

## **The age of clay / by William Boyd-Mushet.**

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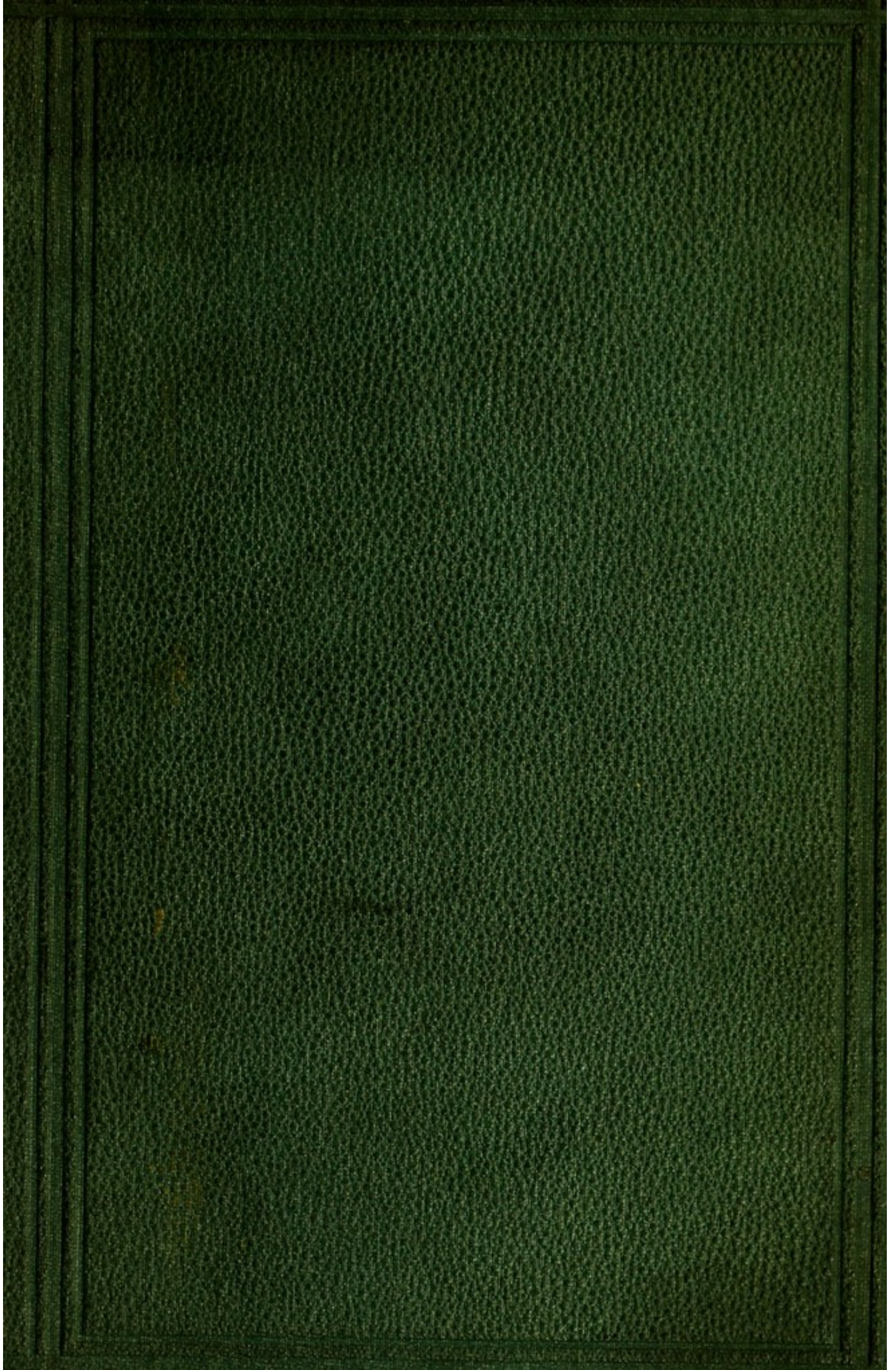
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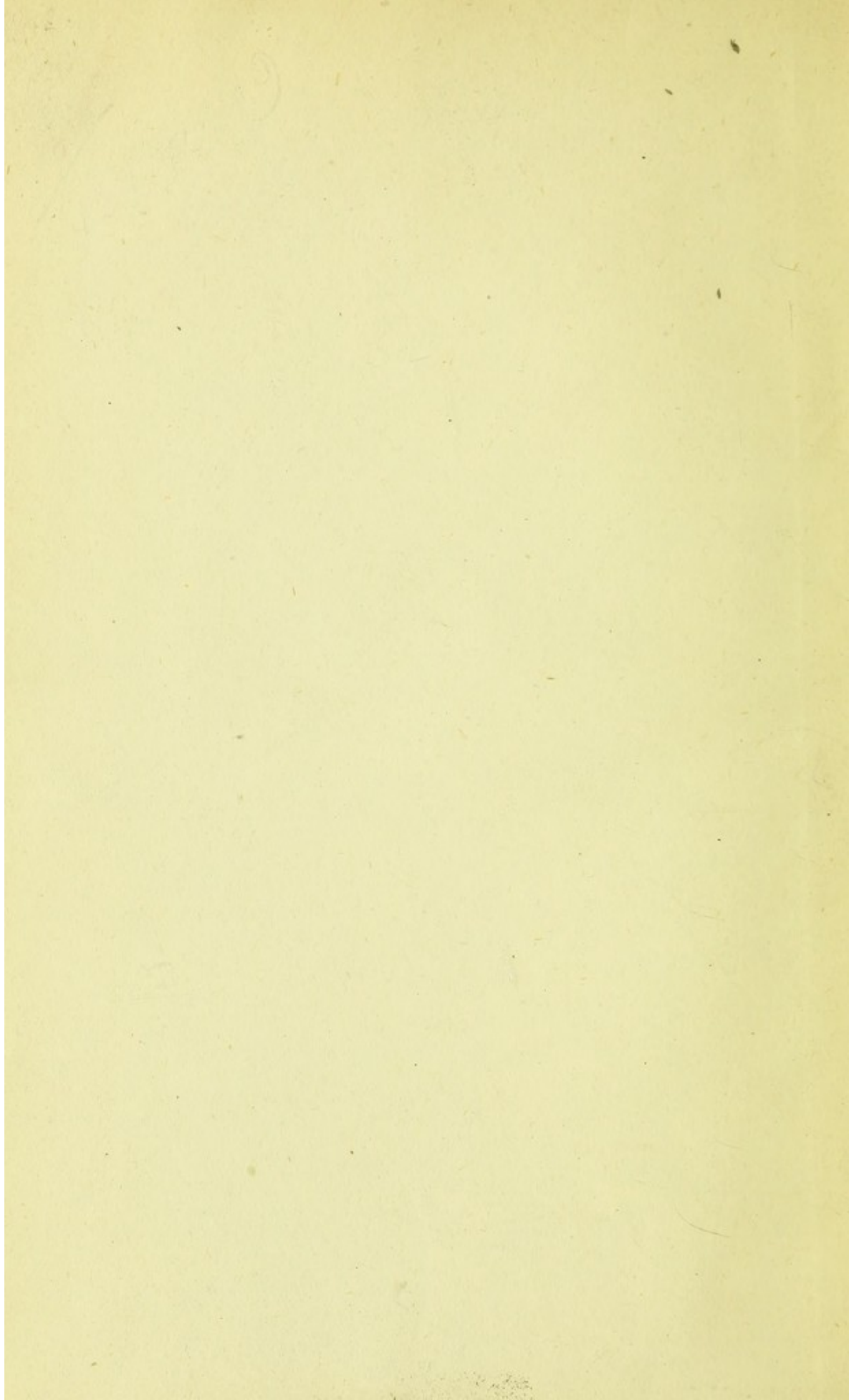
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from the Author.

THE AGE OF CLAY.



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# THE AGE OF CLAY.

(ÆTAS ARGILLACEA.)

I. MORALS.

II. RELIGION.

A Rhythmic Satire.

BY

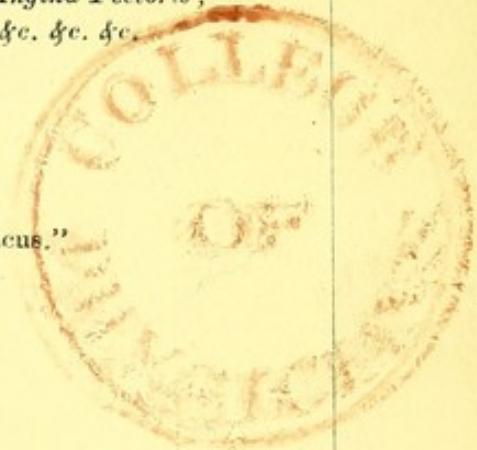
WILLIAM BOYD-MUSHET, M.B. Lond. M.R.C.P.

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Contagiousness and Treatment;" "The Pathology of Angina Pectoris;"*

*"The Workhouse, a Poem;" "Hyde Park;" &c. &c. &c.*

"Ubi philosophus desinit ibi incipit Medicus."



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# DEDICATIO.



A D M I N E R V A M

CONJUGEM MEAM

CARISSIMAM AMANTISSIMAMQUE.

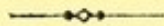
Eximiâ formâ muliebri prædita ; miris  
Muneribus morum, mentis et ingenii ;  
Insuper, insigni majestate ore venusto  
Conspicuâ, et tenerâ magnanimâque fide.  
Indolis ardentis, generosæ ; animæque pudicæ ;  
Grata, verecunda, nobilitate nitens.  
Mitis, honesta, decens, pia, amabilis, integra, casta,  
Contenta paucis, absque timore mali :  
Ast immota, Patri confidens Omnipotenti,  
Candida femineis—Diva Minerva Mea !

W. B. M.





## PREFACE.



“Tell Truth and shame the Devil.”

HOTSPUR (*Henry IV. Part I.*)



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## THE ARGUMENT.



### THE AGE OF CLAY.

“Ætas parentum, pejor avis, tulit  
Nos nequiores, mox daturos  
Progeniem vitiosiore.”

HORACE, *Lib. III., Carm. vi.*

“Omne nefas. Fugère Pudor, Verumque, Fidesque ;  
In quorum subiêre locum fraudesque, dolique,  
Insidiæque, et Vis, et Amor sceleratus habendi.”

OVID, *Metamorphoses, Lib. I.*

“Me seemes the world is runne quite out of square  
From the first point of his appointed course ;  
And being once amisse grows daily wourse and wourse.

For from the golden age, that first was named,  
It's now at earst become a stonie one ;  
And men themselves, the which at first were framed  
Of earthly mould, and form'd of flesh and bone,  
Are now transformèd into hardest stone ;

\* \* \* \* \*

For that which all men then did vertue call,  
Is now cald vice ; and that which vice was hight,  
Is now hight vertue, and so used of all :  
Right now is wrong, and wrong that was is right.”

SPENSER, *Faerie Queene, Book V., Introduction.*

“The world is grown so bad  
That wrens may prey where eagles dare not perch :  
Since ev’ry Jack became a gentleman  
There’s many a gentle person made a Jack.”

SHAKESPEARE, *Richard III.*, Act I.

“My ear is pain’d,  
My soul is sick with ev’ry day’s report  
Of wrong and outrage, with which earth is fill’d.”

COWPER, *The Timepiece*, Book II.

“Clay and clay differ in dignity  
Whose dust is both alike.”

*Cymbeline*, Act IV.

### HEALTH.

“Daughter of Pæon, queen of ev’ry joy,  
Hygeia.”

DR. JOHN ARMSTRONG, *Art of Preserving Health*, Book I.

“Get health. No labour, pains, temperance, poverty,  
nor exercise, that can gain it, must be grudged.”

EMERSON, *Conduct of Life*.

### MONEY.

“Lucri bonus est odor ex re  
Qualibet.                   \*                   \*                   \*                   \*  
Unde habeas quærit nemo, sed oportet habere.”

JUVENAL, *Sat.*, XIV. 204-7 (quoted from *Ennius*).

“A lumpyshe blockehedded churle, and whyche hath no  
more witte than an asse, yea and as ful of noughtynes as of  
follye, shall have neuertheles manye wyse and good men in

subiectyon and bondage, only for this, bycause he hath a greate heape of golde.”

SIR THOMAS MORE, *Utopia, Book II.*  
(translated by Raphe Robynson).

“ How quickly nature falls into revolt,  
When gold becomes the object !  
For this the foolish, over-careful fathers  
Have broke their sleep with thoughts, their brains with care,  
Their bones with industry ;  
For this they have engross'd and pilèd up  
The canker'd heaps of strange-achievèd gold ;  
For this they have been thoughtful to invest  
Their sons with arts and martial exercises ;  
When, like the bee, culling from ev'ry flower  
The virtuous sweets,  
Our thighs pack'd with wax, our mouths with honey,  
We bring it to the hive, and, like the bees,  
Are murther'd for our pains.”

