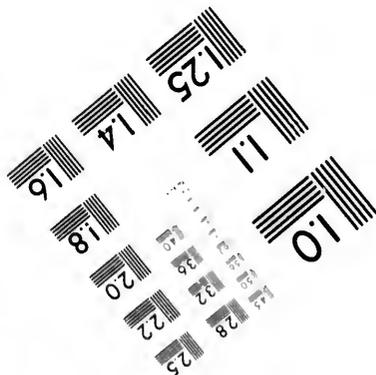
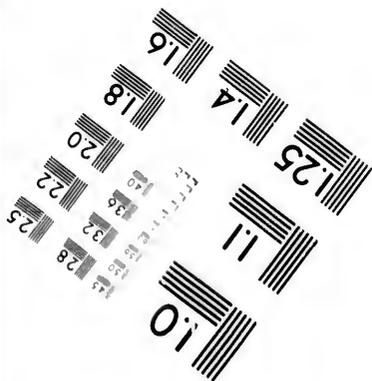
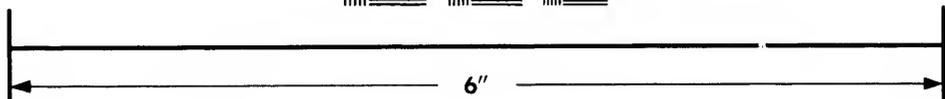
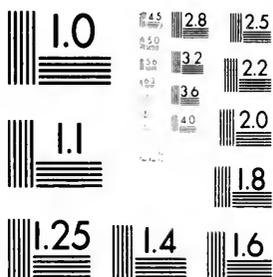


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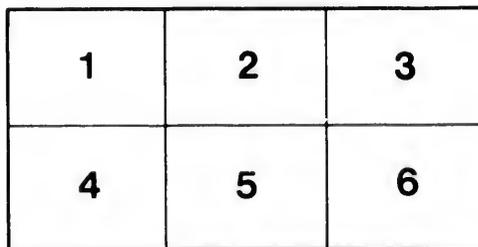
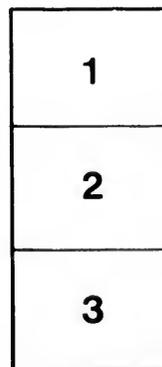
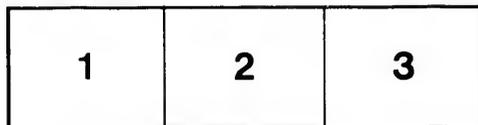
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HAPPY FAMILY;

OR,

DEACON BROWN'S DREAM,

AND

THE LORD MAYOR OF YORK AND HIS BROTHER NEL.

BY HEREWARD.

Hammond R. C. Brown

TORONTO :

CLOUGHIER BROS., BOOKSELLERS & STATIONERS,
25 KING ST. WEST.

