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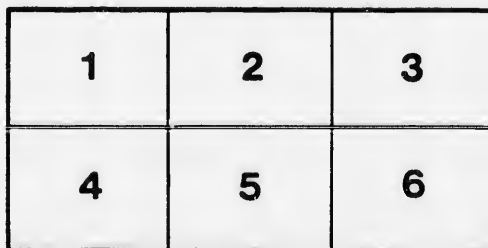
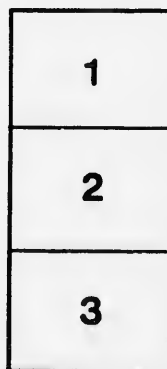
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05
The Hollow Justice
A PUNISHMENT
JAMES H. HARRIS
1905

19298
14W6



Commissary General
London
Hannover
1305

Decorative border with a central vertical line and ornate flourishes at the top and bottom. Partially visible text on the right side includes 'The' and 'A'.



THE
Widow Justified ;

OR,
THE AGE OF WONDERS,

A SATIRICAL POEM,

BY ANN PAINTER,

TO WHICH IS ADDED

The Fair; or, Waterdown Annual Show

ALSO THE

QUEEN OF MAGIC INVENTIONS,

A COMIC SONG,

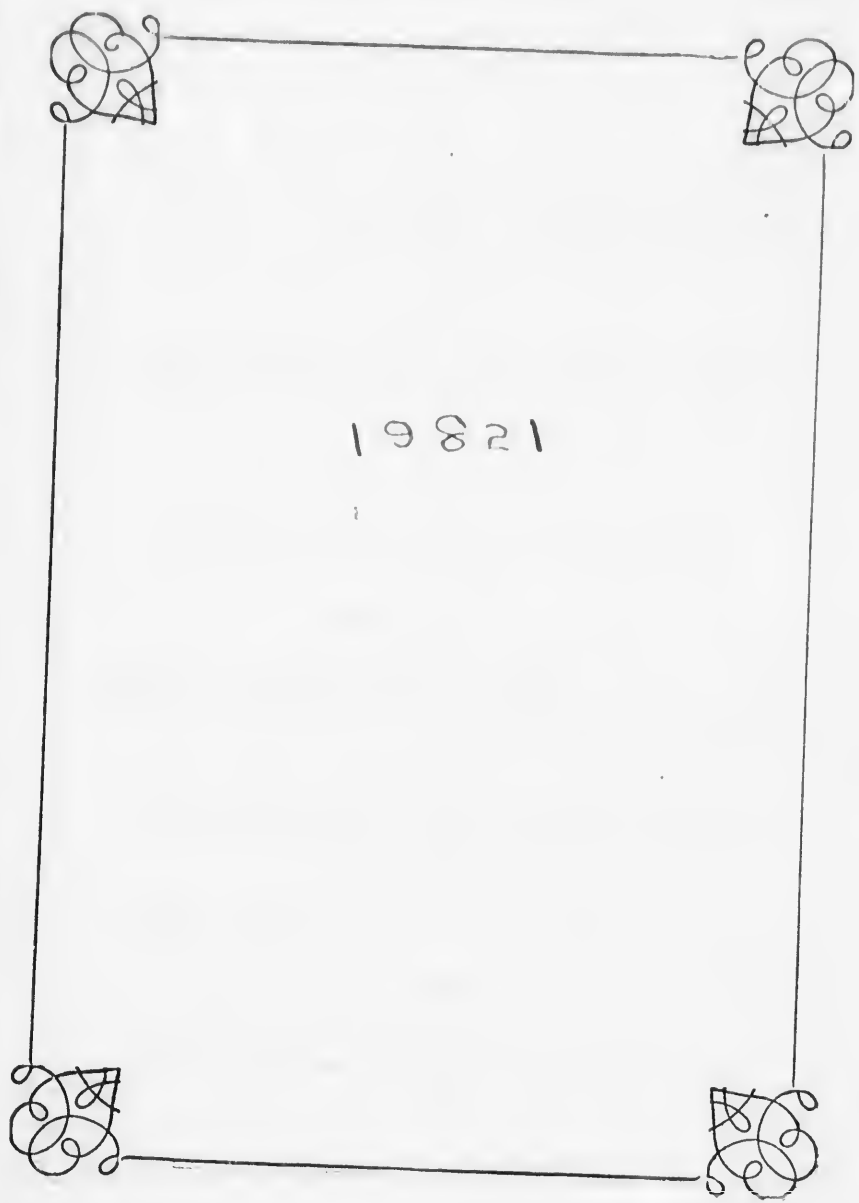
Adapted to the tune of the "King of the Cannibal Islands."

HAMILTON .

Printed by Gillespy & Robertson, 'Spectator' Office, Court-House Square.

1858.