*Henry IV., Act IV.*

“ Money is the only power  
That all mankind falls down before.”

BUTLER, *Hudibras.*

“ Tu te trompes, Philémon, si avec ce carrosse brillant, ce grand nombre de coquins qui te suivent, et ces six bêtes qui te traînent, tu penses que l'on t'en estime davantage. L'on écarte tout cet attirail, qui t'est étranger, pour pénétrer jusques à toi qui n'es qu'un fat.”

LA BRUYÈRE, *De Mérite Personnel.*

## COMMERCE.

“ Thou shalt not steal.”

*Exodus xx. 15.*

Decayed Ships. "Oh ! merchants make more conscience in an oth,  
 Merchants. Sell not your silkes by danger nor deceyte,  
 Adventurers. Break not your bankes with coine and credite  
 Promoters. bothe,  
 Directors. Heape not your hoordes by wilnesse of weyght,  
 Felon Bankers. Set not to sale your subtilties by sleight,  
 Thieves. Breede no debate by bargayning for dayes,  
 Beggars. For God will skourge such guiles tenne thousand  
 Cheats. wayes."  
 Adulterators.

GEORGE GASCOIGNE, *The Fruites of Warre* (died 1577).

"Soyez constant dans les règles du commerce ; qu'elles soient simples et faciles ; accoutumez vos peuples à les suivre inviolablement ; punissez sévèrement la fraude, et même la négligence ou le faste des marchands, qui ruine le commerce en ruinant les hommes qui le font."

FÉNÉLON, *Télémaque*, Liv. III.

"An honest man's the noblest work of God."

POPE, *Essay on Man*, Epist. 4.

"Only make it a man's interest to be a rascal, and I think we may safely depend upon his integrity in serving himself."

MACKLIN, *The Man of the World*, Act V.

"Mankind divides itself into two classes, benefactors and malefactors. The second class is vast ; the first, a handful."

EMERSON (*The Conduct of Life*).

"The artful trick adulterating food,  
 The balance false, the measure rarely good,  
 The cook'd accounts that puzzle e'en the wise  
 And swindle large by arithmetic lies,  
 The pasty cloth that stands nor sun nor rain,  
 The gritty bread, more sand than wholesome grain,  
 The edgeless tools, the ships that will not sail,

Insur'd to sink and swamp'd without a gale.

Lo ! we have liberty, but scanty law."

*Hilda amongst the broken gods, p. 205-6.*

### BETTING MEN.

"Clamor, et audax

Sponsio."

JUVENAL, *Sat.*, XI. 201.

### MONEY-LENDERS.

"Sour, unrelenting, money-loving villains, who laugh at human nature and forgiveness, and are, like fiends, the factors of destruction."

ROWE, *The Fair Penitent.*

### DRUNKENNESS.

"O Temperance, thou source of humane bliss, far exceeding our praise and admiration ! the glory and security of the first age of the world, which for thy sake was accounted golden ! the distinguishable beauty of Saturn's happy reign ! Those that regard thee, thou regardest, crowning a length of years with health and pleasure, with a countenance cheerful and amiable, with limbs brisk and active. Such, in short, are thy gifts and graces, as extort applause and encomiums from thy very enemies ; such thy worth, as the most intemperate must acknowledge ; whom the neglect and contempt of thee may render the proper object of that severe line of the satyrist—  
' Virtutem hanc videant, intabescantque relictâ.' "

JOHN ALLEN, M.D., F.R.S., *Synopsis Medicinæ Practicæ*, 1733 (*Translation*).

Some \* \* by violent stroke shall die,  
By fire, flood, famine ; by intemperance more  
In meats and drinks, which on the earth shall bring  
Diseases dire."

MILTON, *Paradise Lost*, XI. 470.



“Death deposes  
*Intemperance* to do the work of *age*.”

YOUNG, *Night Thoughts*, IX.

“Pass where we may, thro’ city or thro’ town,  
 Village, or hamlet of this merry land,  
 Tho’ lean and beggar’d, ev’ry twentieth pace  
 Conducts th’ unguarded nose to such a whiff  
 Of stale debauch forth-issuing from the styes,  
 That Law has licens’d, as makes Temp’rance reel.

\* \* \* \* \*

Th’ Excise is fatten’d with the rich result  
 Of all this riot ; and ten thousand casks  
 For ever dribbling out their base contents,  
 Touch’d by the Midas finger of the state,  
 Bleed gold for ministers to sport away.”

COWPER, *The Winter Evening*, Book IV.

### LUST.

“I rebuke no man  
 That virtuous is, why then  
 Wreke ye your anger on me ?  
 For those that vertuous be  
 Haue no cause to say  
 That I speake out of the way.”

JOHN SKELTON, *Colin Clout* (died 1528).

“Quod sus peccavit, sucula sæpe luit.”

ANONYMOUS.

“Rode lustfull Lechery,  
 Upon a bearded gote, whose rugged heare,  
 And whalley eies (the signe of gelosy)  
 Was like the person Selfe, whom he did beare.

Who rough and black and filthy did appeare ;  
 Unseemly man to please fair ladies eye ;  
 Yet he of ladies oft was loved deare,  
 When fairer faces were bid standen by :  
 O who does know the bent of womens fantasy ?”

SPENSER, *Faerie Queene*, Book I. Canto iv.

“Diseas'd ventures  
 That play with all infirmities for gold,  
 Which rottenness can lend nature.”

*Cymbeline*, Act I.

“Lust, thro' some certain strainers, well refin'd,  
 Is gentle love, and charms all womankind.”

POPE, *Essay on Man*, Epist. II.

### OBSCENE LITERATURE.

“Nil erit ulterius, quod nostris moribus addat  
 Posteritas : Eadem cupient, facientque minores,  
 Omne in præcipiti vitium stetit.”

JUVENAL, *Sat.*, I. 147.

### THE STAGE.

1. Tragedy. “Magnumque loqui, nitique cothurno.”  
 HORACE, *Epist. ad Pisones*, 280.

2. Comedy. “Interdum tamen et vocem comœdia tollit.”  
*Epist. ad Pisones*, 93.

3. Burlesque. “Fescennina . . . licentia.”  
 HORACE, *Epist.*, Lib. II., i. 145.

“Actors I've seen, and of no vulgar name,  
 Who, being from one part possess'd of fame,

Whether they are to laugh, cry, whine or bawl,  
Still introduce that fav'rite part in all."

CHURCHILL, *The Rosciad*.

### MUSIC HALLS.—PUBLIC GARDENS.

"Ambubaiarum collegia, pharmacopolæ,  
Mendici, mimæ, balatrones."

HORACE, *Sat., Lib. I. 2*.

"Attonitæ crinemque rotant, ululantque Priapum  
Mænades."

JUVENAL, *Sat., VI. 316*.

### DANCING.

The Ball. "Behold the world how it is whirlèd round,  
And for it is so whirl'd, is namèd so ;  
In whose large volume many rules are found  
Of this new art, which it doth fairly show :  
For your quick eyes, in wandering to and fro  
From east to west, on no one thing can glance,  
But if you mark it well, it seems to dance."

SIR JOHN DAVIES, *The Orchestra (died 1626)*.

"Thy subtler art  
Intoxicates alone the heedless heart :  
Thro' thy full veins the gentler poison swims  
And wakes to wantonness the willing limbs."

BYRON, *The Waltz*.

### THE PARK.

"Triscurria patriciorum."

JUVENAL, *Sat., VIII. 190*.

“ O earth on earth, it is a wondrous case  
 That thou art blinde, and will not the knowe  
 Though upon earth thou hast thy dwelling-place  
 Yet earth at last must nedes the overthrowe.  
 Thou thinkest the, to be no earth I trowe  
 For, if thou diddest, thou wouldest then apply  
 To forsake pleasure, and to learne to dye.”

STEPHEN HAWES, *The Pastime of Pleasure* (circa 1506).

“ Here in orderly confusion—exceptive of cabs, omnibuses, organ-grinders, the proletary race, and that wandering Israelite, the old Clo’, the veritable descendant of Joannes Buttadæus—is mustered and clustered every degree of the commonwealth ; and nobility and obscurity, hideousness and beauty, wit and ignorance, pravity and innocence, roguery and folly exhibit a motley conglomerate, familiar to the eye and ken of the social geologist, contributing their respective units to the fashionable integer.”

*Hyde Park*, 1871. By W. B. M.

### LOVE.

“ Bright wingèd child !  
 Who has another care when thou hast smil’d ?”

KEATS, *Endymion*, Book III.

### WOMAN.

“ Frailty, thy name is Woman !”

HAMLET.

“ Some waltz, some draw, some fathom the abyss  
 Of metaphysics ; others are content  
 With music ; the most moderate shine as wits,  
 Whilst others have a genius turn’d for fits.”

*Don Juan*, Canto XII. 12.

## CHIGNONS, COSMETICS, ADORNMENTS.

“Femina procedit densissima crinibus emptis,  
Proque suis alios efficit ære suos.”

OVID.

“As pirates all false colours wear  
T’ entrap th’ unwary mariner,  
So women, to surprise us, spread  
The borrow’d flags of white and red.”

*Hudibras, Canto III.*

“Often in my atrabiliar moods, when I read of pompous ceremonials, coronations, royal drawing-rooms, levees, couchees; and how the ushers and macers and pursuivants are all in waiting; how Duke This is presented by Archduke That, and Colonel A by General B, and innumerable bishops, admirals, and miscellaneous functionaries are advancing gallantly to the Anointed Presence; and I strive, in my remote privacy, to form a clear picture of that solemnity—on a sudden, as by some enchanter’s wand, the—shall I speak it?—clothes fly off the whole dramatic corps; and dukes, grandees, bishops, generals, Anointed Presence itself, every mother’s son of them, stand straddling there, not a shirt on them; and I know not whether to laugh or weep.”

*Sartor Resartus, Book I. Chap. ix.*

## THE OPERA.

“Where the upper classes assemble twice a week, for the pleasure of hearing one another and seeing the music.”

HORACE SMITH.

## THE BOAT RACE.

“Nunc, nunc, insurgite remis.”

VIRGIL.

## THE RINK.

“ Ah ! tibi ne glacies teneras secet aspera plantas.”

VIRGIL.

## THE ACADEMY.

“ Pictoribus atque poetis  
Quidlibet audendi semper fuit æqua potestas.”

HORACE, *Epist. ad Pisones*, 9.

“ Good Heav'n ! that sots and knaves should be so vain,  
To wish their vile remembrance may remain !  
And stand recorded, at their own request,  
To future days, a libel or a jest.”

DRYDEN, *To Sir Godfrey Kneller*.

## THE FLOWER SHOW.

“ The spleen is seldom felt where Flora reigns ;  
The low'ring eye, the petulance, the frown,  
And sullen sadness, that o'ershade, distort  
And mar the face of beauty, when no cause  
For such immeasurable woe appears,  
These Flora banishes, and gives the fair  
Sweet smiles, and bloom less transient than her own.”

COWPER, *The Task*, Book I., *The Sofa*.

## THE RACES.

“ Sciolo suadere popello.”

SPAGNOLI, *The Mantuan*, 15th Century.

## RICHMOND.

“ O'er the lawns,  
And o'er the vale of Richmond, where with Thames  
Ye love to wander.”

AKENSIDE, *Hymn to the Naiads*, 1746.

## BOATING.

“Les rameurs fendent les ondes paisibles ;  
 Un zéphyr léger se joue dans nos voiles ;  
 Il anime tout le vaisseau et lui donne  
 Un doux mouvement.”

FÉNÉLON, *Télémaque*, Liv. IV.

## TOBACCO.

“How little does a woman think when she marries, that she gives herself up to be poisoned.”

DOUGLAS JERROLD.

## CRICKET.

“Pars in gramineis exercent membra palæstris.”

VIRGIL.

“Juveni lusus qui placuere.”

OVID.

## THE ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS.

“Adonidis horti.”

*In Adagium.*

“Simia, quam similis turpissima bestia nobis !”

ENNIUS, *apud Ciceronem.*

“The structural differences which separate man from the gorilla and the chimpanzee are not so great as those which separate the gorilla from the lower apes.”

HUXLEY.

“If man had not been his own classifier, he would never have thought of founding a separate order for his own reception.”

DARWIN, *Descent of Man*, p. 150.

“By considering the embryological structure of man—the homologies which he presents with the lower animals, the rudiments which he retains, and the reversions to which he is liable—we can partly recall in imagination the former condition of our early progenitors, and can appropriately place them in their proper place in the zoological series. We thus learn that man is descended from a hairy, tailed quadruped, probably arboreal in its habits and an inhabitant of the old world. This creature, if its whole structure had been examined by a naturalist, would have been classed amongst the *Quadrumana*, as surely as the still more ancient progenitor of the old and new world monkeys. The *Quadrumana*, and all the higher mammals are probably derived from an ancient marsupial animal, and this through a long series of diversified forms, from some amphibian-like creature, and this again from some fishlike animal. In the dim obscurity of the past we can see that the early progenitor of all the vertebrata must have been an aquatic animal, provided with branchiæ, with the two sexes united in the same individual, and with the most important organs of the body (such as the brain and heart) imperfectly or not at all developed. This animal seems to have been more like the larvæ of the existing marine ascidians than any other known form.”

