

Archives; Wigan & Leigh
The Edward Hall Diary Collection

Anecdotes from Robert Blackmore

No dates but the diary suggests late eighteenth century

EHC/102



Edward Hall, c.1932

Editor's Note

All diary transcripts have been produced with the intention of faithfully reproducing the text of the original manuscript exactly as it appears. All spellings and punctuation marks have been transcribed as they appear; where clarification was thought necessary by the transcriber, an explanation, current spellings or punctuation have been added in square brackets. Entitled on an inner page 'Anecdotes, Epigrams, Charades, Bon Mots, Repartees'. It is interspersed with poetry and a variety of interesting communications tending to 'drive dull care away'. He writes -: 'should the perusal of the following pages create the smallest degree of merriment, or for a moment cheer the gloom of solitude, they will fulfil the most sanguine wishes of the compiler'

Front page:

Anecdotes

Charades

Bon Mots

Repartees

Interspersed with Poetry and a

Variety of interesting Communications

Lending to "drive dull care away"

Compiled By Robert Blackmore

Next page:

To the Reader

Should the perusal of the following pages create the smallest degree of merriment or, for a moment, cheer the gloom of solitude, they will fulfil the most sanguine wishes of the compiler, he being quite of the opinion with [Herne] that every time a Man smiles, but much more so when he laughs, it adds something to this fragment of life"

Page 1.

Nuptial Repartee

Charles to the altar led the lovely Jane,

And to her Father's door returned again

Where (to convey them on their wedding tour)

Already stood a neat Barouche and four.

But lo! The gathering showers at once descend,
Clouds roll on clouds, and warring winds contend.
This moves not him, but in he hands his bride,
Then seats himself enraptured by her side;
And now to cheer the fare he just begun:
"I hope we soon shall have a little Sun!"
But she (to whom the weather gave no pain)
Who shrunk not from the wind, nor felt the rain
And filled with future hopes, of them bethought her
Replies "My dear, I'd rather have a Daughter

Charade

Why is a Man knocked down like a pickled Donkey?

Page 2.

An Answer of Simplicity

A West Countryman during his Examination as a Witnefs (in one of the Law Courts in London⁰ was asked whether he was born in wedlock. To which he innocently replied "Noa Zur, I was born in Devonshire!!!

Charade

Why is a Room full of Married Ladies, like an Empty Room?

Page 3

Sonnet

How beautiful to watch an eagle sail
Into the clear depth of an azure sky:
Or when the giant thunderclouds pafs by,
To see him buffet with the adverse gale.
How beautiful to see young bees regale
Themselves with morning flowers and watch them fly
From cup to cup as tho they would inhale

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The spirit with the bloom, and lade their thighs
With vegetable gold; but ah to me
Far sweeter in the calm of eventide
To watch the full orbid golden sun subside;
For them to think of fame, and seem to be
Inspired with thoughts which animate the soul
In its progressive track to its immortal goal!

Page 4

Repartee

At the last Assizes for the County of.....a learned counsel had to examine a man whom the Townspeople had nick named "Bacon face"! During the examination the learned Gentleman (with seeming pleasure) took every opportunity of adverting to the nick name which allowed great merriment in the Court. After some cross examination he put the question to the Witnesses of considerable importance to the cause, and observing the man was rather puzzled he said "Well, Old Bacon face! What are you thinking of?" "Why Sir" said the man "I was thinking that your calfs head and my Bacon face would together make a good dinner"!

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The following Epitaph is cut in a Tombstone in a Church Yard in Norfolk.

"Here lies Thomas Huddleston, Reader don't smile
But reflect on this Tombstone you view,
That Death who killed him, in a very short while
Will huddle a stone upon you"

On a fashionable Prude

"I never gave a kifs" says Prue
"To naughty Man, for I abhor it"
She will not give a kifs, tis true
She'll take one tho and thank you for it.

Charade

Why is a Man up stairs beating his wife, like a good Man?

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The following is an exact copy of an application made by a youth of respectable appearance and connections for a situation as Clerk in the Office of the compiler of these pages, - its authenticity may be relied on.

The Writer who writes a variety of hands and a little specimen herein enclosed He would like a situation in an Attorney's Office or other Office wherein will by assiduous attention devote his endeavours in serving his Employers to their satisfaction. Has a good recommendation a two years character in his present station and is nineteen years of age and has had an education to fulfil one station different to the one he is at present in. Reference had at Sedgley Park Wolverhampton Staffordshire and his present – which upon further discufsial will add to satisfaction.

For addrefs please to direct to

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J M Jackson 4 Leic Square London will be forwarded to him and met with due attention

[Ja] Monteath

“Portrait Painting”

Painters at a certain subject stick

They know not how to form Old nick!

With cloven feet they sometimes draw him,

And sometimes horn him, tail him, claw him,

‘Pshaw nonsense if tis not uncivil

Draw Sarah frowning she's the Devil!!!

The following charade is said to be from the pen of a worthy Alderman of the City of London

My first's a little thing what hopes

My second us good hay crops

My whole I eats with mutton chops

Solution – [Sparrowgrafs]

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A Political Correspondence

The Patriot Mr Lambton late representative for the County of Durham having written to Sir Tho'Liddell (who was then with the King at Brighton) to request his Vote and Interest at the then present Election received the following very “courtly” answer:

28th Feb 1820

“My dear Sir – In times like the present it is impossible to allow private feelings to take place of a sense of public duty. I think your conduct as dangerous in Parliament as it is in your own County. Were you my own Brother therefore, I could not give you my support.

(Signed "Thomas Liddell")

On the receipt of the above Mr Lambton returned the following laconic noble and spirited answer:

"My dear Sir Thomas – In answer to your letter I beg to say. I feel gratitude for your frankness
compassion for your [fears], little dread of your opposition and no want of your support.

I am etc (signed) J G Lambton"

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Ode on the Death of

John Emery, Comedian

By T Greenwood

"To this complexion must we come at last"

Then what avails it to lament the past.

Yet snatched thus early from the world's great stage,

No more to meet his equal in this age,

A friend may well deplore such talent fled,

And grieve for him now mouldering with the dead

Ezekiel's place shall never be supplied,

And [Farmer] Ashfield, with John Emery, died.

Nor to low [antics] was his art confined,

His Genius soar'd, and his capacious mind

Took higher flight, - who that has seen his Pan,

Or Shakespeare's sullen Monster, Caliban,

But must admit his very gait and look

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That now of mirth, and now of rage partook,

Or Fixtures jealousy, so well pourtray'd

With all the horrors of the mind display'd

Sir Toby Belch, when influenced by wine,

Only gave way to coarser Barnardine,

In broad or feeling scenes he shone alike

In Vanburgh's Moody, or in Moreton's Tyke.

Early in life he sought each Sister Art

In Music, as in Painting played his part,

Halls Academic he was wont to grace,
And midst R.A's has often ta'en his place.
In leisure hours he with the muses spouted,
Nor unsuccessfully his fav'rites courted;
Each part he shone in, but excell'd in none
So well as Husband, Father, Friend & Son.
His heart was warm, and aid was ever granted
Whene'er it whisper'd him "here, York, you're wanted"
Great is the public lofs, but while the fear
Of memory [bedecccs] the Actor's bier,
Think on the man whom private worth endears,
Think on the Anguish of a Widows tears.

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Who, on her infants gazing in despair,
Mourns with a husbands love, a Father's care
Their sole support, her dearest pride and stay
Torn from those ties, intimacy torn away.
May feeling make her eloquent appeal,
May liberal patronage exert her zeal,
And every bosom emulating glow
To ease the load of aggravated woe;
So shall the gen'rous effort peace impart
And hope sustain the widow'd mother's heart.

To Mary

While thus a few kifses I steal,
Mary, - you gravely complain,
If resentment you really do feel,
Pray give me my kifses again

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The Frenchman and the Pigs

Transcript produced by Ali Bond, Archives Volunteer and Alex Miller, Archivist

A Frenchman in a lucklefs
Sought shelter from a sudden show'r
Beneath a gateway where he viewed
A sow, with all her motley brood
Of little pigs "Ah!ah"! quoth he,
"Of colour quell diversite!"
Beaucoup I admire dese little ting!
Ma foi! Dey thought of eating bring!
En verite, as I'm one sinner,
'Twould make magnifique grand dinner
But den de English laws so strict,
Dey people hang for such a trick,
And though de hunger de bad ting
Me rather dat, than take one swing
But no one see, and if I escape,
And no fear come from my neck cape,
Oh! Den 'twould be a charmant treat,
Like gourmand, tasty pig to eat.

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Ma foi! Ma foi! As I'm one sinner,
'Twould make a magnifique grand dinner"
The point thu s argued, one he seized,
And placed beneath his coat well pleas'd
When piggy squeaked so long and loud,
As soon alarmed the neighbouring crowd
The mother sow loud grunted too
And piglings to their brother true
Soon gave the Frenchman cause to rue
Swift off he ran, but closely followed,
Poor Monsieur Francois soon was collared
In vain, alas! Was all confession,
The pig was found in his pofsession
Examined straight and guilty found
The culprit humbly bowed araound,
And said, " Mefsieurs, attendez-vous
To vat I now parley to you:
Tis true each word vat I shall say,
Me be one gentillhomme Francois;
Me know not vat you call de [tip]

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Hear de affair, and den belief
De Mama Pig and children fix (6)
Me own , did my attention fix
So to this little pig I say
"Come live with me a month I pray
Then English did me think he speak
For he cried out, a week! A week!
Well, I reply "de time's but small
I take you for a week, dats all!"