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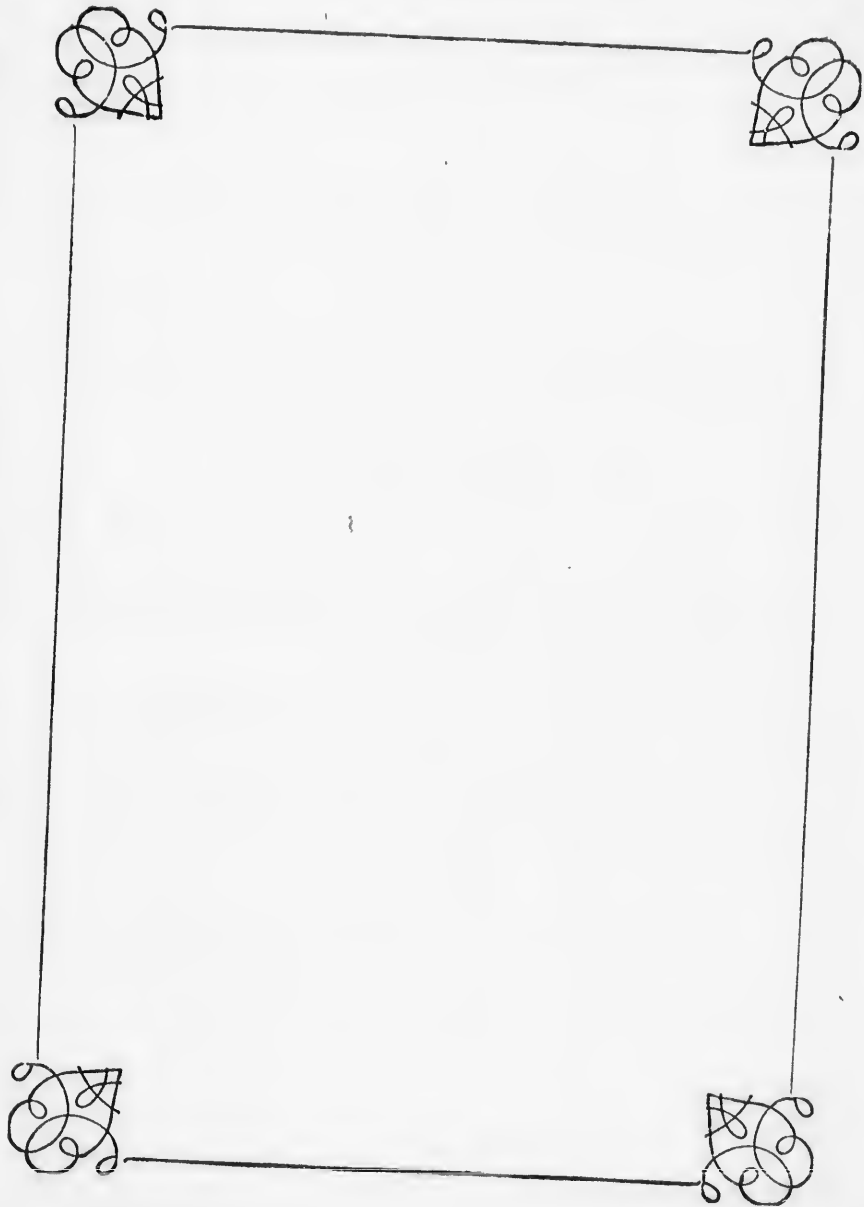


TO THE READER.

"THE WIDOW JUSTIFIED" was written for my own amusement, to ridicule what is neither more nor less than an imposture; it was not intended for publication till self-justification called for it.

THE AUTHOR.







THE WIDOW JUSTIFIED ;

OR,

THE AGE OF WONDERS.

'Tis said of Solomon he was the wisest man
That ever liv'd throughout Creation's span,
And that all other men he did excell,
Yet even this wise man by woman fell.
For loving many women far too well,
In his old age he unto dotage fell.
The Proverbs he has left for our direction,
Which well deserve our calm and close inspection,
And, if observed, would teach us circumspection.
He was himself, by sad experience, taught,
And well pourtray's the evil passions wrought.
One of his Proverbs ever held as true,
That 'neath the Sun there nothing is that's new ;
Yet, if there 's truth in what I have to state,
Respecting what has here occur'd of late,



THE WIDOW JUSTIFIED.



The Wise Man's Proverb must be set aside
If this my verse is unto truth allied :
For tho' the close, I own, is but conjecture,
The rest, I'm sure, is truthful as the Scripture.

Some years ago, suppose we say three-score—
It would not be much less or yet much more—
A Highland Scotchman braved the Ocean's roar,
And safely landed on this friendly shore.
He came infected with that human itch—
That is—his earnest wish was to get rich.
Kept within bounds this wish is very right,
So Justice, Mercy, Pity 's kept in sight ;
But riches are too apt to cause perversion,
And, to the graces I have named, desertion.
He 'd wed in his own land a gentle dame,
Of lineage good, and of a spotless fame :
She bore him, after they had cross'd the waters,
A son called James, and, I believe, some daughters.



