mercia with their names,  
 Entrance Gates and Palisading, Grocers' Folding Doors and  
 Frames;

Coal-hole Plates and Frames, Garden Rollers, Garden Chairs,  
 And here in all the grace of Art, with Landing, Cast-iron Stairs.  
 I saw Window Frames, and Mantle Pieces as through their  
 Halls I passed,

And Mantle Pieces and Grates that were together cast;  
 From many a stately point of view they're Art's Creators.

Hail, Area Gratings, Air, Brick, and Slide Ventilators;  
 Columns, Girders, Stable-Fittings, that have thrown into th'  
 shade

All that are in the metropolis by Hood, and Barton made;  
 And it is from Birmingham the Minstrel doth engage,  
 To open up a continent to the great house of Page.

## COUNCILLOR PRIME.



THOMAS PRIME AND SON,

Patentees, Designers, and Manufacturers of Silver and Electro-Plate. Prize Medals, Paris, 1855; London, 1862. NORTHWOOD STREET, MAGNETO PLATE WORKS, Birmingham.

I witnessed all the great Art deeds "determined, dared and done"  
By the famous family of Thomas Prime and Son,  
And I translated what was said of them 1851,  
Yea, I beheld them in the zenith to which they did attain  
When men of Science in '55 thronged to the banks of Seine.  
Th' Councillor's son my intellectual cicerone was  
As I on thro' each department did as if enchanted pass.  
Here I beheld superior works with th' Artist's soul imbued,  
The whole of which my heroes have carried to perfectitude;  
Yea, the loveliest designs that e'er human eyes beheld,  
O'er which Minerva's self must sure have raised her guardian  
shield.

And very interesting their works my journey thro'  
Machinery they've introduced, the mighty and the new;  
Here I strove to appreciate the appliances  
Of elevated Art, and all the purer Sciences.  
From Palace and Baronial Hall I've heard it stated,  
Hither antique works are sent ever to be replated.  
I saw them in pristine glory here reinstated;  
Yea! even now the purity of their reflection seems  
The glowing mirror from whence the mighty Present streams;  
Planets and luminaries in eclipse no longer blaze,  
But works of Art flush all the world and Time with rival days.  
Forks, Spoons, Urns, all in their line I in mental vision take,  
Coffee and Tea Sets, ay, all that the Silversmith could make.  
While the spirit of Cellini glorified doth here  
Seem to inhabit all the weird and tremulous atmosphere.  
For presentations thy works shall pass, unrivalled patentees,  
In self-created epochs o'er Atlantic's redd'ning seas.

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## COUNCILLOR TONKS.



SAMUEL TONKS,

Wholesale Tin and Iron Plate Worker and Japanner.

GREAT HAMPTON STREET, BIRMINGHAM.

*Established 1840.*

EXHIBITOR, 1862.

To Councillor Tonks' establishment we trace  
 That unique work of art, the "Royal" Vase,  
 And which I'll in th' halls of our new capital place;  
 Who could wish on earth a happier lot?  
 Than t' be th' introducer of his own Teapot.  
 His Coffee pots, various styles adapted well,  
 For palace, private family, or hotel;  
 And each European nation hath proven,  
 Unequaled is his philosophic oven.  
 Here is every article you could behold in  
 The form of usefulness, made of Substance Tin;  
 To many he doth a great finish impart,  
 And they fully represent his taste in art.  
 Here are the Flamboyant, the Flushed, the Tinted,  
 His peculiar toilets yclep'd the Printed.  
 Our bonâ fide manufacturer hath  
 In green, or brown, or oak, th' various style of Bath;  
 Here's all that for the kitchen you might choose.  
 Or in the parlour, or the bedroom use,  
 And Councillor, his enterprise doth rouse,  
 For much required in the counting house;  
 And when 'neath the western sky, th' Bard encamps,  
 He then the Lanterns and Petrolene Lamps  
 Will not forget, but o'er the lakes and isles  
 Of evening lands, will show the various styles,  
 And of th' welcome Dust Preventer, need I tell a  
 Tale that might have charm'd the soul of Cinderella  
 Not only in the parlour were Councillor's works bewitchin'(g),  
 But O, they charmed our lads and lasses with beauty in the  
 kitchen;  
 Here we fitted out Clarissa, on her eve of marriage,  
 Here I got the stomach warmer, and that to suit th' carriage;  
 Leave Elois' and Abelard to sigh 'mongst nuns and monks,  
 Let's sing the song of science thro' the famous house of Tonks.

Scripture speaketh truly how 's Mother taught King Lemuel,  
 But Mother Nature 'twas inspir'd Councillor Samuel ;  
 Known for Galvanized Iron and Japanned Goods,  
 Amidst meridional plains and occidental woods,  
 Australia floodless waste, and Americ, clime of floods.  
 Say how thoroughly taste in form, my hero did imbue,  
 When he stood before the world, Exhibitor, '62 ;  
 Others fain would claim the wreath, but he on them made a sortie,  
 And won the standard of the arts. 1840.

I have introduced into the 14th Londoniad all those members of the corporation, being manufacturers, whose works I have found suitable to our western country, except Councillor Smith, whom I have not seen. I should have mentioned Councillor Atkins especially for Saws, but I find that we are well supplied with such by Rice Lewis and Son, Mr. Shaw, of Yonge Street, and the eminent Workman family, who have establishments in various parts of both eastern and western Canada ; I would have accepted Councillor Lowe, had he been more decidedly a manufacturer, for Agricultural Implements. I acknowledge the courtesy of Councillor Baldwin's Son, but our old friend Mr. Eastwood, of Toronto, from his own Mills, supplies us with paper.

### COUNCILLOR INSHAW.



JOHN INSHAW,  
 ENGINEER,

MORVILLE STREET WORKS, BIRMINGHAM.

OF him I've written a biography, which yet  
 Will be published in the form of pamphlet ;  
 (Tho' in the 1st Londoniad doth appear,  
 The great Robert Stephenson as ENGINEER )  
 And o'er the Councillor's Son Joseph shall fan a  
 Prosperous breeze, for soon with British Guiana,  
 Will a market most profitable be gotten,  
 Canada give *them* its produce for their cotton ;  
 And the same ships carrying to the Caribee,  
 Shall re-load for this island of a Northern sea.  
 Nor think that in an adventurous age is strange ;  
 Reciprocal spirit, mutual interchange,  
 And I myself will enter into it, and give  
 Full power to Joseph as a representative.



**JAMES TORRINGTON SPENCER LIDSTONE,**

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and all the Principal Seats of Learning in Europe,*

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extent from Great Britain and the Continent, 25 per cent. less  
than any *trading house* in London, AT THREE, SIX, NINE,  
or TWELVE MONTHS' CREDIT.

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

J. T. S. LIDSTONE.

*January, 1867.*

29, NEW CHARLES STREET, E.C.,

AND TOERMORHAM AND TORQUAY, DEVON.

C



### MESSENGER & SONS,

Manufacturers of Chandeliers, Lamps, Candelabra, Girandoles, Gas Fittings, Iron Railings for Staircases, Balconys, &c., Brass and Iron Bedsteads, and General Artificers in Plain and Ornamental Brass and Iron Work, Birmingham, and 73, Hatton Garden, London.

THESE were the resuscitators of the antique,  
 The splendours that were Roman, the glories that were Greek ;  
 In the Fitzwilliam gates we see their wonder-working hand,  
 And on the staircase of the house, yclep'd Northumberland,  
 In th' Classic Town Hall, though their Bracket no more appears,  
 And in St. George's famous Hall the wondrous Chandeliers.  
 At th' Summer House, Buckingham, too, their works are seen,  
 That charm'd the immortal Albert, and still entrance the Queen.  
 Fountains, not like those doomed, the Vandalean portion,  
 Theirs' the perfect work of art and not a Wills' abortion ;  
 I had traced art to its zenith thro' each archaic germ,  
 And inspiration rapt me thro' this illustrious firm,  
 The head of which hath done more than all England beside,  
 For Art, nations hail him its Guard, its Ornament, and Guide ;  
 Their Lamps the Galactic circle unto my mind recal.  
 Thro' Lincoln Cathedral aisles, and ancient Knowsley Hall,  
 Like weird Satellite unto an orb'd soul,  
 See them, where doth Egypt's viceroy's chariot roll ;  
 All kinds of Stands for Gas are here, and in perfectitude,  
 Brackets, Canephorus-like, with seeming life endued ;  
 Shields that on their embossed front display,  
 Subjects Homeric, or from Virgil's lay.  
 In '55 and '62, they met each nation's view,  
 And bore the palm from all the world away ;  
 Copies from monuments my attention engage,  
 In rapt revivals of many a by-gone age ;  
 Patterus so numerous, the which I almost fell adoring,  
 And which from their weight, jeopardises the flooring.  
 Whether other firms in Birmingham have orders or not,  
 They are always very busy, and much to do they've got.  
 On the sculpturesque enduring fame they've built ;  
 By their mode of Lacquer, they now make works as good as gilt.  
 For Hall Lamps, all sorts and sizes, the palm they ever win ;  
 They manufacture Lamps for Gas, and eke for paraffin ;  
 The boundary of their empire they're greatly extending,  
 While all the nations are their unrivalled works commending.





## GRIFFITHS & BROWETT,

General Iron and Tin Plate Workers and Japanners, Manufacturers of the Patent Seamless Enamell'd and Tinned Wrought Iron Hollow Ware, Vose's Patent Hydropult, Loysel's Patent Hydrostatic Tea and Coffee Urns, Keevil's Patent Cheese Making Apparatus, &c., 68, Bradford Street, Birmingham.

WORLD-WIDE fame doth this great house environ,  
 For th' best articles in Copper and Iron;  
 Iron-tinn'd Teapots like plated articles,  
 Appeared to me, and the Bard exulting tells,  
 That in or out of art's metropolis,  
 Yea either in England or France, I wis,  
 They are the only parties who do this;  
 And need the Muse of Science here declare,  
 How is hail'd their Enamelled Hollow Ware—  
 So celebrated on all lands and seas,  
 And they supply "Australia and the Colonies;"  
 Culinary utensils of all sorts,  
 Welcom'd in Mansions and Imperial Courts.  
 For them Fame's sunlit banner is unfurl'd;  
 Their Japan works the largest in the world.  
 Here Japanned Trays I saw of all designs,  
 In contour and colour our firm still all outshines.  
 In our clime shall appear that wond'rous dish,  
 Which might have charmed Rome's Senate cooking fish,  
 And here it is the Art-Student beholds,  
 In thousand forms, variety of moulds;  
 And all they make beside, each kind and size,  
 For which they erst triumphant bore the prize  
 Away, in medals, &c., every time  
 They competed, and in whatever clime.  
 Too, found as in their mighty establishment  
 Rapt in ardour the Art Minstrel went,  
 All that could ingenuity invent;  
 And all that might be e'er inquired for,  
 Thro' our famed firm which stands a mental tor.  
 All that civilization could require,  
 Or theme for art unrivalled might inspire,  
 In countless numbers, endless forms appear,  
 That which is welcom'd by the pioneer—  
 Stamp'd Hollow Ware, well known in either hemisphere,  
 'Round the horizon, and sky-ward I advanced,  
 By extent and variety entranced.

\_\_\_\_\_like an embodied song,  
 'Neath a hundred roofs and halls, a mile long ;  
 They might 'stablish a business, and maintain  
 A custom with the whole of Sol's meridian reign.  
 With active energy, here ply 3,000 hands ;  
 Our Government they supply, and those o' many lands.  
 Knowledge o' motive power I was a gleaner  
 Of, here I saw in action th' Knife Cleaner,  
 And in that hour, my guide and Ciceron'—  
 Was our enlightened junior partner's son.  
 To our metropolis in the west I took,  
 And placed in th' Public Hall, their wond'rous book.



**W. & T. AVERY,**

SCALE MAKERS, BIRMINGHAM.

WELL might the Muse of long-enduring science say, ring land  
 And sea to th' fame of the largest Scale makers in England.  
 I had heard their deeds in other tongues and countries rehears'd,  
 And please mark, although my visit to their place was not the  
 first,

Yet in the 14th Londoniad them alone I choose  
 To grace this, the latest strain of the enlight'n'd Muse,  
 Compared as Sirius to an Asteroid ever ranks  
 Our firm above Pooley of—Somewhere, and Yankee Fairbanks.  
 Like Barnum at Jenny Lind's 1st turn-out (need I declare)  
 In America, they are with all their deeds, "nowhere."  
 On projects of mental might 'twas here I greatly mused,  
 All hand-work and no machinery's by them used ;  
 And order, too, throughout the vast establishment we find,  
 And all set going as if instinct with one most powerful mind.  
 I have an unrivalled painting with spirit-action rife,  
 In which the Archangel Michael weigheth men's deeds in life,  
 And a marble bas-relief from which I this knowledge cull,  
 That Evil striveth in one scale the other down to pull.  
 I find in early Christian Art, scales weighing spheres and zones,  
 And held in happier realms by th' angelic choir of Thrones ;  
 I might recal scales through Homer's and mighty Milton's lays,  
 Yea, all concerning scales that Hist'ry says,  
 From the world's morn to that meridian hour,  
 I felt the full effects of Science' power,  
 Thro' Averys' might, Birmingham's dower.



## LLOYD & SUMMERFIELD,

Manufacturers of Cut and Plain Flint Glass, Lamps, Gas Shades,  
Coloured Window and Optical Sheet Glass; also Patentees of  
the Crystal Window Bars for House-windows, Sky Lights,  
Shop Fronts, Verandahs, Conservatories, Exhibition Cases, &c.;  
Chandeliers, Pendants, Brackets, Hall Lanterns, Gas Pillars,  
Aquariums, Show Cases, Ship Light and Railway Lenses.  
Park Glass Works, Birmingham.

Th' Crystal Window Bars so celebrated,  
Long ago the Art Minstrel elated,  
And these I note as through their halls I pass,  
Are of pure Crystal Flint or Coloured Glass;  
A full description shall ye muses yield,  
Yet in English and French, for Lloyd and Summerfield.  
The wond'rous columns that I here survey,  
Like the imagined Pillars, are of Night and Day;  
Here glass legs for pianos, meet mine eye,  
The which, they still to many realms supply,  
And which might the rapt attention enlist,  
Of Art Student or entomologist;  
White ants of India, *this* for aye withstands,  
And those just as destructive known in Southern Lands;  
And what must t' my heroes fame redound,  
By writers on Acoustics, hail'd as best for sound,  
While in green and ruby, charming all our better senses,  
Fine polished and flatted, lo, piano convex lenses;  
Ship Light Lenses too, we from our enlightened firm obtain,  
In all their various names that beam on every main.  
As representative in full these glorious works I'll take,  
And they shall beam salvation upon each upper lake;  
Their regulator glass shade hath all the Muse inspired,  
For here are neither Perdium nor ceiling shade required;  
Gas shades and regulators by Lloyd and Summerfield,  
Like Pallas statue known in Greece or Rome's Ancilla shield,  
Or those windows the name of which Vasari hath given,  
Patstone's designs and patented, seem rained down from Heaven;  
O'er famous lands and classic years spread Vesta's etern flame,  
Resuscitated see her join'd to the sacred Lotus name.  
Many a lovely flower and many a radiant gem,  
Hath given names to matchless shades, lately made by them.  
Their hall lamps in the mansion and in the palace view,  
Thy very metempsychosis St. Gudule and St. Hugh:

Not all the feasts of Lanterns Tremulous in Cathay.  
 E'er lit the march of evening resplendently as they.  
 Brackets are here, and such do great artists' skill engage,  
 And pendants like descending days to flush heaven's rival age,  
 And here the girandole meets the enraptured poet's sight,  
 Like that wond'rous tree whose Fruits and blossoms all were  
 bright

With stellar sheen. Gas pillars, to the Minstrel each appears,  
 like Atlas propping up the spheres,

And here like home of fairy wrap'd in lunar ray,

Ascends the crystal dome of fountain

In a trance of extacy, the rapt idea clusters

Around the Park Glass Works, rare, yea and matchless lustres :

Glass aquariums hailed throughout many a rival state,

Are all unique with bottoms of marble or of slate.

The Bard ; Art, and Nature, in all their fullness traces,

With his great heroes here thro' their lovely Fern Cases.

Beside this lay, I now intend to give

Them all my aid as unpaid representative.

Many a deed of wonder now appears,

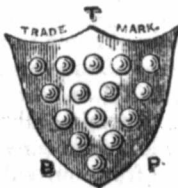
Thro'out the regions of both Hemispheres,

Concentred in their Gorgeous Chandeliers.

Yankee abortions now no more enthrall,

To them we go to grace St. James' Hall.

#### CORNWALL WORKS.



#### TANGYE BROTHERS & PRICE,

General Engineers, and Manufacturers of every description of  
 Hydraulic Machinery, Clement Street, Parade, Birmingham.  
 London Office, 18, Cannon Street, E.C. Mr. S. Holman, Agent.

I took in Birmingham a most familiar friend's advice,  
 And visited in Clement Street, Tangye Brothers, and Price :  
 Their Telegraph, which they were the first to introduce, doth go  
 From their office in Birmingham, t' their works in Soho.  
 Th' advantage of Hydraulics, which I studied under Ramage,  
 O'er gearing machin'ry is, that it causes no damage  
 By flying, and hence hydraulic machines are popular,  
 And here are th' five Brothers who, like, that famed cinquetuple  
 star,

Still exercise an influence o'er many regions, far.

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They've a great many patents and inventions all their own,  
 And 'tis within the last ten years they've soar'd into renown ;  
 Theirs, enlightened enterprise ; they employ 600 hands,  
 And th' Lever Archimedes named now on its fulcrum stands.  
 Each in his own department a brother see preside,  
 And thus the labour ever systematically divide ;  
 I note as thro' their very light shops I my journey take,  
 That they their own lathes, and manufacturing tools do make.  
 Their works are known and hailed on all the globes, lands, and

seas,  
 And of Weston's invention they are now the patentees ;  
 They send out thousands which are unequal'd th' world agrees.  
 I noted too, how wonderful, as up their aisles I went,  
 Was the *modus operandi* of their establishment ;  
 Erst I never could, even though searching all England 'round,  
 Get an hydraulic press for less than £60,  
 But now the world hath them, for 15, from our house renown'd.  
 Three or four times they have moved, but still being pressed for-

room,  
 They advanc'd to where they now in high prosperity bloom ;  
 I note that notwithstanding th' payment of 40 per cent.  
 For th' introduction of their works to th' western continent,  
 Wisdom in energetic action being their Guard and Guide,  
 They can stand all this, and make a good profit beside ;  
 Their works they not only to India, but t' th' world impart,  
 Their working engine 's, beautiful e'en as a work of art.  
 And I perceive a large shop they've made of a covered yard,  
 Their mode of economising room th' reader will regard,  
 And underneath their stores of coals, and boilers, I presume ;  
 This will be called in truthfulness, economising room.  
 The Principals as exemplars to the workmen appear  
 In beneficence, as in science, £30 a year

These to the Hospital gave -----  
 They have a Brass band, which soundeth like Zelus' magic zone,  
 A Provident Institution managed by themselves alone ;  
 And wherever an improvement a workman could suggest,  
 Hath by th' Brothers been well paid for, and carried out with  
 zest.

This is something to say in society's present state,  
 In which too many do others' works appropriate  
 Without even thanks, alas, or seeming to recognise  
 That which fame, and often fortune, unto themselves supplies.  
 While writing thus, with casual eye the Minstrel hath been  
 tracking

Hydraulic Jacks, Do. Wheel Presses, Do. Presses for Packing ;  
 And I too trace in active march thro' all these busy scenes  
 Waggon tippers, oil presses, shearing and punching machines.  
 I've traversed long, Olympian peaks, gazed down Tartaræan gorges,  
 But ne'er saw Wonder to equal their portable forges.

Screw jacks, lathes, drilling machines, steam engines, anvils,  
vices,  
Are all unequalled here at our own Tangyes' and Price's;  
While as general railway and mining stores contractors,  
They in Soho and Clement Street, stand out like mental Tors.  
Thus far! and I intend to sing another lay or more,  
For the children of King Arthur's land and legend'ry lore,  
When the Art-Minstrel shall advancing go  
To see their works in wond'rous Soho;  
I intend to dress up something very nice  
For the Eminent Hydraulic Engineers,  
Destined yet to sway in the both hemispheres;  
Lo, the Firm, ~~of~~ Messrs. Tangye Brothers and Price.