Theatrical Intelligence

A Cure for Professional Colds –

Extract of a private Letter dated Naples

June 7th – “Madame Fodor was lately hissed for bad behaviour; she was peevish because Miss Tosti was applauded for something and so she shammed Abraham and wouldn't sing which was certainly very naughty of her but when the people hissed her she got better and she is now singing as well as ever which

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proves that hissing is an excellent remedy for colds occasioned by bad temper.

Mr Sheridan

Preparatory to the commencement of an election for Members to represent the City of Westminster in Parliament at which it had been publicly declared Mr Sheridan would offer himself as a candidate, that Gentleman was travelling to London in the Dover Mail, and in the early part of the journey the conversation turned upon the ensuing election. – one of the Passengers who stated himself to have been an Elector of Westminster spoke very much against Mr Sheridan's character and concluded by saying if he had fifty votes he would not give him one. (this it will be imagined

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was not very agreeable to the Honourable Statesman, but who did not then take any notice of the observations) – when the Mail stopp'd and the Passengers alighted for refreshment Mr Sheridan took an opportunity of enquiring and ascertained that the Gentleman who had been so unsparring with remarks on his character – was a Mr B----- a celebrated counsellor of Lincolns Inn.

When the Passengers resumed their places and the coach had proceeded on the journey, Mr Sheridan commenced a conversation on the Law which he observed from the admirable state of the Constitution was one of the brightest ornaments of the Country “but” continues Mr Sheridan “there is nothing so pernicious as its effects when men of designing

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And wicked principles employ it (as is sometimes done) for the worst of purposes. – “I have heard” said the Honourable Gentleman “of several men who are turned Pettyfoggers in the Profession and who have during their lives been guilty of very serious grievances. One in particular whose mal practices I think would outweigh in guilt all the faux pas of the others put together, I do not wish to withhold the name of the person whom I am speaking of he is a Mr B....of Lincolns Inn!!! The wonderful effect such an accusation had upon the person to whom it was directed is easilier conceived than described ---The learned Counsellor (who in truth was one of great respectability) recovering a little from his surprize with amazing fervor exclaimed Zounds! Sir, I am Mr

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B....! and “Zounds! Sir” said the Honourable Statesman “I am Mr Sheridan”!!!

I am given to understand that on their arrival in London an explanation took place most satisfactory to both parties the learned Barrister not only polled himself for Mr Sheridan but exerted his utmost influence in securing that Gentleman his Election.

Charade

Why is the Devil riding on a Mouse like one and the same thing?

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Anecdote of the late Charles James Fox

During an Electioneering contest in which Mr Fox was a Candidate, he went into a Butchers shop to canvass and observing the Butcher requested the favour of his vote. The Knight of the Steel without making any reply retired into a Back room but soon after returned holding one of his hands behind him, and demanded of Mr Fox what he wanted. Mr Fox again repeated his solicitations when the

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Butcher brought forward his hand in which was a halter and shaking it towards Mr Fox with a significant glance told him he'd sooner give him that than his vote

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Upon which Mr Fox coolly replied "Friend do you think you can spare it from your family?!"

Charade

What is a man tied hand and foot in a great river like?

The manners of Farmers contrasted for the years 1792 & 1822

In 1792

The Man to the Plough

The Wife to the Cow

The Girl to the Sow

The Boy to the Mow

1822

The Man Tally Ho

The Wife silk and sattin

The Girl – Piano

The Boy Greek and Latin

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Printed copies of the following [apt] production was a short time back presented to most Travellers who sojourned at the Saracens Head Inn Skinner Street Snow Hill London kept by Mefs S A Mountain & Co.

All Ladies and Gentlemen partial to ease,
May rely upon every exertion to please;
May be sure of the choicest both Table and Bed
And enjoy all they wish at the Sracens Head,
Whence when not convenient longer to stay,
There are coaches to all parts all Hours of the day;
Post coaches to Ramsgate to Margate and Dover
For such as to France feel inclined to trip over;
To Deal Canterbury (renowned for good [races]
To Feversham Sandwich and adjacent places
To Brompton and Rochester Sittingbourne Chatham,
And Rainham delightful for [views] when you're at'em;
The Eclipse to Dorchester, Falmouth, Exeter Plymouth

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Dartmouth Honiton Swindon Bridport Salop & Weymouth
Through Axminster Blandford & Basingstoke even
And true as the clock starts each morning at seven
The Union to Winchester and Lymington drives
And safely by five at Southampton arrives
Bath and Bristol Post Coaches start daily at One
Through Chippenham Calne Marlboro ([fashnd] for Duke John)
But for swiftnefs and ease no conveyance excels
The Plymouth and Totnefs Truro Taunton and Wells.
The Umpire to Liverpool pleasant and light
Notwithstanding the distance out only one night;
Hoburn, Helford, Southampton the Umpire runs through,
Hinckley, Lutterworth, Litchfield and Atherstone too;
The Exprefs to Newcastle Stone Harrington Preston
And Knutsford, and safely throughout you may reston.
The Shrewsbury, Wellington [Shifnall] coach daily;
The Union for Weymouth at five starts so gaily;
The Rockingham Afternoon Light Coach for Leeds
Which for real expedition all others exceeds
Goes through Stamford Doncaster Newark [Ketford] and soon

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The journey completes - at six next afternoon
The Exprefs to Dumfries Glasgow Carlisle Longtown

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Penrith Edinburgh, Gretna green much in renown
To [Sangreahar Kiln, Cannock Kingsmill & [Thornfill]]
Newcastle or what part of Scotland you will.
The Exprefs to York, Scarboro,'Shields everyday
Whitby Beverley and you may rest on the way
The Royal Exprefs Coach to Birmingham Chester
Wakefield Kendal & Sunderland Sheffield Manchester.
There are coaches to hull Barton Spalding & Louth
And to all parts of England, east, west, north & south
Besides for short distances Stages there are
To Hoddesdon Hertford, to Cheshunt and Ware,
To Edmonton, Tottenham, Waltham Crofs too'
At Eight, Five, Eleven and Half after Five
To name all that start from the Saracen's Head
Would start from sunrise till going to bed,
But to merit Favours none more bestow
Than, with thanks to their Friends
S A Mountain & Co

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Poor MaryThe Maid of the Inn

Who is she, the poor maniac, whose wildly fixed eyes
Seem a heart overcharged to exprefs
She weeps not, yet often and deeply she sighs
She never complains but silence implies
The composure of settled distrefs

No aid no compafsion the maniac will seek
Cold and hunger awake not her care
Thro' the rags do the winds of the winter blow bleak
On her poor withere'd bosom, half bare and her cheek
Has the deadly pale hue of despair

Yet cheerful and happy not distant the day
Poor Mary the maniac has been
The Traveller remembers, who journey'd this way
No damsel so lovely, no damsel so gay
As Mary the Maid of the Inn

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Her cheerful addrefs fill'd the guests with delight
As she welcomed them in with a smile
Her heart was a stranger to chldish affright
And Mary would walk by the abbey at night
When the wind whistled down the dark aisle

She lov'd – and young Richard had settled the day
And she hoped to be happy for life
But Richard was idle and worthless; and they
Who knew him would pity poor Mary and say
That she was too good for his wife

'Twas in Autumn and stormy and dark was the night
And fast were the windows and door
Two guests sat enjoying the fire that burnt bright

And smoaking in silence, with tranquil delight
They listened to hear the wind roar.

"Tis pleasant" cry'd one "seated by the fire side"
To hear the wind whistle without"
"A fine night for the abbey" his comrade replied
"Methinks a mans courage would now be well try'd
Who should wander the ruins about

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I myself like a school boy should tremble to hear
The hoarse ivy shake over my head
And could fancy I saw half persuaded by fear
Some ugly old abbot white spirit appear
For this wind might awaken the dead.

"I'll wager a dinner" the other one cry'd
That Mary would venture there now
"Then wager and loose!" with a sneer he replied
"I warrant she'd fancy a ghost by her side
"And faint if she saw a white cow

"Will Mary this charge on her courage allow?"
His companion exclaimed with a smile
"I shall win for I know she will venture there now
"And earn a new Bonnet by bringing a bough
From the alder that grows in the aisle"

With fearlefs good humour did Mary comply
And her way to the Abbey she bent
The night it was gloomy the wind it was high
And as hollowly howling it swept thro' the sky
She shivered with cold as she went.

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O'er the Path so well known still proceeded the Maid
Where the Abbey rose dim on the right
Thro' the gateway she entered she felt not afraid
Yet the ruins were lonely and wild and their shade
Seemed to deepen the gloom of the night.