THE WIDOW JUSTIFIED.



He was a Highlander of sturdy growth,
And much unlike the race of sunny South—
A vig'rous man, fresh from his native soil,
And was well fitted for Canadian toil.
He was no tiller of the yielding sod,
But used the trowel, bore at times the hod.
Of masons' knowledge he had gained a stock—
He help'd to raise a monument to Brock.
He was, in building, quite a speculator,
And, with his gains, purchas'd many an acre.
At length the trowel he no longer plied,
But till'd the soil the trowel had supplied.
His future path it seemed to him quite clear;
But what is stable? what's abiding here?
She who had been the solace of his life,
His loving JEAN—his pleasing, gentle wife—
Was struck by Death, tho' yet but in her prime,
And soon remov'd from buffetings of Time.



THE WIDOW JUSTIFIED.



His sturdy spirit bent—it was not broke—
He firmly bore the unrelenting stroke ;
And Time, that soother of our earthly woe,
Which softens all our care while here below,
Enabled him to bear his lonely state
Till he again sought out another mate ;—
For, having known the joys of wedded life,
He could not seem to live without a wife !
He choose a matron of a pleasing mien,
To fill the place of his departed JEAN ;
And all was well ; but, Oh ! uncertain state—
Death soon deprived him of his second mate !
Again—alone—he spent in grief his years,
With none to soothe him in this vale of tears,
To share his joys, or yet ease his vexation.
He had, it seems, an amorous complexion ;
Was vig'rous still, tho' he had gain'd fourscore ;
Of wordly goods, too, he had gotten store.



THE WIDOW JUSTIFIED.

He was a social man; the life he led,
It did not suit him sole in board and bed;
And people thought he was too old to wed.

At length his thoughts, it seems, were fully bent;
To have a Housekeeper was his intent.
She was a Widow, was just in her prime,
A snare to man—at least so says my rhyme.
They easy catch old men—they have such tact—
Much more than Maids—believe me, 'tis a fact;
For they are practis'd, and, no doubt, remember
The likeliest way to kindle up the embers:
They know the seasons, and the likely motions
Which, in unwary mortals, kindle notions.
(A Widow, if she's charms, I will engage
To outwit wisest men of any age.)
So he engaged her—what harm could there be—
He'd reached years at least 'twere eighty-three?



THE WIDOW JUSTIFIED.



The Widow eyed the fruitful growing farm,
And good stone house—they had to her a charm ;
And, as she milked the lowing, useful kine,
She, to herself, would say—I would 'twere mine !
And then she'd scan the old man's bending frame,
And curious feelings o'er the Widow came !
“ I well (she thought) would like to share his board ;
“ But, then, to have him for my wedded lord,
“ Is quite another thing ; for, when once wed,
“ I must, of course, be sharer of his bed !”
And then she mused—her thoughts I cannot state :
I rather think they were indelicate.

My reader, p'rhaps, will think the Widow err'd,
That 't was odd feelings which her bosom stirr'd.
How could she hope to kindle in his breast
Feelings, one would have thought, were sunk to rest ?
“ Yet,” thought the Widow, as she oft demurr'd,
“ They will, like embers, rouse if they are stirr'd ;”



THE WIDOW JUSTIFIED.



And tho' the snows of age were a defender,
She thought, if well besieged, they would surrender.
The Widow's love grew strong—'twas for the farm,
Its fruitful acres, did her heart so warm.
The loathing which, at first, was rather strong,
Became more weak. The thought he'll not live long
Was ever uppermost within her mind.
She was attentive, and she grew more kind;
She was an adept, so well play'd her part,
She rous'd the am'rous feelings of his heart.
Yet, when the poor old man was in a trance,
And in Love's passages wish'd to advance,
She tried to check the ardor of his flame;
Said, Widows quickly lose their honest fame;
Fear'd that already they'd given handle
To meddling gossips' eager love of Scandal;
Talk'd about leaving, tho' a painful part—
His comforts lay so near to her own heart!



THE WIDOW JUSTIFIED.



The old man melted, and 'tis said he sigh'd,
And then he press'd her to become his bride;—
Said he was old, but thought he yet, with ease—
As he had vigor—could a lady please;—
Begg'd her to name the day to make him blest—
The reader's fancy must supply the rest;
For, after once more eyeing house and land,
She, nothing loth, gave him her willing hand!
And some cried, shame! and prophesied well
Of some events that have since then befel.

Some said 't was Wisdom that the old man led,
In taking a young wife unto his bed.
He'd have a partner to direct his house,
To wash his linen and to milk his cows;
To make his shirts, to darn his worsted hose,
To cut his corns, and brush his Sunday clothes!
All laugh'd to think that there would offspring be;
But, in their judgment, they were out, you'll see.