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THE PLUMBING POEM, &c.



**STOCK BROTHERS AND TAYLOR,**

Glass and Lead Merchants, Manufacturers of Lead Pipe, Sheet  
Lead, Composition and Tin Tube, Zinc, Plumbers' Brass Work  
and Gas Fittings, British Plate, Patent Plate Sheet, Crown,  
Coloured and Ornamental Glass, Pig, White and Red Lead,  
Paints, Oils, Turpentine, Putty, Painters' Brushes, Tin, &c.  
Cannon Street. Temple Street. Gas Street. Birmingham.  
N.B.—Not accountable for breakage in carriage.

IN works of Art 'tis to the Student known  
Lead is more suited to our clime than stone.  
I turn now to our house of high renown,  
For lead pipes and sheet lead, fame they've amassed,  
And in their line still ever unsurpassed  
In Birmingham, and in England, I think,  
As for composition and tin tube, zinc.  
I from all others to the Great Plumbers pass;  
Superior brass work, fittings for gas,  
Variety of Ornamental Glass  
In all the various colours now in use,  
On British plate, patent do. I muse.  
Sheet, crown, doth new spirit in me infuse;  
And no other firm in all England foils  
Them for pig, white and red lead, for tin, oils,



Painters' brushes, putty, paint, turpentine,  
 Colours, all th' accessories in their varied line.  
 The junior partner my cicerone was,  
 As through their giant halls the bard did pass.  
 In longer strain ready to sing I am  
 Of the only house in its line in Birmingham.

I ever held in fond remembrance our junior partner's namesake, the Rev. LACHLAN TAYLOR. I knew him long and well. I have listened to him and have conversed with him; often amidst that umbrageous wilderness waving sky-ward above the mighty Ottawa, and on the very spot where now stands the metropolis of the Occident; and too upon the far off shores of Ontario, where his presence like a rival day, flushed the countries of that beautiful inland sea; while his rhetorical opulence revealing the mental treasures of every age, commingling with the many voiced eloquence of Nature ærialised my existence rapt through inspiration, in the morning of my life, throwing enchantment over every scene in that Beloved Land of the Setting Sun.



## T. WILKINSON AND CO.,

*Established 1832.*

Manufacturers of Dinner, Dessert, and Tea Services, Epergnes, Candelabra, Fruit and Flower Stands, Spoons, Forks, &c., Best Electro Plated on German Silver, 15, Great Hampton Street, Birmingham.

THIS name alone might the Minstrel as with attraction draw,  
 Here a great deal of th' sculpturesque as if entranc'd I saw;  
 All that in their bright line we might imagine to be done  
 Is done, and to perfection, by the great house of Wilkinson.  
 There is one sentiment that I from distant years recal,—  
 They're noted ever for using the best material;  
 In tea and coffee services, yea, a great deal they do,  
 And their superior taste doth the living age imbue;  
 Established, if I remember well, 1832,  
 And high, yea, equal to the highest place, assigns  
 Birmingham to them for their purity of designs;  
 For dinner, dessert, and tea services known thro' many lands,  
 Here I hail epergnes, and fruit and flower stands;  
 My soul'fore their candelabra in loveliness that charmed  
 Unto a living altar of incense became transform'd.

Spoons, forks, &c., the Art-Student here did fondly greet,  
 Best electro plated on German silver. ☞ Gt. Hampton Street.  
 Articles such as trowels suitable for Presentation,  
 On opening public works; hail'd by many a nation.  
 The son my cicerone, saw me thro' their halls around;  
 He has visited Pompeii and other realms renown'd,  
 Of accurate and extensive knowledge, He knows each style  
 That graced enlightened countries of the world erewhile.

One of the most perfect gentlemen I ever met with in the  
 Western World was my heroes' namesake, proprietor of the  
 Caledonia Springs, in Upper Canada. I desire to be kindly  
 remembered to him. (Please see page 44, Eleventh Londoniad.)



### E. B. BENNETT AND SON,

*(Successors to John Linwood),*

Manufacturers of Roasting Jacks, Stair Rods, Mouldings, &c.,  
 and Sole Manufacturers of Restell's Patent Jack. Patentees  
 and Manufacturers of the Indian Zephyrion. 57, St. Paul's  
 Square, Birmingham.

AN universal Market fate is now decreeing  
 To this world-famous house, 70 years in being;  
 The sire as manufacturer emblazon'd th' rolls of fame,  
 And as inventor, too, the son the laurel wreath may  
 claim,

His own coffee roaster (and that which beareth the  
 name)

John Linwood's (Name known to Science!) Improved  
 Veruvolver.

The Muse, shall Lodona-like, into floods dissolve her-  
 Self, and thro' inherent light, and song for ever roll,  
 —Sweeping down the equator, and encircling either  
 pole.

Mr. Bennett hath orders from all the world over,  
 And his deeds, horizon-like, land and sea do cover.

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For the Zephyrion a thousand customers are sueing,  
 Embleming Zephyrus who went forth Aurora wooing.  
 Jacks of various name and too inventions me did charm,  
 And what "absorbs me quite" is his most wondrous  
 Alarum ;

And nothing can my hero's genius bilk,  
 Who for his jacks aye uses the best silk.  
 He can petrify *moral deflectors*—  
 Witness th' acceptable thief Detectors.  
 Doors, Gates, *you* may do your best to bar-em,  
 But we'll use the New Improved Alarum.  
 In French and English o'er the sea I'll track  
 Their Thomas Restell's Patent Roasting Jack.  
 Th' Muse in Heliconian draughts shall toast her  
 Heroes' th' Domestic Self-Acting Coffee Roaster.  
 They've had one in their employ 54 years,  
 Who in making Jacks constantly appears.  
 John Linwood's successors ! no *prestige* lacks  
 Our house, 70 years since he introduced those Jacks.



### J. AND J. PATTISON AND CO.,

Manufacturers of Confectionery, 55, High Street, & Spring  
 Hill, Birmingham.

CAMILIA, who lived in ancient Rome, tells us that his  
 son

Was in business, the same as Messrs. Pattison.  
 No cakes are here as we their thousand shelves survey,  
 But tons of sugar, well worked up in an artistic way ;  
 And where's the highway thro' the world, on land or  
 "ocean stream,"

Which not conveys their wond'rous works done by  
 the power of Steam.

To all the Great Marts of the Metropolis is sent  
 Their Confectionary, and thro' all nations o' th' con-  
 tinent;  
 While the most fastidious of the human race must  
 feel  
 A sense o' safety. (→ Candied lemon, orange and  
 citron peel,  
 Their resources are great, whereby they can supply  
 The world; in quality their articles stand very high.



### RICHARD WALKER,

Manufacturer of Sporting and Military Percussion Caps,  
 69, and 70, Graham Street, Birmingham.

AND now the first House in the world in all their line  
 I choose,  
 Yea their New Patent it is that animates the Muse.  
 Close on half a century he could never be undone,  
 Hail, Richard Walker, Manufacturer, late of London.  
 Thro' all the various regions we trace upon the maps,  
 Have gone his Anti-Corrosive Percussion Caps.  
 I saw him as contractor beyond the world advance,  
 To the East India Company and Board of Ordnance.  
 Every prize in Europe marked his handy work,  
 And he too bore the palm away in '53 at New York.  
 His double Water-proof Caps by him invented and  
 New,  
 All other kinds in both hemispheres into Lethe threw,  
 And Canada, ousting Joyce, and Eley,  
 Alone on Richard Walker will rely.

## THE BIRMINGHAM PIN WORKS.



## EDRIDGE AND MERRETT,

Legge Street, Birmingham. Manufacturers of Pins, Needles,  
Hooks and Eyes, Hair and Knitting Pins, Pearl, Bone,  
and Metal Buttons.

THRO' my Immortal Heroes the Bard of Arts could  
tell his  
Readers much more than is said in the *Campagne* of  
Ellis,  
And much higher in Science their products too might  
carry,  
Than the Pin statute law of th' English Bluebeard,  
8th Harry.  
Enterprising, they're self-made men, nought could  
their progress stop,  
Until they stood as now, upon the sunlit mountain top.  
The Heads of the Pins and all, our Partners make in  
one,  
How diff'rent from the old Wire-heads in barb'rous  
ages gone.  
They bought the Yankees out, and now their Pins  
are sent  
All thro' France, which they supply, and over the  
continent.  
Letter A 1, as they say at Lloyd's, fame our House  
still wins,  
T.C., are the largest in papers, except Blanket Pins,  
For all from th' gigantesque to th' Lilliputian fame  
anoints  
Them, 3-eights o' an inch long, Ribbon pins or lillikin  
points.  
Their Plated Pins I hailed, each pure Art' and Science'  
gem,  
Here we see a wonder, the Tin being melted over  
them.

I have History searched and would fain hope I've not  
 been foiled,  
 I find under the old dispensation they were boiled.  
 But upon (and here the Spirit of Progress rejoice  
 must),  
 My heroes' own Patented Principle they never rust.  
 This will cause a revolution in the article of Brass;  
 That might anything in politics very well surpass.  
 The specimens I have from them will be view'd o'er  
 the foam,  
 By admiring millions, thro' all ages till the "crack of  
 doom."



### JAMES HEELEY AND SONS,

Patentees and Manufacturers of Snuffers, Corkscrews, and  
 Nutcracks, Key Rings, Boot and Button Hooks, and Fancy  
 Steel Articles of every Description. Mount Street, Bir-  
 mingham.

In Mount Street see, like to some classic Mons  
 Standing unrivalled, James Heeley and Sons ;  
 Who a fond feeling thro' the world embues  
 For their yet unsurpass'd Patent Cork Screws.  
 True to Science, and works of Art their forms  
 Variously designed, warranted Worms.  
 Well Bound amongst our Parliamentary Books,  
 Are th' drawings o' Pocket Cork Screws, Boot and  
 Button Hooks.  
 Alone throughout the West the Muse she tracks  
 Their Carriage Keys, their Steel 'nd Plated Nutcracks,  
 Steel Swivels, Dog Collars, Fine Steel Key Rings,  
 And all that thro' their card the Muse to notice  
 brings,  
 For Soda Water, &c., Champaign—  
 Their Registered Tap, I bore beyond the main,  
 Why need I catalogue, for here we find,  
 Fancy Steel Articles of every kind.

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### JNO. WHITEHOUSE AND SONS,

Patentees, Brass Founders, Manufacturers of Brass, China, and Glass Door Furniture, Patent Brass and China Ornaments for Bedsteads. Door Springs, Letter Clips, Porcelain Letters for Shop Fronts, &c., &c., 87, Birchall Street, Birmingham.

By Cyclopænean-prosopopœia a Light house  
Midst Time's torrent flood, stands the illustrious firm  
of Whitehouse.

Here I beheld patterns that rival Birmingham's best,  
They have special patterns for Canada and the West.  
The only manufactory in England's midland part,  
That hath carried this kind of work to elevated Art.  
The sight of deeds here perform'd did the Minstrel  
arouse,

My living hero's sire it was who founded this famed  
house.

An endless variety in his interesting line,  
Perfectly encountered and unrivalled in design,  
In which the purest Science and philosophy combine.  
Ship materials are here, and my hero is he,  
Whose works are welcom'd afar on every distant sea.  
This the only place that of the Potteries remindeth me,  
500 saggars and more into one oven went,  
And there are many ovens in this vast establishment,  
Too, my enlightened hero, female labour doth enlist,  
And hence acknowledged thro' the world, an Art-  
Philanthropist.

His object is not the mere accumulation of wealth,  
And th' method he has of drying, preserves his  
peoples' health;

O, could other employers in such deeds have affiance,  
They must delight a votary of Sanitary Science.  
The immortal Herbert Minton, o'er whom the Muse  
late sighed,

Paid a visit to this establishment just before he died.

Hail manufacturers, (fame doth for them high place  
 secure  
 Ever,) of Brass, and of China, and Glass Door Fur-  
 niture.  
 Thus I proclaim th' eminent Patentees,  
 From midland England o'er the Western Seas.



### RICHARD TIMMINS AND SONS,

*Established 1796.*

Manufacturers of Shoemakers', Carpenters', Saddlers',  
 Timmens' Tools, and Heavy Steel Toys generally. Also  
 Shoemakers' Pincers, admitted to be unrivalled in the  
 American Markets. Best Polished London Pattern  
 Quoits. Chests of Tools of every description and superior  
 quality. Hammers, Vices, &c. Pershore Street, Birmingham.

AN ancient date as Times go to this famed house we  
 fix,  
 Established by the Grandsire in 1796.  
 Their works, near and distant nations of this terrene  
 well know,  
 They stood unrivalled on our globe, ay, very long  
 ago.  
 —And amongst Sir John Franklin's relicks found  
 'midst the Arctic snow.  
 From this isle of a Northern sea like to some sunlit  
 mons,  
 Our firm irradiates the world, Richard Timmins and  
 Sons,  
 And the whole of Birmingham in our late day outvies  
 For their superior Screw Plates, and too, for Stocks  
 and Dies,  
 While their London Pattern Quoits revive a classic  
 age.  
 And many a deed beside in which they do engage.

And heavy Steel Toys, generally acknowledged the best,  
That form a feature in the Arts and all the countries  
West.

Nor shall the Muse of etern Science herein fail to sing,  
Of my heroes' New Patent Reversable Door Spring ;  
And unless this humid atmosphere my spirit's pin-  
ions damp,

I will yet speak of Weston's Patent Self-adjusting  
Cramp.

I would fain catalogue the whole, such for them's my  
regard,

But I refer the general reader to the spacious Card,  
And when posterity, the advent'rous Muse shall scan  
her,

Let this remember their Boys' Tool Chests, and Patent  
Spanner.

To whom is Birmingham indebted, as from a Spring-  
head

Whence doth knowledge anacamptonic beyond Mercia  
spread

Round from sky to sky, in sunlit waters billowing free  
Like Deucalion's flood venti wing'd o'er Thessaly,  
For Criticism and the very elements of Grammar,  
But the Principal who gave me that work of Art, the  
Hammer.



### THOMAS PADMORE & SONS.

Manufacturers in Pearl, Tortoise-shell, Ivory, Vegetable  
Ivory, Bone, Hard Woods, &c. Ivory Dealers, 16, Little  
Charles Street, Birmingham.

As in the Syrian Wilderness stands Tadmor,  
So over Time shall exist the name of Padmore ;  
Here it was I saw all manner of Fancy Goods,  
In Ivory and Pearl renown'd o'er lands and floods ;

Th' Muse in Ivory, and Bone, Wood, and Pearl traces,  
 In ev'ry design unrivalled Dressing Cases.  
 Hair Brushes, Tooth do., all kinds, and here Chess-  
 men,  
 (Hail Ancient game) met the enraptured poets ken;  
 Blotting Folios, Caddies, Variety o' Games,  
 Yea, all in their long line, and all their countless  
 names;  
 While of interest in the Arts I seldom had more  
 Than in the enlightened House of Messrs. Padmore.



### RICHD. H. TAUNTON & HAYWARD,

Manufacturers of the Patent Lap-Welded Iron Boiler Tubes for Locomotive, Marine, and Portable Engines; also of Iron Tubes and Fittings for Gas, Steam, and Water, and all sizes of Bedstead Tubes; also manufacturers of the superior pointed "Star" Tack and Patent Combination Ratchet and Swing Brace. A large stock of Tubes, Fittings, and Cocks of all kinds kept in stock. "Star Tube Works," Heneage Street, Birmingham.

Th' mere ant-hills of Science let Ambury and others  
 vaunt on,  
 I turn to Heneage Street, and the superior house of  
 Taunton.  
 The Minstrel on Patent Diagram Tube Boiler muses,  
 The first ever used on earth my great Art-hero uses.  
 His is the extensive and lively establishment,  
 Thro' America and Russia his perfect works are sent.  
 Sparks flying around remind me of pensive Young, his  
 lay,  
 And of Robert, *alias* Satan, Montgomery's Last Day.

Art Triumphs, and where they do the Grinding,  
 Parallels to which we might be long in finding.  
 The mighty boilers I've already mentioned in my lay,  
 —And here is the canal and road, around them all  
 the way.

Immense blocks of buildings his varied empire fills,  
 And what familiar is to me, his wondrous Saw Mills,  
 In that unique department and where are made the  
 Nails,

An hundred wheels in motion, twice 200 hands  
 prevails.

A light that shone Venus-like, and lit the Minstrel  
 dayward ;

This most famous firm is now R. H. Taunton and  
 Hayward.

In the Junior Partner's Brother all Canada is blest,  
 His piety and mental worth irradiate the West.  
 For patent Lap-Welded Iron Boiler Tubes, aye confers  
 Birmingham the wreath on them as manufacturers ;  
 These for Locomotive, Marine, and Agricultural  
 Engines in the estimation o' men of Science rivals all,  
 And need I mention here how with the most peculiar  
 care,

Every description of Tubes welded to order are.  
 Patent Welded Wrought Iron Tubes for Gas, Steam,  
 Water, and

All &cs., you may from th' Star Tube Works command.  
 Why need I all their works thro' deathless Numbers  
 trace,

In many o' which they stand alone,  
 Witness their Patent Combination Ratchet Brace  
 Or Ratchet and Swing Brace *in one*.



### S. A. DANIELL,

Manufacturer of Embossing, Copying, Eyelet and General Presses, Stamping and Paging Machines, Die Sinker, Seal-Engraver, and Letter-Cutter, Medallist, Stamper, Piercer, Die Forger and Tool Maker, Envelope and Cloth Direction Label Manufacturer, 52, St. Paul's Square, Birmingham.

ARTISTIC wreaths the Muses now confer,  
 On S. A. Daniell, eminent manufacturer ;  
 See all th' world his famous Presses hail,  
 And they o'er all in England now prevail.  
 Their character for durability  
 Is known in many lands beyond the sea,  
 A character that in both hemispheres  
 Has been maintained thro' long eventful years.  
 And this suffices for a guarantee,  
 That his future acts will with the past agree ;  
 These world-famed Presses are constructed, all,  
 On principles correct and mathematical.  
 And the most graceful of manufacturing Arts,  
 Are their proportions and distinctions of parts.  
 Daniell to heights of science here attained,  
 And all the surfaces are truly planed ;  
 Yea ! purest science here in practice put,  
 For all the screws are ever engine cut.  
 The minor parts form'd by superior tools,  
 And good machines made to artistic rules ;  
 And these together, fitted form the best  
 Presses of our age, yea, they have stood the test,  
 Here the beautiful and useful are combined,  
 Excelling any that the Bard could find ;  
 Soon, I'll in other lands and languages declare,  
 The names of all, from 52 in St. Paul's Square.



**INVASION? OF CANADA !!!**

Hang out the Black Flag! let no quarter be given,  
 Upper Canada as one man goes on the war track!  
 Vengeance is awake! we have sworn before Heaven  
 That the Yankee may land, but he shall never go  
 back!



**J. P. MARRIAN,**

Naval and General Brassfounder, Lamp Maker, and General  
 Manufacturer in Brass and Iron, Trident Works, Slaney  
 Street, Birmingham.

All Goods especially adapted for Ships' use, in Copper, Gun  
 Metal, Brass, Tin, Iron, Papier Maché, and Electro Plate.  
 Locks, Bolts, Hinges, Signal Lamps, Candle, Oil and  
 Paraffin Lamps, Lenses, Reflectors, Bells, Binnacles, &c.

**PRIZE MEDALS OF GREAT EXHIBITIONS,**

*London, 1851; Paris, 1855; Honorable Mention, London, 1862*

**TRIDENT WORKS.**

—————the Trident in Art is Neptune's  
 Attribute,  
 And now the famous Trident Works, the Minstrel  
 doth salute;  
 Gladiatorial arena other than on th' foam,  
 I trace it with th' Retiarii in their combats at Rome.  
 He founded the House himself, to it doth all aid  
 impart,  
 I noted th' powerful Engines which were perfect works  
 of Art.