All around her was silent save when the wind blast
Howl'd dismally round the old pile
Over weed cover'd fragments still fearlefs she past
And arrived at the innermost ruin at last
Where the Alder tree grew in the Aisle

Well please'd did she reach it and quickly drew near
She paused, and she listened eager to hear
And her heart panted fearfully now.

The wind blew the hoarse ivy shook over her head
She listen'd – nought else could she hear
The wind ceased her heart sunk in her bososm with dread
For she heard in the ruins distinctly the tread
Of footsteps approaching her near

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Behind a wide column half breathlefs with fear
She crept to conceal herself there
That instant the Moon oe'r a dark cloud shone clear

And she saw in the Moonlight two ruffians appear
And between them a corpse did they bear

Then Mary could feel her heart blood curdled cold
Again the rough wind hurried by
It blew off the head of the one, and behold!
Even close to the feet of poor Mary it roll'd
She fell and expected to die

"Curse the Head he exclaims "nay come on and first hide" the dead body his comrade replies
She beheld them in in safety pafs by her side
She seizes the hat, fear her courage supply'd
And fast thro' the abbey she flies

She ran with wild speed she rushed in the door
She cast her eyes horribly round
Her limbs could support her faint burden no more
But exhausted and breathlys she sunk on the floor
Unable to utter a sound

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Ere yet her pale lips could the story impart
For a moment the hat met her view
Her eyes from that object convulsively start
For Oh! God! What cold horror thrilled thro' her heart
When the name of her Richard she knew:

Where the old abbey stands on the common hardby
His Gibbet is now to be seen
Not far from the Inn it engages the eye
The Traveller beholds it and thinks with a sigh
Of Poor Mary the Maid of the Inn.

Charades

What is that we see every day, Kings
Seldom see, and God never saw?

Why does a Miller wear a white hat?

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The following very singular letter may be relied on as being authentic – the original was furnished to the compiler by the Gentleman to whom it was addressd. It affords a fine specimen of low cunning on the part of the Writer who lived near Marlboro' Wilts in which neighbourhood the Gentleman also reided whose dog had been lost and which "Mr Edward King Cuff" had been fortunate or as he seems to have considered it unfortunate enough to find.

The letter it will be seen is on the subject of the Guinea reward that was offered for restoration of the dog -. The letter was left as directed at the Post Office Marlboro' to which place a reference was given.

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Direction on the letter

To
The Officer That
Lefe his dog behind him with speed

Transcript produced by Ali Bond, Archives Volunteer and Alex Miller, Archivist

Because of grete consequence

Edward King Cuff

Sends his kind love to the Officer about the d-----d dog agen zo de zee I con get nothing vor my Trouble nor I Spose I cent like by that time one hove shuffled on tother but it is a damnation them to chet a poor fellow out of his [right] in such a moner if you had done as I bid you I should not had all this [cadlemen] vor just nothing at all. It was put down plain enuff in

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Tother letter if you could not a read it your zelf why you may a let ony of the men a read it that coud a don't the Book keeper at the bonk jes is a porcel of fastnefs that you did not zend word a but the Bank but I knd better vor that was anly thoy would not pay for fear you would um agen that was all the matter ont twas worth a dozen Shiling to go ther and back with out breaking my vast and now I a trusted you zo long vor the money I deszier you would zend a guiney and zown up tight in the Letter as nobody wont know it vor if the parish was to know if thay would make me poy my own Lodgins and they don't main tain me and they shont have my mony I am persuaded to go to the La about the

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Payment but I don't understand much about La zo I don't wish to dot if youl zend the guiny quietly and zay no a bout the matter I shont put down Humble servent and that pack of damd stuff to be laught at vor I have been you servent enuff to go so mony mils vor nothing zend the guny secret that nobody may know it vor I nerr had a guny in my life before but I aught lot vor my father changed one the weak as he died at ald Jeny hulcomb that livd wer [mac tier] do now and he nerr bought buta quartern lofe out ont and bred was cheaper then than tis now ther was not zo many damd ways about nor zo much damd pride to be keepe up zo that all you zee that can be zeed about the matter
Edward King

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I shud zay more if ther was room to putit zend oh letter and mony by the return of the post do ye.

Alderman Nutall's Advertisement

Issued at Barkway in Hertfordshire where the worthy and learned Alderman of Cambridge had an Estate in consequence of a fire having done considerable damage.

Whereas a Multiplicity of damages are often occurred by damage of outrageous accident by fire we whose names are underfixed have really thought proper & requisite that the necesfsity of an Engine to be bought by us for the better extinguishing of which by the accidents of Almighty God may unto us happen & have made a rate to gather benevolence for the better propagating such good instrument.

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To Mr B with Gainsborough's Pigs

As women in a certain way
Allow their busy minds to stray
And fancy that they long or wish
For Wines and Fruits or Fowls or Fish
So connoisseurs when works of taste
Should chance their longing eyes to feast
Feel squeamish comical and cold
'Til what they long for's in their hold
You I observ'd this morn to view
My little Roasters with a gout
A Gout that sem'd to wish them all
Hung up in your well furnish'd hall

Transcript produced by Ali Bond, Archives Volunteer and Alex Miller, Archivist

Then take them Sir the harmlefs litter
Are for your tasteful chambers fitter
Than what some sneering wits may cry
Their former grunting tastelefs Sty

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A printed paper of which the following is a copy was handed to the Compiler at a Pleasure Fair near London – the Person who gave it (a well drefs'd and respectable looking man) was apparently distributing hundreds more to the bystanders.

Eternity

Onwards onwards You are hastening
To Eternity fast as Time can fly.
Another moment is past and you are nearer to Death and Judgement
To heaven or to Hell- Have you ever seriously thought of this solemn word Eternity; - for ever and ever?
You would consider that person guilty of extreme folly, who for the pleasures of an hour, would sacrifice

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The comforts of a life; yet he is wise compared with the individual, who for the pleasures of Time, gives up the Joys of Eternity. The present time is of infinite importance. Do not neglect it. You are now warned – you are now living – mercy is now offered. “Seek ye the Lord while he may be found, call ye upon him while he is near: let the wicked forsake his way, and the unrighteous man his thoughts: and let him return unto the Lord; and he will have mercy upon him; and to our God, for he will abundantly pardon” Isaiah 55.b.7

Charade

What was yesterday and will be tomorrow?

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Extracted from the Times Newspaper of the 7th July 1824

The Perpetual Motion

The Charleston Courier say “He yesterday saw a hundred dollar bank bill of one of our city banks upon the back of which were inscribed the lines which follow.

We presume it had been presented as an Offering at the shrine of Grecian Liberty

“Go from my willing purse nor doze in peace,
Whilst thralldom is or tyrants prowl on Greece;
Nor tarry till the world's from bondage free,
And equal rights deck every land and sea;
Then tell the nice, who ask thy donors goal,
Thou wert emitted from a freeman's soul.

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This reminds us of a Poetical wish of an ancient author, in reference to the succes of his work

“May this Book continue in motion,
And its leaves everyday be unfurled,
Till an ant to the dregs drinks the ocean,
And a tortoise crawls over the world.

Aphorisms on Man

Transcript produced by Ali Bond, Archives Volunteer and Alex Miller, Archivist

(Selected from a small volume, under that Title by the Rev.d J.C. Lavater
Author of a celebrated work on Physiognomy)

He, whom common, [grofs], or stale
Objects allure, and when obtained,
Content, is a vulgar being, incapable
Of greatnefs in thought or
action.

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He scatters enjoyment who can enjoy much.
Who in the same given time can produce more than many others, has vigour; who can produce more
and better has talents; who can produce what none else can, has genius.
The more uniform a Man's voice, step, manner of conversation hand writing – the more quiet uniform,
settled his actions, his character.
Who forces himself on others, is to himself a load. Impetuous curiosity is empty and inconstant.
Prying intrusion may be suspected of whatever is little.
The shamelefs flatterer is a shamelefs knave.

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As the imprudence of flattery, so the imprudence of egotism.
Let the degree of egotism be the measure of confidence.
You can depend on no man, or no friend, but him who can depend upon himself. He only who acts
consequentially towards himself will act so toward others, and vice versa.
He who acts most consequentially, is the most friendly and the most worthy of friendship – the more
inconsequential, the lefs fit for any of its dependencies. In this I know I have said something common;
but it will be very uncommon if I have made you attentive to it.
The most exuberant encomidst twins

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Easily into the most inveterate censor.
Who affects uselefs singularities has surely a little mind.
All affectation is the vain and ridiculous attempt of poverty to appear rich.
Softnefs of smile indicates softnefs of character
The horse- laugh indicates brutality of character.
A sneer is often the sign of heartlefs malignity
Who courts the intimacy of a professed sneerer, is a professed knave.
All moral dependence on him, who has been guilty of one act of positive cool villainy, against an

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Acknowledged virtuous and noble character, is credulity, imbecility or insanity.
The wrath that on conviction subsides into mildnefs, is the wrath of a generous mind.
The discovery of truth, by slow progrefsive meditation, is wisdom.
Intuition of truth, not preceded by perceptible meditation, is genius.
Avoid the eye that discovers with rapidity the bad and is slow to see the good.
Dread more the blunderer's friendship than the calumniators enmity
Who sedulously attends, pointedly asks, calmly speaks, coolly answers, and ceases when he has no
more

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To say, is in profession of some of the best requisites of Man.
Who seldom speaks, and with and with one calm well timed word can strike dumb the loquacious – is
a genius among those who study nature.
Who always loses the more he is known, must undoubtedly be very poor.
Who in a long course of familiarity neither gains nor loses, has a very mean, and vulgar, character.