THE WIDOW JUSTIFIED.



As soon as well could be a child she had,
To call him father, and to make him glad.
She bore, in all, three children to his name—
Toward the last with trifling loss of fame !
Her lord, himself, was somewhat put about,
His failing powers had lately made him doubt ;
He 'd had, of late, sharp pains in his forehead,
Which made him think her faithless to his bed !
But the base charge she firmly did deny,
And vow'd in the same bed no more she 'd lie !

For three long years they led a snarling life ;
In name—and that alone—were man and wife.
Some said her practice it was loose indeed,
And meddling Gossips did each other feed ;
But on this point I will not stay to cavil,
The sequel of the tale will best unravel.

After some months of helplessness and woe,
Death kindly took him to the shades below.



THE WIDOW JUSTIFIED.



The Widow grieved quite decently, 't was said,
Till he was to the silent grave convey'd.
Whether 't was grief, or what, I cannot tell,
In just five weeks the Widow was not well !
Her look was troubled—was pale in the face—
She went to Doctors, and told them her case :
Thought that a cold had brought it all about ;
They, dubious, look'd and seemed much in doubt ;
Yet they prescribed, but it did her no good—
She thought her case was not well understood ;
It baffled men of skill the most acute,
This same disease had taken such firm root !


But soon the busy hum went nimbly round,
For her complaint a name some meddlers found ;
Some spoke outright, while others jeer'd and smil'd,
And found, at least, ten fathers for the child !

At length the rumor reach'd an Ancient's ears,
A man sedate and well advanc'd in years ;


THE WIDOW JUSTIFIED.

He to the Widow went, by Friendship led,
And told her candidly what people said.
She warmly answer'd, "Sir, the charge is true:
"I am with child; pray, what is that to you?
"He who 's been summon'd to man's common lot,
" 'T was he, alone, the yet unborn begot."
Says he: "'T is well; I own I feel surprise,
"But am well pleased to find the rumor lies."
Then called it idle tattle, said 't was fudge,
Said, of the case, the Widow was best judge.
For Scandal is threefold; O! how it gathers,
When Mothers are perplex'd to know the Fathers!
Who can interpret—who can, in such cases,
Except the Mothers, or the babies' faces?

In these affairs, 't is said, in every clime,
That nine months current is the very time,
That anxious mothers carry every heir,
Or twins, or beauteous daughters fair;



THE WIDOW JUSTIFIED.



And lookers on, so curiously led,
Summ'd up the time the old man had been dead ;
For Charity, it said, all would be clear'd ;
But some cried pooh ! and others slyly jeer'd—
Nine months they flew, but still no child appear'd !
Another month, and, oh ! what a sad balk,
The Widow heard the villifying talk.
It rather nettled, tho' 't was nothing new—
She still maintained what she had said was true.
And some old wives a very strange tale told :
They said 't was cause the Father was so old !

When tales and patience were almost outrun,
The climax came—the Widow bore a son !
Assembled gossips eagerly did trace
The Old Man's likeness in the infant's face ;
While she, poor soul, was thankful for the same,
It did so much to clear her injur'd fame.
To solve the matter seem'd indeed quite vain,
The Age of Miracles was come again !



THE WIDOW JUSTIFIED.



It seems, nine months before the infant's birth,
The Widow thresh'd the product of the earth,
And 't was observed that she was very gay,
And seem'd to have cast aside her grief that day,
For which to account with me there 's but one way:
Her late lord was an energetic man,
Outdone by few in any scheme or plan.
When past fourscore he'd cradle, load, or mow,
Plough a straight furrow, or the land would sow.
He kept the Apostle's maxim in his sight—
Whate'er he done was done with all his might,
Tho' his bent form seem'd sinking into night.
It was his Spirit, then, so warmly wrought,
What, in more dormant souls, is vainly sought.
'T was known that he an active mind possess'd,
So much engross'd it seldom could find rest.
(There 's been a saying, since Time had its birth,
That Spirits are allow'd to walk the earth;



THE WIDOW JUSTIFIED.



And 't is admitted by an ancient Church,
Famed for its miracles rather in the lurch.
Admit this fact, altho' 't is strange if true,
It, perhaps, may give to this odd case a clew.)
If it be true—I mean this spirit-walking—
Where would the Old Man's be so likely stalking ?
Where would his Spirit haunt so soon, I say,
As the old barn upon a threshing-day ?
'T would to his usual habits be a treat,
To count the bushels of the threshing wheat ;—
And, to pursue the thread, I freely state,
That Spirits, tho' unseen, will operate ;
And, as he flitted, sprite-like, round and round,
The Widow there with lively action bound.
Supernal he upon her glow'd with brightness,
Which doth account for her aforesaid lightness !
Her system, p'rhaps, it slightly agitated,
For she directly sickened, as I've stated.



THE WIDOW JUSTIFIED.