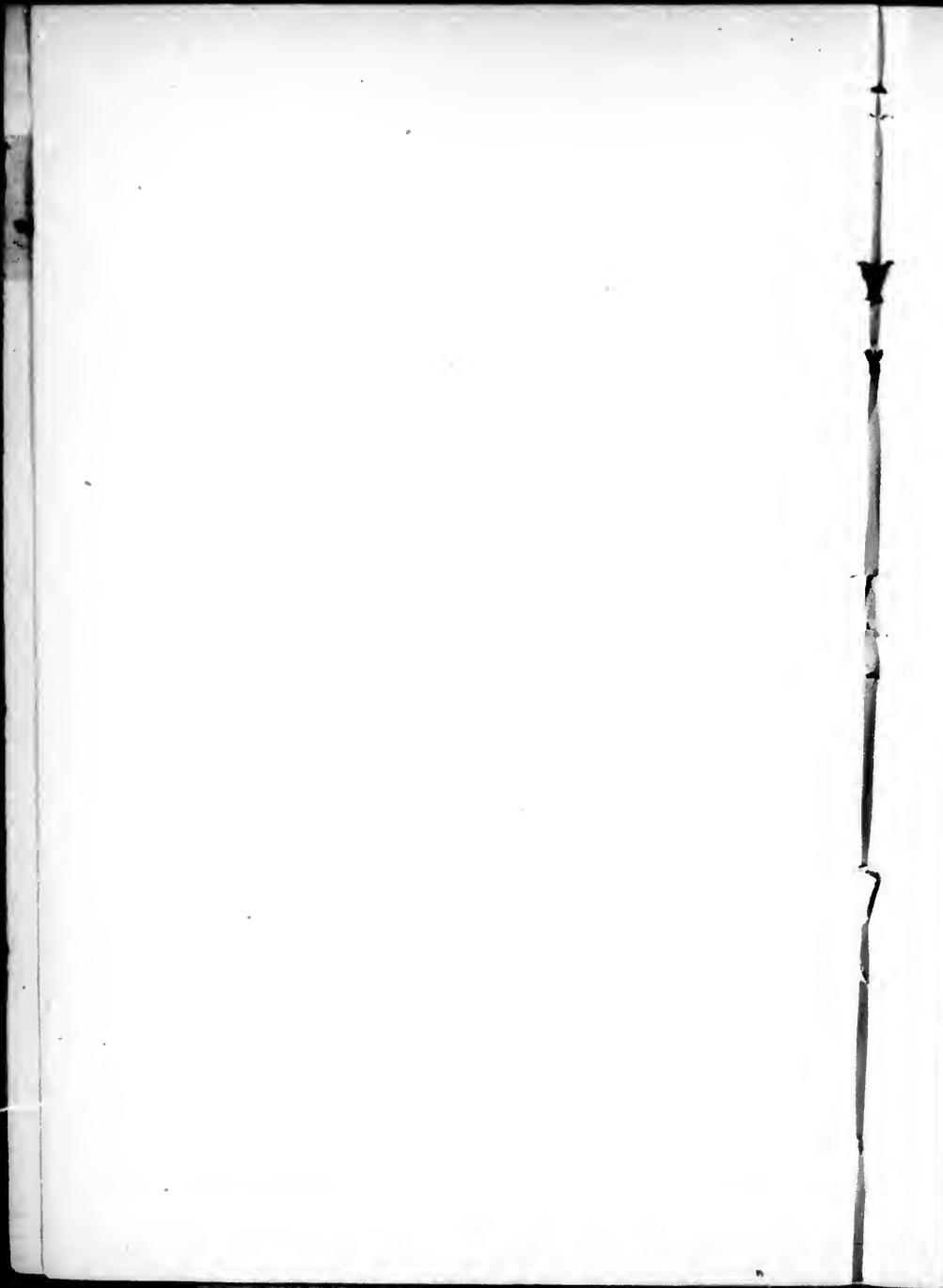
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PREFACE.

Erratic booklet, may thy vagrant worth
Find kindly friends to criticise thy mirth,
Which mildly escharotic ; still is free
And innocent, of all scurrility.

If dazzling genius has not shed her light
Upon each period's would-be lofty flight ;
Neither has jaundice-hued jill nature's face
Thrown blighting looks ^{ahwert,} ~~upon~~ thy lettered space.

And should thy persiflage but serve to wile
One weary moment, or provoke a smile ;
The author's heart will thank the shallow brains
That planned thy jest-bedewed Iambic ~~chains.~~
Chains



THE HAPPY FAMILY

OR

DEACON BROWN'S DREAM.

I.

'Twas Summertime,—and sinking low
Behind the hills ; in crimson glow
The Sun was seeking golden rest
In far off regions, in the West—
And as the day ; in eve declined ;
When Sol ; his azure throne resigned ;
The heart of “ Water ”—town, was stirred ;
On every passing breeze, was heard
A cry ; that thrilled the heart with joy
Of every scapegrace “ Water ” boy ;
“ Great Pandrum comes,”—next day the town,
From Widow Jones, to Deacon Brown—
Assembled, in the morning light,
To catch one fleeting, gratis, sight
Of prancing steeds ; and liv'ried men,
That flanked each Sphynx—like, wild beast den ;—
To hear the martial music played ;
And quiz the gorgeous staff ; arrayed
In all the “ bogus ” panoply,
Of “ Circus ” ; and “ Menagerie ”.

II.

Now later on, that summer night ;
 Old Deacon Brown ; the Baptist " Light " ;
 Strolled out ; " Immersed " ; in silent thought
 Debating ; if a deacon ; ought
 Appear at anything so low,
 As this itinerant Circus show :
 But curiosity ;—the jade --
 Whose wiles oer'come both man and maid—
 Impelled the good old " Beacon's " feet,
 Towards a quarter dollar seat,
 Where ;—mused this man of chastened mien,—
 Unnoticed,—he could view the scene
 Whose free display of human limbs,
 Distressed the man of Psalms and Hymns ;
 And thrilled his little meagre frame,
 With quicken'd pulse ; and virtuous shame :
 He peeped ; then blushed ; then peeped again ;
 (For deacons are but mortal men ;
 E'en " Vestals " leave the " narrow way ")
 And in the " broader " pastures stray).