DARWIN, *Descent of Man*, p. 609.

“What do our so-called educated circles, who think so much of the high civilisation of the nineteenth century, know of the most important biological facts, of the indispensable foundations for understanding their own organism? How much do our speculative philosophers and theologians know about them, who fancy they can arrive at an understanding of the human organism by mere guess work or divine inspiration?”

HAECKEL, *History of Creation*, translated by LANKESTER,  
*Vol. I. p. 294.*

\* \* \* \* \*

“What are nobles to think of the noble blood which flows in their privileged veins, when they learn that all human



embryos, those of nobles as well as commoners, during the first two months of development, are scarcely distinguishable from the tailed embryos of dogs and other mammals."

p. 295.

"Not one of all the still living apes, and consequently not one of the so-called manlike apes, can be the progenitor of the human race. . . . The apelike progenitors of the human race are long since extinct. We may possibly still find the fossil bones in the tertiary rocks of Southern Asia or Africa."

p. 277.

\* \* \* \* \*

"The transition from speechless, apelike men to genuine talking men probably took place at the beginning of the quaternary period, namely, in the diluvial period, but possibly even at an earlier date, in the more recent tertiary."

HAECKEL, *Vol. II.* p. 294.

"Very few of our race can be said to be yet finished men. We still carry sticking to us some remains of the preceding inferior quadruped organisation."

EMERSON, *Conduct of Life*, p. 98.

### HURLINGHAM.

"Ranarum viscera nunquam  
Inspexi."

JUVENAL, *Sat.*, III. 44.

Cruelty.  
Vivisection.  
Sport.      "They counte huntynge the lowest, the vyleste  
and mooste abiecte part of boucherie. . . as the  
hunter seketh nothings but pleasure of the seelye and woful  
beastes slaughter and murder."

SIR THOMAS MORE, *Utopia*, Book II.

"Ventre affamé n'a point d'oreilles."

LA FONTAINE, *Le Milan et le Rossignol*,  
*Livre IX.*, Fab. 16.

## WAR.

“Thou shalt not kill.”

*Exodus xx. 13.*

Murder. “How vain is custom, and how guilty pow’r?  
Slaughter is lawful made by the excess;  
Earth’s partial laws just Heav’n must needs abhor,  
Which greater crimes allow, and damn the less.”

SIR WM. DAVENANT, *Gondibert, Book II. Canto i.*

“If we contemplate the common life and the mutual relations between plants and animals (man included), we shall find everywhere, and at all times, the very opposite of that kindly and peaceful social life which the goodness of the Creator ought to have prepared for His creatures—we shall rather find everywhere a pitiless, most embittered struggle of All against All. Nowhere in nature, no matter where we turn our eyes, does that idyllic peace, celebrated by the poets, exist; we find everywhere a struggle and a striving to annihilate neighbours and competitors. Passion and selfishness—conscious or unconscious—are everywhere the motive force of life.”

HAECKEL, *History of Creation, p. 20.*

“With all the people of antiquity, the Gauls, the Romans, the Athenians, the right of the strongest was the right of nations; and from the same principle are derived all the political disorders and public national crimes that at present exist.”

VOLNEY, *Ruins of Empires, p. 192, note.*

“Were things but only call’d by their right name,  
Cæsar himself would be ashamed of fame.”

*Don Juan.*

## CRIME.

“If every man’s sins were written in his forehead and secret faults known, how many thousands would parallel, if not

exceed, thine offence? It may be the judge that gave sentence, the jury that condemned thee, the spectators that gazed on thee, deserved much more, and were far more guilty than thou thyself. But it is thine infelicity to be taken, to be made a public example of justice, to be a terror to the rest; yet, should every man have his desert, thou would'st peradventure be a saint in comparison."

BURTON, *Anatomy of Melancholy, Part II. Sect. III.*

"The foolish, the ignorant, the brutal, the deformed comprehend the far greater portion of mankind."

SIR WALTER SCOTT, *The Pirate, chap. 12.*

"Society is barbarous until every industrious man can get his living without dishonest customs."

EMERSON, *Conduct of Life, p. 52.*

#### POOR LAW.

"Is not this an vniust and vnkynde publyque weale, whyche gyueth great fees and rewardes to gentlemen, as they call them, and to goldsmynes, and to such other, whiche be either ydle persones, or els onlye flatterers, and deuysers of vayne pleasures; and of the contrary parte maketh no gentle provision for poore plowmen, coliaris, laborers, carters, yronsmynes and carpenters; without whome no common wealthe can continewe? But after it hath abused the labours of their lusty and flowring age, at the last when they be oppressed with olde age and syckenes; being nedye, poore, and indigent of all thinges, then forgetting their so manye paynefull watchinges, not remembring their so manye and so greate benefites, recompenseth and acquyteth them most vnkyndly with myserable death."

SIR THOMAS MORE, *Utopia, Book II.*

"The lying relieving officer (known)  
For relieving—the parish rate."

BARRY CORNWALL, *Dramatic Scenes.*

## MISERY.

“This wide and universal theatre  
Presents more woeful pageants than the scene  
Wherein we play.”

*As You Like It, Act III.*

## CHARITY.

“Sestertiolum donavit.”

MARTIAL.

## GLUTTONY.

“Quibus in solo vivendi causa palato est.”

JUVENAL, *Sat.*, XI. 11.

## LAWYERS.

“Judgment is turned away backward, and justice standeth  
afar off; for truth is fallen in the street, and equity cannot  
enter.”

*Isaiah lix. 14.*

“Purpura vendit  
Causidicum.”

JUVENAL, *Sat.*, VII. 135

“I know you lawyers can with ease  
Twist words and meanings as you please,  
That language by your skill made pliant  
Will bend to favour ev'ry client;  
That 'tis the fee directs the sense  
To make out either side's pretence.  
When you peruse the clearest case  
You see it with a double face,  
For scepticism's your profession,  
You hold there's doubt in all expression.”

GAY, *Fab. I., Part II.*

“The lawless science of our law,  
That endless myriad of precedent,  
That wilderness of single instances.”

TENNYSON, *Aylmer's Field*.

“Men with consciences tender as the bellies of alligators.”

DOUGLAS JERROLD.

### DOCTORS.

“Medicine is of all arts the most noble ; but owing to the ignorance of those who practise it, and of those who inconsiderately form a judgment of them, it is at present far behind all the other arts.”

HIPPOCRATES, *The Law (translation)*.

“The first physicians by debauch were made ;  
Excess began and sloth sustains the trade.”

DRYDEN, *Palamon and Arcite*.

“Vultu, gestu adgravitatem composito, suam tum ignorantiam tum diffidentiam fictâ velans audaciâ, venales phrâses ore doctorali profundit, et cum diu aliis sciens et volens imposuerit, semetipsum tandem deludit, ipse fallitur, et se magni momenti personam existimat.”

F. B. de SAUVAGES, *Nosologia Methodica, Venetiis*,  
1764, p. 2.

“Apollo was held the god of physic and sender of diseases. Both were originally the same trade and still continue.”

SWIFT.

“The people here judge as they do in the East ; where it is thought absolutely requisite that a man should be an idiot before he pretends to be either a conjuror or a doctor.”

GOLDSMITH, *Citizen of the World*.

“Those all-daring rascals christen’d *Quacks*,  
To whom our purse and lives are legal plunder,  
Who, hawklike, keep the human species under.”

DR. WOLCOT.

“If you are going to die, a doctor cannot help you ; and, if you are not, there is no occasion for him.”

HONE, *Table Book*.

### CLERGY.

“Speak ye every man the truth.”

*Zechariah viii.* 16.

“Grievous wolves  
Who all the sacred mysteries of Heaven  
To their own vile advantages shall turn  
Of lucre and ambition ; and the truth  
With superstitions and traditions taint.”

MILTON, *Paradise Lost*, *Book XII.* 508.

### AMBITION.

“O quantum est in rebus inane !”

PERSIUS, *Sat.*, *I.* 1.

Fame.  
Titles.

“Man still is sick for pow’r, yet that disease  
Nature (whose law is temperance) ne’er inspires ;  
But ’tis a humour, which fond man doth please,  
A luxury, fruition only tires.”

DAVENANT, *Gondibert*, *Canto VIII.*

“Be but great  
With praise or infamy, leave that to fate ;  
Get place and wealth, if possible, with grace ;  
If not, by any means, get wealth and place.”

POPE, *Satires*.

“Tam ficti pravique tenax, quam nuntia veri.”

ÆNEID, *Book IV*

“Not a man for being simply man  
Hath any honour ; but honour for those honours  
That are without him, as place, riches, favour,  
Prizes of accident, as oft of merit ;  
Which when they fall, as being slippery standers,  
The love that lean'd on them as slippery too,  
Do one pluck down another, and together  
Die in the fall.”

*Troilus and Cressida, Act III.*

“Men are the sport of circumstances, when  
The circumstances seem the sport of men.”

*Don Juan, Canto V. 5.*

“Thro' tatter'd clothes small vices do appear ;  
Robes and furr'd gowns hide all.”

*Lear, Act IV.*

“Never title yet so mean could prove  
But there was eke a mind that did that title love.”

SHENSTONE, *The Schoolmistress.*

“Lo ! this is one among my golden rules  
To think *the greatest men the greatest fools.*”

DR. WOLCOT, *Lousiad, Canto I.*

### THE ROYAL SOCIETY.

Ψυχῶν σοφῶν τοῦτ ἐστὶ φροντιστήριον.

ARISTOPHANES, *The Clouds (Strepsiades loq.).*

“Clamosa sophorum  
Agmina.”

CLAUDIAN.

“The learned pate  
Ducks to the golden fool.”

*Timon of Athens, Act IV., Scene 3.*

“Ces conteurs  
Qui n'ont jamais rien vu qu'avec un microscope.”

LA FONTAINE, *Livre IX. Fab. 1.*

“Who . . . . .  
Impale a glowworm, or *vertu* profess,  
Shine in the dignity of F.R.S.”

*The Dunciad, Book IV.*

“The greater part of the sciences contain but one single  
word—Perhaps.”

HONE, *Table Book.*

### PARLIAMENT.

“M.P. or M.T. (empty).”

TOM MOORE.

### LITERATURE.

“The republic of letters should be rather styled an anarchy  
of literature.”

“*The Citizen of the World.*”

### THE PRESS.

“Of all the cants which are canted in this canting world—  
though the cant of hypocrites may be the worst—the cant of  
criticism is the most tormenting.”

STERNE, *Tristram Shandy, Vol. III. chap. 11.*



“ Critics ! appall'd I venture on the name,  
 Those cut-throat bandits in the path of fame,  
 Bloody dissectors, worse than ten Monros ;  
 He hacks to teach, they mangle to expose.”

BURNS.

“ The pulpit has been thoroughly supplanted by the newspaper.”

DR. DRAPER, *Conflict of Religion and Science*.

### DEATH.

“ Mors sola fatetur  
 Quantula sint hominum corpuscula.”

*Juvenal, Sat., X. 172.*

“ As rivers to their ruine hasty be,  
 So life (still earnest, loud and swift) runs post  
 To the vast gulf of death, as they to sea,  
 And vainly travailes, to be quickly lost.”

GONDIBERT, *Book I. Canto iv.*

“ Life's but a walking shadow ; a poor player  
 That struts and frets his hour upon the stage,  
 And then is heard no more : it is a tale  
 Told by an idiot, full of sound and fury  
 Signifying nothing.”

MACBETH.

“ Qui peut avec les plus rares talents, et le plus excellent mérite, n'être pas convaincu de son inutilité, quand il considère qu'il laisse, en mourant, un monde qui ne se sent pas de sa perte, et où tant de gens se trouvent pour le remplacer ?”

LA BRUYÈRE, *De Mérite Personnel*.

THE SEASIDE.

Παρά θῆνα πολυφλοίσβοιο θαλάσσης.

*Iliad, I. 34.*

“The dash of ocean on his winding shore.”

COWPER, *Task, Book I., The Sofa.*

TRAVEL.

“Many shall run to and fro.”