Some count it monstrous, as a thing quite wild,
To think a Spirit could beget a child!
Say that some Tempter, in man's form, did win,
And led the Widow, in weak hour, to sin;
But there are those who will with me agree,
The Spirit should have the supremacy.

This wond'rons child—this strange begotten one—
It seems his name is to be called John.
Despise him not, for not the first is he
Who was begot and born in mystery!
If this be true, I must condole the mother—
It's very likely she may have another!
For, should the Spirit hover round again
With such desires, why, then, it must be plain.
All will agree this Truth's beyond a doubt—
No bars—no bolts—can keep a Spirit out!



SEQUEL.



SEQUEL
TO
THE "WIDOW JUSTIFIED."

I HAD, in my mind, a faint apprehension,
Lest any who were of a slow comprehension,
Would not, of my verse, understand its right
 meaning,
Or know the real drift to which it was leaning ;
I thought that on reading, some one might assert,
That my queer conclusion—the truth—did pervert.
I find that already it has had a toss,
And that some holy souls say there's too much dross.
I fear that in those who raised this irruption,
There 's much of fall'n Nature's inbred corruption ;




SEQUEL.



And that, in them, who this to me impute,
It, in themselves, has much the deepest root.
As long as sun and moon, and stars endure,
To the pure-minded all things will be pure.
Perish the thought ! Perish likewise my Muse,
If I one line of vicious trash diffuse !
Because I 've ridiculed a base pretence,
And scouted perjury, I 've given offence !
Well, be it so ; for in the self-same strain
I mean to write, with all my powers, again.

It is a pleasure—at least it is to me—
When my opinion doth with those agree,
Of those who 've competency to decide,
That this is right by none will be denied ;
And learned Doctors—yes, at least some three—
On this strange point, it seems, doth all agree ;—
That is, it seems, there has been precedences,
Although it makes one doubt their very senses.



SEQUEL.



If this is true what now has been alleged,
Women they are indeed most privileged.

There's lately sprung up in the world New Lights,
Also, a bother about Woman's Rights.
The world so zealously for Justice longs,
The next grand stir, I s'pose, will be Man's Wrongs!
I think that things are in a fair direction,
For we are daily getting near perfection ;
For days, in the great realm above, 't appears,
Are counted the same as though they were years ;
And years are the same as the shortest of days,
So different from ours are celestial ways.

And now, on the earth, tho' the place I can't name,
Nine months, or eleven, the case is the same ;
And the same source, it very plainly says,
There shall be Wonders in the latter days ;
And never did the oldest man, or woman,
Know any thing more strange, or more uncommon,



SEQUEL.



Than this Spirit-walking! Yet, tho' 't is queer,
There is no other way the case to clear.
In future ages, women will not fail
The "Widow Justified" to loudly hail.
If, in Morality, they should offend,
The "Widow Justified" will them defend.



And O! ye Husbands, whosoe'er ye be,
Whate'er your age, your rank, or pedigree,
Do not be hard upon your lawful spouses,
When you are called, by Fate, from your own
houses;—
If, taking lengthy voyages by sea,
Lacking one day, eleven months absent you be,
At your return some nurse puts in your arms
A pledge of love, of three days' budding charms,
Look not aghast, and say 't is not your own!
Remember! "precedences" have been known.



SEQUEL.




Do not, in haste, upon the case decide,
But read, with care, my "Widow Justified."
Calm down, at once, your outrag'd feelings wild,
And think upon the Spirit-gotten child!
Perhaps, on the seas, with waves and billows
wrestling,
Your spirit flew back to its former nestling!
But let it be begotten as it may,
You, or your Spirit—which I cannot say—
Must, tho' it outrages all common sense,
Be called its Father, 'cause of "precedents;"
Your wife be honor'd, cloth'd in gems and scarlet,
And virtuous called, tho' nothing but a harlot!
The spurious child, shall with the rest divide;—
And now I'll close my "Widow Justified."




THE FAIR.

THE FAIR.

In this world of ours, there 's ever uprising,
As old records tell us, somewhat surprising.
The Roman Invasion, no doubt, caus'd a stir,
When Britons knew nought of the tactics of war.
When the Danes were enjoying their unlawful
plunder,
The Saxon attack, no doubt, caus'd a wonder ;
As also when Normandy's heroic son,
At the battle of Hastings, the English Crown won.
But were I to write all the deeds of great men,
I never again should lay down my pen ;
E'en tho' I let woman's great actions alone, [JOAN ?
Yet what man raised a greater commotion than




THE FAIR.




On a voyage of discov'ry, when Columbus was bound,
What a joyful surprise when the new world he found!
But could he again land on the same shore,
Its appearance, I think, would astonish him more.
But I wish not to write on subjects remote,
As events, much more recent, are worthy of note.
There's nothing I've nam'd raised a greater sensation,
Roused more the hopes or fear of a nation,
Than what is the business of my present verse,
Which, without further rambling, I now will rehearse;
And, as I've observed, in almost all cases,
'T is the custom to give a description of places—
The place to describe, neither city nor town,
But a large straggling village, call'd WATERDOWN.