Transcript produced by Ali Bond, Archives Volunteer and Alex Miller, Archivist

On the Parting of Friends

When forced to part from those we love,
Tho' sure to meet tomorrow,

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We still a sort of anguish prove,
And feel a touch of sorrow.
But oh! What words can paint the tears,
We shed when thus we sever,
When forced to part for months – for years
Perhaps to part forever.

Je ne coucherai past tu'avec Deux Matelots

O have ye not heard of the errors and blunders
John Bull makes at Paris when viewing its wonders?
How he tortures the language with fell inquisition
Of stammering and stuttering without intermifsion?
O' if ye have not, now attend to my tale,
And the [honte] of my countrymen learn to bewail
How a Lady was treated (though willing to pay)
Through a trifling mistake twixt an O and an A
A Lady resolving her purse strings to harrafs
Took the Packet one tide, and sail'd over for Paris;

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She landed at Night, and adjourned to the Head
Of Louis the Eighteenth*, and she asked for a bed.
“Oui, oui” (cried the waiter) we've one of the best,
“Pray, any thing else? – pray, Madame, say de rest”
“Stay! Stay, Sir (she cried) now I'd have you to know,
Je ne coucherai point quavec deux Matelots”
The man stared amazement! And grinn'd in her face!
“You impudent rascal! Get out of this place!”
(She cried in a rage) – “Madame, you're mistaken”
“Sans Matelots here!” (cried she in a taking)
“non, non (cried the waiter) Madame, sil vous plait,
Ther be Madame Veroni live over de way;
But give me de Louis, and mine be de care,
To get you Deaux Matelots, for your own share”
“And that in all matters I may be prepared,
(said the Lady) take care that the Bed clothes are air'd”
The Lady took supper – by torch-light was led,
By the waiter, loquacious, to look at the Bed:
They entered the room! – Now, forgive me, ye railers

*An Inn in Calais

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If 'twixt the bedclothes there lay two strapping sailors!
“You impudent villain!” – Non Madame, you know,
Je ne coucherai point qui avec Deux Matelots'
Were your very last words, and see, I have cared
That de Sheets and de Blankets be properly air'd”
“Asked I not for deux Matelots? Speak let me hear”

"Well; voila, Madame, - deux Matelots here"
 "Though to speak much in French I laid down as my rule
 @Twas two quilts that I meant, you impertinent fool"
 Two quilts, ah! Ma foi!- Madame, look here, voila;
 Two quilts, in our tongue, be de deux Matelas;
 Mate-lots be de sailor, so Madame, forgive me,
 I did think that you wanted - the Sailors – believe me"
 The Sailors downstairs by the waiter were led,
 And Madame – went biting her fingers to bed,
 And from this learn'd a lefson, unfortunate, wench!
 Where she could gabble English, to never talk French.

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Sonnet to a Lady who wept at a Tragedy

Oh woman, woman! Did you really know
 The source from which your best allurements flow
 No longer would you trust the diamond's glare
 But grace your beauties with a pearly tear.
 Drefs may attract the gazer's wanton eyes,
 Who makes your charms expos'd his lawlefs prizes;
 But when the tear in silence trickles down,
 He see your heart, and conquered yield our own
 Pow'ful in tears, upon the desart coast
 This Ariadne mourn'd her Theseus lost;
 When Bacchusfelt unknown emotions rise,
 Love mix'd with awe, and pity with surprize.
 Use then, ye fair! The powrs which nature gave
 And lordly man shall bow your willing slave.

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Clafsical Afsociations connected with Garrets

If as we believe generally known, that Johnson and Garrick resolved to try their fortunes in the metropolis, at one and the same time. They reached Londobn in a most pitiable condition, the one with a shirt and half a pair of breeches, the other with two brace of stockings, without tops and bottoms, and took up their abode in an obscure corner of the metropolis, where they lived in a miserable garret for some time subsequent to their arrival. The histrionic reputation of Garrick burst out at last in all its meridian refulgence, while the poor lexicographer was condemned to

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Make the most of his solitary shirt, and lie in bed while the linen underwent the unusual but necefsary ceremony of ablution. Many years afterwards when had attained unexampled celebrity, Johnson rallied Garrick at a dinner party on their early poverty, and the meannefs of the garret they had occupied. Garrick's pride was nettled at so unwelcome a recollection, and he equivocally denied the afsertion "Come, come" said the surly philosopher to the mortified tragedian, "Don't forget old friends, Davy: thou knowest that we lived in a garret for many months and that I reached London with threepence in my pocket,

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whilst thou Davy, hadst only three halfpence in thine"
 The late celebrated Peter Pindar was notorious for his frequent and facetious allusions to Garrets, from which, however, his habitual parsimony generally enabled him to escape.
 When he could find no fault with the productions of an Author it was his common practice to tax him with Poverty and a residence in Grub-street. Indigence was in his estimation on a par with guilt.
 Pope in his Dunciad has shown himself of the same way of thinking. Par nobile fractum.

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Dr Paul Hiffernan, a celebrated wit in the time of Johnson, once

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went to call on his Friend Foote, or as he was firstly called "the English Aristophanes", and without enquiring for his room, ran precipitately up into the Garret. Foote who at that time resided in a left aerial situation, called after him "Tis no use" replied Hiffernan to show me your room "who ever thought of asking, when everyone knows that there never yet was a poet without his Garret" The following are two letters that passed between Foote and his Mother, who was as witty, intelligent, and eccentric as her son. One is dated from a miserable Garret, the other from Prison

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where the Mother was confined for Debt. They are quoted from memory – the exact transcript is to be met with in Cooke's life of Foote.

Dear Sam,
I am in prison and in want of money. Come and assist your loving Mother.
Yours [looks like a V but is just a cipher rather than a signature }

Dear Mother
So am I and can't get out again.
Yours truly Sam Foote

"A nice Young Man"

"He is a person hits the exact level of mediocrity, and never for an instant sinks below, or rises above the surface. Like the tragedy of Cato, he is an elegant

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Petrification of feeling; and makes a bow, or hands a chair, or manufactures a pretty speech, with the most faultless regularity. In relating an Anecdote, he does it with the hard dryness of system – atic stupidity, and professes a most orthodox horror of all who are addicted to embellishment or invention. In cutting a sly joke he summons up the usual quantity of laugh for the occasion; and if others follow so laudable an example, displays a formidable array of grinders, all armed for the grin. His religious dogmas are strictly orthodox. He opines that Belzebub has got large saucer eyes

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And hoofs; and that his tail is a yard long by the Measure in his father's warehouse. Is of opinion, that if it does not rain sufficiently to spoil his new clothes, it would be highly adviseable to attend church on Sundays; but thinks, with due deference, that the advantage derived from religion will not equal the manifold inconveniences of wetting a new suit. Has a slight idea that Bishops are the keys of salvation, and that there is no possibility of going to heaven unless they sign the certificate of good conduct, and unlock the doors of eternity. Measures their Piety by their size, and thinks that a fat, episcopal drone some

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few yards in circumference, has a better chance of the loaves and fishes in the next world, than the starveling curate, who looks as if he once existed but was now wandering about, a forlorn ghost to look for his defunct pinguity. Imagines that true religion consists in manfully wrestling with a sleepy sermon, and trusts that charity is shewn in giving away a superfluous shilling at the church door, and grumbling the whole way home. Is possessed with a notion that Primrose hill is the acme of picturesque perfection, and that after all, the Ponds on Hampstead – heath are exceeding pretty. Has heard that the Highlands of Scotland are monstrous

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magnificent: but wonders how that can be, since they are nearly five hundred miles from Cannon-Street, Great Eastcheap. Writes valentines to a young Lady at the time specified by established usance, on a fine sheet of guilt-edged paper, with the lines written in large text, and duly stopped with a profusion of commas, semicolons, and notes of admiration; being the only notes of admiration in the whole composition. Thinks that the new pantomimic usurrection and innovation of Lear, are charmingly touching. Endeavours to encore the Storm, that he may have the most for his money. Dreams that it is perfectly right for them

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All to marry and live very happy afterwards; and thinks that Lear had the right to ask any one to unbutton his waistcoat; and tell the Storm "to rumble its bellyful and spit"; and wonders how Shakespeare could be so indelicate. Eats twelfth cake at Christmas, and considers himself privileged to make himself ill with goose-munching on Michaelmas day inasmuch as it only comes once a-year.

Charade

What thing is that that is equally perfect, with a head or without a head, with a tail, or without a tail, with either, with neither or with both?