*Daniel xii. 4.*



# THE AGE OF CLAY.



## PART I.

IN the Saturnian Age, as bards declare,  
Perennial spring and innocence abode,  
Mankind at peace, with blissful skies content.  
At length, by an inexorable law  
Of decadence, less happy times ensued,  
Consecutive, until the Iron age  
Predominant the gentler reign usurp'd  
Of golden, silver, and of brazen years.  
So Naso sang : and Flaccus, in lament  
Of his degen'rate century, bewail'd  
Ignoble parents, ignominious sons.  
Thus much the Roman, and, despite of pride,  
The boasted graces of the Christian state,  
And all its teachings simple and humane,  
Our race deteriorates :—emasculate,  
Bereft of even minor virtues own'd  
By our forefathers in the age of Iron.  
Wherefore, distinctive of the present scene  
And panorama form'd by man, I name  
Ourtime, with saddest truth—THE AGE OF CLAY.

Yet, optimists in vivid fancy dream  
Of man's perfectibility; affirm  
An ardent trust in progress, and advance  
To higher and more spiritual life.  
And Evolution? Cunning on the past  
Is on the future silent; whether man  
In mind will change or body, or ascend  
To grander being. Still, its facts afford  
An argument impartial and direct  
In favour of *developmental* views.  
But what does hist'ry, what tradition say?  
That man is man, and ever has been man,  
In character apparently unchang'd.  
The earliest dwellers by the Nile, and those  
Of Nineveh and Babylon, the Jew,  
Phœnician, Persian, Grecian, Roman, Goth,  
Hun, Vandal, Frank, Arabian, Turk and Celt,  
Dane, Saxon, Norman, all alike present  
The nature, and the attributes of man.  
The folk of London, Paris, at Berlin,  
Saint Petersburg, New York, Rome, Amsterdam,  
China and India, Japan, Peru,  
The Gold Coast, Saint Francisco, the remote  
Pacific Isles and Papua—from Pole  
To Pole—the same propensities display,  
As constant as do horse, and sheep, and dog,  
Which equally are modified in type  
By geographical environment,  
As climate, soil and food, with mode of life.  
Man's actions, too, are qualified by laws  
Appointed by his fellows. Uncontroll'd

By law, a very savage man remains  
Brutish as stock or stone. In self-defence,  
The family, the tribe, the clan decrees  
Crude rules of conduct. Soon, the stronger arm,  
The wiser brain, as leader or as chief,  
Asserts its sway. Next man 'gainst man's array'd,  
An enemy, oppressing or oppress'd ;  
Lord, vassal ; victor, captive ; tyrant, slave.  
By fav'ring aid extrinsic, barb'rous man  
Less rude becomes, more settled life succeeds  
Till serf and bondman struggle to be free.  
Liberty, licence, revolution, each  
Rule paramount, the demagogue and mob  
Depose their king or governors. Again,  
Man as a savage riots, unconstrain'd  
By any civil, any moral law.  
His natural passions unrestricted glow—  
Cruelty, anger, covetousness, lust,  
Deceit, and lying comprehend the sum  
Of his existence. With enlarg'd desires,  
More glutt'nous, more voluptuous he becomes,  
Invents fermented and distillate drinks,  
And quaffs of alcohol the poisonous cup.  
Or from the musty juice of Syrian grape  
Deriv'd, or humbler cereal, pome or rice,  
Date, sugar-cane, potato, cocoa-nut,  
Or stud of Tartar traversing the steppe  
(Equine libation). The Kamtschatkadale  
Esteems the *Amanita* for carouse,  
And with the draught, transmitted, toasts his friend,  
From renal sources flowing, unimpair'd.

In *Ava*, Polynesians pledge their gods,  
So Afric's sons with sap of simplest plants,  
Succumb to the intoxicating spell.  
Ebriety ! of curses most accurs'd !  
Particular to man, exempt the brute ;  
Madd'ning the sense, augmenting vicious moods  
And instigating violence and crime.  
How sad the contrast ! animals incline  
Their bent untainted by the cask or still,  
Whilst Man a Nemesis creates, and deems  
The fruits of his excess a scourge from Heav'n ;  
Imploring the Creator to avert  
The dread results of self-inflicted ill.  
A host of grievous maladies confronts  
The drunkard—inflammation, heart-disease,  
Consumption, madness, dropsy, ulcers dire,  
Gout, indigestion, palsy, apoplexy ;  
With mournful train of chronic woes and pains,  
Degenerations, paroxysmal fits  
Of melancholy, twin of suicide.  
But evils cease not here. The suff'ring child,  
Excruciate offspring of a sire deprav'd,  
Tells his pernicious heritage, and dies  
Either an early victim to attack  
Of atrophy, convulsions, diarrhœa,  
Rickets, or tubercle ; or, immature,  
Attains an arduous manhood, and begets  
A weaker progeny—more drunken still.  
The theoretic moralist may cry,  
“ A cynic rhapsody ; ” but I maintain,  
England triumphant in her wealth and pow'r,

Land of the Gospel, fosterer of art  
And science, home of the humanities ;  
England enlighten'd, cultur'd, virtuous, free,  
A saint amongst the nations ! reeks and reels  
Immers'd in sin. The times are dissolute,  
Vice sits supreme, tho' pens satiric strive  
To bare and lash the folly, wickedness,  
And infamy which stalk throughout the land.  
May truth my muse inspire, in caustic strains  
And sternest numbers, to denounce the rife  
Malignant social evils of the Age.  
Health and contentment—boons ineffable—  
No longer form the chiefest joys of life.  
The first, but little priz'd till undermin'd  
Or lost, is rudely squander'd in pursuit  
Of so-call'd pleasure. *Fashion* ridicules  
Contentment, and, instead, excitement lures  
Its jaded vot'ries. Self-indulgence (Self  
Or *Egoismus* marks this Age of Clay)  
Seeks to excite corrupted appetites,  
Alien, factitious, despicable, gross ;  
Until the system, pall'd and enervate  
In stomach, heart, and brain, heeds not the goad  
Of Luxury's supposititious aid,  
But in collapsion perishes—a wreck.  
The lust of wealth, drink, food, dress, ornament,  
Libidinousness—immorality,  
In act, in word, in thought—extravagance,  
Disdain of earnestness, frivolity,  
Flippant indiff'rence, insincerity,  
Insensibility to others' pain,



And bland hypocrisy all ranks pervade,  
 Supplanting probity by guilty shams,  
 By condiments the simpler tastes of life.  
 Does happiness result from riches? Wealth  
 And wide demesnes on their possessor can  
 Delights confer, as means to ends, employ'd  
 Judiciously, with mind and body sound.  
 But gold to the intemperate or weak  
 Proves oft calamitous, a lethal fount  
 Of ever-flowing misery, which leads  
 To profligacy, drunkenness, and death.  
 Doubtless, the blessings of the nuptial tie  
 By Plutus' smiles may be enhanc'd; but oft  
 Dowries, annuities, and settlements  
 Love's substitutes betoken. Skeletons  
 Huge, grim and gaunt, boudoirs of palaces  
 As cruelly as paupers' huts infest.  
 In truth, more irksome. Money discord breeds  
 'Twixt wives and husbands; and the poorest pair  
 Are often happiest, since affection's rule,  
 And mutual warmth unites, united them.  
 Strifes, quarrels, litigations, too, prevail  
 'Mongst families and kindred as events  
 Of covetousness. Cares and torments vex  
 Testators, legatees, inheritors,  
 Presum'd and actual. The benefits  
 Of treasure in expectancy, when gain'd,  
 Not seldom are transmuted into dross.

The Epicure aristocratical  
 (Wealthier than many a German duchy's lord),

Who dines, Lucullus-like, a worshipper  
Of Savarin, and gives his Gallic cook  
More lib'ral stipend than a curate's pay,  
In vain is tempted by most exquisite,  
Profuse, and richest dishes, which comprise  
The Cornucopia of the world. The wines  
Of Burgundy, Epernay, the Moselle,  
Johannisberg, Tokay, the Douro ; all  
The choicest and most curious liqueurs  
Charm not his languid palate. He complains,  
A millionaire dyspeptic. (P'rhaps Cognac  
His pulse exhilarates.) The rustic hind,  
Incessant labouring from morn to eve,  
Winter and summer, sunshine and in storm,  
Feeds on the coarsest fare—oft sparing too—  
And satisfies his thirst from Nature's rill,  
Or draughts occasional of cider weak,  
Beer weaker, weakest tea. Yet he enjoys  
(Dependent on his labour for), digests  
His meals, more blest than he 'mid lavish store,  
Who sighs, like Tantalus, untasting all.  
The snug and plodding citizen, obese  
And opulent (replete in gorge and purse),  
Fulfilling the respectabilities  
Of life—exemplar to his juniors—  
Oft after civic banquet feels a twinge  
Podagrical, or biliousness severe.  
He then bemoans his lustier youth, when gold  
Was rare, but active his digestion. He  
Enviest the wretched scrub itinerant,  
Whose nimble tubes less dainty food absorb,

Cull'd from the sordid restaurant, which steams  
 Unsav'ry odours in the thoroughfares,  
 Tempting the nostrils of the hungerly ;  
 Where puddings pil'd prodigious, beef transfix'd,  
 Hams, tongues, soup, dumplings, tripe, and other  
 viands

Allective to the rav'nous sons of toil,  
 Offer refection daily, cheap and hot.  
 The proletarian, from prosperity  
 Elate, turns often gain to punishment.  
 Increase of wages is the gen'ral source,  
 'Mongst artisans, of inebriety  
 With its conjunctive ills—neglect of wife,  
 Of children, tendency to cruel sports  
 And degradation to the vilest brute.

Commerce, which yearly leads to great increase,  
 A multitude enrols. To ev'ry port  
 A fleet of steamers and of sailing ships  
 Mann'd by our seamen, wafts our merchandise.  
 And (is it credible?) a murd'rous league  
 Of owners, eager to *enrich themselves*,  
 Reckless of human life and public scorn,  
 Commit their rotten vessels to the seas  
 (Protected by insurance overmuch),  
 Hoping to make a profit by their loss.  
 Yet, in these mincing days, our Parliament  
 Is reticent to stamp with shameful proof  
 These miscreants, who their villany so deep  
 Within the walls of Newgate should repair,  
 And on the gibbet expiate with life.

PLIMSOLL ! thy labours—spite of opposition  
 And insolent denial—to remove  
 This sanguinary stain from England's scroll  
 Deserve eternal praise ! O noble man,  
 Conspicuous benefactor in this AGE  
 OF CLAY ! our future mariners shall bless  
 Thee, Samuel Plimsoll ; thy detractors brand  
 With execration ; and until a ray  
 Of honour fails to light our sea-girt Isle  
 The name of Plimsoll shall in lustre shine,  
 And bear as epithet—THE SAILORS' FRIEND.

Mammon incites the trader to explore  
 The navigable globe and tracts unknown  
 Of distant continents. Of time and place  
 Himself availing, barter he incurs  
 With hostile races, heathen tribes, and life  
 For lucre hazards. Fortune proving kind,  
 And greed of gold increasing with his hoard,  
 He leaves an agent, and returning home  
 Expands his traffic. More important soon,  
 Colossus-like on 'Change, mart, dock, he strides,  
 Dealing in shares, stocks, bonds, scrip, loans ; and  
     buys  
 Cargoes of cotton, sugar, timber, corn,  
 Jute, coffee, tallow, tea, hides, pepper, fruit  
 And such commodities ; in suburbs rears  
 A mansion. Urg'd by his ambitious spouse,  
 He covets aldermanic honours. She,  
 Grown emulous to set the mode, bedecks  
 Her waning charms with ostentatious robes

Of fur and velvet; for her portrait sits  
 (Exhibited, of course, upon the *line*  
 In Piccadilly), and herself persuades  
 To be a personage historical.

Poor woman! she vulgarity confounds  
 And breeding; nigh conceives that poverty  
 Is guiltiness. The most expensive, best  
 She fondly thinks, oblivious of the past,  
 More unpropitious, when with busy fists  
 Her husband's linen she so deftly lav'd.  
 Mayhap, from lucky ventures, he achieves  
 Renown of wealth (and charity); is made  
 Lord Mayor, Baronet; and rich in years,  
 Possessions, grandeur, finally expires  
*Regretted, universally belov'd,*

Leaving a son, to whom the Heralds' College  
 A pedigree supplies—and Wardour Street  
*Well-faded* pictures of his Norman sires!