Everything with Ships connected, herein stands con-  
 fest,  
 And he sends his Globe Lamps all over the Roseate  
 West;  
 Works for the Lower Provinces here met the Min-  
 strels eyes.  
 And Afric's chiefs with Ornaments my hero, aye  
 supplies;  
 Higher and broader premises he soon will cause to  
 rise,  
 And while the various modes I round about am scan-  
 ning,  
 I hail the Department where 's perfected the japanning.  
 That my hero does his own Casting, Grinding, Polish-  
 ing,  
 And hath all means within himself need here the  
 Minstrel sing;  
 The Steam Engine! the Boiler rose like to some ridge  
 Andean,  
 And the sounds were others than those of notes Pan-  
 dean.  
 Now to the Sheet Metal department thro th' court  
 we cross,  
 And to the packing room my Cicerone, the Boss;  
 Storage of castings, rough stock was varied too, and  
 large,  
 And any amount of order our J. P. can discharge.  
 Entirely practical, from him none the wreath may  
 wrench,  
 For five-and-twenty years my hero worked at the  
 Bench;  
 Now doth the Naval and Mercantile Marine enlist,  
 In many lands thy mental might eminent Machinist.



**W. DAVIS & SONS,**

**PRACTICAL CHRONOMETER, WATCH, & CLOCK**

**MANUFACTURERS,**

**57, NEW STREET, OPPOSITE THE POST OFFICE,**

**BIRMINGHAM.**

LONG years I knew the ever honored Sire,  
 And now the Sons inspire the Artistic lyre;  
 Say who in the Midland Counties, matches  
 The firm of Davis, 'specially for Watches.  
 Ask th' Mariner upon the distant main,  
 Who doth to highest eminence attain;  
 Whose Horologic Works, nor lose, nor gain,  
 But are in Science' attributes complete,  
 All answer th' famous House of Davis,—New Street.



**MC CALLUM & HODSON,**

Papiér Maché and Japan Manufacturers, Summer Row,  
 Near the Town Hall, Birmingham.

I CHOOSE the House that Towers above the rest,  
 Which supplies all India, and the mighty West;  
 Unlike even Timber their works will stand,  
 In th' most humid and the most tropical land,  
 And hence are hail'd on Earth's most distant shores,  
 Their form retain'd they've neither grain nor pores;

Thousands o' designs and each a pure Art gem,  
 The Metropolitan Shops are supplied by them.  
 Jet Articles my heroes imitate,  
 And Princes of many a rival state  
 Midst septentrional snows and the glow  
 Of orient climes send to Summer Row;  
 In Moresque, many a large Iron Tray,  
 (Not Paper) they to Turkey send away.  
 After the Gilding I note that they display,  
 Their Works in any colours, hence flowers  
 And Landscapes, making Pearl th' groundwork;

## Powers

Such as their's I hail, and convinced I am,  
 They have no rival in or out of Birmingham.  
 'Tis water gilding maketh th' Art so pure,  
 By Copal Varnish do they well secure;  
 Many a magic scene do I recal,  
 They create th' substance, and *line* and *lock* for all.  
 So firm is the material they put  
 Into their work, to any shape it can be cut;  
 Some with Mediæval Mounts t' imitate walnut,  
 And here too, for repair, much work appears,  
 That hath been in constant use, 40 years.  
 Pictorial Works, some are very fine,  
 There th' "Persian," here th' Alhambraic Design;  
 Armaments and Halls 'neath many a sky,  
 And Catholic Countries they do all supply.  
 Ornaments under Glass 'nd they imitate,  
 Malachite: as of Copper th' native Carbonate.

M<sup>o</sup> CALLUM & HODSON



## WILLIAM MARSHALL,

GUN BARREL IRON WORKS, THE CAPE,  
NEAR BIRMINGHAM,

Manufacturer of all kinds of the Best Bright Iron for the  
Gun Trade.

THE Muse of Arts now in her Sunbright car, shall  
Bear the triumphs thro' the world of Wm. Marshall;  
A great deal of work he with America hath done,  
And his name is known o'er that region of the Setting  
Sun.

He could make Gun Iron beyond the Western foam,  
Equally as well as in England, here at home.  
I'm sure th' people of Upper Canada would adore a  
Manufacturer drawing from Madoc and Marmora;  
His specimens of Iron in our Museum stand confest,  
And he still supplies mighty regions of the West.  
Thousands of Tons of Iron he hath thro' the nations  
sent,

And supplied the British and Russian government.  
(I have a knife at home, the handle of which was done  
Out of Ivory, brought here by th' Great Livingstone)  
Apropos, Mr. Marshall made th' iron for that same  
Gun, still used by th' traveller of venturous fame.  
And need I unto uprising nations mention,  
Orders ever will receive his best attention.

On my hero, men of Science greatly have relied,  
He hath other manufacturers in Soho outvied;  
Many for want of funds or work have had to stop,  
Even to mortgage their Plant, or to shut up shop.  
Much with the transatlantii hourly might be done,  
Soon as experience hath seasonéd his son.

By Her Majesty's Royal Letters Patent.



### EDWIN COTTERILL,

Inventor and Sole Manufacturer of the Patent Climax Detector Locks, the only Locks which have not been Picked, and cannot be blown up with Gunpowder; it is also impossible to take an impression of the Keys: the only Lock extant possessing this security. Manufacturer of Wrought Iron Fire Proof Safes, Chests, Deed and Cash Boxes, Patent Double and Single Action Door Springs, &c. A16, Vittoria Street, Birmingham.

—these are the only locks to our age  
 known,  
 That cannot by man be pick'd, nor yet by powder  
 blown;  
 Thy fame doth like the day, or Diety's presence fill  
 The entire Universe, Illustrious Edwin Cotterill;  
 Thou hast advanced, and Bramah, and the Churchyard  
 Hero Chubbs,  
 Do but appear in thy Titanic march as Grovelling  
 Grubs;  
 The Immortal Hobbs (I knew *him* well) a famous  
 trial made,  
 You'll see the poem I wrote on him in th' 3rd  
 Londoniad.  
 I presented to our University, elated,  
 His Patent Climax Detector Lock, Delineated.  
 To many Locks now being made in all their legion  
 name,  
 We've but to say as in the 40 thieves, "Open Sesame,"  
 And they will open as once, in Milton's World  
 beneath,  
 Th' Gates of Tartarus flew open at the steps of  
 Death,  
 In '51, in '55, and eke in '62,  
 Europe 'fore an applauding world 1st gave, Edwin  
 his due;



Many a defeated Burglar can tell,  
 Those are the only Locks *Unpickable*;  
 Yea, Nations speak it in His high behoof,  
 These are the only LOCKS are *powder proof*.  
 In vain to copy, all your wits you tax,  
 And no impression can be had in Wax.



CLARENDON WORKS, CHEAPSIDE, BIRMINGHAM.

### JOHN PEARS,

Manufacturer of Semaphore Auxiliary, and every description  
 of Railway Signal and other Lamps, on the most approved  
 and scientific principles. Brass Furniture, Iron Work,  
 and General Railway Stores; viz., Parabolic and Concave  
 Reflectors, Burner and Feeder Screws, Roof Lamp,  
 Argand and Solar Burners, Lens Rims, Wick Holders,  
 Thumb Bit Catches, Ruby and Flint Lenses, Bent and  
 other Glasses, Lifting Jacks, Copying Presses, Locomotive  
 Shovels, Gas Fittings, etc.

ON many a headland thro' the world on many a  
 wild'ring tide,  
 Are hail'd Pears' Ship Signal Lamps, Mast Head, Star  
 Board, and Port Side,  
 From the Clarendon Works, are hailed thro' the both  
 hemispheres,  
 The Improved Lamps of 40, Cheapside, and the  
 renowned John Pears;  
 The Semaphore Auxiliary, and every other kind  
 Of Railway Signal, we with our Immortal Hero find.  
 These like Hierarchies, heaven descended wrap'd in  
 Light,  
 Still guide, and prevent Collision in the dreariest  
 night,  
 And as to mariners afar, appear the guardian spheres,  
 So welcome thro' the world and time thy saving deeds,  
 John Pears.



**AARON FRANKLIN,**

**PRESERVER OF BIRDS ANIMALS AND REPTILES,**

*In a new & improved style upon scientific principles,*

58, Suffolk St., corner of Navigation St., Birmingham.

Dealer in Birds, Skins, and every description of Artificial eyes. Museums and Private Collections Arranged or Re-arranged with accuracy, and dispatch. N.B.—Particular attention given to the Mounting of Foreign Skins, and the Classification of Specimens under Glass Shades, or in Cases, to render them Natural, Pleasing and Durable. A deposit required upon all Domestic Animals previous to preservation. Terms Cash. Established 1847.

THE palm of merit shall the Muse now mete  
Out to Professor Franklin, Suffolk Street ;  
We take a general survey of the world around,  
And are surprised that their transcripts here are  
found :

Beyond what Museums to the Student show,  
Perfection of form we to our hero owe.  
The air, the waters, the woods, the fields,  
Each natural beauty to Professor yields ;  
Of Nature's 3-and-70 thousand breathing things,  
Not one's unknown to him of whom the Minstrel  
sings.

From him Naturalists of the world may learn  
All habits, manners, uses, to discern ;  
His perfect preservations did to me appear—  
Many of them—a miniature hemisphere.  
Not the mere mechanic : thro' Science he hath done  
That which o'er the world a name for him hath won,  
Cuvier and Linneaus might here select,  
From him who did for th' illustrious Audubon collect.  
We hail what M. Nicholas said—that worthy man ;  
What is in th' *Journal de Physique* writ by M.  
Kuckhan,

And all that Dr. Lettsom wrote thereon  
 In the *Naturalist's and Traveller's Companion*.  
 Th' *Encyclopédie Methodique* doth bruit,  
 In its fifth number, from thy pen, Mauduit;  
 That of Dufresne, adopted by Daudin,  
 In 's *Traité d'Ornithologie*, and by Haudin.  
 The fame of these great men we fondly greet,  
 And place them by Professor Franklin, Suffolk Street;  
 He'll take skins, which pioneers would call "rough'd,"  
 And give in exchange the natural treasure stuff'd.



### JAMES BERESFORD AND CO.,

Patent Electro Silver and Britannia Metal Ware Manufacturers. Liquor and Cruet Frames, Candlesticks, Kettles, Dishes, Plates, Urns, Cups, Tea and Coffee Sets. Communion Services. Electro Plate, and Britannia Metal Works, 31, Charlotte Street, Birmingham.

To the famed Electro Plate and BRITANNIA METAL WORKS,

Resort for aye, Hindoos, and Hebrews, Christians, too, and Turks;

For here is all of Pure Design, and ever to be prized,  
 And all that High Art Ideas ever realized.

On their Patent Electro Silver the Muse the palm confers,

Too, on them th' Britannia Metal Ware Manufacturers;

The principal, a gentleman of a practical turn,  
 Members of the Royal Academy from him might learn.

Th' creator of a destiny acknowledged his own,  
 He won his present position in all its high renown.

Ever open to suggestion, and communicative,  
 Art experience he will readily receive and give.

For Beauty in th' the commoner material he outshines  
 All Birmingham, here the Meander—all price' Greek  
 designs,  
 (Designless the mightiest work of Art on earth I ween  
 Would only be a monstrous—a rival Frankenstein.)  
 His works have long established o'er earth a fame for  
 him,  
 And while the song of Science flows, that fame shall  
 ne'er grew dim.  
 They have opened up for him a market in the  
 West,  
 Where his transcendant Art-deeds are in very high  
 request,  
 Not only eagerly sought for by hosts beyond th' foam  
 But by the most refined of our inhabitants at home.  
 Th' Potteries Testimonial! (need I on this descant,  
 Subscribed for by Art-Student, Connoisseur, and  
 Dilettant)  
 T<sup>r</sup> Beresford-Hope shall emanate from this establish-  
 ment.  
 And I myself will undertake fully to represent  
 It untiringly, with all the energy I can command,  
 In beloved Upper Canada, that proud, unconquered  
 Land.



A TRIBUTE TO

**PETER HOLLINS, ESQ.,**

EMINENT SCULPTOR, GREAT HAMPTON STREET,  
 BIRMINGHAM.

O for th' Muse of "Mason, Gray, and Collins,"  
 To sound thy favour'd name, Peter Hollins;  
 Thou didst thy part in Society take,  
 As the congener of Sir Charles Eastlake,  
 And still the greatest in our British Land,  
 Extend toward you, dear sir, the open hand.

'Loved Son of Art, thou rankest now as erst  
 (Th' Nestor of living Sculptors here,) the first;  
 One of seven brethren, (each might inspire  
 Th' Muse,) who follow'd th' footsteps of their sire.  
 Around the Minstrel's casual glances ran,  
 Over many an age and famous man,  
 And woman too, scenes that must aye endure,  
 Struck to life from highest literature.  
 Our Peter's mental vigour hath been thrown  
 Into many an Art-deed of renown.  
 And when I asked myself who shall be made  
 Sculptor-Hero of this Londoniad,  
 At once before me stood each ancient sage,  
 In all the glories of their long lost age.  
 And with inherent light led on the way  
 Toward Him who now adorns the Sculptor-lay.  
 And what was it that thro' me sent a thrill,  
 England's great benefactor, Rowland Hill.  
 (Here comes in many works in which Mr. Hollins has been  
 engaged).

Like flowers of spring-time 'midst Canada's snows,  
 His young ideas from the marble rose.  
 There's scarce a Period from the Archaic down  
 In which he not represents the high renown—  
 Lo the Renaissance! lo the new-born state  
 Of Art, and Tenth Leo's Pontificate,  
 When Sanzio a new era illum'd  
 Thro' Titus' Thermæ, and th' Septizonia exhum'd,  
 Here I beheld the Classic with unutterable delight,  
 As when Phidias' sunlike soul wrapp'd Eternity in light.  
 A Baby-boy in Sculpture! most beautifully it shone,  
 As if a soul immaculate not yet mounted t' its throne  
 Had taken its abode in Art, and thus informed the stone;  
 As Seraph's lyre to the wearer's thoughts ever responsive rings,  
 My heart was touched in presence of that angel without  
 wings.

His genius yet in Bas-reliefs shall mighty realms adorn,  
 Then spring Arts resurrection, and a Classic morn,  
 The great of other ages in many a wond'ring land  
 Rise thro' enchanted eras from his Periclesean wand.  
 Sappho! methinks I hear you say,  
 Although so great a space of day  
 Between you and your Phaon lay;  
 I take him in my mental eye  
 And in his presence live and die.  
 Thro' Bards of etern fame, confirm'd Exemplars of Numbers,  
 Our Peter Hollins wakes the marble from its myriad age of  
 slumbers.

I long around in Art's domain for high achievements sought,  
 —Lo sculptured forms Ærial as an arrested thought,

All of Virtues and Ideas stand revealed in form,  
 And moulded Mind transformed to stone in Spirit-calm or Storm

\* \* \* \* \*

Here in his Studio I pass along  
 Midst Busts like Memnon's breaking forth in song,  
 And many Busts our Hollins has sculptured life-size,  
 Encontour'd Metempsychosis resuscitated rise  
 With th' inheritance of glory they have beyond the skies,  
 Rejoicing in the purity of new-created birth,  
 Divested of the cross that oppressed them on the earth.

\* \* \* \* \*

An Elysian dream or Faéry troupe  
 Turn'd by the sculptor to a Marble Group.

————— I with Awe inanimate  
 And Wonder passed from Mortal state  
 Into *their* world o' Being, from azure seas,  
 Voicéd in inextinguishable harmonies,  
 Fair as Beauty's queen they seem'd t' rise and smile,  
 Or she that bless'd Pygmalion in Cyprus' isle.

The age in which we live is resplendent with the Genius of Sculpture, acknowledged in all periods of time to have been the noblest, the most ennobling, and, I may say, as far as my personal feelings may find expression in human language now, the most venerated of all Arts. Witness Foley, Gibson, MacDowell, (I deliver their names in alphabetical order,) names that will be revered—

To Time's last year, and Earth's remotest strand ;

that would have been hailed as pre-eminently illustrious by any enlightened generation in any country, whose Deeds hold the same rank in Art that the works of Homer, Virgil and Milton do in Literature.

The University Prize Poem on John Gibson appears in the 8th, and the poems on J. H. Foley, and P. Mac Dowell in the *New* 8th Londoniad.



DE WITT CLINTON,  
UNIVERSITY FIRST PRIZE POEM.

---

"Immortal man! great as wonderful, wonderful as great!  
The supporter of thousands, creator of empires, the light of  
generations on their march to civilization. Kings, too often the  
descendants of brigands and pirates,—fire-flies of an hour,—  
shall pass—the flood-gates of centuries. But thou and thy  
attendant works shall trail their glories thro' a sempiternity of  
years."

I gave credit for the motto in the 3rd Londoniad, and which  
I again here introduce, to

*Billaud de Varennes, French Orator, 1794.*

I had the example of Sir Walter Scott before me, for this  
I desire now to let posterity know that I alone was the Author  
thereof.

"The appearance of the country was changed by the con-  
struction of highways and public works.—In this time was  
began the Canal\*\*\*the wonder of all travellers\*\*\*how glorious  
is it to conquer nature, and force it to contribute to the happi-  
ness of a nation!"

—*Abbe Millot, Louis 14th.*

---

Lo from the morning of the world 'till now,  
The various realms thro' which did Canals flow,  
See Xerxes cut through Athos, region vast,  
And on thro' the divided mountains passed.  
And subteranean Copais sweeping free,  
From Boeotia Lake unto the Eubœan Sea.  
How much of treasure, and of time the loss,  
Three Cæsars sought in vain to cut across  
The Isthmus of Corinth, where they failed  
In more than human might, Clinton prevailed.  
When Marius held a Power beyond the throne,  
The Mari roll'd from Marselle to the Rhone;  
And that famed *cut* where half a million hands,  
For twenty years threw up the mountain lands  
In vain, no progress could the legions make,  
To throw Fucinus into Liris lake.  
Lo the Canal that swept thro' Acquatain,  
Communicating with the middle main.  
Thro' desert sand, dead swamp, and living rock,  
A varied realm, Tolosa on the Languedoc.

Time saw the Cydnus thro' Assyria swell,  
 A wilderness o' waves that in th' Tigris fell ;  
 Till Cyrus, prime of all the Persian powers  
 Swept tides of life o'er Babylon's Towers,  
 Caused the fierce flood its headland course to steer  
 Thro' channels, one for each day in the year.  
 See Zarytus affected by the Moon,  
 Roll stated tides thro' adjacent lagune.  
 Toward Tyrrhenus, Avernus and Lucrine,  
 Agrippa formed the broad connecting line,  
 That made the mountain springs and oceans' surge  
 Into the world-famed Julian Harbour merge.  
 When Narbo rear'd on high her mountain wall  
 And Palace Towns by Aude, in ancient Gaul,  
 Ocean's cerulean realm her border bounds,  
 Canals for streets and ponds for pleasure grounds ;  
 Where Magi, Monks and Hermits found a home,  
 In Egypt's famed Oxyrinchitæ Nome,  
 South of Heracliopolis' Magna Fall,  
 The Moeris swept a fountain-fed Canal.  
 A great canal Augustus taught to flow,  
 Straight from the realms of Padua to the Po,  
 Towards Cisalpine Ravenna, (which held sway  
 O'er all the kingdom's of declining day,—  
 For when Rome by th' Barbarian was possessed  
 Resided here the Emperors of the West,)  
 The fabled Muses on its bosom play'd,  
 And swans immortal by the margin stray'd ;  
 And the Canal of Drusus once did join  
 The feathery Issel to the billowy Rhine.  
 All these are the canals which I have found,  
 In ages past and other climes renown'd ;  
 Some merely made for feather'd tribes to swim,  
 But most indeed to please some tyrant's whim.  
 None with "New York and Erie" can I place,  
 In equal influence on the human race.  
 Clinton ! what visions floated thro' thy Mind,  
 Which like a Universe no bounds confined ;  
 When thy stupendous project stood confest,  
 The world's highway up thro' the Mighty West,  
 Thy Lion Heart and Eagle Eye ne'er failed,  
 Though long by man and elements assail'd ;  
 All Nature smiled at thy auspicious birth,  
 The spring-time of a nation's greatness flash'd on Earth.  
 A startled Continent beheld in thee,  
 The finisher of highest Heaven's decree ;  
 That which to other eyes was blank and dim,  
 Even the dark future— all was light to him.