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Sensibility – A Fragment

" it is hard
To feel the hand of death arrest one's steps,
Thro' chill blight o'er allone's budding hopes
And hurl one's soul untimely to the shades"
H.K(?).White

I knew him well, he was a youth of the brightest expectations – a flower of the fairest promise. Nature had been liberal to him, even to prodigality, and fortune scattered in his path the earthly flowers of gold. The past had left no thorn rankling in his bosom – the present was a scene of tranquil enjoyment, and he looked towards the future, as to a rich harvest of still greater joy. I left him in the possession of health, eager in the

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Pursuit of knowledge, running a race with his compeers in the career of glory. I left him indulging his imagination in sweet dreams of connubial felicity, and planning schemes of Elysium in the bosom of his own domestic home. For me I had the world before me, "where to choose my place of rest, and providence my guide". My bark bounded into the ocean of life, endured many an adverse gale, encountered many a stormy wave, was dashed on many a sea-worn rock, visited many a sickly clime, and after a few swift years, returned laden with the treasures of the deep. I visited my old friend but how

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great was the contrast – the ruddy glow of vitality had fled his cheek and was succeeded by the hectic flush of feverish irritability; his eye retained its wonderful brilliancy, but there was in it something that seemed not of this earth – his whole countenance formerly so fixed and placid, now indicated by its [restlessness], the agitation within; it seemed the index of a broken heart. Upon seeing me he looked up and smiled, but such a smile, - I would not witness another to purchase all the Wealth of either Indies "My friend" said I "a variety of circumstances have transpired since last we saw each other, and some of your's, I fear,

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Have been too painful". He sighed bitterly and then recovering somewhat of his former vivacity, observed "really I do feel better; your presence is more stimulating than that of my Physician; I will drefs today and we will walk out together; I long to feel the breath of heaven once more upon my withered cheek; I long to look abroad upon the face of nature, and see if the flowers of spring have been changing like myself – the voice of the birds, the murmuring of the bees will be delightful to me again for it is so long since I have heard them and you my friend will accompany me and we will convers of 'joys de

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Parked never to return'; to you I may reveal the mystery of my heart 'twill ease me of a load that has been laying there too long, and then I shall be well again, but no the canker has consumed too far, the axe is already laid at the root of the tree, and tomorrow it will fall" In this manner he proceeded narrating his "whole course of love". It was affecting even unto tears, we both wept. I endeavoured to vary the subject we conversed on the lovely landscape of nature, and of the providential kindnefs of the Great Parent of good; we talked of the immortality of mind, and of those who being dead, speak to us "from their [wins]" but he said

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"I shall fade like yonder falling leaf, and the pafsing wind shall bear me to the dark stream of oblivion. Something softer than the summer breeze whispers in my year day after day, that the time of my departure is at hand! It is a melancholy imprefion! and yet I do not fear death for I am conscious of meeting her I loved beyond the grave! – 'we shall meet again' were the last words she uttered, and then she fell asleep. Those words have been the mannadew with which I fed my heart. I have treasured them up in the peaceful Pavilion there and they have been the joy and the rejoicing

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Of my soul. A few more setting suns and the dream of my hope will be realised or dissipated for ever. Come, (said he, taking me by the hand and leading me gently onward) " see the place where I should like to lie – it is a pleasant spot – the little birds of spring build their nests there – the summer sheaves hangwaving over the scene. At the gathering in of the autumnal fruits, the Village maids with their laps overflowing with Plenty pafs by that lonely way and sing the songs I have so often lingered there to hear! And Winter plucking with lean hand around his brow the snowy mantle of six thousand

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years, and stamping with his iron foot upon my grave – What if he rots there? I shall not fear him in my bed below!" - he spoke with peculiar animation - after much entreaty, I persuaded him to return upon promise that I visit him on the morrow and renew the story of his vows. The morrow came – I hastened to his chamber – but the despairing lover had become a beautiful bridegroom in the realms of blifs for ever.

Moral and Facetious Aphorisms

To day is yesterday encored – but badly sung

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There are two modes of action, the right and the wrong; leave a man to himself, and by instinct he will chuse the wrong.

A man who squints, is a man of extreme charity proportioned to the obliquity of hois optics – it shews that though he has a quick eye to his own interest, he has an eye also that can gaze at, and admire the charms of thousands; while his lefs benevolent bretheren must content themselves with looking at individual visions of charity.

Yearn not, oh man, after the mammon of unrighteousnefs inasmuch as eighteen pence is better than a

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shilling; so is the increase of integrity more to be lusted after than the increase of filthy lucre. Think him learned – who can propound questions of infinite obscurity; and him foolish who looketh as though he could make no respond.

Doth a Man say – “Behold! I am a great Arithematician” straight way propose to him the following questions:

If a leg of Pork cost four shillings and threepence; how far is it from Salisbury Plain to the first of April? If the length of a House is twenty yards, and the kitchen fourteen, whats the cooks name?

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Life is like a bottle of wine, intoxicating but transient; and lov is like the devilled biscuits and anchovy sandwiches that give an artificial zest thereto.

Epigram

On one Sheepshanks who had spelt satires the ancient way satyres.
Copied from the Wall of Jesus College Cambridge

The styrs of old of whom Juvenal wrote
With the head of a man had the foot of a goat;
But the Satyrs of Jesus they far did supafs
With the shanks of a sheep they’ve the head of angels.

Charade

When a Man is thrust out of a second floor window what is he sure to fall against?

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A Mouthful or so, on Eating

Il faut manger pour vivre, et non pas vivre pour manger
Moliere L’Avare Act 3 Sc 5

Eating as it is essentially necessary, constitutes a prominent and sometimes the only feature in the life of mankind. It would appear that as men owe their existence to eating they are desirous of manifesting their gratitude to what supports them, by doing strict justice to that noble quality. Nature, convenience, and habit have combined to cause stated times to be fixed for the performance of those duties which are needful for sustenance. But this arrangement is not without its use in another

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point of view. There are numbers who without some excitement of their ideas, some rallying point like this at once interesting and profitable. To how many then, does this one grand object furnish speculation and employment? After breakfast they devise plans for their dinner, and the tediousness of time is submitted to under the reflection that all their sufferings will at last be put an end to – by the carving knife; all their woes be buried in – a fillet of veal; all labors concentrate in the point of – their fork; and all their uneasiness

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Evaporate in the smoke of – a plumb pudding. Dinner concludes, and the easy chair assists them to rest tolerably comfortable till the arrival of supper, which serves to produce tantalising dreams that wile away the hours till breakfast comes once more; - and so
They eat, and drink and sleep – what then?
They eat and drink and sleep again

The modern way of shewing your friendship to a man is to ask him to eat with you. Nay in such esteem is eating held that the only way in which a body can properly celebrate any great event is to dine together. Politicians think themselves more ca-

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pable of settling the affairs of the nation when they have settled the Bill of Fare. Orators find their brains filled in proportion to their stomach, and the whole company are in much better condition to discuss the merits of an argument after they have decided upon those of a haunch of venison. A correspondent in "The Hode(?)"

mentions a club who used to eat [healths] instead of dunking them.

A regulation which would be attended with this difficulty; that all the toasts must be eat in silence as every mouth would be too full to vent its owners approbation in exclamations, a privilege which dunking

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gives and promotes.

What in modern language is called "seeing ones friends" consists in gathering together a dozen, or fourteen people in a drawing room, to set stiffly and stare at one another till the dinner is announced. At the joyful tidings after that usual ceremony which every one hates in his heart, the company arrive in the dining-room and are wedged round as close to one another and the table-cloth, as if they formed the fringe to it; whilst each component part of theis concentrated mafs tries to consider himself at ease, and to enjoy the comforts of society.

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If a Man is either unable or disinclined to talk much, this is certainly a most admirable way of entertaining his acquaintance. Whatever be the difference of opinion profefsion or manners of his guests, let his viands be but good, and he is sure to please all their tastes at once. In an afsemblage of this kind you will generally see one or two who are so hearty in their welcome of the uncovered bon bons that they may fairly be said to eat food in the swaet of their brows. A dinner if it be good, will, like a good Play generally fill the House. People usually give to

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a man openly that praise which they tacitly ascribe to the provisions and however a person may be occasuionally extolled for his worth, yet, nine times out of ten, it will be found that "le veritable Amphitryon est l'Amphytryon ou l'ondine". Experienced dinner givers generally have on their list one at least of these convenient personages who in case of disappointment, can be sent to on short notice to make the muster-roll complete. He is pushed in to fill a vacancy, and carve a chicken as orders are given at a Theatre to prevent the boxes from being empty. The taciturnity

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of the visitors on such occasions is very conspicuous. Their mouths are full, but not of expressions. A few half-finished or hasty sentences may be produced at intervals, but the confusion in general is not of tongues, but of knives and forks. But when eating has lost its charms, and the dominion of Bacchus begins to be felt eloquence resumes its accustomed freedom, till (sometimes) the Master of the house being no longer in a stae to " see his friends" closes the scene and – Exeunt omnes.