III.

He watched the spotted clown at play ;
 The fiery coursers ; prance, and neigh ;
 He saw the " Lady-Rider," stoop,
 Ere bounding through the tissued hoop ;
 And Ague smote his palsied knees.
 At sight of Pandrum's great " Trapeze,"
 Suspended o'er the gaping crowd
 Which stared ; and quizzed, and yelled aloud

With frenzied glee ; as *Senor Pat*
O'Rourke ; the *Spanish Acrobat*
A Cork Hidalgo ;—if you please—
Who cleft the air with graceful ease,
And Jove-like, sat, (see Homer's theme)
Enthroned above the " Gods " supreme,
The hero of the crowd below—
That eager, " breathless," watched him throw
His lissom frame ;—without a fault—
In one blood-curdling somersault ;
And smile his thanks ; amidst the roars
And pealing " thunders, of applause."

IV.

But neither Pat ; nor Maid ; nor Clown ;
Could satisfy old Deacon Brown
Who,—spite of Spain's nobility,—
Now sought the great Menagerie,
Where ;—caged secure—a motley crew,
Of " Natural History," met his view :
He heard the wild enthundered roars,
Of exiles from old Afric's shores ;
And trembling, stood before the cage
Which stayed the Bengal-Tiger's rage ;
He thrilled before the mighty paws,
That sheathed the grizzly's blood stained claws ;
He saw the graceful ; sad Giraffe ;
He heard the Chacma's barking laugh ;
And thankful felt, that iron doors
Shut in the Alligator's jaws ;

(That hungered for the ceaseless tide
 Of youngsters ;—eager for a ride—
 Who whacked with many a dig and thump,
 *The Bactrian's duplicated hump.

V.

He poked the agile Kangaroo ;
 He plagued the solemn Cockatoo ;
 But spared the Hip-po-pot-a-mus,
 And single-horned, Rhi-noc-er-os :
 Which proves he held without pretence
 The "rarity" of "common sense" ;
 But what surcharged him with delight,
 On this eventful summer's night ;
 Was Pandrum's "Happy Family" ;
 The "Pride," of his "Menagerie" ;
 (Where ;—barking Dog ; and squeaking Rat ;
 The sleep-destroying "Thomas Cat" ;
 The little Mouse ; the great Baboon ;
 The artful dodging, ring-tailed "Coon" ;
 The ravening Wolf ; the tim'rous Sheep ;—
 Lie down together ; eat ; and sleep ;
 And live in Peace : and Harmony ;
 A model "Happy Family" ;
 The even tenor ; of whose life,
 Is ne'er disturbed by jarring strife).

VI

Amazed ; and speechless with delight ;
 The deacon viewed the wond'rous sight :
 With upturned looks ; and fingers clasped,

*The Bactrian Camel ;—unlike the Arabian species ;—possesses dual humps.

The good old Baptist, faintly gasped
 I nev;—Hardly Ev;—; but stay; no more
 Quotations! please! from Pin———e,
 As this Historian ne'er presumes,
 To clothe his thoughts, in "borrowed plumes";
 Suffice it then; to simply say
 The choked up "Fountain," went his way
 Abstractedly;—as in a dream,
 Regardless of the living stream
 Which poured in vast tumultuous tide
 Before! behind! and at his side,
 And onward vept; by different ways
 In one loud sounding sea of Praise,
 Of Pandrum's "Happy Family";
 His Circus; and Menagerie;—
 That beached the old man on the shore
 Of his own treasured home; and store.

VII.

Sweet, witching night of leafy June,
 How softly beamed the "Harvest Moon,"
 O'er waving fields of rip'ning corn
 That sighed for warmth of coming morn;
 Hushed, lay the song-bird in its nest,
 All mankind bathed in sensuous Rest,
 Excepting good old Deacon Brown
 The leading Baptist in the town,
 Who, wrapped in "Close Communion" deep,
 Ne'er even "dreamed" of wooing "sleep;"
 For thoughts of that Menagerie,
 And Pandrum's "Happy Family"

Crept o'er his poor, distracted brain,
 And filled his tender heart with pain,
 To think, that internecine strife
 Existed so in Christian life ;
 And sadly mused how it could be,
 That Christian men could not agree,
 And live in Peace and Harmony,
 Like Pandrum's "Happy Family."