Like rivers mirroring the mid-day sun,  
And all their shores as they to ocean run,  
So his soul filled, with knowledge all of yore,  
And later times could not o'erflow its shore.  
He like a Pharos on the mainland stood  
Pouring his beams in the conflicting flood,  
When opposition with tumultuous roar,  
Broke like ocean on its trembling shore,  
Go on in bootless wrath—exhaust your rage  
And when you're tired I will new warfare wage.  
His spirit, like the Cynosure appears  
To mariners upon the tides of years.  
Trust in yourselves, and not in other men,  
Trust in yourselves, and God will help you then.  
This made him what he was, his life we see  
Was an epoch in his Country's Hist'ry;  
Onward he passed to a deathless renown,  
And as he passed he tore the bridges down;  
So, what'er th' opposition he might meet,  
Die or conquer! for him was no retreat.  
Nought but the lightnings of the foeman's wrath,  
To shed a light on the Adventurer's path.  
Where Erie billowing woos the Western breeze,  
Shall stretch out vast and rolling prairies;  
From her broad bosom shall Niagara pour  
Inland oceans from its heights no more.  
Still, shall the star of Empire shed its beams,  
In well-laid roads and navigable streams;  
Up th' Forest-night shall flying nations find  
Dominions, wide as bounds of human mind;  
Like Deity, (may all below—above,  
And tribes unborn the similitude approve,)  
Whose Centre still doth *ev'ry-where* abound,  
But whose Circumference can *no-where* be found.  
Clinton's most wond'rous works, sublimely grand,  
Like the eternal pyramids, shall stand  
Amid the wreck of Empires, and decline  
Of races and their rise, a long and varied line;  
His fame fill crowded marts and pathless woods,  
Roll with the sun and mirror in the floods.  
Lo buried towers from sandy billows rise,  
And Pharaoh's piles in clime of Ptolemies.  
Who rear'd them, can no tongue of sybil tell,  
Was't Man, Amphion's lyre, or Magi spell,  
Their mem'ries in Ogygeian darkness thrown,  
Their names, the age in which they lived, unknown,  
Where are they?—Now! go ask the winds that swept  
The burning Ocean which bound them, when slept

Millennial years in futurity,  
 Now for uncounted ages passed by.  
 (Here follow lines entitled De Witt Clinton's Prophetic Vision.)  
 God, seasons to years, eras to nations  
 Gives, and great men to favour'd generations.  
 'Twas minds like thine, immortal Clinton, woke  
 Th' world, when the storm of Revolution broke  
 In harrowing thunders; and the veteran band  
 Of patriots, joining hand in hand,  
 Swept Tyranny's red tide from the affrighted land.  
 Then earthquakes rock'd the continent amain,  
 And elements convulsed, an endless train  
 Howl'd o'er thy struggling race e'er it was free,  
 And rock'd the cradle of thy nation's infancy.  
 (She like the infant Hercules could do  
 What giants dare not, she the *Serpent* slew.)

\* \* \* \* \*  
 He like the Sun, careering on his way,  
 Shed light and life o'er all the bounds of Day.  
 The clouds of early morning long were past,  
 The Eagle soar'd the solar height at last.  
 And now my hero's mighty race was run,  
 He emblem'd out his country's setting sun,  
 Orb-like, his glory filling all the West,  
 The Great, Immortal Clinton sank to rest.

There are strange legends connected with the De Witt Clinton Poem, and not the most interesting are those which tell of its being refused, at one period of time, any prize whatever; although in a caligraphical point of view most elaborately prepared and afterwards in a mutilated form by the same Professorial Body awarded without the cognizance of its Author a 1st prize, and an *extra* 1st prize "with very high commendation." I have had the questionable satisfaction of seeing this poem often quoted, without even the accompaniment of an inverted comma, much less the compliment of my name being attached thereto. I have a work now in my possession, written by an eminent scholiast, in which although he utters what may be considered a powerful philippick against One who had at least striven to comprehend his general meaning and would fain be an admirer of his lucubration, quotes six complete couplets as emanating from his own prolific brain, without giving credit to their true Author, (whom it may be reasonable to suppose he did not know,) or marking the same as a quotation. Nor is this all, for divested only of its rhyme still retaining affinities of language and modes of thought, yea in many sentences the very words themselves it forms an episodical illustration in the subject matter "On Progress" by a certain popular lecturer of the day. Now I can have no objection to

those learned individuals making any use of this poem as may best suit either their own taste or convenience, or both, but I myself personally desire that it should be associated with the romantic days of College Life, and more particularly with the Great and true Gentleman on whom it is written, who was my first Hero in Literary Honours; who has been my Exemplar in fighting the battle of life; and

Whose name adored shall every song inspire,  
And aid the last notes of my expiring lyre.

The lyrical portion of the above poem, and which the intelligent reader will readily perceive, does not now therein appear, was slightly adapted to Another in the 13, 14, 15 & 16 pages of the Third Londoniad, but for various reasons, publicly stated by me a few years ago, I desire that it be only connected with the Great Original.

I desire to be kindly remembered to Hon. Judge Clinton,  
Buffalo, N.Y.

☞ Had I written the De Witt Clinton Poem in a later day of my life-time, and after visiting the so-called United States, the political allusions toward the end thereof had not been made.

### JOHN GEORGE BOWES, ESQ.

*Six times Mayor of, and Late Member of Parliament for Toronto.*

Why dost thou build the Hall, son of the winged days? Thou lookest from thy towers to day; yet a few years and the blast of the desert comes; it howls in thy empty court.  
And let the blast of the desert come! I shall be renown'd in the Song of Bards.—*Ossian.*

Seated amidst cultivated woods, situated in a silent Landscape of a Midland County in England, my spirit like a Bird let loose from the Ark, traverses a watery wilderness seeking her mental Memorial in a-far-off land. Thou shalt not be forgotten! The Myrtle, the Bay, and the Laurel that in grateful shade encircle thy tomb, do but emblem thy virtues, and symbolize the Triumphs of Genius in many countries which inspired by thy beneficence still traces its origin to the life-giving principles of

thy most elevated and kindly nature. Before thy smile the land bloomed as Eden, and through this delightful paradise lay the path of the Student; thou didst direct, or lead, in all the walks of benevolence; thou wast one of many who in the bloom and blossom of early manhood

“ \_\_\_\_\_ resign'd,  
The green hills of their youth, among strangers to find  
That repose which, at home, they had sighed for in vain.”

*Thomas Moore's Melodies.*

Through tact and energy, thou didst win, and through native goodness of heart and perfect wisdom thou didst maintain a position that was never attained to before by an inhabitant in our beloved Toronto, Queen City of the West. Thy life was not a continuing sunshine, nor were thy years interspersed alone with perennial shade; thou didst not recline perpetually on a bed of roses, calumnies and conspiracies darkened around thee; who was it marched the Hero through that evil night of destiny with

Nought but the lightnings of the foeman's wrath  
To shed a ray on his adventurous path.—1st *Londoniad.*

The voice of posterity proclaims his name; his virtues are hailed amidst the acclamations of ages far away; I write in tears, could I be of service to those whom he hath left behind let not sensitiveness bar the issue. How kind and generous thou wast in private life I know, nor need I to support my subject and sustain my position here; ask others who have lived with thee on friendly terms, and who with thee have whiled away many an hour in pleasant converse on the Shores of Ontario. Rendered irresistible by force of character, thou didst triumph through many enterprises; yea, thou didst open up innumerable campaigns in public life, the which, I believe, thou alone of all mankind in thy day, couldst have been the pioneer. Free, open, nobly gifted, in many respects magnificent,—and although thou couldst both give and take with any of the sons of men, and however thou mightest be disposed to tolerate a conscientious opponent, and a reasonable amount of opposition for a season, thou wouldst not bandy epithets perpetually, nor was thine the heart to brook insolence for ever; often when the enemy was most rampant in his imagined might, and victory seemed already within the grasp of that foe, inspired by thine own inherit wisdom thou didst calmly stretch forth thine arm and gather the trophies to thine own self; yea, when envy and malice would show their fangs (soothing having no longer availed) how perfectly wouldst thou appear in the eyes of living generations as another Thor—battering the Serpent, and thoroughly imbued with the spirit of chivalry as thou wast, thou didst not withhold thy succouring arm from the



prostrate opponent. Again have I seen thee turn, redoubling blow for blow, until the very elements of opposition and the fiends that inhabited them were borne away in self-created tempests of Annihilation or as if by some talismanic influence, some magical transformation, some yet unrecognized principle of Metempsychosis, more than Ovidian Metamorphosis their fiery ardour sought new life, a very mental renaissance in devotedness to thy cause \* \* \* \* \*

The last time I beheld his good-natured countenance was just before my departure for the down east slope of the Atlantic. He waved his arm towards me as was his wont, and bowed his head, and then as if just remembering something, crossed Wellington Street to meet me, which he did when I myself was about a third part of the way over. I had then no thought of never seeing him henceforth any more, nor thought I either that the conversation we then and there held would be our last. Mayoralties in Canada partake not of the souless routine known in England's Metropolis, where the knavish, the mean, and the senseless, or as Thomas Campbell hath it, "some common place lout" so often "beareth sway." Natives of different countries we met in friendship on a distant soil, far from thy Sacred Isle thou didst win a name in that which was once the land of strangers; yea! and thou wilt ever rank amongst the Blest, Illustrious Pioneers, of our early History, as one of those bright Immortals who have given light and life to Canada.

---

**HON. JOHN S. MACDONALD,**

EX-PREMIER OF CANADA.

A STRAIN now for the famed "Glengarry boy"—  
 Fain would the Muse our Premier youth caress;  
 I knew him long and well, and I would joy  
 To hear of his and family's happiness,  
 Some speak most glibly of our public men  
 In Canada, beyond the Western waves;  
 I direct them to that pestilential den  
 Nearer home, the resort of vilest knaves.  
 Yea, the Bard dealt with many races,  
 As thro' th' eventful years of life he went;  
 Yet he never met with such scapegraces  
 As 're in th' British Commons House o' Parliament.

THE MAYOR OF BIRMINGHAM,  
EDWIN YATES, ESQUIRE.



JOHN YATES & SONS,  
Electro Plate Works, Pritchett Street.

Of the Extra Strong Fiddle Pattern, now I sing elate,  
The illustrious house, John Yates and Sons', Patent Electro  
Plate;

And here so peculiarly their own, Albata Plate, and  
Electro Silver, Fiddle Silver Patterns; lo! each land  
And sea they make eloquent with Arts' Harmony and Song,  
Kings and Union Shell Patterns, are here all extra  
strong;

And which triumphant on the wave of many an ocean rides,  
The Enriched Queen's Pattern, Ornamented on both sides.  
Threaded Patterns Extra Strong, Trade Mark, J. Y. S.,  
And here the Brunswick Pattern, doth Beauty's self confess;  
And too, the Coburg Pattern, how resplendently it shone,  
—Like to the race that flourish'd near to the English throne,  
Registered, I believe, far back in '51.

And here resuscitating the glowing age of Saturn,  
I behold as if entranced, the innocent Lily Pattern;  
Patent Electro Silver and Albata Plate,  
Hail'd throughout the world in every rival state.  
None may the gallant thistle from "ye Glasgow" wrench,  
And here in graceful contour, I behold the French;  
Ornamental Patterns, unrivalled, I assert,  
There the Victoria, warranted, and here is the Albert;  
Single Shell, Fiddle Pattern, and here is London Queens  
Opening to th' Art-Minstrel's vision like to Fairy scenes.  
National Pattern, Glasgow, Queen's Pattern wi' Round  
Handle,

This I Purchased to supplant an in-artistic scandle.  
In polished oak, lined with cloth, Family Plate Chest,  
Tumbler Lock and Key, Brass Hinges, &c., stands confest,  
None the Art-Empire now of our giant firm invades,  
The Table Knives, Dessert Knives, and Carvers with  
best Steel Blades,

That for Electro Silver which might elate a  
Soul on fire with love of Art, now this for Pure Albata;  
Not that other works of Art, the Minstrel impinges,  
Here again the Pumbler Lock and Key, and I note th'  
Brass Hinges,

And in French Polished Mahogany, the Family Plate Chest,  
I'll have one for Konquawis, mounted with his Crest,  
Lined with cloth? yes! well what then, I'll bear it to the  
West,

Fitted up with Spoons, Forks, Ladles, &c., now my trip  
I take; here suitable for the Cabin of a Steam Ship.  
Electro Silver Plate, Fiddle, Threaded, Kings,  
Dessert Knives and Forks of which the enraptured Poet sings.  
And if perchance you should think the Thistle rather clanish,  
Here of superior quality, behold the pattern, Spanish,  
The Havanah, and Portuguese; and have you none for Pio,  
To make amends, with Lily Handles, here we've got the Rio.  
The Belgian, hail realm Leopoldine, I might havenoted such  
But never saw so well defined, the veritable Dutch;  
Need I their countless forms and names be after now  
relating,

Patent Electro Silver Plate, prices of Re-plating,  
Or plating articles that have never yet been plated,  
("Prices" e're harshly on my nerves auricular grated).  
Re-plating and Re-gilding 'bout old Gilders inquire  
Of Juvenal who pour'd a tempest erst along his lyre;  
And here, too, Fish Carvers and Forks, or withouten cases,  
Or fitted in Marone, each Muse o' Art and Science traces;  
Fish Slices, Knife, Fork, 'nd Spoon for Children, Napkin  
Rings I greet,  
Dessert Knives—Forks, Initial Bottle Lables, Chains com-  
plete.

Mounted Corks and Pickle Forks, Oyster do., Butter Knives,  
For the legendary Alderman, something now arrives;  
Soup Tureen and Meat Dish, Salt Cellar, Cruet Frames,  
Be not afraid Pegasus! thou wilt bear me o'er the names,  
By wild'ring floods, and sandy mains, and volcanic crags,  
We pass as gently onward, as thro' city paved with flags,  
Not dreading the prospective rout, nor tired from lengths  
behind;

We dreadless take the wings of day and ride upon the wind.  
We have been worse off, ah! when spray of tempest from  
each hoof,

'Erewhile, in fiery flakes illumined the stygian roof,  
And better off, let us confess when in stellar light afar,  
On ridge o' skies we took our way, from exulting star to star;

No fear of you, Companion dear, being sent unto the  
knackers,  
—I have found a rhyme at last, plated on Steel, Nutcrackers.  
Table Cutlery (th' Muse dons her Ærial Sandals!)  
With best Steel Blades, or with best Electro Plated Handles.  
Dish Covers, all, designs and sizes, to the Pythian;  
With Registered Handles, yclep'd Elizabethian.  
Patent Electr' Plated on German Silver Side Dishes,  
In Gadroon, or French Gadroon now meets our fondest  
wishes.

King's Pattern and Albert Pattern, each is an Art-treasure,  
And where I find the Handles, may be removed at pleasure.  
"Muffin" "Vegetable," "with Warmer," "three compart-  
ments, charmers

Of the Art-lyre, Venison Dishes and eke th' Warmers.  
Half remains unsung, as said human nature's greatest  
boast,

In the Seventh book of that immortal work, "Paradise Lost,"  
Like the Tenth of Nehemiah, or Homer's Catalogue  
O' Ships, Ossian's Stars, Spenser's Rivers, Milton's Cities in  
vogue

I bring and wing them over to every age and clime,  
Of *catalogues raisonnees*, this, I fain would make the prime,  
For every Term in Art I'd readily find a rhyme.  
Space, alas, forbids! still ever thro' the length of days,  
Shall live the lay, which celebrates our Mayor's Baskets and  
Trays!

I note large Oval Dishes chased, and the Rose Water Dish;  
This last in *Design* hath realized the Poets fondest wish;  
Cruet Stands and Liquor Stands of various styles and names,  
Huntsman's Flasks, and Mustard Pots, and too, the Break-  
fast Frames.

Electro on Britannia, or German Silver, from Wand  
Of Wizard wight, methought the Claret Jug and Flower  
Stand

Leap'd to being; Lamp Scissors, Knife Rests seem made of  
Stellar Sheen,

With Gadroon and Bead Mounts, like enchantment grows  
each Tureen.

Mustard Pots and Salt Cellars with Blue or Ruby Glass, tracks  
The Muse, Mugs, and Bouquet Holders, Butter Dish, and  
Toast Racks;

In Patent Electro Plate such are ever here on hand,  
And here 10080, th' acceptable Inkstand;  
And all things in their own Albata, very high do stand.  
No articles are warranted by our house of renown,  
Save those marked J. Y. and S., and ending with a crown;

Revolving Cruet, and Liquor Stands with their world famous  
name,

Attached thereunto, and the most welcome Water Frame.  
Liquor Framc, the Embossed Cruet Stand, verily this  
Seemed to describe a planetary ellipsis.

As if a new morning had over creation foldered,  
I see Patent Electro Plate warranted hard soldered.  
Patterns, Abercorn, and Brighton, Rope Pattern, and Can  
shape,

Did not the observant optics of th' Art-Student escape;  
The Cambridge, and the Raglan, plain or fluted, or engraved,  
Thro' these our University, so much per cent. hath saved,  
Sugar Basins and Cream Jugs, gilt on the inner side,  
Here different forms of Caddies so long our household's pride,  
Loud as Niagara turn'd to song, and no Muse could louder,  
Sing we now our Heroes' Incomparable Plate Powder.  
Common whit'ning, our Jewellery left in a wretched state,  
Destroyed, unvalued bijou, and wore away our plate;  
It wore away the family crest and initial letters,  
A Virtuoso might have sworn "they're lately from th'  
sweater's."

But from our illustrious house you'll soon be after gleaning  
All knowledge requisite, lo! Directions for Cleaning;  
Breakfast, Tea Services, Patent Electro Silver Plate,  
And here the Grecian pattern as in its pristine state,  
Plain or engraved, but still the Muse, who is no slattern,  
Must notice, plain, engraved, embossed, th' Uxbridge  
Pattern.

Both Muse and Poet now must truly prove their mettle,  
With or without stands, see the Uxbridge Toddy kettle;  
"Another Richmond in the Field" ah! prythee do not start  
'Tis not a fighting character but a novel work of Art.  
Uxbridge tea urn, do. tea kettle with lamp and stand plain,  
Or engraved, do., candlesticks, table, chamber snuffers,  
These are Patent Electro plate, and none of "Benson's  
duffers";

From this long, yet joyous journey, the Bard would fain  
rest a

Moment, but Urns inspire, and here I hail the Vesta,  
"O Virgin Vesta"! full 2400 years ago,  
Bœotian Pindar sang, but this Vesta song shall glow  
24,000 years to come, even "to the crack of doom,"  
The Art-Bard and Art-Heroes, those far distant times shall  
know.

Th' Cottage and th' Melon, Albata, Electro A. A. C.,  
Th' names bespeak themselves, the letters the quality,  
Th' Muse' wreath shall never lose a fibre or a petal;  
Lo! patent Electro plated or Britannia metal.

Engine-turn'd, of th' articles enumerated, fewer  
 I'd not wish, Tea, Coffee Pot, Sugar Basin, Cream Ewer;  
 When classic art was all forgot, what shone? inquires  
 Levesque,

In Araby and Germany it was the Arabesque;  
 And then the blooming Period came, the time of modern art,  
 When *this*, high creative mind, caused from long sleep to  
 start;

The Loggia of the Vatican now grandest triumphs won,  
 And Raffaele rose in splendour—the Arts immortal son;  
 With language poetical he allegory tries  
 And adds the treasures of the mind to the pleasures of the  
 eyes.

'Twas his genius that produced an ensemble, which surpassed  
 Everything of light and beauty that ages had amassed.  
 Breakfast or Tea services, need I recapitulate?  
 Gems o' Lunarian realm! Patent Electro Silver Plate,  
 In this we mark th' Shield pattern, Octagon, Embossed,  
 Fluted,

And with the Buccleuch and Melon all may well be suited,  
 Unlike what in antique English, old Poets called losels,  
 Here are *true* candlesticks with loose or fixed nozels.  
 Branch candlesticks and snuffers with all their gorgeous trays  
 Seem made of twilight—morn beams, whence flash

Augustine days;  
 Communion Services, (th' Muse in her flight who shall stop  
 her.)

Albata! Electro Silver, Electro on Copper.  
 On knives and forks, plated on steel with chased blades to  
 be used  
 When eating fish, on such and more, the Western Minstrel  
 mused;

Upon her bridal eve I gave Clarissa, my cousin,  
 —The forks were /52s., knives £4 0s. 0d. a dozen.  
 Our occidental paradise upon the shores of Kilver,  
 Was gladden'd with YATES' NEW METAL VIRGINIAN SILVER;  
 Winter nights in Canada! remarkable for brightness,  
 Just as is my Heroes' Metal for its silvery whiteness  
 Pure and durable. the beamings round me of mock moons,  
 ————— their forks, their ladles, and their spoons;  
 Like the founts of streamy lands, that tune below the Milver,  
 Are the strong Fiddle patterns in their Virginian Silver.  
 Besieged by others to write on them I myself entrench,  
 Behind the Dutch, Belgian, Havana, Rio, French;  
 Nickel Silver, or Pure Albata Plate, (as to prices  
 I need not allude) lo! here spoons, forks, ladles, fish slices,



Butter knives, dessert knives and forks, (I'd like nothing to skip),

Warranted of the best materials and workmanship.