A gang of most atrocious scoundrels prowl  
 Within our cities—all their stock-in-trade  
 A miserable den or office (eight  
 By nine, upon the sixth or seventh stage  
 Of some old building—Chambers designate),  
 A desk, a stool, a ruler, ink and pens.  
 Adventurers, the title they assume  
 Of share-*dealers*, commission agents, or  
 Directors, the unwary to entrap  
 By circular, report, or publish'd list  
 Of mines, projections, and financial schemes  
 Inveigling with the bait of int'rest high

The poor man's hard-earn'd gains.  
  The common thief,  
Or beggar, who appropriates a loaf,  
A coat, a sixpence (in a sense he's *bold*  
And dares the *risk*) is mercilessly hal'd  
Before the magistrate ; to prison van  
And cell consign'd. Repeating the offence,  
The myrmidons of justice record bear  
Against him, and the outcast makes atone  
By penal servitude, as fate condign.  
But felon-bankers, confidential clerks,  
Promoters, merchants, brokers, or trustees  
Are rarely punish'd, who infringe the law ;  
Tho' they in ruin and despair involve  
The widow, orphan, and lean shareholder  
Investing life-long thrift.—A Gurney, Dent,  
Or Collie is impeach'd (exception rare),  
But leading counsel, learnèd in the law,  
Raise technical objections. A remand  
Obtain'd, *substantial bail's* alone requir'd :  
That is, for *millions* fraudulently spent  
Two to four *thousand* pounds are held enough  
Security, and the *defendant* (who  
Is never term'd the *prisoner*) upon  
His own recognisances is allow'd  
“ To leave the Court surrounded by his friends.”  
Meanwhile the culprit, smitten with alarm,  
Lest his offence within the scope of law  
Should hap to prove, reflects upon the course  
To be pursued. Or he decamps to Spain—  
That paradise of forgers, swindlers, knaves—

Where extradition treaties have no force ;  
 Or impudently braves th' inquiry out,  
*A most unfortunate and injur'd man.*

\*            \*            \*            \*            \*

The prosecution fails, and he retires  
 In *free* enjoyment of embezzled pelf,  
 When petty pickpurses, purloiners small,  
 In *durance* forfeit liberty for years.

To make a fortune, Horace recommends  
 By honest means, if possible ; but *now*  
 Dishonest means are pref'erable. At least  
 Dishonesty's the rule. Men whom the world  
 Think honest (we must recollect the world's  
 Dishonest too) to gull the crowd conspire  
 By startling speculations. Companies  
 Call'd Life *Assurance* (ominous the name)  
 Entice confiding parents to secure  
 At lowest rates, with gen'rous premiums,  
 Provision for their family at death.  
 Relying on prospectuses and *names*,  
 By exercise of much frugality  
 The annual payment punctually is paid.  
 A panic follows. The insurers' hopes  
 Are blasted by insolvency. Next comes  
 The winding-up ; contributories plead  
 Non-obligation, and thro' ev'ry phase  
 Of trick'ry and chicanery attempt  
 To prove that rogues and robbers martyrs are,  
 Who, by desert, would rusticate in gaol.  
 But why need individuals be nice,

When Governments their debts repudiate ?  
*Videlicet*, Spain, Turkey, Honduras.

CHEATING'S THE RAGE. To it diplomatists  
 And hucksters kneel. Wide-spread cupidity,  
 Craft, competition, av'rice, pomp and brag  
 Stagnate all moral feeling and provoke  
 Unnat'ral thirst of riches. Arrogance  
 Prosperity attends. Adversity  
 Is craven. Lying, malversation, fraud  
 Are justifiable (*discovery*  
 The sin), and laws are mainly fram'd (applied ?)  
 To check a too demonstrative *canaille*.  
 The " great unpaid " provincial magistracy  
 Immeasurable difference discerns  
 Between the peasant's child that picks a flow'r  
 And local squire who nearly beats to death  
 A groom or railway porter. For the first  
 Infraction of the laws,—imprisonment  
 One week ; reformatory life, four years,  
 The sentence. For the last,—a fine, five pounds.  
 Or say a labourer (let's call him *tramp*)  
 Is found at night reposing in a shed,  
 Homeless, but harmless, hungry, tir'd and cold  
 (The Union some miles off). The foll'wing day,  
 A functionary dooms the man to pris'n,  
*As rogue and vagabond*. His only crime,  
 Defect of this world's gifts ; a crime which he,  
 With opportunity, would only be  
 Delighted to amend. But should the man  
 A shovel steal, or fork, the outrag'd Bench



(A parson usually its oracle)  
 The malefactor to a term condemns  
 Of penal servitude.—The sister, wife,  
 Or daughter of a country gentleman,  
 During her purchases, a pair of gloves,  
 A handkerchief, a ring or brooch abstracts  
 (*Vulgo*, a shoplifter). The plea is urg'd  
 Of *Kleptomania*. The justices  
 Confer together. Promises are made  
 Of future vigilance. The *lady* weeps,  
 “Feeling acutely her position.” Still,  
 She’s mad, not wicked; so the Bench decides  
 To place her in the custody—of friends.  
 (’Twere hard, I own, to send the girl to gaol,  
 But it is harder far to send the man.)

Of the distractions of society  
 Involving ev’ry calling, ev’ry age,  
 Racing—or rather betting—foremost stands,  
 As many bet who never view a race  
 Or racehorse. In obscure tobacco-shop,  
 Beer-house, coal-office, bird-shop, coffee-house,  
 Betting abounds; at corners of the streets  
 And secret agencies the country o’er.  
 Here tradesmen, ’prentice boys, and all the class  
*Below* the privileg’d, resort to bet,  
 Furtively staking monies oft acquir’d  
 By misappropriation. Woe betide  
 Th’ illicit crew should the police attain  
 A knowledge of their haunt. Taken straightway  
 Before the magistrate, a fine’s impos’d,

One hundred pounds or under, or six months'  
 Incarceration, should it not be paid.  
 The *privileg'd*, to "Tattersall's" who go,  
 Of constables have no compunctious dread,  
 Or penalties. With like impunity  
 Betters and bookmakers escape the law.  
 The welcher, thimblerrigger, cardsharper—  
 Lesser offenders, Ishmaels of the turf—  
 To summ'ry vengeance ever liable,  
 In their rascality have something frank,  
 And honour amongst themselves. In West-end  
 clubs

Their occupation finds its prototype ;  
 But there and in the City this assumes  
 Euphemious names, and mostly works conceal'd.

The money-lender (of the genus Shark  
 Rapacious species) preys upon the heir  
 Of property deferr'd ; accommodates  
 The youth at interest of cent. per cent.  
 Or slightly less—one half in cash, one half  
 In brandy or cigars. However, he  
 Not smaller fry disdains. On bill of sale  
 He lends one-third the value of the goods,  
 And as the date expires (sometimes before),  
 Unless his claims be paid, with watchful gripe,  
 He swoops remorseless, ev'ry wrack removes,  
 E'en coat and boots, if not as garments worn.  
 The Pawnbroker—a horse-leech for the poor,  
 The spendthrift, drunkard, stealer, demirep,  
 Lying in wait, as spider in its web

(How blest the spot where never vermin dwell!),  
No object that is vendible declines,  
If small in compass. Watches, jewels, spoons,  
Umbrellas, pictures, porcelain, mosaics,  
A gun, a shirt, flat-iron, feather bed,  
Are all engulf'd if pawn'd, at most, for less  
Than half their worth. He seldom cares to ask  
Unpleasant questions as to ownership.  
And, peradventure, should Detective trace  
A curious cameo, or antique gem,  
Pledg'd by a shabby stranger, he imputes  
The blame to his assistant. At the worst  
The article is render'd up. The judge  
And jury "most severely reprehend  
His conduct," but he quits the Court unscath'd,  
Less scrupulous, *with licence unrevok'd*,  
Conscious of myriad disgraceful acts,  
That one, and only one, has been reveal'd.  
Still I was taught the maxim in my youth—  
*More criminal receivers are than thieves.*  
If, on the other hand, a driver *find*  
Within his cab a stick, or parasol,  
Unwillingly obtruded (treasure trove?),  
And fail, within *one* day, the waif to bear  
To Scotland Yard, he's dragg'd by the police  
As roughly as a burglar to the Court,  
Convicted and amerc'd, or in default  
Imprisonment endures. So justice strains  
At gnats, but swallows dromedaries whole.  
The hawker and the pedlar—Pariahs both—  
Are narrowly and bitterly repress'd

By the authorities. No one defends  
Their life and conduct as angelic, yet  
Their culpabilities and punishments  
Contrast profoundly with less venial guilt  
In those who freely violate the law.  
For instance, in a leading neighbourhood  
The dairyman professes purest milk,  
By rural kine supplied, to sell. Each day  
The precious product is by railway borne  
From distant farms, at one of which occurs  
Scarlet or typhoid fever. By-and-by,  
The germs of these, by water, air, or hand  
Convey'd, infect the milk. With mischief fraught,  
The poison'd fluid is to town transferr'd,  
To families distributed—and then  
An epidemic rages! Worst of all  
(The outbreak to its cause distinctly trac'd),  
The dealer caution'd to suspend the sale,  
Becomes defiant; utterly ignores  
Remonstrances and scientific facts—  
For profit scatt'ring wide DISEASE and DEATH.  
The punishment of this flagitious act  
Is NOUGHT. Its perpetrator e'en complains,  
Contrite by loss of trade and bankruptcy,  
That customers avoid the venom'd stuff,  
Resenting to be stricken down or slain.  
Again, in a more homely district, we  
Behold the milkman, who his stock dilutes  
From well or cistern. From the first he draws  
Water, polluted by contiguous drains  
Engendering disease; or, from the last,

Proportion so far to reduce the milk,  
That it becomes unequal to support  
Infantile life. Thus human guile perverts  
Heav'n's nutriment to starving mockery.  
Our nation groans beneath this wide abuse,  
Especially the offspring of the poor—  
The nation's strength—of elements depriv'd  
Essential to, or rather forming, blood,  
Bone, muscle, nervous tissue, teeth, and fat ;  
In short, a healthy child. Throughout the realm  
Chiliads of babies perish ev'ry year,  
Impoverish'd, exhausted, sacrific'd  
By vitiated diet ; whilst legions more,  
Blemish'd and scrofulous, defects of growth,  
Surviving hardly, ne'er robustness gain  
Thro' life, from childhood's hurt and error rack'd.  
Surely the legal chastisement of those  
Who so offend must be *indeed* severe !  
Till recently, no penalty attach'd  
To such misdeeds ; of late a paltry fine  
Of twenty shillings, to five pounds increas'd  
On rare occasions !—Chapmen, who their wares  
Sophisticate, deride our impotent  
Enactments. They each day, each hour dispense  
Adulterate provisions, drink and drugs,  
By mulctuary perils undeterr'd,  
Which threaten seldom, and are, from the spoils  
Of treacherous defraudment, cheaply paid.  
The caitiffs, who with wrongful balances  
The bread and meat of indigence abridge,  
Go virtually unpunish'd ; also those,

With few exceptions, who to market send  
Unwholesome or putrescent flesh as food.  
How light are visited commercial crimes !  
Knowledge abets completion, and its guides  
Are spuriousness, duplicity, and gain.  
But there are sins against *the pow'rs that be*,  
Tho' trivial, less readily condon'd.  
To wit, the careless owner of a dog  
Neglects the annual duty to defray.  
Straight, prying officers the fault detect,  
Cite and arraign the heinous man the charge  
To meet, and press for penalty extreme,  
Back'd by the thunders of *the Government*.  
Due reparation's order'd, and a sum  
Impos'd, equivalent to what is held  
Sufficient to repress *atrocities*  
Committed in the various paths of trade.  
Th' unlucky knave much worse befalls who dares  
The revenue officials ; and, by stealth  
From vessel lying in a port attempts  
Tobacco or cigars, on shore to bear,  
Evading impost—*an imperial* tax.  
A very heavy fine is promptly claim'd  
(Sometimes one hundred pounds). If this not paid,  
The articles proscrib'd are confiscate,  
And sev'ral months' imprisonment ordain'd.  
May Minos' shade the legislative mind  
Induce to harmonise incongruous laws,  
That *justice* be synonymous with *right*.