VIII.

Anon, the shadows of the night,
 Are put to ignominious flight
 By tiny streaks of silver'd dawn,
 (That gently speak of coming morn),
 Whose cool'g zephyrs, softly steep
 The Deacon's wearied form in sleep ;
 And who,—ere Orient shed its beams—
 Had wandered in the land of dreams :
 He dreamed—with unconcealed delight—
 That he, and ev'ry "Shining Light"
 Of all the Christian sects, had met ;
 That each had promised to forget
 The past, and all their tenets flood
 In Universal Brotherhood,
 Whose leading principles should be—
 (Here—Discord—smote the "family,"
 For not a "brother" would condone
 One principle,—except his own ;
 And soon the Deacon saw, alas !
 The "Household" one chaotic mass.

IX.

He saw the Churchman, upright stand,
 With ramrod-back and pointed Hand,
 At Independent Constancy
 To narrow-minded Bigotry ;"
 And borne upon the sobbing wind
 He heard the quick retort :—" You'll find
 The Church of England's foremost creed,
 Is stuck up Pride, and Party Greed."
 The " Knox Light " quizzed,—as " unrefined"—
 Wesley's enthusiastic mind.
 The Quaker tried to trim the " Lights "
 By running down Baptismal Rites,
 Which touched our Deacon's honest pride,
 That quick as lightning's flash—replied :
 " Our doctrines we shall ne'er regret,
 Cold water's never hurt us yet : "
 The Dogmas of the Vatican,
 Were laughed to scorn by all,—save one,
 Who thought " Infallibility,"
 Would save the recreant " Family."

X.

Now wrangling in dissension's throes,
 From words, they quickly came to blows ;
 Till soon the " Happy Family,"
 Seemed but the mere epitome
 Of stifled Hats ; bedrabbled clothes ;
 Di-" sabled " eye ; ensanguined nose ;
 And tearing down of treasured Rites,
 By fratricidal " Shining Lights,"

Whose only object seemed to be,
 To decimate the " Family ;"
 And truth to tell,—our " Beacon Light "
 Fought in the thickest of the fight ;
 Right manfully he swelled the fray
 On that eventful summer's day.
 Till,—(cruel fate) two heavy blows,
 (Intended for St. Peter's nose,
 By Calvin's trenchant arm of might,
 And churchman—stalwart for the Right—)
 Flew wide the Roman, and alas,
 Gave Deacon Brown his "*coup-de-grace*."

XI.

The sunlight streaming o'er the floor,
 And servant knocking at the door,
 Recalled the dreamer back to life,
 From 'neath the wrecks of Party Strife :
 But faded were the roseate hues,
 Of Deacon Brown's utopian views ;
 " No ! " sighed the good man mournfully—
 " The different sects will not agree ;"
 In Heaven, and Heaven alone, can be
 One Christian " Happy Family."

THE LORD MAYOR OF YORK

AND

HIS BROTHER NED.

I.

One day,—no matter when the date—
The unrelenting Hand of Fate,
An Uncommercial Traveller took,
Sans sample-case and order-book—
To York, whose time-worn Minster-Fane
Was built in,—I forget whose reign ;
And 'neath whose walls the vaults encrust,
The warlike Thurstan's martial dust ;
With legions too, of sainted dead,
Of whom,—by slanderous tongues 'tis said—
That they,—though Mother Church's tools,—
Were really more of knaves than fools,
Who after lives of war and lust,
(Through gifts), were numbered with the just ;
The church transcribed their epilogues,
And canonized the mouldering rogues.

II.

But love, for antiquated lore
And scandal's charms, must not ignore
Our gentle Un-commercial friend,

~ Who, having reached his journey's end,
 Cigar—*en fume*—with outstretched feet,
 Sits gazing down the busy street.
 The smoke between his pearly teeth,
 In azure tinted circles wreath,
 (In truth, he seemed reclining there,
 A modern type of Anti—Care ;)
 Anon he starts, then steps to greet
 A pedler, riding down the street,
 With donkey, cart, and crockeryware,
 All bound for Howden's yearly fair ;
 (Whose cash returns would greatly shame
 Some fairs of more ambitious name.)