While to sterling silver, this beareth a close resemblance,

Is harder, and more durable, and so popular; hence,

Albata plate, ideal images here throng in troops,

—Fish slices, engraved blades, fish carvers, knife and fork,  
cheese scoops;

And here like those on Eden's tree, o' which Moslem story  
tells,

(Ebony or ivory handles) marvellous Tea Bells.

The tide of song, like Ottawa rolls at a mighty rate

Thro' yet untrodden tracks,—and many an embryo state;

Shall use the famous White Metal, German Silver, British  
plate.


More besides! posterity, the ardent Bard apprizes,

Here were found ornamental patterns, full English sizes,

Let fame thro' sempiternity of years in dazzling lines

Of living light, o'er earth declare their unsurpassed designs.

I'm in Spirit land! th' outpost of Paradise, the border

Land of Heaven  INGOT METAL, SHEET, AND WIRE TO  
ORDER.

Go sound to ev'ry age and land from out this Northern Isle,  
Here are Initials and Crests Engraved in superior style.

As 'neath their Hecatompylœan dome the advent'rer, roved,

Purity he saw symbolized in British Plate Improved,

'Tis this hath put much of others make, unto utter rout,

Too, I witnessed that it had the same colour thro'out.

Such is now both at home and far abroad eagerly sought

After, and by our Titanian firm, Warranted Wrought.

And now to cap the climax, the Art-Minstrel comes at  
length,

To mention their British Plate, Double Fiddle—Middle  
Strength;

Ditto Double Fiddle strong (ye Muses mark how thrifty,

They're in life's walk) extra strong—Double Fiddle Y 50.

Double Fiddle—Light Articles, of this, and these I'd heard,

Very often, German Silver, quality known as third;

N.B.—of Patterns, they have a great variety,

Suitable, yea, for every state of society.

And thro' such they supply the markets of every Nation

In th' world, and which from them may be had on application.

## TO MY MOTHER.

(WRITTEN IN AMERICA.)

*Mrs. Hemans.*

“There is,  
In all this cold and hollow world no fount  
Of deep, strong, deathless love, save that within  
A mother's heart.”

*John Dryden.*

“She was his care, his hope, and his delight,  
Most in his thought, and ever in his sight.”

*Lord Byron.*

“She \_\_\_\_\_  
\_\_\_\_\_ became a part of sight,  
And rose where'er I turn'd mine eye,  
The morning star of memory.”

LONG years may roll their cycles by, and oceans  
intervene;  
In pleasure's or in sorrow's hour, is still my mother  
seen.  
What though on distant continents, beside Niagara's  
foam,  
By prairies, woods, and western wilds, your only son  
should roam?  
Though all the years of youth were spent beyond the  
floods afar,  
Yet ne'er have I forgotten Thee, my Bright and Morn-  
ing Star.  
My heart yearns towards you with a warmth no  
language may express,  
Had I a thousand worlds to give, ten thousand  
tongues to bless.  
Yet these were all too small; and more, when all were  
done,  
To speak the gratitude and love of your lone exiled son.  
Talk of affection as you may, what is it shines above,  
Intensest, brightest, purest, best? 'tis all a mother's  
love.  
The words of kindness she spake, full oft in infant  
years,  
Throng on the mind in after-times, through joyousness  
and tears.

Another wife may well be found, a sister, too, be born :  
 But nothing can like mother's love the human life adorn.  
 Yes ! and when all the world grows cold, friends prove  
     no longer true,  
 Then, mother, with a bursting heart, we ever turn to  
     you.

### TO MY MOTHER.

(WRITTEN IN ENGLAND.)

*John Milton* (" *Paradise Regained* ")

" Home to his mother's house return'd."

*Hon. Mrs. Norton.*

" Holy as Heaven a moth-r's tender love !  
 The love of many prayers and many tears,  
 Which changes not with dim declining years :  
 The only love which, on this teeming earth,  
 Asks no return for passion's wayward birth."

*Thomas Moore.*

" What should I be without thee ? Without thee

—————how joyless victory !

Though borne by angels, if that smile of thine  
 Bless'd not my banner.'

No sentimental lyre I string  
 To fancied sighs and tears ;  
 For I know well the woes did wring  
     Your heart in exile years.  
 The last to wave the parting hand,  
 As I dared the stormy track ;  
 And your form rose first upon the strand,  
     To welcome the exile back.  
 When the sun flamed in heaven no more,  
 And his last beams faintly shone,  
 I saw you on the less'ning shore,  
     When all the rest were gone.  
 On steeps, in labyrinthine dells,  
 Your voice came back to me,  
 Like the sweet chime of silver bells  
     Across the sounding sea.  
 Your presence ever seem'd to guard  
 Me in my wandering ways ;  
 Enveloping the lonely Bard  
     In Aureola rays.

## CANADA.

I HAVE been for some time engaged in preparing a POETICAL HISTORY of Canada. A prospectus will be issued at an early period.

## THE IRON POEM.

EARL OF DUDLEY.

"Give me———Iron."—*Romeo and Juliet.*

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

## ALESCANDRE.

FIRST CHIEF,

Aged 24.

MUCH wiser and much better, Alescandre, I became  
 Basking beneath thy genius in all its sunlike flame ;  
 I knew the fresh and racy thought the forest imagery,  
 Yea ! the primeval poetry that ever came from thee,  
 The condensed and energetic—wonderful expression—  
 And the varied thought o' which thou e'er put'st me  
 in possession—

Alescandre ! I followed thee in all the arts of Peace,  
 Thou bear'st me o'er the main of years to " Athens  
 eye of Greece,"

Recalling thus a classic age—yes ! themes that both  
 we loved,

'Till Pentelicus from his base, as if enlivened, moved,  
 And we, midst Heroes, Demigods, and Gods in  
 Sculpture roved ;

Saw superb temples for Demos, Art-miracles disclose  
 All Marble Harmonies entranced from whence weird  
 hymings rose.

On every height and headland, with beauty glist'ning  
 there,

Embodiment of light and song, in Greece's en-  
 charmed air,

Knew who those stately Theatres for Demos' self did  
 rear,

Where the loftiest tragedies, and all so newly wrought,  
 And the wittiest comedies, by Gigantés of Thought,  
 Which, with each-returning spring-time were forth  
 to Being brought ;

Yea, a new creation loom'd with each returning spring,  
 Young as the year, fresh as the air, did Antique  
 Minstrel's sing!

And how the greatest Orator's toil'd by the midnight  
 lamp  
 On original discourses (*they* never did revamp!)  
 E'er could such with their ideas of perfection agree,  
 And er'e they dared to "move at will that fierce  
 democratie,"  
 Whose education, like thy own was cared so greatly  
 for.  
 Demos stood 'midst the living age like thou, a mental  
 Tor,  
 Like thee, the knowledge he possessed he fondly did  
 impart,  
 With sensibility alive to poetry and Art,  
 From every act of public life did rival glories start.  
 Whose Judgment, Alescandre in all of Literature  
 And eloquence, was so trained, so faultless, keen, and  
 pure,  
 Faultless in discrimination, like thine, young glorious  
 Chief,  
*His* power was nor contracted, nor *his* dominion brief;  
 His Constitution ay, longer than others he maintained  
 In the ancient world, a great region this Demos gain'd,  
 And left a Literature, to no land or tongue confined,  
 Which ever since hath ruled on high the empire of  
 the Mind,  
 And the school has been of Beauty and culture to  
 Mankind.

I have written a Poem on "Celebrated Friendships in  
 Various Ages." The subject was suggested by the mutual love  
 I and Alescandre bore each other. This fine hearted young man,  
 the glory of his race, and who was highly educated, lost his life  
 while engaged in rescuing a craft laden with English, Irish, and  
 Scotch Emigrants, and a few Germans and others. My oration  
 on this subject is extant in print, and when the public of after  
 times shall read his Poems, the manuscripts of which are now  
 in my keeping; and his speeches, notes of which were taken by  
 me at various times in a species of short hand; They will be  
 able to judge of the mental splendours of our Aboriginal Prince

I have a volume in preparation, entitled, "Anecdotes  
 connected with the Londoniad."



SIR WILLIAM LOGAN, F.R.S.,  
GREAT GEOLOGIST CANADA.

—————Happy days  
—————to Logan.—*Robert Burns.*

CAN Burnet's Theory more prevail,  
Or Whiston's comet's fiery tail,  
Woodward's beds—Buffon's fusion,  
Whitehurst' fluid—the illusion  
Of old Hutton who saw hurled  
Amain, wrecks of an ancient world.  
Geognosy of Freyberg's sage—  
Werner, I mean—'s no more th' rage:  
Would *Neptunian* theory,  
Or Volcanic more agree  
With the world's most wondrous man,  
Glorious Canada's LOGAN,  
Who at a glance looks Nature through,  
As with omnipotential view.  
He sees in Time as many years,  
As there are miles along the spheres.

THE POET'S HYMN TO THE GEOLOGIST.

NATURE restored by you appears  
All wond'rous as of old;  
When, welt'ring through the ancient years,  
Primeval oceans roll'd.  
The waters dancing to the gales  
In Nature's early day,  
Reflecting seem, like flowery vales,  
And mountains deck'd with spray.  
You show how mighty monsters trod  
Creation's earliest shore;  
Or found their abysmal abode  
Beneath the billows' roar.

Volcanic fires and floods do strive  
 The mastery to gain ;  
 Earthquakes, in tides of lava, drive  
 Their isthmus through the main.  
 Continents upheaved, and isles  
 From shoreless depths below ;  
 Mountainous piles on piles,  
 Where waters used to flow.  
 But how shall I, with streaming eye,  
 Through the dim vista vast  
 Of the far distant Past,  
 My untrod way inquire,  
 Or with my new-strung lyre  
 Through the night of ages press,  
 A second Orpheus in the wilderness ;  
 Tell in adventurous song,  
 The monsters of our clime,  
 Millions of ages lay,  
 To which the annals of recorded time  
 Are less than yesterday.  
 Emerg'd from realms where thunders roar'd  
 And earthquakes round were hurl'd ;  
 To HIM I sing whose Art restored  
 The ruins of the ancient world.

---

HON. JOHN HILLYARD CAMERON.

"I commend him for his ability as an Orator, and his integrity as a Patriot."—CICERO.

"———though gentle yet not dull,  
 Strong without rage, without o'erflowing, full."

SIR JOHN DENMAN.

LIKE mighty river, that from earliest time  
 Hath rolled thro' many a varied clime,  
 Reflecting scenes of Nature and of Art,  
 A *barren desert* or Imperial mart ;  
 So doth thy eloquence with Genius roll,  
 By sunbeams lit, or else by clouds o'ercast,  
 A fitting emblem of thy gorgeous soul,—  
 A MIRROR of the PRESENT and the *past* !

ROBERT BELL, Esq.,  
*Formerly M.P. for Lanark.*

\* \* \* \* \*

LANARK, though I should never cast mine eyes  
 On you again beneath these Western skies,  
 Yet in my heart you all shall live, for aye,  
 That fount of life shall bear your memory ;  
 What though to distant scenes I may advance,  
 Each form, each action, and each countenance ;  
 The echo of each voice thro' distant years,  
 As now, will charm your poet's eyes and ears.  
 Yes ! when beyond the far Atlantic foam,  
 I strike my lyre, close by my early home,  
 Say, will you echo from each loving breast,  
 My name back in these regions of the West ?

---

HONORABLE MALCOLM CAMERON.

*Inscribed to the inhabitants of the Bathurst District.*

————— "faithful found  
 Among the faithless, faithful——he."

JOHN MILTON—*Paradise Lost*, Book V., v. 896.

THE morning of a brilliant day was spent  
 There by the Representative of Kent ;  
 Lanark beheld him in his early youth,  
 Th' embodiment of candour and of truth ;  
 She saw him like a comet glide along—  
 Tower o'er compeers, and pass the admiring throng.  
 He was their guiding star ! the lov'd, the bright—  
 They cheer'd his high career with fond delight ;  
 Till up in power they saw their favorite stand,  
 The honor and the glory of the land.  
 Th' historian and the Bard of after times,  
 In telling what has pass'd in these far climes,  
 Shall rank him high, and give his name a place  
 Among the benefactors of our race.

## HON. COL. PRINCE.

"Semper honos, nomenque tuum, laudesque manebunt."

VIRGIL.

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

## HON. BILLA FLINT.

"He was a man without a clag,  
 His heart was frank without a flaw."—KING JAMES 1ST.

My life was all a live-long summer day,  
 In Belleville, far-famed CITY OF THE BAY,  
 \* \* \* \* \*  
 Were all my friends and you among the rest,  
 Long live, and Hastings may you ever grace;  
 In its affections always find a place,  
 You of the fine frank heart, and jolly face.

R. CONROY, ESQ.,  
 AYLMEER, CANADA EAST.

WHAT Dr. Samuel Johnson said of Gilbert Walmsley, I might say with equal truth, and in the same words, of the above ever-to-be-honoured gentleman; and as I knew him, too, the Prince of Lumberers, I intend to inscribe the Canada Timber Trophy Poem to him when my *Reflections* thereon shall be written.

**CHARLES SPARROW, ESQ.,**  
BYTOWN.

IT was at a critical period—a turning-point in my life—that I experienced the friendship of this well-beloved gentleman. I often call to mind his goodness; nor do I ever fail to remember the fine family of the Mc D——'s of Fitzroy Harbour.—Please see note to page 75, 3rd LONDONIAD.

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**JOHN McDONALD, ESQ.,**  
TORONTO (late of Bytown.)

I HEAR by the public papers that he has returned to and re-established himself at Toronto. He was the first to congratulate me on the appearance of my earliest literary production; and I, in common with thousands in Canada, have experienced his magnanimity and public spirit, and would ever rejoice to hear of the prosperity on the Western Continent of this worthy descendant of the Lords of the Isles.

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**F. C. CAPREOL, ESQ.,**  
TORONTO.

SOMETHING strikes me very forcibly that, a long time ago, I met Mr. Capreol in Oxford Street, London (England); but before the full conception of this extraordinary occurrence had fully developed itself in my mind, I had lost sight of him. I need not say how much pleasure it would be to me to have spoken to him. In his dauntless energy, his almost chivalrous generosity; and popular manners altogether, are the impress of destiny; and I behold in him one of the first Presidents of Canada. He must know however, that the sentiments he holds

find no echo, in our day, with "the powers that be" in England. The originators of his political decalogue, no doubt, hoped for a giant race to wield *their* sceptre, and not men and women of straw.

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**SAMUEL PLATT, ESQ.,**  
TORONTO.

I SAW his name the same day that it was entered in the book of the Canada department, but there was no address attached. I wrote my name and address near it, but I suppose it was not seen, or not easily recognised. As my time is my own, I should have had much pleasure in accompanying him to various places in London, and my mother would have been delighted to have had him for a guest. She knew that he was the friend of her son in the days of exile.

---

QUEEN'S HOTEL TORONTO.



**CAPTAIN DICK.**

PROPRIETOR.

It was in one of his steamers that I first went from Kingston to Toronto with our dear Captain Gordon. Many a time, in the morning of my life, have I sailed with them (and always welcome) on the Western waters; and when I take a mental survey of the past, and cast a reminiscential glance on the days that have gone to the winds, tears start, and my heart and tongue move involuntarily with blessings on this fine-hearted family.



## ☞ LIGHT-HOUSES ☞

(Extract from an Oration) addressed to

THE HON. RENE E. CARON,

(*Speaker of the Legislative Council.*)

It were a graceful tribute paid by the Powers of British origin to the descendants of the earlier settlers in Canada, if in establishing whatever of LIGHT-HOUSES they may require in all time to come, they invoked the aid, and erected them under the supervision of the Genius of France; especially when it shall become generally known what has long been an accepted dogma with practically intelligent men throughout the world, how in the proper application of Optical Science to the purposes of LIGHT-HOUSES the *Savans* of that enlightened land have excelled those of every other country. Nor have we only to look across the channel (from Albion) for illustrative proofs; we may examine from whatever point of view—and evidence in whatever language, and we shall find that in their œconomy to a degree of infinitude, the LIGHT-HOUSES of France surpass everything that we know of LIGHT-HOUSES in Britain; You! *dare* me to the proof? Hear,—here is the testimony of our age. Behold myriad proofs in all their plenitude of power and excellence \* \* \* \*—It shall be the delight of my life thro' Prospective years, as it hath been in the Past—O, Fresnel! thy disembodied spirit, expanding like a day-spring, pours Salvation upon the Deep! By thee, inspired, I will work with heart and hand, exultingly to introduce LIGHT-HOUSES upon “each beaked promontory” (*Lycid*) every headland and waste of the West! and in order, therefore, that these enterprises may be in some way connected with a Dear Illustrious Name, I give per the Honorable R. E. Caron the sum of One Hundred Guineas, to begin with, for the express purpose of erecting a *light* on BROCK'S MONUMENT, at QUEENSTOWN HEIGHT, in Upper Canada.

\* \* I am engaged in writing a Book in English and French on LIGHT-HOUSES, and will send my friends mentioned in the 14th Londoniad, each a copy, free of all expense.

## JOHN BRIGHT AND RICHARD COBDEN.

I PLACE, for the kind acceptance of my friends, mentioned in the 14th Londoniad, a copy of an Extra Prize and Great Scholarship Poem, "Friendships of the Classic Ages," containing over 12,000 double lines, on a broad sheet. I found none so worthy in our day of being chosen Heroes as the two gentlemen above mentioned \* \* \*. When John Bright visits Canada, he will have a Public entry into our new Capital; and if he will kindly accede to an earnest request, be the (honored) guest of my mother; the Poem above mentioned will be published in aftertimes in folio with the portraits of many Great Men therein mentioned, and an account of the sources upon which their authenticity is founded. To the VIRTUES, Monuments were often rear'd in classic times, and I hope yet to see the Pediment of the classic Town Hall in Birmingham enriched with Sculpture, statues of an emblematic character, and an Allegorical Acroteria, illustrative of FRIENDSHIP always keeping in view a portraiture, embodying the individual features of my Heroes with scrupulously correct identity; and for this purpose I will place my mother's cheque in the hands of any gentleman, whose card and poem is in this Londoniad, being a Member of the Corporation, for fifty guineas, to begin with. The following will not be looked upon in the light of a mere private letter, and I intend to place the original in the archives of the West.

4, HANOVER STREET,

*April 26th, 1866.*

DEAR SIR,

I thank you for your kind note, and for the Poem you have sent me. I hope soon to read it carefully, but I have been so occupied of late that I have been able to read nothing. I am afraid I shall not be able to pay a visit to Canada and the United States.

I am, very truly yours,

JOHN BRIGHT.

J. LIDSTONE, Esq.,

29, New Charles Street, E.C.

**HON. JOHN A. MACDONALD,**  
PREMIER

*(The Poem appears in the 13th Londoniad.)*

DURING the last Summer when the Delegates from Canada were in England, and a General Election was about to take place, I brought the Member for Kingston (but without his knowledge) into the field of candidature for the representation of Finsbury, not that I imagined for a moment the personal honour of a Prime Minister of Canada would thereby become enhanced, even as a Metropolitan Member of the British House of Commons,—very far from it; but I thought that he might so work the oracle as to become our perpetual Viceroy in British North America. Had he consented to stand, he would have been, so far as numbers go, the senior member, and where Mr. Torrens now is, with 2,500 votes a-head of him; we had formed a very powerful committee, and we intended to elect him without one farthing's expense to himself, for at a private assemblage, called preparatory to a public meeting being held, a sum was subscribed of £380 for the hustings, &c. I had a letter sent me by one of the Principal Clubs, in which an offer was made to pay a fifth part of his election expenses on his being nominated, even in his absence, and a third part should he agree to stand and be present at the hustings; my mother gave £21, not intending by any means to be bound to that amount only, for she called to remembrance the words I had spoken to her, how in the days of her son's pilgrimage, our beloved Premier was his Friend. I may as well mention here that the Hon. John A. Macdonald knew nothing of the subscription herein alluded to, and will only know, and for the first time, when he shall read this notice in the 14th Londoniad.