## II.

THRO' ev'ry channel of society,  
From throne to hovel—in the swarming town  
And hamlet scanty—baleful alcohol  
Streams pestilential floods. Intemperance  
With man is co-extensive, and the most  
Enlighten'd, civilis'd, Christian (forsooth !)  
Amongst the peoples are most saturate  
With fiery drink. Europe conspicuous stands,  
And most notorious, England ; and the town  
Darkest, most infamous, degraded ; steep'd  
In drunkenness and accessory vice,  
Seething in liquors tribute to the state,  
Is Liverpool, emporium of the world.  
Here Orangeman and Ribandman prolong  
Ancestral rancour. Pulpit utterance  
With bigotry resounds. Religion is  
To politics subordinate. Each year,  
By godliness impell'd, and Bacchus' cup  
(Wretched antithesis), the Protestant  
And Papist fracture skulls in frenzied hate,  
Upholding worship with a rite of blood.  
Sectarian malice paralyses zeal  
For public good. Dissenter, Romanist,  
And Churchman act aloof, in platitudes  
Preaching verbose (their Master merged in Self),  
Whilst fiercest orgies, dev'lish revelry,  
The products of empoison'd blood and brains  
Sodden by basest spirits, foulest beer,

With plague-spot stigma blacken Lancashire.  
 Cease theologic wrath, Church conf'rences,  
 Spasmodic ravings, savouring of the "stump"  
 From far Chicago, and Revivals all ;  
 Emotional, unhealthy excitants  
 Devoid of earnestness and usefulness ;  
 And if our bishops, priests, and presbyters,  
 Divines, and missionaries be sincere  
 (And not themselves inebriate), may they  
 Unite, forthwith, with all philanthropists  
 (If such survive to grace this AGE OF CLAY),  
 Against the might of vested interests,  
 To raise a grand crusade. The Brewing trade  
 Enormous capital and power wields.  
 Its representatives within the House  
 Of Commons laws to guard its rights dictate ;  
 And, at elections, licens'd victuallers  
 Decide the poll. Corruption, bribery,  
 And perjury from public-houses spring  
 (Norwich, to wit). A bench of magistrates  
 In town or country district gravely sits  
 Renewing, granting licences profuse ;  
 With Janus-justice punishing the crimes  
 To drinking due. Th' Imperial Government  
 Promotes the liquor traffic, as the source  
 Of greatest rev'nue. In this year of grace,  
 One thousand eighteen hundred eighty-one,  
 Ending in March, th' amount as duty paid  
 On spirits, in th' United Kingdom is,  
 Exclusive of the tax on wines and beer,  
 'Bove twenty mil~~l~~ions, which will near suffice *i/*



For all our armaments by sea and land.  
Would Peace and Temp'rance join, no further need  
Of Customs or Excise th' expense to meet  
Of national defences ; but mankind,  
For ever drunken, ever quarrelsome,  
As oldest records tell, with course of time  
In ebriosity more deeply sinks,  
Becoming likewise more ingenious  
In the infernal arts of murd'rous war.

Intoxication, with its sequent ills,  
One of his most pernicious banes has prov'd  
To man. The savage, by the liquid fire  
Inflam'd, declines ; at last from long debauch  
Exterminated. In a *Christian* land,  
(Christian advisedly, as Mussulman,  
Buddhist and Brahman normally abstain),  
From manhood's dawn to sheer decrepitude,  
The drunkard varies much in phase and grade.  
In strong potations the bibacious sot,  
Quaffing from day to day continual draughts  
Of spirituous drink, presents a type  
Familiar. Temperance to him remains  
A long-forgotten state. In liquor drench'd,  
Fuddled, not tipsy, from unceasing use  
And thraldom of the bottle. His faculties  
Hebete and wavering ; his judgment marr'd,  
His aspect bloated ; reeling in his gait,  
Now noisy, humorous ; now savage, dull ;  
Guzzling his substance and his health away,  
A spectacle and byword to the crowd.

Seldom in tippling deep does youth indulge,  
Or jollity protracted caus'd by wine.  
Symposiac revels of adolescence  
Are chiefly episodes, or intervals,  
The outcome of companionship. Alas!  
In crowded cities where the standard's—wealth,  
Where money, and not manners, makes the man;  
Where Cotton constitutes nobility,  
Morality is torpid, passion gross,  
Example profligate. Hence, striplings try  
To copy seniors in rank and age  
(Rank meaning money, money founding rank),  
And riot heedless in a wild career  
Of alcoholic drinks—untimely wreck'd  
By dissipation. Should his vital pow'rs  
Successfully the ravage of disease  
Resist, th' inebriate boy, confirm'd, pursues  
A drunkard's progress—all refinement lost  
In degradation; all domestic ties  
Dissolv'd, destroy'd. Excitement, shamelessness,  
And loss of character by turns result  
In violence, brutality, remorse,  
Delirium and horror (harbingers  
Of anguish and despair), till madness strikes,  
From epileptic or allied assault,  
The tott'ring brain, and in perdition ends  
A wretched and abbreviated life.  
'Twere needless to rehearse in much detail  
The hydra-headed forms of drunkenness  
In man and *woman*. In the latter sex,  
The habit's often secret (save amongst

The lowest classes). Grief, disease, and pain,  
Bereavement, disappointment, widowhood,  
Hereditary craving, solitude,  
Are ordinary causes. There exists,  
Besides, a vacillating frame of mind—  
A want of mind, a true infirmity  
Of purpose, morbid weakness or warp'd will—  
In certain females, which disposes them,  
With dipsomaniac propensity,  
To stimuli. Such women seem to lack  
In frequent instances, not common sense,  
Nor education. There's analogy,  
In some respects, between their mental state  
And the hysteric passion, but the two  
Are different, and insobriety,  
More strongly than the mere desire of drink,  
Similitude begets. (Hysteria  
May be by alcohol intensified,  
But the phenomena are yet distinct  
From those occurring 'mongst inebriates  
In womankind.) Chloral and opium,  
Eau-de-Cologne and sal-volatile  
Are oftentimes secreted in their dress  
By females fetter'd with invet'rate bonds  
Of drunkenness: and dipsomaniac men  
Are omnibibent. Spirits rectified,  
Tinctures medicinal, narcotic drugs,  
Camphor and turpentine are swallow'd up  
With eagerness by the demented mob  
Of Comus. Women in the humbler ranks,  
Of drunken habits, banish ev'ry thought

Of decency and shame, and forfeit all  
 Maternal sentiments. Their children's clothes  
 They pledge and sell, neglect their babies,—who  
 Perish from over-laying, poison, want  
 Of breast milk, inattention or disease—  
 And disregard their husbands' home and peace.  
 For these there's no reclaim. Their partners too  
 May be habitual toppers. Many a man  
 And woman lead a drunken, desp'rate life ;  
 Are kill'd by misadventure or design,  
 From stabbing, kicking, brawl or pot-house fray ;  
 Die suddenly in midnight lock-up, or  
 An inquest with the pungent text afford,  
 "Death from excessive drinking,"—whilst the  
     friends,  
 Besotted, celebrate a fun'ral wail,  
 And roll unheeding o'er the shroudless dead !

Drunkenness levels caste ; to king and clown  
 Is common ground, evoking ev'ry trait,  
 Dishonouring mankind, from selfishness  
 To murder and all crimes conceivable.  
 Drunkenness, pregnant with disease and death,  
 Claims an official army to control  
 Its deleterious action, and adjust  
 Its consequences. Prisons, refuges,  
 Asylums, hospitals, reformatories,  
 Madhouses, workhouses a staff entail  
 Of judges, gaolers, magistrates, police,  
 Matrons, attendants, nurses, governors,  
 Chaplains and doctors ; also coroners,

And last, not least, THE HANGMAN. Add to these

The supplemental multitude engag'd  
 In distillation, brewing, the excise,  
 Retailing beer and alcohol, and those  
 Employ'd subservient to the appetite  
 Of drinking and its sequences, the sum  
 Becomes portentous, and declares the sad  
 But obvious fact, that man exults and thrives  
 On the distress and sin of fellow-man.

### III.

OF all the passions dominating man,  
 The most imperious is—Debauchery.  
 Annals, profane and sacred, loud proclaim,  
 From times the most remote until to-day,  
 This glaring truth. (Addiction to the use  
 Of stimulating liquors aggravates  
 Immoral ardour. Malefactors urge,  
 In ruffianly and criminal attacks,—  
 As mitigation of felonious  
 Attempts their lawless deeds to perpetrate,—  
 Th' excuse of impulse uncontrollable  
 Or of oblivion from excess of drink.  
 But such a plea should render their offence  
 More heinous and more penal, and invoke,  
 For double crime, more stringent punishment.)  
 Needs there apology, that I discuss

A topic so repulsive, when our fair  
And gentle matrons on the platform shriek  
With socio-political dismay  
'Gainst legislative measures to curtail  
Disease contagious? which disease, *indeed*,  
Upon the children visits parents' sin.  
Needs there apology, I ask, that I  
Iniquities describe which ev'ry rank  
Commits without concealment, without blush,  
Or semblance of apology? I may  
Apologise, but only that I lack  
Th' invective talent of a JUVENAL,  
And can but feebly reprobate an age  
With prurience fest'ring and impurity.  
*Exempli gratiâ*—read the daily press,  
The weekly papers, current lit'rature,  
The present novel. Watch the modern stage;  
Visit Cremorne, th' Alhambra, Argyll Rooms,  
And peer into the music-halls from East  
To Western London—Pandemonia,  
As terrible beneath their garniture  
As famed Gehenna's valley. Penetrate  
Alsatian dens which thickly blot our towns,  
Well known to missionaries and police,  
Where wantonness in tumult all restraint  
Discards. Ascend the social ladder. Move  
In various orbits of society.  
To balls, routs, races, fêtes and "Lord's" repair,  
To Richmond, flower-shows and Hurlingham,  
"Prince's" and Lillie Bridge, "Th' Academy,"  
Park, opera, the theatre, and Zoo,

Ryde, Cowes, the country-house, seaside, hotels,  
 The Continent (query, *In-continent?*) ;  
 Observe the worship of the Cyprian  
 'Mongst high and low, and note her madding train.

The newspaper (of the Aryan race  
 Chief medium), with telegraphic aids,  
 Intelligence disperses o'er the globe,  
 Exerting sov'reign influence on the minds  
 Of men. Its columns ever teem with harsh  
 Details of sexual passion, jealousy,  
 And murder ; love and suicide, and crimes  
 Morbidly call'd "romantic." Should the breath  
 Of scandal whisper an unsullied name,  
 Or slander vilify ; should weak *faux pas*,  
 Intrigue, or an elopement be expos'd,  
 Forthwith, in leading type, the daily press  
 With coarse embellishment the incidents  
 Records. Provincial papers soon transmit  
 The stirring tale, the weeklies follow suit,  
 In language hyperbolical convey  
 The narrative throughout the kingdom, till,  
 Flash'd across continents, it, for a time,  
 Remains a talk and topic of the world.  
 With such avidity the nations seek  
 " Sensational " announcements, jest and gloat  
 On graphic lewdness and indecency.  
 The revelations in our courts of law,  
 Disclosures ascertain'd by magistrates,  
 Th' investigations of police, and all  
 Our periodical reports evince

The master passion of the present age  
 To be, in either sex,—licentiousness.  
 Mark the advertisements. Their tone appeals  
 To ev'ry animal and grosser sense.  
 Amusements? Are they simple, innocent,  
 Temp'rate and unexciting, or beset  
 With meretriciousness, carnality,  
 And imminent defilement? Calmly scan  
 The journals which most widely circulate  
 Especial information with regard  
 To pleasure. How equivocal their style,  
 Oft in ambiguous cypher dark conceal'd!  
 Notifications, whether of the stage,  
 The concert, dancing-room, the newest book,  
 Art, ornament or costume; also those  
 Pertaining to deformity, disease,  
 And *even death*, are craftily conceiv'd  
 To rouse emotions of lasciviousness.  
 Is this untrue? Advertisements consult  
 In *Thunderer and Twaddlegraph*. A play  
 Is vaunted for indelicacy. Songs  
 For latitude, the dance for laxity.  
 Reviews of books are mainly occupied  
 With love delineations, in a mood  
 Suggestively provocative; whilst Art  
 And decoration are address'd to veil  
 Ingenious improprieties of skill  
 In china, jewellery, heliographs,  
 And *articles de luxe* (mere subtlety  
 Of wickedness). *Outré* description guides  
 The milliner and manteau maker. Dress



Conventionally-changing forms adopts,  
Capriciously, without relationship  
To modesty or beauty, from a vain  
And emulous desire, ancillary  
To indecorum and voluptuousness.  
Deformity of body, physical  
Infirmity, disease suppos'd and real,  
Are openly adverted to in terms  
Unquestionably filthy, and arouse  
Demoralis'd ideas. Those which err  
Most shamelessly are local newspapers,  
And those, self-styl'd, of Christian principles,  
Which constantly their tainted columns fill  
With a farrago of obscenity  
And quackery, pestiferous to youth.  
Surely the Medical or Campbell's Act  
Applies to such abominations? "Yes,  
But, as th' Exchequer no advantage reaps  
From prosecution, foulest notices  
Are freely printed." "Has no censor pow'rs  
To intervene and stem this infamy?"  
Still death *at least* must be dissociated  
From all immoral thought, and levity  
Retire in silence? Note the wild accounts  
Of murders, inquests, and the rabid thirst  
To learn *post-mortem* horrors, and behold  
A mutilated corse. Inspect the Morgue  
At Paris, or the anatomical  
Museüms which pollute our larger towns.  
Some few years since, one of the *demi-monde*,  
Whilst riding in Hyde Park, was thrown and kill'd.

The body of the poor unfortunate  
Was taken to Saint George's Hospital  
And plac'd within the mortuary. Men,  
Or *gentlemen*, in numbers flock'd to see  
The stark *disjecta membra* of the girl.  
What was their motive? Curiosity,  
To while away the tedium of the day?  
Or sympathy? Would they have visited  
A male, tho' by most harrowing death destroy'd?