The inhabitants consist, as you should understand,
Of laborers, mechanics, and tillers of land;
And, for accommodation's call,
There 's a Post Office—and Town Hall,




THE FAIR.




Where sound debates, and learned orations,
Of by-gone times and foreign nations,
Are bandied—I hope no offence—
With much more warmth than common sense.
But on this point I will not dwell—
There is no doubt they all mean well ;
And though, 'tis true, they often blunder,
All things considered, 't is no wonder,
If, now and then, there 's lack of knowledge,
Their learning was not gain'd at College.

(Yet one thing more—it may be quoted—
No Orator, however noted ;
Not JULIUS CÆSAR's famed powers,
Which reach unto these times of ours ;
Nor English PITT, or SHERIDAN,
Or the QUEEN's champion, LORD DENMAN ;
Nor yet, I 'd have you understand,
That great French speaker, TALLEYRAND—



THE FAIR.



Whose mode of action, people say,
Was shifting, like the PRIEST of BRAY.)
Yet none of these who swayed a nation,
Perch'd higher, on self-elevation,
Than many who, at Council's call,
Debate in WATERDOWN Town Hall.
No watchman, beadle, or police—
Though crime, of late, 's on the increase—
But, here and there, a skulking spy,
With sneaking look and downcast eye.
Of Satan's strong-holds, there are four ;
No lack of churches, or yet of a store,
And sound able preachers, to give them their due,
Of faithful believers, I fear but a few !

But this matter I'll leave, for I'm no judge at all,
And pass on from them to the Fair and the Ball ;
Which was, at the first, my real sole intention,
If my love for digressing had not caus'd detention.




THE FAIR.

The Fair took place on the seventh of October,
At a time of the year which is rather sober :
In days that preceded, of talk the chief theme,
And, no doubt, was the cause of many a dream.
What a stir in the morning, before break of day !
Such bustling, contriving, and talking away !
Competitors are making a careful selection,
Stock, poultry, and roots, quite fit for inspection ;
And matrons bring forth the butter and cheese,
Quite sure of the prize, are quite at their ease ;
And plaiting, and knitting, again are survey'd,
And neat quilted coverlids carefully laid
In boxes, with flow'rs of very nice shades,
Though it puzzles a little to find out their grades.

There 's now much a-do in most of the houses,
Farmers are hurrying their daughters and spouses,
Who have to put hoops in the skirts of their dresses,
And arrange, in first style, their black or brown
tresses ;



THE FAIR.



Then fix on the bonnet, with trimmings so gay,
Which, according to fashion, is made for display ;
Then out comes the grey, black, or brown span,
The pride and the boast of master and man ;
Then off in prime style—and of this I'm quite clear,
That to Ascot or Epsom, no grand British Peer,
Or Regent himself, with plum'd courtezan,
Ne'er outdone the Farmer in driving his span.
Arriv'd on the ground, what a shaking of hands,
With uncles, and cousins, and neighbors, in bands !
And the ladies, 'mid smiles and friendly caresses,
Are carefully exam'ning each other's dresses ;
Then, leaving the wagons, they walk slowly round,
And carefully scan what 's arriv'd on the ground ;
Then the farmers walk off to call in upon Sam,
And, the day being chilly, regale with a dram,
The pow'rs of which their judgment so whetted,
That on the day's issue some dollars are betted.



THE FAIR.



All things being fix'd in the Hall for display,
And the Judges arriv'd on this momentous day,
They enter the Hall to consider the matter,
First locking the doors to prevent useless clatter.

(When a Consul of Rome was by faction depos'd,
They always chose new ones with the Senate House
closed ;

And to come to decision, I 'd have you to know,
Was as arduous quite at the WATERDOWN Show.

Of their fitness for office I 've nothing to say,
If I had, it is likely I should go astray ;

When the subject itself 's not well understood,
Opinion, you know, can never be good.

While they were deciding—quite justly, no doubt—
There was much worth observing going forward
without :

Competing matrons, with whispers and nudges,
Were finding all manner of fault with the Judges ;



THE FAIR.



Young ladies, in groups, were conversing all,
Of who would be partners, that night at the ball ;
A few pairs were standing a little apart,
Engaged in affairs that belong to the heart.)

The Judges, at length, in opinion settled,
Which gave pleasure to some, while others it nettl'd,
Came forward at once, and the doors did unlock—
'Mid the Judges I then, for the first time, saw STOCK !
And his competency, I know was allow'd,
For I heard it maintain'd pretty strong by the crowd ;
Well pleas'd I heard what was said there and then,
MR. STOCK being one of my own countrymen.
I know not what part MR. O'RIELLY took ;
That he felt an interest I knew by his look.
The doors being open'd, 'mid clamor and din,
The rabble without they quickly rush'd in ;
Good order was missing, but there was profusion
Of pushing, and thrusting, and noise, and confusion.