P.S.—The following Letter although marked Private, need not now (that the occasion is past) be so considered.

QUEBEC, *July 17th, 1865.*

DEAR SIR,

Your letter addressed to me at the Westminster Palace Hotel, arrived there after my departure for Canada.

I am much obliged to you for bringing my name forward as Member for Finsbury, but my lot is cast in Canada, and I can give no divided allegiance, therefore I must decline having my name proposed as a Candidate for any constituency out of Canada. With many thanks,

I am, yours faithfully,

JOHN A. MACDONALD

J. LIDSTONE, Esq.,

29, New Charles Street, London, E.C.

REV. DR. MC CAUL, LL.D.,

FROM THE QUEEN OF THE WEST.

*An Epic Poem on Toronto.*

WHAT glowing anthems shall my heart enthral,  
Or fill my spirit?—President McCaul!  
Thy noble bearing, and thy princely mien,  
Bespeak thee Husband of our Western Queen.  
Thousands of youth shall rise to bless thy name,  
And gratitude ten thousand breasts inflame.  
A gentleman more learn'd did ne'er appear,  
To grace the regions of this hemisphere;  
Nature and Art are both in thee combined:  
The Great, the Good, Enlightened, Affable and Kind.

It was in the roseate dawn of manhood that I first presented myself before ONE, the most Learned and Enlightened that ever passed from the British Isles, over the Western Ocean, whose name now, and so long illustrious, will be known and hailed in Upper Canada, throughout all coming generations, as the *Great* President of its University: \* \* \* the smile he then gave me (still treasured in my heart, or memory, or both,) served to light me through wildering years of exile and unexplored paths in my literary pilgrimage, where all was steep! but then, by a ray of comparative or perceptive reasoning borrowed from his own vivid Intellectuality, I would say, if even these be "regions terrible," it is at least not the *land* of "pitfalls and mire,"—consolatory! and

In every step I take  
I onward progress make.

Let the Minstrel's Biographer declare to the after-world. He was ambitious, and sought for triumphs the most enduring; he had a desire to excel, and Literature presented itself; of a fervent temperament he determined to strike out into a new territory in which to establish his Empire. No Mariner, no Explorer, from the days of the Argonautæ to those of the Hero of Os Lusíadas, and the Genoese, beyond and later—from the first evening glow on the plains by Euphrates of the asterisms named by "the man of Uz," to that exulting period when his friend of Parsons-Town \* swept the heavens with his Telescope, did ever One appear on Earth

more greatly fired with the Hope of Glory than the Author of the Fourteen Londoniads; thus journeyed he up the Mount 'till safe, beyond the flight of storms, he looked down and saw the tempests break below. \* \* \* Truly he stood "pondering the way" (but retrospectively); "the days of other years passed by with all their deeds" (*Ossian*)—rejuvenant the period of ardent youth; in which if he ever slept 'twas but like Albatross upon the wing.

\* Please see Earl of Rosse, pages 88, 89, 90, 91, 6th Londoniad.



### JOHN NEWEY,

39, ALLISON STREET, BIRMINGHAM,

Manufacturer of every Description of Gimlets, Braces and Bitts, Shell and Screw Augers, &c. Every Article Warranted to be of the very Best Quality of Steel, and Superior Workmanship. N.B.—All Orders executed on the shortest notice.

His name long ago reach'd us in the western lands,  
Th' great maker of England employs 300 hands;  
Works, known thro' ev'ry near and distant nation,  
They've reach'd the utmost bounds of civilization.  
Hundreds of thousands of grosses without his name,  
Are sent away, or others' stamped thereon thus th'  
fame

Is lost; his name on inferior works oft' is placed,  
By those who nature and the Arts have long disgraced;  
But th' trade mark now will tend to do away with  
this,

And Mr. Newey's domain, the world all is his;  
His own peculiar works stand ever forth confest,  
Acknowledged in all lands, and on all seas, the best.



**E. M. MITTON & CO.,  
ENGINEERS,**

**IRON FOUNDERS, GENERAL MACHINISTS,  
MANUFACTURERS AND ERECTORS OF  
PATENT HOT WATER APPARATUSES, &c.,  
CRESCENT FOUNDRY, CAMBRIDGE STREET,  
BIRMINGHAM.**

Th' wreath of Science the Minstrel now shall fit on  
The brow of enterprising, E. M. Mitton ;  
His works thro' many climes o' th' old world do advance,  
And he supplieth the most enlightened firms in France.  
And as the rolls of science here themselves unfold  
Portable and Stationary Steam Engines we behold ;  
And what is it West Canada with echoing fills  
But our E. M. Mitton and Co.'s most famous Sugar  
Mills ?

And not only will I bear them o'er each inland sea,  
But into every redeemed Island of the Caribee.  
What is it, too, the lyre of Arts intensely thrills,  
But their CIRCULAR SAW TABLES and SAW MILLS.  
All kinds o' Machinery and Mill Work as I go  
Thro' their Works, I find with E. M. Mitton and Co.  
Hot Water, and Steam Warming Apparatus, sings  
Here the Minstrel, for Public and Private Buildings ;  
And what is it that a fond feeling arouses  
In many lands but their Conservatories and Hot-houses.  
Their Science, like their Fame, shall not be evanescent,  
But lasting, pure, and strong, from the Foundry,  
ycleped CRESCENT.



Wholesale Rope and Twine Warehouse, 48, Worcester Street,  
Birmingham.



### GEORGE HEWITSON,

Hemp and Flax Merchant, Manufacturer of Bed Sackings, Sacks, Bags, Sail and Oiling Canvass, &c., Ropes, Packing Cords, Twines, Sash Lines, Boat Lines, Engine Yarn, Flat and Square Gaskin, Fishing Lines, Shoe Threads, Rick Cloths, Waggon and Cart Covers, Horse Cloths; and manufacturer of Cocoa Mats, Brush and Chain; Mats and Matting of every description. Wholesale and for Exportation. N.B.—Nail Bagging, Hessians, &c.

THAT was a mighty blast of fame! Who blew it, son?  
I did said the Bard, and for George Hewitson.

And I have long been thro' the nations tracking,  
And have found nought to equal his Bed Sacking;  
Did I but choose the ardent Muse should here have  
fullest scope,

And I would trace how every race have manufactured  
Rope.

We know Chinese from bark of trees supply their  
various wants,

And Oriental nations thro' countless generations from  
ligneous parts of plants.

Lo! Riga rein, Codilla clean, now inspire the Nine,  
And well I hope to sing of Rope and George Hewit-  
son's Twine.

And in the trips of our ships he shall supply their  
wants,

And all that we o'er the sea require for Emigrants.

His place is near the Market Hall,

And when you thither give a call

You'll find in every branch he's practical.

Rear'd in the business, and by his own hand  
 He is able to supply any command,  
 And thus he's hailed throughout our Western land.  
 Excelsior! his motto, he is bent  
 On rearing in Canada an establishment;  
 He hath supplied us already for many years,  
 His sure passport there when he appears.

---

The only Steam-Power Dye Works in Birmingham.



DAVIS AND CO.,

DYERS, 28, SNOW HILL.

Goods fetched and delivered within three miles of the Establishment. An order per post will ensure the Van to call.

WHAT name shall now the lyre artistic thrill,  
 Davis & Co., the Great Dyers on Snow Hill.  
 "Lend me your ears" Sawney, John Bull, and "Uncle  
 Sam,"

Behold the only Steam-Power Dye Works in Birmingham.

You dread to take to some, so long you have to wait,  
 But this complaint is never made at Snow Hill, 28.  
 Our people in the West I know it very well,  
 Have articles considered very valuable,  
 And which their hearts and minds would with pleasure  
 fill,

Could they invoke thy aid, O Genius of Snow Hill.  
 You need not stay to think, nor gaze with dubious eye  
 For Messrs. Davis & Co., everything can dye;  
 My friend *Censoria* from this may very well demur,  
 "Can your Snow Hill Heroes (methinks I hear) dye  
 our Fur?"

They've a method of reviving and protecting that same  
Which hath won them thro' th' World and Time a  
never-dying fame.

If you require dye for Furs, and would that dye  
behold,

Please see the 8th Londoniad—for the great George  
Appold.

This eminent gentleman is the only Dyer, and Jonathan  
Richardson (6th Londoniad) member for Lisburn, the only  
Bleacher (he being, like Mr. Appold, head in the world in  
his line)—that have appeared in the Londoniad.



**THOMAS WEBB JONES,**

Saddlers and Coach Ironmonger, Harness Manufacturer, &c.

FOR HOME AND EXPORTATION, ESTABLISHED 1790,

HORSE FAIR, BIRMINGHAM.

*No Packages allowed for until actually received.*

TH' "Immortal Owen" in an earlier day,  
As DECORATOR graced the Minstrel's lay;  
But Thomas W. Jones I now declare,  
SADDLERS' AND COACH IRONMONGER ↗ HORSE FAIR.  
Where th' large COLONIAL BUILDINGS do themselves  
uprear.

I here th' most famous Wooden Horse survey,  
That ever graced the world since Virgil's lay—  
Lysippus self might very well admire,  
And Pindar strike with ten-fold force the sounding  
lyre.

Monte Cavallo, Venice, seem to come,  
With that of M. Aurelius at Rome;

Balbi, and Florence! need the Minstrel speak?  
Rome's EQUESTRIAN STATUES and the VICTORS' o'  
th' Greek.

Courage and generosity in *Early Christian Art*,  
And many a VIRTUE symbolized seemeth here to start,  
The Horse, with S S. Martin, Maurice, George, Victor  
I salute,

As of St. Leon in pontificials, the attribute;  
With *Statues* or th' "Equestrian," he seems in life to  
march

Along th' winds and myriad age, on each Triumphal  
Arch.

Those Saddles which my hero maketh for each Royal  
Court,

And Hall Baronial, and which he greatly doth export,  
In loveliness of contour and design, thus greatly won  
My heart, being the most perfect that I ever gazed  
upon.

Lo, to the Anglo-Norman *harnies* harness is allied,  
Though erst to more of warfare by that dire race  
applied.

'Tis here enlighten'd enquirers from ev'ry region greet,  
And here are Ladies' Saddles, Furniture complete;  
Deep Skirt, Jockey Do., Demmy, to th' Mighty West  
I bring,

Full Shaftoe Nos. 4, and 5, and here th' Exercising.  
The Boy or Girl, or Boy *and* Girl in high design and  
grace,

And here is *Number 15* the Saddle for the Race.  
Stockman, & Colonial, I 13 and 14 trace.

By Him who hath in Science, Philosophy, all outvied,  
Are th' Principal Families in the Colonies supplied.

All in his superior line we ever with him find  
Pure Design, all excellence are here at once combined.  
No *House* in England is more respectable or stronger,  
Three quarters of a century, yea, and somewhat longer  
Hath been established our great SADDLERS AND  
COACH IRONMONGER,

And known beyond England, throughout the world  
 from end to end,  
 While on him the greatest in the land ever still depend,  
 'Tis thus th' Harmonious Sciences from off their  
 thousand thrones,  
 Proclaim the deeds to ev'ry clime of Thomas W. Jones.



### W. MORRIS,

Wholesale Perambulator, Wicker Chair, Basket Carriage  
 Body and Basket Manufacturer, and Importer of French  
 and German Baskets, Brooms, Brushes, Carpet and Leather  
 Bags, &c., 24, Freeman Street, Moor Street, Birmingham.

MANY works of Art have been the Muses' fond elators,  
 But now they welcome Wood and Wicker Perambu-  
 lators ;  
 Lo! Invalid Chairs, Wicker Chairs, Baskets of all  
 kinds,  
 And ev'ry article in his line the Bard with William  
 finds,  
 Manufactur'd on th' premises here they stand confest  
 Of material and workmanship warranted the best.  
 'Tis here from ev'ry distant country merchants do  
 resort,  
 For our William Morris hath them for Home and for  
 Export ;  
 Go, proclaim it if you will to Wolverines and Hoosers,  
 To Pooks and Yankees, here are found Brooms,  
 Brushes, and Osiers.  
 The Muses' flame was once reduced unto a flicker,  
 Till William showed what he had in Wood, and eke  
 in Wicker.

Once, ay twice, in Leicester Square, I met the Im-  
mortal Ward,

A generous-hearted gentleman I very much regard ;  
His Bath Chairs thro' retrospective years were thy  
theme, O Bard.

But now must the Muse of Science trick her  
Hair with beams, and hail those made of Wicker.  
I lately had an aunt, and her name was Mrs. Norris,  
She said if you want Baskets go to William Morris.  
He spent his life-time in the work and his are much  
the best,

He stood erewhile unrivalled when he flourished in  
the West.

She knew him very well and often gave him a call,  
Once he went down-hill, but like india-rubber ball  
She said, he only rose the higher from the heavier fall.  
And now it is all nations pay their fondest devoir  
To William Morris, Freeman Street, and Number 24.

I desire to be kindly remembered to Mr. Morris, Junior, Son of  
our former Premier.



### MOSES ASH,

Optician, Mathematical and Philosophical Instrument Manu-  
facturer. Magnetic, Galvanic, and Electrical Apparatus,  
Miners' Dials, Theodolites, Circumferentors, &c.; Magnets  
of every description; Smee's, Daniell's, Bunsen's Carbon,  
and Grove's Batteries. All other kinds made to order.  
The Trade supplied with Silk and Cotton-covered Wire.  
4, Bull Street, Birmingham. Repairs strictly attended to.  
Shipping Orders promptly executed.

THAT which came o'er me like to a mental flash,  
Were the peculiar works of Mr. Moses Ash ;  
They've thro' the whole of Europe met with high  
approval,  
Long before, and since, his eventful removal.



As Birmingham's Principal Optician confer  
 We the wreath on him as Manufacturer  
 Of Mathematical and Philosophical  
 Instruments, Magnets, ev'ry description and thus  
 Trace we Magnetic, Galvanic, 'nd Apparatus  
 Electrical, we hail from th' 1st o' Science' Mentors,  
 Miners' Dials, Theodolites, Circumferentors.  
 That none excel his make all Birmingham agrees,  
 ↪ Smee's, Daniell's, Bunsen's Carbon, and Grove's  
 Batteries;  
 All other kinds are here by him to order made,  
 With silk and cotton-covered wire he supplies th'  
 trade.

"Repairs strictly attended to," this saluted  
 I. Shipping Orders are promptly executed.  
 Here to his commodious premises and central,  
 The Genius of every clime shall give a call.  
 More wondrous works than his it were in vain to trace,  
 Since his namesake work'd out miracles at Horeb's base.



### G. TWIGG,

Patentee and Manufacturer of all kinds of Stay Busks and  
 Fastenings, Legging Springs, &c. Stamper, Piercer,  
 Metal Worker, and General Press Tool Maker. New In-  
 ventions carefully perfected for Patentees. 30, Moseley  
 Road, Birmingham.

AND the Muse of Arts that never told a lie,  
 Whirls in her mid-air flight to sing of Twigg;  
 I had often heard of him beyond the Western seas,  
 As being one o' Birmingham's eminent Patentees.  
 And of the midland counties if I do not err,  
 A most enterprising manufacturer.  
 Say, Muse! of all kinds of Stay Busks and Fastenings  
 And all the &cs., too, Legging Springs.

Let those who will in modern style o' costume dash on  
 —As well out o' th' world as out of the fashion.  
 Stamper, Piercer, Metal Worker, my Muse I'll take her  
 Word, none surpass him as General Press Tool Maker.  
 New Inventions (sound this on every breeze  
 Of Time!) He carefully perfects for Patentees.  
 Inventors have often the heart, and head-ache,  
 Because they cannot get things of proper make;  
 How different when they articles to Mr. G. Twigg take.  
 Of his New Registered Paper Binder I took across  
 The Atlantic and distributed in a week 10,000 gross.  
 And what found purchasers in all beholders,  
 Beside his Paper Binders, were the Card Holders.  
 To recruit his energies travel would be a specific,  
 Let him take the Western Ocean and not the Pacific.  
 Not sandy shadeless wastes in loneliness to roam,  
 But sylvan scenes and plenteous streams and people  
 quite at home.  
 And when our scientific Twigg shall in our midst be  
 found;  
 Thro' forests, cataracts, and towns, the Bard will see  
 him round.



### JOSEPH TAYLOR,

Engineer and Machinist, Manufacturer of Steam Engines,  
 Coining Machinery, Saw and Rolling Mills, Pumps and  
 Machines of various kinds. Derwent Foundry, 99, Con-  
 stitution Hill, Birmingham.

AND over ocean now I bear to the floods of Shaylor,  
 Thy unrivalled deeds of Science, Mr. Joseph Taylor.  
 The Western nations shall invoke thy aid, thou shalt  
 enlist  
 All the new world's attention, eminent Machinist.

Thy very fame pervadeth like unto an atmosphere,  
Birmingham and the Midland Counties, illustrious  
Engineer.

Beyond England's insular position thou didst advance,  
And enhanced greatly the glory of enlightnéd France.  
Yea! Joseph, thou didst by inherent wisdom, and by  
dint

Of perseverance, supply works to its National Mint.  
Thy Works, wave-borne, heave on the Indian Ocean,  
or toss

In sight of waiting thousands, under the Southern  
Cross.

The Siamese, and governments under many a sky,  
And thro' our own, the Royal Mint at Sydney didst  
supply.

And when we the Mint of our Confederacy erect,  
To do his part Joseph Taylor only will we select.  
Relative to his trust-worthiness, knowledge will impart  
The Master of the Mint, London, (Eng.) Sir John  
Herschel, Bart.

—Twas thus the Muse of Science a day's bright mor-  
ning spent,  
Going through that world-famous Foundry, named  
the Derwent.

Where busy scenes did all the winds with myriad  
echoes fill,  
From 99?—yes! that's the number on Constitution  
Hill.

Steam Engines, 'twas here, too, we got our Saw and  
Rolling Mill.

Pumps, Presses here we hail, and machines of many  
a kind,

Erst in the Idea form'd by Giants of the Mind.  
From other deeds of the same name ye Muses all  
esloyne,

And welcome his Machinery for the making o'th' Coin.  
Rolling Mills for Gun Barrels never yet surpassed, and  
Iron Work in general well known in many a land.

Sawing Mills for Wood, Marble, and Stone, these I  
 gladly bore  
 T' Ottawa, beside Pumping Machin'ry, and what is  
 more  
 Joseph Taylor's Machinery for the Washing of Lead  
 Ore;  
 Ditto for making Door Hinges, too, Buttons, Hooks  
 and Eyes,  
 And General Stamps and Presses he readily supplies.  
 For all Kinds of Work, in these he th' whole of  
 England outvies.  
 Lathes, Shapeing Machines, Screwing do., by 'lucky  
 hit' or a  
 Sense intuitive, I'll find a rhyme—ev'ry, &c.  
 Here we view Art-triumphs beyond thine O, Thebe,  
 or-Ilium,  
 Son of Canada's Pioneers, our foreman, Stephen  
 William.



### THOMAS CHATWIN,

Patentee and sole manufacturer of the Direct-Action Guide  
 Screw Stock, and all kinds of Screwing Tackle, and General  
 Tools for Engineers, Smiths, and Gas Fitters; Screw Tools  
 and Taps of every description. Victoria Works, Berkley  
 Street, and 58, Broad Street, Birmingham. Please address  
 all Letters to the Works, Berkley Street.

LET the myrtle wreath of Science or this or that win,  
 I turn to the unrivalled deeds of Mr. Chatwin;  
 At the Victoria Works renowned of Berkley Street,  
 Men of transcendant minds from many nations meet;  
 And the merchants of Birmingham are by him supplied  
 With more Stocks and Dies than by all others beside.  
 Why wonder we at this, when in *one work* we find  
 He has concentred all the energies of his mind.  
 It was peculiar studies and natural aptitude,  
 That so thoroughly my Hero's soul with this embued.