Writers of fact and fiction from their works  
Simplicity and soberness exclude,  
Aiming by illegitimate effects  
At popularity. Can we condemn  
Their conduct? Novelists, *to please the age*,  
Must study to reflect its manners, save  
When gifted with a genius like Scott  
Or Lytton, which all time and place defies.  
Thus, science and religion are discuss'd  
In ev'ry magazine: as thoughtful minds  
Are agitated by conflicting views  
On matter, force, and spirit. Hence the age  
Controls the author, is responsible  
For prevalent opinion, and dictates  
Its literary *pabulum*. No doubt,  
Original and daring souls decline  
Its rules and trammels; yet their pens describe  
With rare felicity our inner life.  
In trenchant language they the truth depict,  
Recording, not inventing. Nowadays,  
Literature the arts of trade assumes;

It toils to live, and labours not from love.  
Therefore, to gain success, the public taste  
Must be consulted. Murder, bigamy,  
Fraud, forgery, and lewdness form the plots  
Of leading novel-writers, who delight  
In vitiating themes. They paint the times  
In which they live, as units of the scene.  
But they are popular ! Then, who's to blame ?  
The authors or their readers ? Both, in sooth.  
Authors should never pander to the calls  
Or cravings of perverted fancy ; whilst  
Readers can shun contaminating books  
Of fiction, fill'd with ribaldry and slang.  
Whate'er the inference, 'tis not denied  
That novels *are* corrupt ; whose reading shares  
The mental exercise of all our youth.  
Writers of travel in the Southern seas,  
Amongst the Mormons, in America,  
In Africa, and distant isles, compose  
A frightful history of human vice.  
Revolting in particulars, the fault  
Lies in the subject rather than the style  
In many instances. But, ne'ertheless,  
There is a class of authors who present  
Egregiously offensive portraitures,  
Florid and circumstantial, which deface  
Their pages with a most libidinous  
Complexion. Here the peccancy, again,  
Is in the authors. Still their volumes charm  
Admiring critics of congenial mould ;  
Circulate, interest, and ring with praise.

Whilst female novelists, in their contempt  
Of modesty and ethics, deeply sin,  
They never, like their masculine compeers,  
Offend in amatory rhymes obscene.  
How must Apollo and the virgin Muse  
Erato frown at lyric rhapsodists,  
In England, France, America, who dare  
Th' Aonian mount to scale, in odious flights  
More fervid than Anacreon. From these  
Descent is easy to the scribbling horde  
Who surfeit Wych Street with a loathsome pile  
Of novels, pamphlets, tales, biographies,  
And songs so filthy and detestable,  
That, even in this unfastidious age,  
Effusions so abominable prompt,  
At intervals, th' Executive to act.  
Convictions may at times such monsters fright,  
Tho' most inadequate their sentences  
And seldom suffer'd. Shocking photographs,  
Indecent prints and pictures swell their trade,  
Secret, but lucrative. It forms a grave,  
A flaming commentary on the times,  
Not only that these scoundrels risk the sale  
Of most abhorrent works ; but that a large  
And wealthy class disgusting subjects craves,  
The most unnatural demanding most.  
But, as in sinners there's no vice of which  
In saints there's not a trace, so higher art,  
If most obnoxious, both in its display  
And treatment, is indulgently receiv'd ;  
Appearing on the walls of galleries,

Decking shop-windows, illustrating books  
 And albums. The judicial mind is vex'd  
 To give opinion on designs, affirm'd  
 To be of decency within the pale.  
 Andromeda disrob'd upon the rock,  
 David and Bathsheba, a startled nymph,  
 Syrinx and Pan, the wife of Potiphar,  
 Pasiphaë in Cretan maze surpris'd,  
 The woman taken in adultery,  
 Venus, as in the Dulwich Gallery seen,  
 And kindred contributions to the arts  
 In annual collections are avow'd  
 To be permissible, or excellent  
 As studies:—and the artist's dubb'd R.A.  
 But should an inauspicious rascal chance  
 To reproduce the painting, bas-relief  
 Or statue, outrag'd justice interferes,  
*As public morals are in jeopardy,*  
 And the society which holds its name  
 From its endeavours in suppressing vice,  
 In prosecution gold enough expends  
 To save from peril many an useful life.  
 How empty the result! as purchasers  
 And fabricators of the works escape,  
 So that their spread's diverted, but uncheck'd.

## IV.

THE Stage, whose province is to elevate,  
 Refine, and guide, debases and depraves.  
 The dramatist (exponent of the age

In which he moves) accepts and represents  
The social tone and spirit of his time,  
Conceding, with a gross servility,  
To popular demand for spectacle,  
Licentious dialogue and noxious scenes,  
In absence of which stimulants to sense  
And passion plays are summarily "damn'd."  
Few managers the hardihood possess  
To reproduce Shakespearean works, or those  
Of standard authors. Hence our British youth  
But stinted opportunities obtain  
To witness Hamlet, Richard, Falstaff, Lear,  
Othello, Julius Cæsar, Romeo,  
Shylock, Coriolanus, and Macbeth,—  
Unrivall'd masterpieces of our bard.  
Neglected, too, remain Ben Jonson, Rowe,  
Congreve and Otway, Marlowe, Massinger  
And other lights, before whose fulgent beams  
The modern drama pales its waning fires.  
"Sardanapalus," "Manfred," and "The School  
For Scandal" may ephem'ral runs attain,  
Bedight with gorgeous tinsel; and the last  
(Most admirable play) succeeds the best  
From *lack of moral*, which befits the taste  
And disposition of the period.  
Have we a Burbage, Garrick, Cooke, or Kean,  
The house to shake with histrionic rage,  
To rouse the mind to virtue, or to swell  
The heart with pity? Breathes there actress *now*,  
In moods alternate with emotion rapt,  
To melt to love, or to deter from vice

With moral force, and educate the crowd?  
 Thalia e'en no longer dons the mask,  
 With light conceits promoting to instruct,  
 And when the semper-virent Matthews fled  
 The stage the comic muse her seat resign'd,  
 Depos'd by mimes unpolish'd and grotesque.

The country of Corneille and Molière  
 In Zola and in Offenbach delights.  
 Illicit love, liaison, opera bouffe  
 The plots and music to its theatres  
 Alone supply. The Gallic brain is rack'd  
 To furnish "situations" which infringe  
 Or contravene the marriage-vow. All rules  
 Of morals are derided, and a false,  
 But dazzling, glamour is conferr'd on lust  
 Depicted under thinly-veil'd disguise  
 Of fervid sentiment or hapless love.  
 The *café chantant* charms the *bourgeoisie*  
 With most inflaming ditties, sung by men  
 (And women) in vermilion ruddle daub'd;  
 And on the confines of the classic fields  
 Elysian (symbol of Plutonian realms),  
 The famed Mabelle each night a wanton rout  
 Presents of saltatory courtesans  
 Engag'd to give expression to the band.  
 France, the politest nation in the world,  
 At orgies more concupiscent connives  
 Than those of Lupercalian Pan, or those  
 Of Thyad and of Mænad—frantic nymphs—  
 Disporting with the satyrs in the groves

Of old Dodona, and Thessalian bow'rs.  
 LUTETIA, PARIS, City of the Seine,  
 (Vaunting her glory, magnet of the world,  
 Attracting strangers from remote Cathay  
 To rainless Lima) with emphatic tongue  
 Asserts her ingenuity unique  
 In gesture, attitude, and motion. There  
 Th' unbridled—sensual—lech'rous—*Cancan* dims  
 The wildest rite of Africa or Ind.  
 Nor Fantee, nor abandon'd Nautch girl, can  
 Approach this shameless dance's infamous,  
 Revolting measure. Visit the *Mabille*,  
 Its most audacious haunt. Upon the stage,  
 Observe the blushless Schneider 'mid acclaim  
 Enchanting male and female audiences  
 Of rank and fashion, by immodest feats  
 Of posturation! Less pronounc'd in style,  
 The *Cancan* (like Sardou's and Dumas' plays)  
 Crosses the Channel, and on English *boards*  
 And at the music-halls desires instils  
 Destructive as the Lamia's cursèd charms.

Adapted from the French, with pruning skill,  
 Unhealthy pieces flood our theatres,  
 And in another generation will,—  
 Unless Charles Reade, Tom Taylor, and correct  
 Authors the national *morale* improve,—  
 Assimilate the foreign stage and ours.  
 Colman and Morton, Tobin and O'Keefe  
 And Inchbold are forgotten. In their place  
 "Frou Frou," "The Magdalen," and "Clytië"



(Typic examples of the carnal school)  
 A morbid sympathy with vice inspire.  
 As monitor no longer serves the stage.  
 Melpomene abeyant vainly seeks  
 For Thespian talent, and her sister Muse  
 Laments the lapse of comedy. No more  
 The fair and graceful maid Terpsichore  
 To guide the dance presides. In vilest scenes,  
 Inciting speeches, daring songs and jigs,  
 Riot extravaganza and burlesque ;  
 And in those hybrid products which are not  
 Or melodrama, comedy, or farce,  
 The Decalogue is ridicul'd ; home ties,  
 Domestic joys are scoff'd at ; and the rake,  
 The ruffian, ruin'd girl, or debauchee,  
 Is not "to point a moral" introduc'd,  
 But as the mouthpiece of equivocal  
 Discourse and innuendo. Fescennine,  
 But witless, ballads gratify the gods  
 And groundlings in the stalls. *Double-entendre*  
 Fillips the jaded playgoer's blunted ear ;  
 And ballet-girls in costume which affords  
 The slightest scope to fancy, lithely whirl  
 In movements most seductively corrupt,  
 Beneath th' electric light's fictitious gleam.

The music-halls, for evil, exercise  
 An untold influence, far beyond the stage.  
 The prices of admission are too small,  
 At most, to be remunerative. Thus,  
 Amusement proves subordinate to drink.

The melodies of Dibdin, Moore, or Burns,  
 Find no acceptance; but the coarsest songs,  
 The broadest humour, negro minstrelsy,  
 And rank travestie greet the muddled brains  
 Of visitors, commingled with the sound  
 Of *obligato* glasses, pop of corks,  
 And shouts of "waiter." The funambulist,  
 Athlete, and gymnast specially command  
 Applause, whilst sweet Euterpe is contemn'd—  
 Unless the flippant strains of Offenbach  
 And passages from "Traviata," play'd  
 During the blare of drunken voices may  
 Be claim'd as music. Public dancing-rooms,  
 And gardens (to Priapus dedicate)  
 Allure the class which commonly frequent  
 The music-hall. Each year the magistrates  
 Are much embarrass'd, 'twixt their own respect  
 And their connexions, as to licēsing *n/*  
 These modern night-houses, the rendezvous  
 Of palliard and of cullion; the resort  
 Of harridan, hetaira, punk and drab  
 (Ladies of the Suburra, who reside  
 'Mid intricate *purlieus* of Leic'ster Square,  
 South-west of Knightsbridge, in the rearward  
     streets  
 Of Cubitopolis, and where the Wood  
 Of the Evangelist from Regent's Park  
 Stretches tow'rds Finchley). Here such women ply,  
 Without control, their scortatory trade,  
 Prelusive to the bordel. Mœchus leads  
 The train of foul Cotytto, deity

Of putage. Messalina, by champagne  
 Or gin recruited, aggravates desire.  
 Bohemian roister, harlot, libertine,  
 In Saturnalian congress madly join'd,  
 Provoke their passions, and, with drunkenness  
 And turbulence obscene, affright the moon.  
 Meanwhile, in pravity unutt'able,  
 Sporus, Bathyllus—if reports be true—  
 As in Athenian times, obscurely skulk,  
 Abhorrently nefandous, shunn'd by all.

## V.

CHANGING the prospect, we discern that Man  
 And Woman are the same, wherever plac'd.  
 Standards of pleasure vary, but mankind,  
 As creatures unavoidably impell'd,  
 Alike by their sensations—natural  
 Or cultivated—own its phantom spell.  
 The war-dance stirs the Indian ; by the brink  
 Of broad Nyanza, Mumbo-Jumbo droll ;  
 The dervish and the fakir fanatic  
 Distortions practise ; lively saraband  
 The Spaniard, or cachuca ; and ourselves  
 Lilt, reel, waltz, polka, minuet, quadrille.  
 At fashionable ball, th' enchanting fair,  
 Encircled by her partner's arms, prefers  
 The fascinating waltz (the dance that shock'd  
 The genial Byron). Her bosom nude  
 And palpitating, she inflames his soul

With most voluptuous fancies ; in her turn  
 Erotically agitated. When  
 The supper, with its bubbling juice, imparts  
 New animation to the glowing sense,  
 Restraint grows lax, tho' wary dowagers  
 Enjoin a coy demeanour. Vehement  
 Embraces abrogate all thoughts of gold,  
 Titles and eldest sons ; and modesty,  
 O'erpower'd, yields to the infectious blight  
 Of amorous temptation. Quitting ball,  
 Or rout, the wearied belle, ungratified,  
 To Grosvenor Square, Westburnia returns,  
 Belgravia or Kensington, to dream  
 Confusing recollections of the night  
 In ardent slumbers.