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Parody on "To be or not to be"

Written in a Ladys Album

To write, or not write – that is the question –
Whether it is more polite to hear and suffer
A fair one's flattering importunities,
Or to take Pen against repeated wishes
And by indulging end them. To write – to gain
Posthumous fame, and then to say we end

Transcript produced by Ali Bond, Archives Volunteer and Alex Miller, Archivist

The head-ache and self inflicted shocks
The Poet's fame is heir to – 'Tis a point
The muse would wish to reach – To write – to gain
A name; perchance but poor – Ay, there's the rub;
For in that after-life what hue it wears,
When every chance of remedy is lost,
Must give the poet pause – There's the respect,
That makes the wil of a Grub-street life-

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For who would yield him to an authors woes –
The search for rhyme – the tardiness of thought,
The fancy's check, the moulding of the verse,
Th'embodiment of the matter and the spurns
The patient poet of the critic takes –
When he himself might his quietus make,
For-swearing pens, ink, paper? Who would bear
The toil and drudg'ry o' the rhyming art.
But that suspense of posthumous renown,
That last despotic ordeal, from which
No creature has appeal puzzles the will,
And makes us rather catch at paltry praise,
Than die and share a fate we know not of?
Thus Poetry makes parasites of all,
And thus the face of honest truth is masked,
And sicklied o'er with feigned and fawning smiles;
And deeds of honour and sincerity
With this regard, their currents twin aside,
And lose themselves in flatter's whelming sea.

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Farewell Address spoken by Mr Kemble at the Edinburgh Theatre.

Written by Walter Scott Esqre

As the worn war horse at the trumpet's sound
Erects his mane, and neighs and paws the ground
Disdains the ease his generous Lord assigns
And longs to rush on the embattled lines
So I, your plaudits ringing on mine ear,
To think my scenic hour forever past,
And that those valued plaudits are my last.
But years steal on; - and higher duties crave
Some space between the Theatre and the grave;
That like the Roman in the Capitol,
I may adjust my mantle ere I fall;
My life's brief act in public service flown,
The last the closing scene must be my own.

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Here then, advice! While yet some well graced parts
May fix an ancient favorite in your hearts;
Not quite to be forgotten even when
You look on better actors younger Men;
And if your bosoms own this kindly debt
Of old remembrance, how shall mine forget

Transcript produced by Ali Bond, Archives Volunteer and Alex Miller, Archivist

O, how forget! – how oft I hither came
In anxious hope, how oft returned with fame!
How oft around your circle this weak hand
Has waved immortal Shakespeare's magic wand
Till the full burst of inspiration came,
And I have felt and you have fanned the flame!
By memory treasured, while her reign endures
These hours must live – and all their charms are yours
O favour'd Land! Renowned for arts and arms
For manly talent and for female charms,
Could this full bosom prompt the sinking line
What fervent benedictions now were thine!

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But my last part is play'd my knell is rung,
When e'en your praise falls flattering from my tongue
And all that you can hear or I can tell
Is – friends and Patrons hail and fare you well!

The above address was delivered by Mr Kemble with great effect, under frequent interruptions from the feelings of the audience.

On hearing a fond Mother call her Lachrymose Babe a Cherub

In sooth I wonder'd why the name
Of Innocents in Heaven
Should to a brawling puling brat,
With emphasis be given;
'Till by good chance to church I went,
Which put conjecture by;
For quoth the Clerk "the Cherubim
Continually do cry."

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Opera house.

On Monday March 24th 1817 Mr Inledon took his farewell benefit at this House. He was received with the most enthusiastic applause, not unmingled with regret. We were highly gratified that the Public did homage to the talents of their veteran servant, by complimenting him with a bumper.

The house was crowded in every part at an early hour. In the course of the Evening Mr Dowton came forward surrounded by all the Performers present and delivered with great pathos the following appropriate Address:-

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The tuneful favourite of your youthful days,
Rais'd by your smiles and nurtur'd by your praise
Whom you proclaim'd from competition free
Unrivall'd in his native melody:-
Now forc'd alas! In foreign climes to roam,
To seek beyond the Atlantic waste a home;
Ere yet to England's shore he bids adieu
Pours forth one parting, grateful strain – to you
Oh! Let the men who with him trod the stage
Who marked the promise of his earlier age;
Who saw with joy his talents ripened bloom;
Who hail'd his progress, and now mourn his doom;

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Shed, for such talents lost the pitying tear
While yet they may behold their Brother here
Here – where the Friends who viewd his youthful power.
Now meet to consecrate his farewell hour;
Here – where the Plaudits he has felt so long,

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Now for the last time cheer your child of song
To you his claim for kindness he preferred;
Your presence shows that his appeal was heard.
No Actors here as Actors now attend
But friends assemble to support a friend.
Those Friends would waft above one prayer fervent
One anxious wish for him who owns their care:
Maybe in lands where British accents sound,
Experience what he felt on British ground:
While to his ear your language they impart,
Oh! May they speak your language – to his heart!
May all the social joys which here exist
There wait upon the “Handring Melodist”

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Impromptu

After ascending the Pillar in the Place Vendome Paris

One hundred steps I scaled with toil and pain
Look'd round, grew dizzy, and came down again,
And, now that I am lodged again below,
Who cares if I have scaled that height or no?
“Such” I exclaimed “is high ambition's lot,
To climb, grow giddy fall and be forgot!”

A new Shilling's Address to an old one.

By order from the Royal Mint
I thus beg leave, old boy, to hint
Thy reign is gone and past.
Thou hast been long deem'd vile and base,
To arts and coinage a disgrace;
This day then proves thy last

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Answer

Years of hard service I have seen
And long revil'd and scorn'd have been
Worn bare I am, 'tis true:
Yet though I am grown old in duty
I once possessed ten times the beauty
That's to be found in you

The Theatrical Constellation

Nor lovely Horn whose blushing task
Beneath the timorous virgins mask
Betrays the soul-reducing blifs
That flows from Love's enduring kifs;

Nor Alsops silvery tones, combined
With Thalid's choicest gifts defen'd
In fairy-step and chasten'd glee,

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Then urged in Comus' revelry;
Nor Davison's bewitching smiles,
With all her fascinating wiles,
Whose power seraphic from the heart
Withdraws the woe-environed dart,
Imparts in turn, the charms of mirth,
And gives the Halcyon hour birth;
Nor when depicting mental woes,
Or nature's agonizing throes,
O'Neill, with wizard influence there,
Extracts the soul's bright pearl – the tear
Can aught such sympathies impel
As those my dotting heart can tell.
Though innocence and joyous youth
The features grace of lively Booth;
Though Stephen's warblings sweet and wild

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Mark her Euterpe's fav'rite child;
Though Sommerwille's engaging air
Resistless beams through grief and care;
Though Venus moves in Orger's form;
From Foote's chaste ancle Cupids storm
Though charming Poole, with blooming cheek
With rosy lips and eyes that speak
Soft language through their liquid vest,
That warms the most insensate breast;
Though Mathews' shape and siren voice,
Or unaffected, well form'd Boyce;
Sprightly Kelly- Mardyn's beauty –
Strive to check so fond a d my muse will pen it –
The choicest fair is Mifs F Dennett!
H.R.H.P.D

January 17th 1817

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The First Book according to chronologists is supposed to have been written in Job's time. Thirty thousand books were burnt by order of Leo in 761. A very large Estate was given for one book on Cosmography by King Alfred. Books were sold at from £10 to £30 each in 1400. The first printed book was the vulgate edition of the Bible in 1462, the second was Cicero de Officiis 1466.

Dr Farmer

There were three things which Dr Farmer the celebrated commentator on Shakespeare loved above all others

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- Viz: good old port! Old clothes! And old books! And three things which nobody could persuade him to perform – viz to rise in the morning! To go to bed at night! And to settle an account!

To Mifs F-----, K-----

O fairer thn the Mountain snow,
O'er which the Polar breezes' blow!
Which living footstep never prefs'd
Oh! Fairer, purer, is thy breast!

Beneath thy Cheek O lovely maid,
Some rose by stealth its leaf convey'd,
To shed its bright and beauteous dye,
And still the varying bloom supply.

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The tresses of thy silken hair,
As curling Mists are soft and fair;
Bright waving o'er thy graceful neck,
Its pure and tender snow to deck

Sweet is the melting magic hung,
In liquid notes upon thy tongue;
Whose tones might death himself control
And call again the expiring soul!!

Grays Inn

R.B

A Tear

Little glitt'ring spark am I,
The Child of Sensibility;
I overcome the bold and brave,
Yet melt upon an infant's grave

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Sometimes, too, the child of mirth
From extacy receive my birth;
Surrounded by a group of smiles,
Expressive of a thousand wiles:
Yet tho' I sparkle in the sun
The house of woe I never shun.

Anecdote of Garrick.

Garrick in the early part of his life, performed Ranger with such uncommon spirit and dressed and looked the part so well, that a young Lady of high family and fortune fell violently in love with him. Her friends finding it in vain to reason with her took her to see him perform Scrub; the very contemptible appearance he made in that part wrought a perfect cure.

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The Burial of Sir John Moore.