## JOHN, LORD BISHOP OF TORONTO, D.D. LL.D.

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

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

THERE have been many eras in my life,  
Known by their brightness, darkness, peace or strife ;  
But that which brighter, more resplendent blazed,  
Was when I first upon our Bishop gazed.  
Then my soul spurn'd the might of earthly chains ;  
Wild floods of electricity shot through my veins,  
And soaring high, I saw array'd in him,  
An incarnation of the Seraphim.  
Beloved and venerated Bishop, hail !  
In vain fanatics rage, sectarians rail .  
Against our Zion's holy mountains high,  
While so good and pure a man as you are nigh.  
(Unlike mere “ Professors ” of THEOLOGY,  
Whose very acts betray a rancorous lie ;  
Sin in their looks and poison in their veins,  
Their villain forms the brand of Cain retains ;  
On their brows the frontispiece of Hell engraven,  
As in the coward countenance of BEVAN.)  
Like Satan, rising at Ithuriel's spear,  
Exploded sins before your presence clear.  
Live long and happy, through the flight of years,  
And finally, a home beyond the spheres,  
May God, Lord Bishop ! to yourself supply,  
And your fine, noble-hearted family.

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



### THE PUBLIC LIBRARIES OF BIRMINGHAM.

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

*Robert Southey.*

—————“ What an example is this  
 —————To the Metropolis ;

Lo Retrospect its mantle o'er me flings ;  
 Libraries of Persian or of Hebrew kings,  
 Or that which Xerxes from Athenæ bore,  
 And Pisistratus to his native shore ;  
 Plunder'd by Sylla, rear'd by Hadrian once more.  
 Or that which gain'd a very high renown  
 On Caicus' banks, Pergamus, Mysian town.  
 Or that which roll'd in letter'd gold did shine,  
 The prime treasure of Imperial Constantine.  
 Rome's Libraries ! Ulpian ! and the Palatine !  
 Æmilius, Lucullus, Pollio,  
 Atticus, Severus, others to know,  
 Were long, Serenus, many a great man—  
 The Emperors Gordian and Trajan.  
 But the great excellence thou didst give  
 To man in memory shall for ever live.  
 Syllas may plunder, and Omars may burn,  
 Yet shall not generations cease to learn  
 And bless your names your names shall still be heard,  
 When millions living, are in nameless tombs interr'd.  
 Though earthquakes drain the mountain seas, or pile  
 Usurping billows on our ancient Isle—  
 The deed shall star-like o'er the tempest smile.



THE FOUNTAIN IN THE MARKET HALL,  
BIRMINGHAM.

To-ward PLATO now! in groves and walks, and by each  
classic Fons,  
I in the spirit wander with Messenger and Sons;  
In Academia's groves and walks, full many a fountain  
play'd,  
By Gargaphia, Actæon saw Dian's charms display'd.  
In Macedonian Amydon, burst forth Æa's fount,  
And roll'd to Salonica's Gulf, the wealth of Scordus  
Mount;  
Bœotian Aganippe, from Heliconian hill,  
Hath roll'd ten thousand ages down, and, too, inspires  
us still.  
I look'd upon Agno, entranced in that auspicious  
hour,  
When vapour rose from Lycæus, and fell in balmy  
shower;  
Yea! I mark'd Alpheus' fountain down sweeping  
Elis' plain,  
Till join'd to Arethusa in *one* roll'd on the twain.  
And I saw great Ammon's fountain spray on the  
Swabian breeze,  
By temple and oasis 'midst Palmyraean trees;  
I drank from where Amymone pour'd forth its wailing  
flood,  
Named from her Neptunus stole upspringing where  
she stood.  
Anapaomenos would an extinguish'd touch uplift,  
That in the height of noon ran dry and overflow'd  
at night;  
With thousand fountains might I here prolong the  
classic song,  
Whose names and glorious memories upon my senses  
throng;

But the Architectonic now with eagle eye discern,  
 And from the sunny ages I most reluctant turn.  
 From Sinai's thund'ring height, Greece's Muse-en-  
 charmed mountains,  
 Like Geyser springs grow th' foaming strings o' th'  
 mighty lyre of fountains.

☞ The TOWN HALL, Birmingham will appear in the  
 Supplement.

THOMAS CRAIG, JUNIOR, Ashburnam Hill, Bytown, son of  
 Mr. Thomas and Mrs. Rachel Craig. I will cause the hereditary  
 Trusteeship of the Lidstone Institute to be established in your  
 posterity \* \* \* Your dear father and mother, I hope, are well.

HON JAMES SKEAD.—Father well? Brother Robert too,  
 who is there that ever thought in the days of your meek (?)  
 youth you would bear so gallantly before the breeze, that the  
 \* \* \* would become the highly educated and refined gen-  
 tleman, the powerful orator, or that your still more youthful  
 associate should become "the Author of 75 different Works, and  
 stand the acknowledged head of Art-literature in England" *vide*  
 "Men of the Time." No doubt "Old Bill English the Yankee"  
 heareth "Now and Then," (Bulwer,) in "Varmount", of his  
 pupils, but his lessons, which were never very acceptable, were  
 utterly disregarded in good time; you to Politics, I to Literature;  
 and I speak not in the spirit of egotism,—both without a rival!  
 The Canada Timber Trophy at the Exhibition in London, 1862,  
 (9th Londoniad) will be remembered as being for the greater  
 part sent by you. You might secure a lot (plot they call it in  
 England) of land well situated, for a Library and Museum, and  
 thus have your name associated with it. Now I happen to have  
 over five thousand articles in almost every department of Art,  
 many of them unique and all of them valuable. A great number  
 I collected myself, and some of them came down in family ar-  
 chives and repositories from other ages; with these I intend to  
 endow Ottawa. My private library containing, (my secretary  
 informs me,)—some years ago, more than three thousand volumes  
 among which are some fine folios and to which I have from  
 time to time been making additions; these I will give also;  
 and many persons in various parts of the world would willingly  
 send something; and thus in process of time, an Institution  
 might be established in the new capital of Canada surpassing  
 aught ever known before on the Western Continent.

ELKINGTON & MASON.—I brought a letter of introduction to that truly noble gentleman, Mr. Mason, but alas! late I discovered he had retired, and Mr. Elkington is no more. One of the head Manufacturers in Birmingham declared, and in perfect truthfulness, that not one in a thousand coming from the West would require aught that this establishment now affords; and albeit I am entirely convinced of the aptitude of this remark: I am yet inclined to be that One *beyond* the thousand in regard to a copy of Mr. Thomas' *BOADICEA*, which I hope soon to see in *UPPER CANADA*.

I SEE her with uplifted hand,  
 As in the years of old,  
 When fighting for her native land,  
 O'er the fierce invading band  
 Her iron chariot roll'd.  
 Ay! then the Roman Eagles soar'd  
 O'er many regions far,  
 The thunders of the Cæsars roar'd;  
 From Tiber's shores, their legions pour'd  
 The fiery tides of war.  
 The British queen rode down amain,  
 All through their brazen phalanx;  
 And where the blood of thousands slain  
 Billow'd o'er the crimson plain,  
 She march'd her British ranks.  
 Alas! the discipline of Rome  
 O'er-match'd the British brave—  
 The invaders' triumph seal'd her doom;  
 Without a country and a home,  
 She sought—in vain a grave.  
 Her daughters twain, in grief all bound,  
 Bow at her royal side,  
 And the illustrious queen, discrown'd,  
 Yet fills the atmosphere around  
 With majesty,—as when she died.  
 Blest be the sculptor! HE who took  
 A subject from his native clime—  
 A subject truthful and sublime—  
 On which ages shall admiring look,  
 Down to the end of time.

Mr. Thomas' brother resides in Toronto, and is our prime Architect of British America. Gentlemen like him give a high standard to the English character in distant lands.

## IMPROMPTU!

On SIR CHARLES AND LADY WATKINS returning to  
UPPER CANADA, after a residence of 12 years in England;  
written June 24th, 1866.

"Tis hard to be parted from those  
With whom we for ever could dwell;  
But bitter indeed is the sorrow that flows,  
When perhaps we are saying for ever—farewell!"

▲ Mrs. Opie.

Adieu, Sir Charles, adieu; and honored Lady you,  
Far o'er the waters blue,  
'You now returning go,  
For the Fates' command,  
To Canada's interesting land  
Beside Ontario.

For years beneath the self-same roof,  
New Charles Street, City Road  
We've lived, and in your high behoof  
I speak, while my heart is like to break,  
I never in any clime thro' length of my life-time  
Had happier abode.

Ever may you maintain beyond the Western main,  
The honour of Canada's Name;  
And think of your Minstrel friend,  
As thro' that loved land from end to end  
Ascends the Patriot flame!

My Mother will think of you when far away,  
And in some calm evening like this  
Seated in our Library will pensive, say,  
"I wonder how Sir Charles Watkins is  
And his honored consort too, to-day."  
You'll hear my lays in other days,

Trill over the roseate West,—  
But the night is dark'ning fast around,  
And you to Canada are bound;

O, be for ever blest.  
You're bound for Nature's realm,  
Our Saviour guide the helm  
Safe to the slopes of Eborā,  
(Where you will realize

▲ Celtic Paradise.)

While I in my pursuit of Literature and Art,  
Will often as if Impromptu, start;  
And you both mentally salute,  
And blessings long and loud impart,  
To Sir Charles and Lady Deborah.

ARGO yet may anchor weigh—  
 Then I'll leap into your Sleigh;  
 Thro' the sunlight and the snow,  
 With merry Bells we'll jingling go  
 'Midst the fairy Towers of Toronto.  
 In some lovely Winter day,  
 Happy Winter far away.

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THE FINE ARTS,

JAMES TORRINGTON SPENCER LIDSTONE,



TO THE INHABITANTS OF UPPER CANADA.

I am prepared to introduce specimens of the Fine Arts into the West, suitable for private mansions, public halls, and ecclesiastical edifices, being myself an Art-Student, and from peculiar circumstances admitted on all occasions to the view of numerous private collections where the mere trader would not be tolerated, and in constant communication with the most eminent connoisseurs of England—and moreover, awaiting my orders pictures once in possession of renowned families on the Continent, as well as masterpieces of British Artists—will enable me to fulfil orders to any amount in regard to Paintings; and although in Sculpture I have not been as yet able to do much except in a few choice works that now grace my own library,\* still the luxury of wealth already gathered around me, to be distributed at no distant day in Canada, may be valued in its lowest estimate at a quarter of a million sterling.

RAISE I thro' wonder-world th' enchanted song,  
 As 'midst the Arts revived I pass along,  
 Till from that o' th' Golden Horn and Tuscan seas  
 They to th' FLORENTINE diverg'd and GENOESE.  
 The ROMAN stands with majesty erect  
 For 'ts solid and legitimate effect.

\* Since the above was written I have made arrangements whereby I am enabled to supply our people with works of High Art to any extent, from the studios of the greatest living Sculptors in England, France, and Rome.

Toward th' VENETIAN all ye Muses tripp'd  
 Those who their "pencils in th' rainbow dipp'd."  
 Thro' the LOMBARD long as the *Eclectics* known.  
*Just symmetry, and power, and grace* are shown.  
 There Albert Durer leads the GERMAN School,  
 Whose *drawing power* he guides by *nature's rule*.  
 The FLEMISH and the German now combine  
 Where Rubens and Vandyke in deathless glories shine.  
 Here doth the mighty Rembrandt elevate  
 Th' DUTCH, b' some thought sunk in *lowliest state*,  
 With its great power, we in the SPANISH find  
 The gloom and wildness of that nation's mind.  
 And need the French School from the reign of First  
 Francis, be in ardent strains rehears'd,  
 Like new Creation breaking in on Time  
 Some mental wonder bursts from ev'ry age and clime.  
 Yea, here we works of bright immortals scan,  
 Domenichino, Poussin, and Titian,  
 Leonardo, Guido, and their brilliant train,  
 The three Caracci. Claude, of Lorraine,  
 Julio, Perugino, Raphael the divine;  
 And Michael Angelo, the mighty Florentine.

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\*HARDMAN & Co.—I FIND that although carried on under the same name as formerly, the Great Hardman is now no longer the Principal. I should like however, to make one remark; I met in Birmingham one of the younger branches of the "real Hardmans," this young gentleman reminded me very much of what the Author of Gertrude of Wyoming, said of the grandson of Brant the British Great Indian Chief of Upper Canada, when that amiable and highly intelligent youth visited him in England.

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In choosing a Mediæval Metal worker, I found no one in Birmingham that could make the slightest approach to that practically enlightened gentleman, Mr. Brawn, and who has marked his name upon my list. I leave out of the 14th Londoniad 109 names of as many manufacturers who have done the same, scarcely any of whom are his equals, and not one of them superior in any branch of Art. But Jacob Bright Browett, Esq., has introduced a firm (not of Birmingham), an account of which will appear hereafter.





### W. H. PHILLIPS,

Engineer, Machinist, and General Iron Founder, Atlas Foundry, Oozell Street, (late of Cumberland Street,) Birmingham.

ATLAS Mauritanias king of yore  
All the round world upon his shoulders bore,  
But th' Muse o' classic lore that lives for ever shall  
resound her

Lay for the Great Engineer, Machinist, and General  
Iron Founder.

I thought his spacious Hall and Dome as I went on,  
Stretched from sky to sky across the horizon.

His is not a mere manipulative abortion,  
He makes his own tools and o' machinery ev'ry portion.  
Steam Engines and Machinery in general, of every  
kind,

Here Self-Acting Slide, and Screw Cutting Lathes we  
find.

And so very true to the most exalted science rules,  
Here are all kinds of first-class Engineering tools.  
None now in Mr. Phillips' Art Empire entrenches,  
Hail! thrice hail! Log Saw Mills and Circular Saw  
Benches;

And these are they so much required by every pioneer  
In sylvan lands, that goeth forth the forest tract to  
clear.

I look thro' future days, each Western nation hails  
His Machinery for th' *Manufacture o' Screws and  
Nails.*

Corrugating Machines, Curving Machines, and Wire  
Machines for Galvanizing Wire, yea verily my lyre  
Instinct with song, deathless, and all that is good  
beside,

Saith here are all kinds (and this I note with peculiar pride,  
 Of internal fittings for Hot-houses, &c., supplied.  
 —And that which doth over-board all other products  
 knock,  
 ↗ N.B. A large variety of Patterns kept in stock.



### CHARLES BIKKER,

Church and House Decorator. Churches, Chapels, Oratories, &c., Decorated in any Style or Period. Banners, Crucifixes, Antependia, Shrines, Altars, Richly Painted in every Style. Bradford Street. Cheapside. Birmingham.

As the fiery Celt in Bruce's time, said "I'll make him sickker,"

So I oust other Candidates for fame, and turn to Charles Bikker;

To the Great Decorator now I turn mine ardent eyes,  
 Whose wondrous works in visions of Fairy Land arise,  
 From all in the Midland Counties, the chosen of the  
 Nine,

And th' first in taste and learning, right eminent in  
 design;

The very aspect of his Place made this idea start,  
 Surely it belongeth to some great son of Art.

Here I beheld the Classic with unutterable delight,  
 A Phidiæan era, sunlike, burst upon my mental sight;  
 And here doth the Mediæval the Art-Student engage  
 With all the deep enrichments of a resplendent age:  
 Yea, I saw it with the spirit of glorious Art embued,  
 And I had to view it closely, to feel that it was not  
 wood;

Oh! 'twas a glorious specimen,—I look'd and felt  
again—

Why wonder Bikker's genius fires the inspiring strain.  
I gazed upon the Pompeiian, the Pompeiian style  
elate,

Such as ceased in Titus' reign to glow in wonted state,  
But now I sound to ages far, and far from Albions'  
Isle,

Thy decorative name, Bikker, and thy peculiar style,  
The great peculiarity,—this doth Birmingham  
know—

Is that the style of ev'ry age my hero well can show.  
None is so mighty, grand or rare as Bikker to appal,  
He knows each Individual style, and too, the National.  
Lo! the Classic, and Gothic, and, too, the Renaissance,  
In our Immortal Bikker, e'er meet their high advance,  
Or his own style to influence conception of the *real*,  
Not merely of the cold blank form but heavenly Ideal.  
As Decorator o' the first-class thro' the three kingdoms  
known,

And like an eddying circle extending in renown.  
From out Arts' Metropolis He th' Muses Palm hath  
won,

O'er many lands and seas they come to hail the Arts'  
triumphant son,

Thro' sky and billow, from day's eve up to the rising  
morn,

Thro' ev'ry coming age shall Charles Bikker's Name  
be borne.

Lo! all the Arts and Sciences, and Graces all preside,  
Resuscitated epochs flame, (→ Bradford Street to  
Cheapside,

And when his lovely Artist Son, shall visit us in the  
West,

Or in England's Metropolis he shall be my mother's  
guest.



### HENRY MANTON, JUNR.,

Manufacturer of Cut & Engraved Glass of every description.

**SILVERSMITH,**

*And Manufacturer of Mounts for Oruet Frame Glasses, Dressing Case and Bag Fittings, Corks, Labels, &c.*

108, & 110, GREAT CHARLES STREET, BIRMINGHAM.

THE Sunlit Standard of the Arts now plant on  
Fame's dread Mountain's highest peak for Henry  
Manton.

Glass! yea as I beheld Art's standard, once unfurled  
Over the elder oriental world,  
Spreading out like a sun-illuminated sky,  
And borne by all the blissful winds that fly.  
See Science, too, each wondrous age's dower,  
Rise to its highest point 'neath Henry's power,  
And Blossoming into its Consummate flower.  
Thro' the paintings of Beni-Hassen I knowledge did  
obtain,

That glass-blowing was practised in a far distant reign;  
Not bounded by the Roman time, for we rejoicing track,  
To Ægyptus' Osirtasen, near forty centuries back;  
To the Art-minstrel Glass is no strange theme,  
Erst borne along by Heliconian stream,  
Rapt was I in the splendours of a Fairy dream;  
I traced it from the early Syrian time,  
Thro' ev'ry land, to our own age and clime;

And nought I saw in England could surpass,  
 Junior Henry's Cut and Engraved Glass;  
 Ten Thousand English Homes do this confess,  
 The Imperial Palace, and Officer's Mess:  
 And here it is the Nations ever get,  
 Works Floriated, Geometrical, and Set.  
 No horrors, with dark'ning clouds o' Fury, broke  
 Thro' rococo, capriccio, baroque;  
 But Henry might from the sky allure a  
 Crowd of Angels thro' his Cælatura.  
 Borders! Art-history to us hath stated  
 Mightiest Minds have help'd th' Decorated;  
 To our Ex-Mayor's Son, Earth doth assign a  
 Place high for the corona, echina,  
 Fleuron, fylfot, guilloche, cestrum, ævron,  
 The meander, c primulgus, chevron;  
 O, to entrance the ages, I might harp a  
 Strain still more deathless to his encarpa,  
 A la grecque, to the acanthus; arabesque,  
 So well delineated by Levesque.  
 And here from every age in glory rife  
 Reflex of Henry's spiritual life;  
 I view'd them well, I knew them all, and hence,  
 Under their talismanic influence  
 And weird Phylactery, was not spell-bound,  
 Though legions of Genii throng'd ærial around.  
 The Muse shall bear o'er Time and ev'ry sea,  
 What here entrancing met the Poet's ken,  
 ¶ Established, 1833.  
 Great Charles Street, 108, & 110.

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I made the Great Manufacturer and true Son of Art, Apsley  
 Pellatt, Author of *Curiosities of Glass, and Glass Making*, and  
 late Member for Southwark, Hero of the Londoniad for TABLE  
 GLASS. I have just received fourteen specimens of Window  
 Glass, from as many Glass Manufacturers in England; an account  
 of which will appear in the supplement.



### JNO. A. JONES & CO.,

Steam Sawing Works, 96, 97, & 98, Barford Street, Birmingham.  
 Patentees and manufacturers of Packing Cases and Crates,  
 which are fitted without nails, and to take to pieces for *return*;  
 they are fastened and unfastened any number of times without  
 damage, and consequently save their cost in a few journeys.

I've noticed oft with many a sigh and many a tear,  
 How cheap wringing and washing machines get out  
 of gear ;

Bradford's, and a host beside of other nameless trash  
 Came once to upper Canada that would nor wring,  
 nor wash.

We had a rooster-laundress once, surnamed Mary-  
 bore,

At breaking down o' these machines (though pious)  
 "twas said" —he *swore*.

But we behold th' Sciences flush in irradiate zones,  
 From the Baltic Steam Sawing Werks of t' veritable  
 Jones.

Let Inventors and Traders still about Patents  
 wrangle,

We to this famous house repair whene'er we'd have  
 a Mangle.

Yea! let the meshes of the law others' claims entangle  
 Wi' Birch Bed Bottom, Mahogany do., Hail Patent  
 Chest Mangle.