THE FAIR.



And now to the ladies I 'll say a few words :
Next year wear not hoops in your dresses, but cords ;
For I saw a young man, quite low he was stooping,
Displacing both old and young ladies' hooping !
In a low tone I told him it was quite a sin :
" I 'll break all I can," said he, with a grin,
" For one of them terribly grated my shin !"
I left him engaged at his brazen employment,
Which seem'd t' afford him exquisite enjoyment.

And when the assembled had well criticised,
And some things approv'd of, and some things des-
Friends, one to another, opinions rehearsed, [pised,
And, the day being cold, all quickly dispersed.

But I have said nothing of the out-door displays,
Of McDONALD'S bull, or ANDERSON'S greys,
Which were drove in good style by SAM'S eldest son,
Which had something to do with the prize they had
won.




THE FAIR.




I 'm somewhat surpris'd that steeds so far fam'd,
Should, by any, have been so ignobly named!
What signifies "MIKE?" or what argufies "PETE?"
The words with vulgarity are quite replete;
For hacks, or for asses, who 've speedy extinction,
Such names might do well; but, for steeds of
distinction,
Why not give the name of some great commander?
Scotch CHARLEY, or CÆSAR, or else ALEXANDER?
'T is enough, in all conscience, to make such horses
To be any thing short of a duke or a prince. [wince,
I heard my dear grandfather say, at his forge,
In his day coach-horses were often call'd "George;"
No doubt to do honor, for so he averr'd,
To the mem'ry, it seems, of old GEORGE THE THIRD.
I 've often times thought it did not seem meet,
To give to some men the title of "Great;"
If narrowly sifted, I think, one and all,
Would dwindle from great into something small.

THE FAIR.

But horses, indeed, are a capital race,
And seldom their name or lineage disgrace.
I'm giving these hints it's merely my aim, [claim.
To show that even horses should have their just
 In awarding the prizes, some thought there was
 stumbling,
And, here and there, one was railing and grumbling.
MR. CANT was ill-pleased because his "pink-eyes"
Were not judg'd worthy the very first prize ;
And one young fellow was with rancor full,
Because full justice was not done his bull !
One lady said the Judges had no eyes,
Or else her butter would have gain'd a prize ! [taste,
Who knows ? The Judges might have judg'd by
And not by color ;—but no words we 'll waste.
It will not do to judge from mere outside,
Or very often we shall wrong decide.
But where are the Judges who could please all ?
They have not had birth since ADAM'S fall.



THE FAIR.



When all was decided, both loser and winner,
Betake them to SAM'S, to enjoy a good dinner ;
For that host, I believe, has been fam'd a good
For getting up dinners in first-rate style. [while,
Good humour restor'd, for, without any posers,
Where there are winners, of course there are losers.
So the subject they close, and end all the din,
By hoping, next Fair, 't will be their turn to win.
And the Farmers betake them again to their houses,
At the earnest request of their prudent spouses.
But the young ones remain, almost one and all,
To enjoy the delights of a dance at

THE BALL.


And here, I must own, I'm rather surpris'd,
And parents, I think, are not well advis'd,
Who leave their daughters at such places,
Where, very often, much disgrace is.
I will not raise, like some, a din,
And cry down DANCING as a sin ;




THE FAIR.



For I have danced, and own that still
I could enjoy a brisk quadrille.
With lov'd companions, half the night,
I 've danc'd, and own it gave delight ;
But then, 't was 'neath a parent's eye,
That I enjoy'd such revelry :
It was in my dear childhood's home,
Where wild disorder never came ;
Young friends of an equality,
Would sing and dance with merry glee ;
But here, where there is much extinction,
Of every proper wise distinction,
Where heads and tails so oddly mix,
That which is head is hard to fix ;
Where served and servers all will muster,
In the same place, all in a cluster ;
Yet I denounce, as part of all,
Promiscuous meetings at a ball.



THE FAIR.



And, tell me, who can set aside,
By whom this truth will be denied,
That very often comes a squabble,
By mixing with a vulgar rabble ?
If there must be a public ball,
Why not make use of the Town Hall ?
And let none enter through the wicket,
Who cannot show a dollar ticket.
All who attend should be well dress'd,
And of politeness well possess'd ;
The ball will then be more select,
And all maintain their self-respect.
But no more words on this I 'll waste,
For all depends, I know, on taste ;
But hope that future fairs will be
Increasing in prosperity ;—
For 't is well known that emulation
Greatly advances any nation.

NEW SONGS.

NEW SONGS.

THE QUEEN OF MAGIC INVENTIONS.


AN ORIGINAL COMIC SONG.

TUNE—"The King of the Cannibal Islands."