Who fell at the Battle of Corunna in Spain in 1809
(Supposed to have been written by Lord Byron)

Transcript produced by Ali Bond, Archives Volunteer and Alex Miller, Archivist

Not a drum was heard, not a funeral note,
As his corse to the rampart we hurried;
Not a soldier discharged his farewell shot,
O'er the grave, where our Hero we buried.

We buried him darkly, at dead of night,
By the struggling moon beams misty light,
And the Lantern dimly burning.
No uselefs coffins enclosed his breast,
Not in sheet nor in shroud we bound him,
But he lay like a warrior taking his rest,
With his martial cloak around him.

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Few – and short were the prayers we said
And we spoke not a word of sorrow.
But we steadfastly gazed on the face of the dead,
And we bitterly thought of the morrow.

We thought as we hollowed his narrow bed,
And smoothed down his lonely pillow,
That the foe & the stranger would tredd o'er his head
And we far away on the billow

Lightly they'll talk of the spirit that's gone,
And o'er his cold ashes upbraid him.
But nothing he'll reck if they let him sleep on,
In the grave where a Briton has laid him.

But half of our heavy task was done,
When the Clock toll'd the hour for retiring,
And we heard the distant and random gun
That the foe was suddenly firing.

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Slowly and sadly we laid him down
From the field of his fame fresh and gory, he carved not a line, we raised not a stone
But we left him alone with his glory.

The Earthenware Shop A Fable

In an Earthenware shop, 'mongst the vessels of clay,
There arose, at one time, a most terrible fray;
A great ill-looking jar began to complain
How much he endured from contempt and disdain
While vefsels inferior in strength and in size
In their gaudy appearance, attracted all eyes,
No customer show'd him the smallest respect;
And he was resolved not to bear such neglect.

His speech was applauded. But who can describe

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The effect which soon followed throughout the clay tribe;
This spirit fermented in every direction;

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Pots pitchers and pans, quickly caught the infection
“Down, down with these vases (they instantly cry)
“Which so splendid appear, and are set up so high!
“Though, enamell’d with guilt they look fine on the shelves
“They’re nothing but vessels of clay like ourselves:
“And to speak the plain truth that same ill looking jar
“In strength and in substance excels them by far”

A few better taught and more wise than the rest
Would have fain by sound reasoning their clamour surpensed;
And have shown that the maker informing his plan
To its own use adapted each pitcher and pan;
That though not made the table or sideboard to grace
Each might be esteem’d in its own proper place;
For vessels there are, as we all of us know,

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Which we cannot dispense with though not meant for show:
Thus, banishing envy, contention and strife
We should each live a useful and peacable life.

But in vain was calm reas’ning; the noise was renew’d
And mischief and misery quickly ensued.
“Down, down with those vases (again was their cry)
“Which so splendid appear, and are set up so high!”
But ah! they ne’er thought when they tore the shelves down
The ruin they surely would bring on themselves:
For those wretched fanatics had not sense to know
That the vases in falling would crush them below.

Reason for not Marrying

[Myrtillo] late resolved to wed,
With transport to the altar led
A maid of purest worth:

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If any man might hope to find
True happiness, by love refined,
A Paradise on Earth.

Myrtillo might! – but ah! ‘tis vain
To look for bliss unmixed with pain
In life’s uncertain space:
Scarce twenty moons had hurried by,
Ere fate recalled her to the sky,
To fill an Angel’s place.

When death deprives the soul of all
It prizes on this earthly ball,
And stops each valued breath
Existence ceases to be dear,
And hope “the charmer” fails to cheer
Save in the hour of death.

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Prefs me no more, then, gentle friend!

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Till heaven a colder bosom send.
I dare not trust my heart.
Tis sweet you say 'tis Heaven to love:
True! But the greater blifs we prove
The harder'tis to part!

A Picture

A thousand faults in Man we find
Merit in him we seldom meet;
Man is inconstant and unkind
Man is false and indiscreet.

Man is capricious jealous free
He's insincere vain trifling too
And yet the women all agree
For want of better he must do.

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King Arthur's Court

This poem opens with great solemnity, and the reader is introduced to the full glories of the Round Table :-

The great king Arthur made a sumptuous feast,
And held his Royal Christmas at Carlisle,
And thither came his vassals, most and least,
According to their rank, in proper style,
The steeds were fed and littered in the stable,
The Ladies and the Knights sat down to table.

The bill of fare (as you may well suppose)
Has suited to those plentiful old times,
Before our modern luxuries arose,

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With truffles and ragouts and various crimes,
And therefore, from the original in prose,
I shall arrange the catalogue in rhymes,
They serv'd up salmon, venison & wild boars
By hundreds and by dozens, and by scores.

Hogsheads of honey, kilderkins of mustard,
Muttons and fatted beeves and bacon swine,
Herons and bitterns, peacocks, swan & bustard,
Teal, mallard, pigeons, widgeons and in fine
Plumpuddings pancakes apple pies and custard
And there withal they drank good Gascon wine
With mead and ale and cider of our own
For porter, punch and [negus] were not known.

The noise and uproar of the scullery tribe
All pilfering and scrambling in their calling
Were past all powers of language to describe,

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The din of manful oaths and female squalling,
The sturdy porter huddling up his bribe,
And then at random breaking heads and bawling
Outcries and cries of order and contusions.
Made a confusion beyond all confusions

Beggars and vagabonds blind lame and sturdy
Minstrels and singers, with their various airs
The pipe the tabor and the hurdy gurdy.
Jugglers and mountebanks with apes and bears
Continued from the first day to the third day,
An uproar like ten thousand Smithfield fairs;
There were wild beasts and foreign birds and creatures,
And Jews and Foreigners with foreign features

All sorts of people there were seen together
All sorts of characters, all sorts of drefses,
The fools with fox's tail and peacocks feather

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Pilgrims and penitents and grave burgefeses,
The Country people with their coats of leather,
Vintners and victuallers with their cans & messes,
Grooms, archers, varlets, falconers and yeomen,
Damsels and waiting maids and waiting women.

But the profane indelicate amours,
The vulgar, unenlightened conversation
Of minstrels, menials, courtezans and boors,
(Although appropriate to the meaner station)
Would certainly revolt a taste like yours,
Therefore I shall omit the calculation
Of all the curses, oaths and cuts and stabs
Occasioned by their dice, and drink and drabs.

After this delineation of the manners of our heroic age certainly one of the most minute and characteristic if not the most stately

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portraits of English chivalry in its hours of relaxation, the Poet introduces us to the higher circles of the Court and thus pays his tribute to their acquirements.

And certainly they say for fine behaving
King Arthur's court has never had it's match,
True point of honour without pride or braving
Strict etiquette for ever on the watch,
Their manners were refined and perfect – saving
Some modern graces which they could not catch
As spitting thro' the teeth and driving stages,
Accomplishments reserved for modern ages.

They looked a manly generous generation
Beards, shoulders eye-brows broad & square and thick
Their accents firm and loud in conversation,
Their eyes and gestures, eager, sharp and quick,

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Shew'd them prepared on proper provocation,
To give the lie pull noses, stab and kick
And for that very reason, it is said,
They were so very courteous and well-bred.

The ladies look'd of a heroic race
At first a general likenefs struck your eye.
Tall figures, open features, oval face,
Large eyes with ample eye-brows arch'd and high
Their mannerisms had an odd peculiar grace,
Neither repulsive affable, nor shy,
Majestical reserv'd and somewhat sullen
Their drefses partly silk & partly woollen.

This poem is said to be the production of Mr Frere a gentleman distinguished by many literary claims

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The following playful lines are the subject of a beautiful design by Stothard prefaced to Mr Moore's Musical work entitled "National Melodies" consisting of airs of all Countries Spanish Italian Hungarian Indian etc.

"A Temple to Friendship" said Laura, enchanted,
"I'll build in this garden – the thought is divine"
Her temple was built and she now only wanted
An image of Friendship to place on the shrine
She flew to a sculptor, who set down before her,
A Friendship the fairest his art could invent
But so cold and so dull, that the youthful adorer
Saw plainly this was not the idol she meant.
"Oh never" she cried "can I think of enshrining,
An image whose looks are so joylefs and dim;

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But you little god, upon roses reclining
We'll make, if you please, Sir, a friendship of him"
So the bargain was struck with little God laden
She joyfully flew to her shrine in the Grove –
"Farewell" said the sculptor "you're not the first maiden
Who came but for Friendship, and took away Love!"

Epitaphs In Wrexham Church Yard

The following Epitaphs are copied from Wrexham Church Yard in Flintshire:-

Here lies a Church-warden,
A choice flower in that garden,
Joseph Critchley by name,
Who lived in good fame:
Being gone to his rest,
Without doubt he is blest.

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Here lies interred beneath these stones
The beard, the flesh and eke the bones
Of Wrexham's Clerk, old David Jones.

Transcript produced by Ali Bond, Archives Volunteer and Alex Miller, Archivist

Difsolution of Marriage made easy.