Need I tell? the Patent Portable Box Mangle on Chest  
 Is greatly welcomed throughout the wondering West.  
 Portable Mangle, Wringing and Washing Machine,  
 singer

I'd fain be o' these, as of the Patent Portable Wringer,



'Sound the light Guitar' and, if you please, the sharp  
*triangle,*

Ships and Steamers welcome th' Patent Portable Box  
Mangle.

What's destin'd yet ev'ry private Home and Hotel  
to bless,

What of this do Men of Science thro'out the world  
confess—

Portable Mangle and Wringing Machine

Great things I ween! too unrivalled, the Linen and  
Saddlers' Leather Press.

Alone Virgilian Epic and Pindaric Odes

Might sound o'er land and ocean their Earth Closets  
and Commodes.

Earth as a deodorising agent! I did gather

Knowledge of, yea of their system in frosty weather

The advantage, the principle of the Earth Closet,

Was never equalled before nor since the days of Fosset.

Not merely do I speak prospectively, for it prevails

Even now, over all established since the days of Hales,

In a Sanitary and economic point of view,

'Tis destin'd to prevail the nations thro'.

Instructions I'll yet give, its attributes,

Behold the after world each one salutes.

But all that you or I could wish to know

May be obtained from Jno. A. Jones & Co;

And Testimonials are here on hand,

From Men of Science in many a land.

From sire to son long generations down,

Descendeth the green laurel of renown,

Chemistry. and all th' Arts do this famed family  
crown.

The different forms of Closets,—the efficiency of which is so  
great as to be scarcely credible to those who have not used them  
or seen their mode of action,—may be inspected at the Office of  
Jno. A. Jones & Co., 98, Barford Street, Birmingham, where  
every information may be obtained, either by personal applica-  
tion or by letter.

## THE CHANDELIER POEM.



## CHARLES J. PHILLP,

Brass Founder, and Manufacturer of Gas Lamps, Brackets,  
&c., in the highest style of Art, 20, Caroline Street, and  
29, Mary Street, Birmingham.

OVER fifty names upon my list! this appears  
A great number, and alone for Chandeliers.  
In choosing his hero, the Bard despaired  
And to close his list was just prepared,  
Till one Immortal Son of Art,\*  
Did this knowledge high impart;  
Although being in Friendship's eclipse  
These are the words fell from his lips.  
None now in Birmingham uprears,  
Like Phillp, a fame for Chandeliers;  
None in *Design* so high hath soar'd,  
And he alone seems to have pour'd  
Into his Works the Soul of Art.  
—For Caroline Street th' Muses start;  
And ne'er saw I, th' exception solely  
Thy studios, Mac Dowell and Foley,  
Aught t' equal, much less to surpass  
Phillp—he can do anything for GAS.  
I knew each Style and Name, in those  
Forms adored a thousand ages rose,  
High Knowledge His deeds and words disclose,  
And greatly won upon mine heart,  
Mental Vigour he doth impart  
To His Works th' highest in th' realms of Art.

\* Mr. Potts, who will appear in the Supplement.

## THE GREAT BEDSTEAD POEM.

**PEYTON & PEYTON,****Manufacturers of Patent Metallic Bedsteads.**

London Warehouse and Show Room, 49, Long Acre, W.C.  
 City Office, 46, Moorgate Street, E.C. Dublin Warehouse  
 and Show Room, 39, Wellington Quay, (opposite the Metal  
 Bridge.) Glasgow Warehouse and Show Room, 41, Hope  
 Street. Liverpool Warehouse and Show Room, 20 and 22,  
 Slater Street. Manchester Warehouse and Show Room, 24,  
 Bridge Street. Manufactory, Bordesley Works, Birmingham.

If we look for excellence where shall we excellence find,  
 But where on particular subjects have been concentrated the  
 mind;

Yea, mental strength, not on a thousand things divided,  
 Which after all, by Art and Science both may be derided.

Fired by this idea each Muse the Minstrel leads  
 To hail IMPROVED PATENT METALLIC BEDSTEADS.

And these whom ev'ry nation of th' world anoints  
 Ever above the world, for PATENT DOVETAIL JOINTS.

Manufactures thro' England I've long been tracking,  
 Yet ne'er saw I equal to their PATENT SACKING.

Numerous Patents they have and all their own,  
 Which win for them throughout all climes a world's renown.

Thro' my Heroes in many a city entranced I am,  
 As at th' ever-famed Bedstead Works in Birmingham.

COTS and CHILDREN'S BEDSTEADS in all their varied name I  
 ween

Are here, SOLID IRON BEDSTEADS, No. C, 2,115

Their PARALLEL TUBE BEDSTEADS o'er the Western ocean pass,  
 Their TAPER TUBE BEDSTEADS we hail, and BEDSTEADS made  
 of BRASS.

Lo! all their Names and their *Designs* the Art-Minstrel brings  
 in vogue,

And in French and English too, he them will catalogue.

Peyton and Peyton, for them Fame's solar standard is unfurl'd  
 Th' most eminent Bedstead Manufacturers in the world.

Greatest and Most Extensive, nor could we a rival find,

If Birmingham were with the whole of England in one combined.

Witness, while in th' Home Market there's scarce the faintest  
call

For others' make, and th' demand infinitesimally small  
Afar, the entire market for *their* BEDSTEADS they obtain,  
Throughout all England and in ev'ry clime beyond each main.  
And them alone for BEDSTEADS I have made  
Prime Heroes of th' 14th Londoniad.

M. C. CAMERON, Esq., member in the Parliament of Canada,  
(page 98, 12th Londoniad.)

WILLIAM WELLER, the Great Mayor of Coburg, in Upper  
Canada, (page 81, 12th Londoniad.)

EX-SHERIFF CONGER, PETER PERRY, late members in  
the Parliament of Canada, and Captain Buck, (12th Lon-  
doniad.)

JOHN CREIGHTON, Esq., re-elected Mayor of Kingston,  
Canada West, (page 82, 12th Londoniad.)

HON. THOMAS D'ARCY MCGEE, *Orator, Poet, Statesman,*  
*and Author*, Ex-President of the *Council, Canada*, (95th  
page 11th Londoniad.)

SIR EDMUND HEAD, Ex-Governor General, (page 92, 11th  
Londoniad.)

VISCOUNT MONCK, Governor General, (page 6, 9th Lon-  
doniad.)

OGLE. R. GOWAN, Esq., Ex-M.P., (page 105, 9th Londoniad)

"THE LEADER" Ex-Alderman James Beaty, and Nephews,  
Leader Buildings, King Street, Toronto, (page 97, 8th  
Londoniad.)

JOHN FLANAGAN, Ex-Mayor; and Great Warden of  
Frontenac, (9th Londoniad)

— To my ROYAL NAVY FRIENDS residing in Torbolton,  
Western Canada; Captain James and Captain John Grierson,  
Lieutenant Baird and families, I send my hearty respects, (they  
appear in the 5th Londoniad) and should any of them ever  
come to England, they can stay with my Mother as long as  
they like.

CAPTAIN CUMING, Steamer Emerald, Upper Ottawa.  
I have a present for him in fond remembrance; the last time  
we met, was at night in Kingston, when darkness was round  
about, but we knew each others voice.



## BROWN, MARSHALLS & CO.,

Railway Carriage and Wagon Builders, and Manufacturers of Iron Work for Railway Carriages and Wagons, Contractors for every description of Railway Stores. Britannia Works, Birmingham. London Office, 8, New Broad Street, E.C.

THIS is the largest private firm in all the midland round,  
And for substantial enterprise is equally renowned.  
Thro' their unexampled extent a 1000 forges blaze,  
Which remind me of Vulcanian realms that glowed in Homer's days.

Russia they supply, all the nations of the Continent,  
Thro' India and South Americ' their great works are sent.  
Their mighty motive power I'd fain presume,  
Would toss th' Atlantic like an Eagle' Plume.  
I on advance and Wm. Taylor guides,  
Here in the fitting shop Mercurius' self presides.  
In their Saw Mill they've ev'ry appliance  
For Work, thro' the perfectitude of Science.  
Its triumph, too, my rapt attention draws,  
Thro' their peculiar system of sharpening Saws.  
I saw the sparks that round and upward drove,  
Like new worlds from th' chariot wheels of Jove.  
And I may well in other lands and languages declare,  
That in no machinery department anywhere  
I visited in life, was action so intensely rife,  
Or the word *Sublime* so entirely applicable,  
As in this which inspir'd, and made my heart exult and swell,  
And in the Wagon Shop I was bound as by a spell ;  
Th' mighty Plan'ing Machines excel all in the Western clime  
For here (work of wonder !) th' sides are done at th' same time.  
So rapidly, so marvellously they turn,  
Their contour Argus' self might not discern.  
Every thing around that th' Art-Minstrel sees,  
Is built as strong as if by Titan' Deities.  
They make for greatest companies who thro' all lands confess,  
Our firm ne'er require Inspectors to see the Work progress ;  
For they've a character to maintain that's known thro'out th'  
world,  
And its sunlit banner's like a sky o'er ev'ry clime unfurled.

Here are 1st Class Carriages, perfect works of Art I scan,  
 The Decorator here ranks with the Academician.  
 Such are for "fayré Ireland" (*Chaucer*) and doth th' Bard  
 delight,  
 Others are for "the Land of Cakes" and these are Green and  
 White.

Close to the Railway Station are placed their 100 domes,  
 And here as from the setting sun, up the rapid Engine comes.  
 (Thro' lurid light or darker night in tunnel region, thus  
 Array'd in thunders I was diving down to Tartarus.)  
 And from the rolling smoke and serialized blaze,  
 A myriad host of sparks are pour'd in embryo days.  
 On ingenious economy here the Minstrel pours,  
 Their old Boilers are used for holding Horse-hair and all stores,  
 Too, beside, their own Fire Engines the Pilgrim here salutes,  
 And all appurtenance' for Maritimal pursuits.  
 And I admired their packing which met my casual view; "  
 Patronise Ex-Lord Mayor Rose this they never do.,  
 They make their own Railway Grease, and very much better too.  
 They've a Foundry in Town beside that which th' Poet draws,  
 Lo in th' Log Department Vertical and Circular Saws.  
 (What is this! Enceladus shaking the lands afar,  
 Or Niagara and Etna animated for war.)  
 Their unrivalled Boilers, Lo! their Steam-hammers, and the  
 mode

Of using them remind me, forcibly o' some Hesiod—  
 Æan Bronte, and their large Lathes used for Wheel Turning,  
 Went like rapid Mercury thro' stellar regions burning.  
 Hinges, Bolts, innumeros— and here they saw th' hot Iron,  
 While sparkles like stars in chaotic realm, the men environ.  
 I only the like of this world-famous establishment—  
 Beheld, what time eventful I thro' the classic ages went;  
 Hear, each mighty blast, as from uproarious spheroid,  
 Or planet tempest-stricken, sweeping across its Time's void.  
 They make for "Cape of Hope" (*Milton*,) Chili, the Brazils,  
 Spain,

Australia and all the Colonies, they t' sole Empire attain;  
 In Mauritius, and Germania's circles by the main,  
 Norway, Sweden, Turkey, India, all realms assign a  
 High place to the Great BRITANNIA WORKS,—excepting China.

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✂ The Londoniad is got up to weigh just under  
 a quarter of a pound, and so as to go by Post for a  
 penny.



TO SIR J. L. ROBINSON, BART.,  
 TO MAJOR SHERWOOD,  
 AND THEIR RESPECTIVE FAMILIES,  
 HEAD OF THE U. E. LOYALISTS, NATIVE PRINCES OF THEIR RACE,  
 I INSCRIBE IN FOND REMEMBRANCE.  
 Please see 9th Londoniad.

"J. T. S. LIDSTONE, Esq., author of "Londoniad." Beattie's original Bust of Robert Burns the Scottish Poet, that great sculptor's *chef d'œuvre*, concerning which so many strange legends are extant, and not the least interesting are those which tell of its being lost for more than twenty years, and turning up again in a port of the Mediteranean, probably conveyed thither by some Consul of H.B.M.; thence sailing the Indian Ocean, finding refuge near the person of some descendant of Timour; coming from the late Siege of Delhi with other spoils to England; and at length falling into the possession of Mr. Lidstone, who intends sending it to Upper Canada."—*Catalogue of North London Exhibition.*

This is not the first Marble Bust I have given to Canada, nor will it be the last. That so much spoken about now in the City Hall, Toronto, I caused to be placed there, having left the subject to the great sculptor there who took the Prince of Wales; and there are only two\* in Canada, and no one beside the sculptor himself in England, up to this moment, who are aware that I sent it.

\* My dear friends Sir Charles and Lady Watkins who have just returned to Canada.

### THREE MARBLE STATUES FOR TORONTO.

I have now £1,500, the proceeds of a literary work, which I intend to devote towards the erection of Statues in Toronto, to three literary men to represent England, Ireland and Scotland. I should like Milton for England, and Dean Swift for Ireland; Milton being my favourite English writer, and Dean Swift "the true friend of Ireland." However I will leave this to the community to decide, more especially as to the great Scot.

Whatever more I might do in days to come, I should like very much at this present time to commemorate, by some work of Art, my short sojourn to Birmingham. Society will bear me witness that I have not as yet mentioned this subject to any one; I will, however, give my Mother's cheque for One Hundred Dollars towards a marble bust of the present Mayor, to be placed in the Town Hall; one-half payable at the commencement, and the remaining fifty when finished, and I will treble the amount for a Statue.—J. T. S. LIDSTONE.

ALMOST the only manufactory I regret not visiting is that of the great firm whose name will transpire, precluded as I was by prior engagements from accepting the courteous invitation of its Principal on a certain day, and I only regret it the more because of the *Name*. To the Hon. MR. PEMBERTON, whose perception led him to the early discovery of superior powers, and whose Might advanced the interest of so many public men in Canada, I myself have been greatly indebted, for when as yet I was, to use the words of our friends in the sister kingdom, but a "small boy," he, like some philosopher of classical antiquity declared, that (at the proper time,) he would make a speech for me, a promise which he redeemed in after years with what effect, was known in that time and is felt even unto this day; when from the Laurentine Gulf by the morning shores of Gaspé he traversed the wilderness westward, of flood and shade, and as far as to the boundary of the forty-fifth parallel of latitude, proving that he at least was no *Ropoperperethras*.

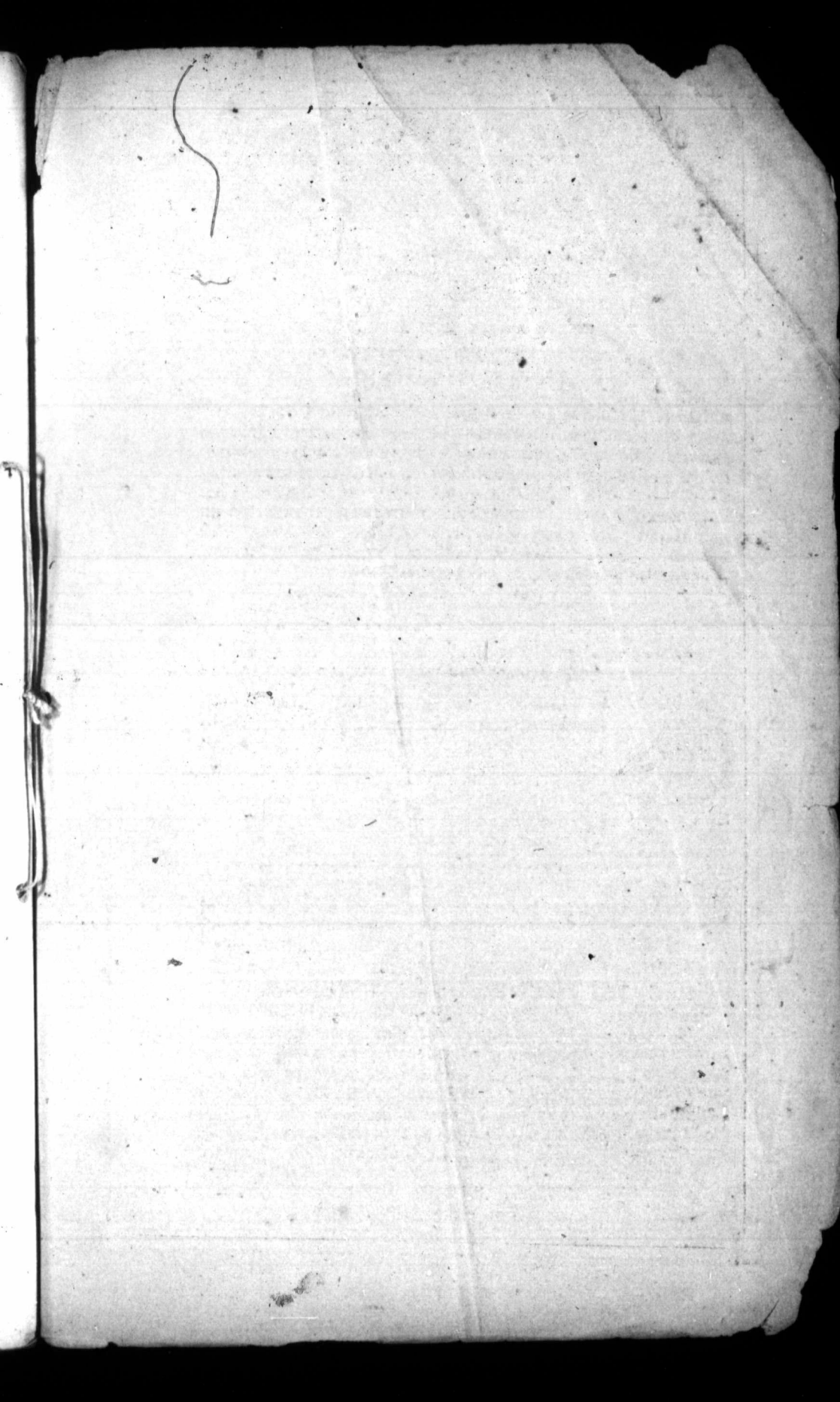
AN elaborate article on MESSRS. HEATON'S MINT  
Is for the present crowded out, although set up in print.

### TO MY FRIENDS IN CANADA.

This is the first Canada Edition of the Londoniad, and contains a greater number of Names and many hundred lines more than any of the earlier Numbers. I have been very careful as to the names here introduced, and these are they whose works I have found most suitable to your wants, and moreover the best in their respective lines of business to be found in England. Many herein mentioned I cannot but feel an affection for, I have found the people of Birmingham generally civil, indeed I cannot up to the present time recal a single act of coarseness, certainly not when once the object of my mission became known \* \* \* I will send you the names of those gentlemen whom by this means while in your midst you may recognize, and any act of courtesy shown to them, will be acknowledged as being shown to myself.—London, (Eng.) August 1866.

### TO MY FRIENDS IN BIRMINGHAM:

Beside the Birmingham names mentioned in the 14th Londoniad, I have 109 manufacturers which it would be impossible to mention here; but I will choose 50 or less for the supplement. It is not from disrespect that they do not herein appear, but because I have no desire that the interest of Firms early chosen should be in any way affected, and the various lines of business yet to be noted in the supplement, will be as far removed as possible from those now written upon.



CANADA AND BIRMINGHAM EDITION.

Αρχη ημισυ παντος.



# LONDONIAD

APPEARS UNDER THE AUSPICES OF

**THE QUEEN,**

**H.R.H. THE LATE PRINCE CONSORT,**

(AS PRESIDENT OF THE SOCIETY OF ARTS,)

**THE EMPEROR NAPOLEON III.,**

**THE EMPEROR AND EMPRESS OF BRAZIL,**

**LEOPOLD, KING OF THE BELGIANS,**

**LOUIS, KING OF BAVARIA,**

**THE KING AND QUEEN OF GREECE,**

**THE KING AND QUEEN OF HANOVER,**

**THE KING OF SAXONY,**

**SIR CHARLES L. EASTLAKE,**

(PRESIDENT OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY,)

**HIS GRACE THE ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY,**

(FRIEND OF THE AUTHOR,)

**HIS EMINENCE CARDINAL WISEMAN,**

(WRITER ON ART,)

**THE LATE GOVERNOR-GENERAL OF CANADA,**

**THE LATE GOVERNOR-GENERAL OF INDIA,**

(VISCOUNT CANNING,)

**THE LORD LIEUTENANT OF IRELAND,**

Upwards of Three Thousand Gentlemen, Eminent in Literature,  
Science, and Art, throughout the world.

*A Supplemental Number of the LONDONIAD will be issued at an  
early period.*