O! HAVE you heard the news of late,
About a personage of state,
Who, as true as the Book of Fate,
A woman of great pretensions?
Like conjurer of by-gone tale,
She 'll turn a sprat into a whale,
And rouse a calm into a gale,
This Queen of magic inventions.

CHORUS.

Her name is Gal-li-mau-fry Flam,
Pha-ra-sa-i-cal Sha-dow-y Sham ;
E-mis-sa-ry, Swar-thy Cram,
The Queen of magic inventions !



NEW SONGS.



The PRIEST OF BRAY, old records say,
Would turn himself to any way,
When troublous times around him lay,
Just to avoid suspension ;
This modern witch of ev'ry hue,
Chameleon-like, now black, now blue,
A changeling in each point of view,
This Queen of magic inventions !

Her name is Gal-li-mau-fry Flam, &c.

Her ancestry is rather old,
'T was one of them the bag did hold,
And wish'd the ointment to be sold—
But that was all pretension :
Its founder 't was who did deceive,
And led astray our Mother EVE ;
But he's outdone, you may believe,
By this Queen of magic inventions !

Her name is Gal-li-mau-fry Flam, &c.

Her name, as you will quickly see,
It well doth state her pedigree—


NEW SONGS.

I WALKER give as referee,
To show its just pretension :
A better, none, I 'm sure, could fix,
As those will say who know her tricks,
As cousin-german to OLD NICK 's
This Queen of magic inventions!
Her name is Gal-li-mau-fry Flam, &c.


THE TRANSPLANTED FLOWER.

AIR—“ *My Heart and Lute.*”

Transplanted by a gentle hand,
Is England's fairest rose,
To flourish in a foreign land,
And native grace disclose ;



NEW SONGS.



May ALBION's cherish'd, much-lov'd flow'r,
Henceforth be PRUSSIA's pride ;
All hail to the auspicious hour
Which made her WILLIAM's bride !

And BLUCHER's shade rejoic'd to see
The noble pair made one ;
That ENGLAND's fairest rose should be
Won by a PRUSSIAN son ;
May nothing e'er dissolve the tie
That hath united them ;
From it may spring a progeny
To wear a diadem.


NEW SONGS.

DOTH MY MOTHER YET PRAY?


TUNE—"Travel Through Life."

The day was declining, and setting the sun,
The battle was over, the victory won,
And the dead and the dying were cover'd with gore,
Far from the lov'd ones they'd never see more.
And a young soldier gaz'd on his comrades so dear,
As he brush'd from his cheek the sad tribute, a tear ;
And he thought on the lov'd ones, far, far away,
And he sigh'd as he mus'd—Doth my Mother yet
pray ?

And they dug a large trench, made it one common
grave,
For the corpse of their comrades so gallant and brave;
They fir'd a last volley o'er the heroes so dear,
As they slowly retir'd from the spot with a tear ;



NEW SONGS.





And the young soldier sigh'd as he thought on the
slain—
As he thought on the spot where the heroes were
lain,
In the prime of their manhood all turning to clay,
And he sigh'd as he mus'd—Doth my Mother yet
pray ?

GO, YE WHO ARE RICH.

TUNE—"Wandering Boy."

Go, ye who are rich, to the homes of the poor,
And freely impart to them share of your store ;
Clothe them that are shiv'ring, fence them from the
cold,
And the stranger house freely within thy own fold.
Let the fatherless ever own thee for a friend ;
To those who would borrow, at once freely lend ;
O ! comfort the mourner, the orphan's tears dry—
Angels shall smile and reward it on high.



NEW SONGS.

Thy brother forgive, though he often transgress ;
Thy wrongs to another with justice redress ;
And do to another what's practis'd by few—
In all your transactions what's honest and true—
Hide not thyself from a brother in need,
But nobly assist him and wish him God speed ;
And then when this world, like a scroll, is cast by,
Thou wilt find that thy deeds were recorded on high.

LONG MAY THEY LIVE TOGETHER.

A WEDDING SONG.

TUNE—*"The Days we went A-Gypsying."*

To-night we 're met to celebrate
This wedding with much joy,
And wish the newly married pair
Those sweets that never cloy ;



NEW SONGS.



That He who orders all things well,
Their union may bless,
And crown their marriage-days with joy,
And lasting happiness.

CHORUS.

Long may they live together,
Its joys and griefs to share;
So we'll wish long life and happiness
Unto the wedded pair.

Amid the cares and frowns of life,
I hope they both will be
A pattern good to all around
Of peace and unity;
He to her a husband kind,
And she a loving wife,
Their days may ne'er embitter'd be
By discord or by strife.
Long may they live together, &c.



NEW SONGS.

We know there's much, while here below,
To interrupt our bliss,
But unmix'd joys we shall not find
In such a world as this ;
But He who orders all things well,
The married state did bless,
And let us hope that he will crown
This pair with happiness.

Long may they live together, &c.



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