Deanwhen residing on a living in the County had occasion one day to unite a rustic couple in the holy bands of matrimony. The ceremony being over the Husband began to pull in resolution and falling (as some husbands will) into a fit of repentance, he said "Your Reverance has tied this knot tightly, I fancy; but under favour may I ask your Reverance ifs so be you could untie it again?" – "Why no," replied the Dean, "we never do that at

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This end of the Church; but I'll tell you how you may manage it". "How?" cried the man eagerly. "By stepping to the other end of the church" said the Dean pointing to the belfry "there you'll find a rope and may do it yourself!"

Epigram

Whilst Fanny kifs'd her infant care
"You bite my lip" she cried, "my dear" –
The smiling child, tho' half afraid,
Thus to his beauteous mother said, -
"Wityh me, Mamma, I do not quarrel!
I thought your lip had been my coral"

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John in Kitchen Quarters. (A little Imitation but no Plagiarism)

"Good bye – good bye" – Oh! Cruel Nan,
And must I leave the dripping pan?
Oh! Bid me take but one sop more,
And I'll repeat it times a score –
And when the pan shall be quite dry,
'Twill find me saying still "Good bye!"

Again "Good bye!" my Nancy cry,
Then whisper, "Stop and have some pie"
And I will stop and for an hour
I'll eat and kifs – for both are sweet,
And say "Good bye" Nan, while I eat.

"Good bye" you'll murmur with a groan
And say you must be left alone.

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And I will vow I've had enough
Then kifs and eat another puff;
Till Ma'am shall for her dinner cry
Oh! Then my nan my cook, "Good bye!"

Hartlib the friend of Milton pensioned by Cromwell for his agricultural writings says that old men in his days remembered the first gardener that came over to Surrey and sold turnips carrots parsnips early peas and rape which were then great varieties, being imported from Holland. Cherries and hops were first planted he says in the reign of Henry 8th; artichokes and currants made their appearance in the time of Elizabeth; but even at

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The end of this latter period we had cherries from Flanders; onions saffron and liquorice from Spain; and hops from the low countries. Potatoes which were first known in these islands about the year 1586 continued for nearly a century to be cultivated in gardens as a curious exotic, and furnished a luxury only for tables of the richest persons in the Kingdom. It appears in a manuscript account of the household expenses of Queen Ann, wife of James 1st that the price of potatoes was then 1s a pound.

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A Bull Devoured.

When Urban the Fifth excommunicated the Visconti as the perpetual disturbers of Italy, the Pope's declaration was conveyed to Bernardo Visconti by two legates in the shape of a bull of excommunication. Bernardo received it with apparent composure and himself honoured the legates by escorting them through Milan as far as one of the bridges of the City. When they reached this spot he suddenly stopped and turning to them desired they would take their choice whether they would eat or drink before they quitted him. The legates were mute

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With surprise at this abrupt address "Be assured" continued the tyrant with tremendous oaths "that we do not separate before you have eaten or drank in such a manner as that you shall have cause to remember me".

The legates cast their eyes around them; they themselves encompassed by the guards of the tyrant, and a hostile multitude – and observed the river beneath them; and one of them answered that "he would rather eat than ask for drink when there was so much water" "Good" returned Bernardo, "here then are the bulls of excommunication which you have brought to me; and I swear

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Unto you that you shall not quit this bridge before you have eaten in my presence the Parchment on which they are written, the leaden seals attached to them and the silken strings by which they hang". It was in vain that the legates earnestly protested against the outrage, in their double capacity as ambassadors and priests. They were obliged to make the strange trial of their digestion before the Tyrant.

Ants in Africa

The large ants of Africa have been known to strip bare to the bone

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The carcase of a cow in a single night. Mr [Alson/Abson?] the Governor of the English Fort at Grewhe in Dahomey was once reduced to that state of debility by a severe attack of fever as to be wholly helpless, and the ants attacked him in the night when lying in bed! and if fortunately one of his domestics had not awoke they would have devoured him before morning, so incapable was he of calling for help or of struggling with his assailing ants.

Sagacity and Affection of a Dog

A letter from a Gentleman at Wheeling to the Editor of the Winchester (Virginia)

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Republican relates the following affecting circumstance connected with the sinking of the Steam boat Mechanic having General La-Fayette on board as related to him by the General himself :- "I had with me" said the General, "a little dog presented to me by my Friend General Bernard, of Washington. It was a most sagacious affectionate little animal and particularly attached to me. After the boat had struck in the general confusion she (it was a female) had escaped on deck, but as it were perceiving that we were sinking and anxious for the fate of her master, who, unknown to her

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Had already got safe out of the cabin she returned and entered by the door in search of him. At this time the boat had sunk so far that the water rushed in through the cabin window and forcing the door to, the dog was shut in and lost its life in attempting to save its master". The General frequently related the tragic end of his affectionate dog with much sensibility and appeared to regret this loss as the greatest that had befallen him.

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The Four Reasons; or, The Actor's Appeal.

The following lines were spoken at the Royalty Theatre by a performer at his benefit.

When at the splendid ball or festive treat
The wealthy host invites his friends to meet
No need has he to fear their hesitation
Nor offer reasons for his invitation;
The joys the grandeur of the expected fete
Superfluous under every artful bait.
"We come, we come" cries each delighted elf
"The host may keep his reasons to himself".
But ah! With me who boast no fete nor ball
No sumptuous banquet nor illumined hall
How different is the ease with me to-night

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Who my kind friends with promises invite,
To give them reasons four why this I dare
To ask their presence at my humble fare!
Reason the first stand forth! (the eldest son enters) a goodly boy,
The father's pride a mother's anxious joy!
Come in my second reason! (the eldest girl enters); do I hear
Th'enlivening plaudits and benignant cheer?
Enter a third (the second son enters) more
Tender still in years –
And now my last (the youngest child enters)
Not least in love appears
These are the reasons these the motives keen
That urge my efforts in this toilsome scene;
And if I know our frame, they stand confessed
In every husband's, every parent's breast.

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Origin of Fruits etc In England

"See various trees their various fruits produce
Some for delightful taste, and some for use;
See sprouting plants enrich the plane of wood
For physic some, and some designed for food;
See fragrant flowers with different colours dy'd
On smiling meads unfold their gaudy pride"
Blackmore on the Creation.

In the reign of Elizabeth Edmund Grindall, afterwards Archbishop of Canterbury transplanted here the tamarisk. Oranges were brought here by one of the Crew family. To Sir Walter Raleigh we are indebted for that useful root the potatoe. Sir

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Anthony Ashley first planted cabbages in this country. The fig trees planted by Cardinal Pole in the reign of Henry the 8th are still standing at Lambeth. Sir Richard Weston first brought clover grafs into England in 1645. The mulberry is a native of Persia and is said to have been introduced in 1576 and came from the east. The Chestnut is a native of the South of Europe. The walnut is a native of Persia but the time of its introduction is unknown. The apricot came from America about 1562. The plum is a native of Asia and was imported in Europe by the Crusaders,

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And the damascene takes its name from the City of Damascus. The alpine strawberry was first cultivated in the King's Garden in 1760. The peach is a native of Persia. The nectarine was first introduced about 1562. Cherries are said to have come originally from Cerasus a city of Cappadocia from which Lucullus brought them into Italy and they were introduced into Britain about the year 53. It appears that they were commonly sold in the streets in the time of Lydgate who mentions them in his poems called Lickpenny.

"Hot pescode own began to cry,
Strawberrys uppe, an cheryes in the eyes"

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Filberts were so named from Phillipert King of France. The quince called Cydonia from Cydon was cultivated in this Country in Gerard's time. The red queen- apple was called in compliment to Queen Elizabeth. The cultivation of the pear is of great antiquity for Pliny mentions twenty different kinds. Most of our apples came originally from France, see Faulkner's History of Kensington. Miller mentions eighty- four species of pear, whose names are all enumerated in his Gardener's Dictionary a work of great celebrity and may be said to have laid the foundation of all the horticultural taste and

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Knowledge in England. To the afflictions and exiles of Charles we are indebted for many of our best vegetables which were introduced by his followers from the continent – thus by the industry of man are the gifts of the earth transported from clime to clime.

"See how the rising fruits the gardeners crown
Imbibe the sun and make the light their own"

Blackmore

Rich and Poor: or, Saint and Sinner

(from the Kent Herald)

The poor man's sins are glaring,
In the face of ghostly warning,
He is caught in the fact

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Of an overt act,
Buying greens on a Sunday Morning.

The rich man's sins are under
The case of wealth and station
And escape the sight
Of the children of light
Who are wise in their generation.

The rich man has a kitchen

Transcript produced by Ali Bond, Archives Volunteer and Alex Miller, Archivist

Wherein to cook his dinner;
The poor who would roast
To the baker's must post
And thus becomes a sinner.

The rich man has a cellar
And a ready butler by him
The poor man must steer
For his pint of beer
Where the saint ca'nt choose but spy him

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The rich man's painted windows
Hide the concerts of the quality
The poor can but share
A cracked fiddle in the air
Which offends all sound morality

The rich man is invisible
In the crowd of his gay society
But the poor man's delight,
Is a sore in the sight
And a stench in the nose of piety.

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