III.

Ha ! “ what's the row ? ” the Pedler cries,
 “ One moment please,” our friend replies,
 Before you take that beast away,
 A word with him I wish to say.
 The cad returns—with calm repose,—
 (His digits stealing to his nose)
 “ A crown I'll take to crown your joke,
 And quick, ere I the chance revoke.”
 The coin is paid, the man meanwhile
 Retires, (his face enureathed with smiles),
 Whilst our old friend, (with “ pulled back ” cuffs
 And weed inhaled with vigorous puffs,)
 Approached the pedler's long eared steed,
 (The ashes flicking from his weed,)
 And,—pray excuse a manly tear,
 The burning mass rammed down its ear.

IV.

A snort, a yell, a Runaway !
 With Hades' King and more to pay ;
 That donkeys sentiments seemed very clear,
 For,—*entre nous*—an ass's ear
 The weakest part is said to be,
 Of Asinine Anatomy.
 And in pursuit there swiftly ran,
 A sad, blaspheming Crockery-man,
 Whilst pot, and pan, and looking-glass,
 Were smashed by that erratic ass,
 Who showed astounding powers of speed ;
 Though not an ass of "Ukraine" breed,
 And yet it is but fair to state
 He showed a clear 1-90 gait,
 Indeed, unbeaten stands to day
 The record of that Runaway.

V.

But all things earthly have an end,
 (That they should not, "the saints forefend,")
 And no exception to the rule,
 Was this half brother to a Mule,
 Who—scorning Pots and Frying-pans,—
 Soon reached the ancient bridge that spans
 The hollow bed ; where—deep and slow—
 The Ouse's classic waters flow.
 But frightened by a passing team,
 He leapt the bridge, and charged the stream
 Whose turbid waters, Soon, alas

For aye closed o'er that luckless ass,
 Oh loud his owner stormed and swore,
 He'd "bring the case before the law";
 (Ne'er dreaming that a red hot weed,
 Had caused the sad, disastrous deed.)

V I.

Next day, before the Civic chair,
 (In other words, my Lord the Mayor,)
 Our uncommerical friend was sued
 "In that he did deceive; delude;
 An unsuspecting workingman
 That dealt in Pot, and Frying-Pan";
 And who with many a mournful wail
 And sigh, relates the dismal tale
 Whereby the goods for Howden fair
 Are numbered with the thing's that were,
 Up jumped our friend; and then and there
 Explained the case, before the Mayor,
 And proved there was a bargain made,
 And that the promised cash was paid,
 "Tut; tut; good Pedler," quoth the Mayor
 "Dismissed! absurd! the whole affair."

V II.

The case "dismissed"—on leaving Court,—
 My Lord the Mayor; our Traveller sought,
 "I, really sir; should like to know
 What made you treat that donkey so?
 Now what on earth had you to say,

That he should act in such a way" ?
" Indeed my Lord ; I must confess,
T'will cause your Lordship much distress,
Yet ;—if you wish it ; I'll relate,
The cause of his untimely fate,
I went to him, and simply said
" What !—carrying Pots? disgraceful, Ned
A general monger's drudge ; and you
The Mayor of York's twin brother too
Well ; blow me tight ; but here's a go,
How could you shame his Lordship so? "

VIII.

" Now when I spoke ; he shook his head,
And sighing mournfully ; he said
Alas ! I long have felt that we
Were borne in close affinity ;
Here goes ! no longer will I bear,
This ignominious earthenware ;
No ! in the Ouse's gentle stream
I'll close for aye life's ' transient dream,'
With that ; My Lord ; he took to flight,
And passed away from mortal sight,
'Tis only fair that you should know
The cause which laid your brother low,
For seeing you the child of fame,
And he a ' moke' of humble name ;
The rest and silence of the dead,
Were sought by that poor quadruped."

IX.

Alas ! the incandescent joke,
Which killed that donkey ; " yclept" a "moke"
Caused York a vacant Civic chair ;
For he, who'd filled the post of Mayor,
Was *cowed* so much ; that to this day
He promenades the "*Milky Way*,"
(Whose pale ethereal bar of light,
Adorns the star-gemmed hours of night ;)
Here ; far removed from mortal view,
He emulates the wandering Jew ;
But everlastingly avoids
The neighbourhood of *Asteroids*.