By the placid Thames,  
 At Chiswick, Fulham or at Twickenham,  
 Where fête or garden party draws a crowd,  
 To while away a summer afternoon,  
 The languid maid, from yesternight's excess,  
 Inclined to tête-à-tête, with subtle skill  
 Encounters with surprise, by accident,  
 Her fav'rite partner—previously arrang'd  
 By assignation. Spite of parents' hints  
 Or chaperone's remonstrance, she insists  
 On gentle salutation, and allows  
 His escort. By the rippling river's marge,  
 O'er ices, "Badminton," or tea, they talk  
 Of love—the love of daylight's sober hours—  
 Till parted by receding day, to dress

For dinner, concert, opera or ball.  
(In manner similar, but lowlier far,  
Without finesse, the rude plebeian wench,  
At Crystal Palace, Alexandra Park,  
Kew Gardens, Rosherville, or Hampton Court,  
Basks with her sweetheart in the burning day,  
Seeking, with evening's approach, regale  
At public bar or decent hostelry.  
Franker in nature, or less self-contain'd  
Than her more dainty sister, she declares  
Her joyous feelings. Whether home convey'd  
By steam-boat, train, or van, her tuneful notes,  
Re-echoing, make the ambient air resound.)

## VI.

BUT human nature, in diversified  
And patent guise, most strikingly appears  
To the observant critic, in the Park.  
What incongruity of age and dress,  
Of taste and manners! What inanity  
Of character and style! and yet how grand  
The concourse and effect! resembling much  
A triumph in the days of ancient Rome,  
Where glory, splendour and prosperity  
Reveal'd the lust of conquest, pride of pow'r,  
The pomp of wealth; with that calamitous  
Distress, which glitt'ring pageants cannot hide.  
Thus, thro' Saint James's and Saint George's roll  
The royal equipage; the gilded coach

Of duke and lord ; chariot of senator,  
 Of bishop, judge ; barouche of haughty dame ;  
 Whilst in the sordid cells of Westminster,  
 Of Spitalfields and Bethnal Green, there sit  
 Women half-famishing in weak attempts  
 To earn a living at the grinding work  
 Of shirt and waistcoat making ; in the end  
 A paragraph affording to the Press  
 " Death from starvation ! " as a consequence  
 Of laws, which they, who sumptuously feed  
 In proud Saint George's and Saint James's, frame.  
 But no compunctious tenderness disturbs  
 Those in the park who range. Their motto's—

SELF.

The idle, thoughtless, dissolute and vain,  
 Cynical, witty, splenetic and gay,  
 Vicious and criminal—the young, the old,  
 Gentle and simple, all converge to form  
 An egotistic mass, where " private I  
 Too prominently in the public eye  
 Appears " (as Horace Smith defines), but each  
 Is too concern'd with Self to mark the rest.  
 Amidst the *omnium gatherum* of ranks,  
 The principal varieties of men  
 To certain types may be reduc'd—the fop,  
 The gentleman, the swaggerer, the prig,  
 The gent., the scrub, the clown. The misanthrope,  
 The humourist, philosopher and wit,  
 The author, artist and professional  
 'Twere difficult to classify. But all  
 Appear to be rather than are. Each lives

For self alone. Men's consciences are grown  
 Extenuate. The nation simulates,  
 Invents, and practises, and worships SHAMS.

The Courtier—hard but polish'd ; elegant,  
 Aristocratic, riding in the Row,  
 Walking, or driving by the Serpentine,  
 By turns seeks pastime, quietude and change.  
 The legislator, or the minister,  
 If Democrat or blatant Radical  
 (A brewer, p'rhaps, or manufacturer),  
 Has less of breeding and of complaisance  
 Than mercantile olidity or *tang*,  
 With which his " lady " shows by upstart airs  
 Complete accord. The members for the shires  
 Mostly polite and affable ; but yet  
 Bucolic brusqueness, rugged dialect,  
 Or harsh provincial speech, a few bewray.  
 Of fashion and of gallantry a slave,  
 The man of pleasure, frivolously dull,  
 Obtrusively important, utterly  
 Heartless and useless ; prim'd with idle talk,  
 Usually redolent of sporting terms  
 Or racecourse oratory. As a rule,  
 His voice a drawl, or has affected lisp,  
 He strokes his beard the while. From habit,  
 he  
 Lies like a Cretan, and he swears with zest.  
 The ancient buck and antiquated beau,  
 In huge cravat and obsolete attire  
 Scrupulously formal—as erst prevail'd

When George the Fourth or William fill'd the  
throne—

Air their effete and wither'd shapes, assur'd  
By arts delusive of the hairdresser  
And dentist. Pharmaceutic skill bestows  
Civet, nux vomica, cantharides  
And phosphorus to spur their ebbing pow'rs  
To anile feats of forc'd vivacity.  
So dotage mocks decay, and vicious Eld,  
By riches pamper'd, shows a venom'd front,  
As hideous as the toad of Surinam.  
Without embarrassment, the gentleman,  
Whate'er his office or vocation be,  
Well-bred, at ease; simple and neat in dress;  
In port and mien subdued and quiet; choice  
In conversation; in vocabulary  
Select and nice. Disreputable cant  
Or language of the jockey he abhors;  
And, in an age most lamentably prone  
To brag and bombast, such a man redeems  
His race, of which, from its brutality  
And grossness, he must often be asham'd,  
By dignity of manners. Fop and prig  
Saunter attiguous, in fanciful  
And ludicrous habiliments array'd;  
Bejewell'd and bescented, frizz'd and curl'd,  
The mere effigies of man. The gent.  
And vulgar scrub, restless, impertinent,  
Ne'er taught behaviour's rudiments—to walk;  
Assumptive, over-manner'd, or without  
Manners at all. The braggadocio,



Insolent, overbearing, yet restrain'd  
 By place and circumstances. Lout and clown  
 In mute bewilderment confounded ; groom  
 And horsedealer, mechanic, shopkeeper  
 Jostle the noble, clubbist, epicure,  
 The gourmet, hanger-on, adventurer,  
 Quidnunc and priest. But 'tis the female sex—  
 The Women, who, omnipotent for good  
 Or evil, make or mar Society,  
 Appoint its usages and fix the *ton*.

## VII.

As Chesterfield, that pseudo-moralist,  
 Observ'd, the passions twain which sway the sex  
 Are vanity and love. But love is rare ;  
 In its more strict and nobler sense has slight  
 Ascendancy, so vanity (defect  
 Peculiar) predominance retains  
 O'er woman's heart. Women are much alike,  
 Varying most in accidents of birth,  
 Rank, education, wealth. The flower-girl,  
 The duchess, barmaid, shop-girl, actress, dame,  
 Nurse, milliner, domestic, governess  
 Court admiration, equally intent  
 Their rivals to outreach and lure the men.  
 Did any age present so fierce a strife  
 'Mongst womankind for dress and ornament ?  
 In part, from arrogant attempt to ape  
 Their betters (if there any better be

When most are base) ; in part, to aggravate  
Their equals by an ostentatious style  
And lavish prodigality—the signs  
Of vulgar pelf and pettiness ; but most  
Of all, the female sex are urg'd to deck  
Their frail anatomy from head to heel,  
From an absorbing, sensuous design  
To dazzle, captivate, and conquer—Man.  
Are these the loftiest attributes and aims  
Of woman, by the poet's muse extoll'd  
The paragon and glory of the world,  
Above all other beings grandly dower'd ?  
Thus woman *should* be (such an one I know  
More precious than a monarch's diadem)—  
Of beauty marvellous, and rarest charm ;  
Of sweetness feminine, relucet grace ;  
Manners most gentle ; affability  
Touchingly tender, and a character  
Exceeding noble ; with a dignity  
And queenly presence claiming courtesy.  
Of spirit delicate, of nature loving,  
Passionate, humble, sensitively proud ;  
Intrepid to the verge of modesty,  
Guileless, without a thought or dread of ill ;  
Patient in trial, steadfast and content ;  
Perfect in ev'ry good, adorable,  
Immaculate in womanhood, divine !  
But let the unsophisticated youth  
Provincial, nurtur'd in a rural home  
Or happy vale (if such a youth exist  
In this degenerated Age of Clay,

Gen'rous, æsthetic, virtuous, refin'd),  
Who dreams of love, of woman's artless grace  
And infinite perfection with the joy  
Of spring-time, to the capital betake  
Himself, and seek his idol in the Park.

What a congeries of features, forms,  
Complexions, classes! from the budding miss,  
Bright as the asphodel, of noble stock,  
To hag of faded frame and torvous front,  
Repulsive as Tisiphonè. Each morn,  
During the season, England's fairest girls  
And matrons—fair as Nature prodigal  
Of favours can invest them, and as Art  
With most elaborate contrivances  
Can tint and heighten beauty—throng the Row.  
Within the Ride, from Park Lane, Belgrave Square,  
Tyburnia, the Gore, the Cromwell Road  
And all the proudest precincts of the West,  
Equestrian maidens, dames and dowagers  
Display their figures, slim, rotund, and squab,  
To peering gallants, captious cavaliers;  
In fellowship with actress, Amazon  
And Traviata, gather'd from the bounds  
Of Fulham, Brompton, Chelsea, Pimlico,  
Saint John's Wood and Saint Mary'bone, who vie,  
On hack from opportune *manège* procur'd,  
With peeresses in horsemanship and mode.  
Anon, the wife and daughters of the cit  
And thriving shopkeeper from Islington  
And Highbury assemble in the Row.

The vulgar ill-bred female, forward minx,  
 And unabash'd hetaira ogle man  
 In fashion's hippodrome, and justle skirts  
 With Lady Bab and Countess Vere de Vere.  
 Along the promenade, beneath the limes  
 (Whose fragrant anthers oftentimes besprent  
 Delightful hours in seasons long-elaps'd),  
 A vista of commodious chairs invites  
 The lounge. By the tranquil Serpentine,  
 Woman asserts her predilective bent;  
 Dress exercises arbitrary sway;  
 Couturière and milliner parade  
 Most gorgeous models; Pingat, Worth, Elise  
 Triumphant reign. Amongst the haughtiest dames  
 In faultless costume, Buona-Roba glides  
 Apparel-privileg'd, on neutral ground,  
 Resort alike of *beau et demi-monde*.  
 [Save when King Mob at tyrannous behest  
 Of demagogue the park's repose invades,  
 Around the "People's Oak" devising riot;  
 Eructing treason at the factious bid  
 Of agitator, Fenian, Communist  
 Assuming popular dictatorship;  
 Or bellowing sedition, as a herd  
 Armental, which in olden times had cost  
 The scoundrels decollation on a spot  
 Call'd Tower Hill, or in the pillory  
 Exposure and ablation of their ears.]

Each afternoon gay equipages fill  
 The Lady's Mile. Landau, barouche and brougham,

Victoria and sociable convey  
A multitudinous and motley group  
Of women to their favourite *locale*.  
Over the railings loiter idle men,  
With whom the sex indulge in trivial chat  
And hollow flippancies of dialogue.  
Flirtation, surquedry, censoriousness,  
And artificiality maintain  
Indisputable empire. Titled dames  
Woo am'rous colloquy ; expressionless  
Coquettes their features kindle at advance  
Of men, and even prudes forego reserve ;  
Procacious damsels wilfully defy  
Maternal precepts ; that is, they ignore  
The matrimonial market, and select  
For love-making, amusement, or for show,  
Some handsome, penniless, Corinthian Raff,  
*A younger son* or personage obscure,  
In Government employ on eighty pounds  
Per annum—*satis* for cigars and gloves.  
Guardsman and exquisite by charming maid,  
Or bride, accompanied, in cabriolet,  
With *tiger*, drawn by proudly stepping steed,  
Thro' eyeglass indolently scan the crowd.  
In stanhope, tilbury, and waggonette,  
*Ladies* of lower grade, with swain or spouse,  
Inhale the modish zephyrs. The *lorette*,  
Sparkling but naughty, envy and disdain  
Of many not more chaste, but much more sly,  
In pony phaëton, with tiny groom  
On rum provision'd to retard his growth,

Her whip, with fan adorn'd, *insouciant* waves,  
A cynosure to those who stare and sneer.

Amongst the tangled press of carriages  
The modern Erichthonius guides his team  
Freighted with femininity. The girls  
Perch'd on the drag from giddy height survey  
The prospect, half audacious, half afraid,  
Hateful to all of female kind below.  
'Twere hopeless adequately to depict  
Fashion's fantastic minions. Ev'ry art  
And subterfuge by woman are conceiv'd  
Her natural endowments to disguise.  
Dress or for *comfort* or for *comeliness*  
Is rarely chosen, but extravagance  
And ornament are studied, to excite  
Passion far more than homage. Taffeta  
And purpled samite curiously beprank'd  
On noble women, find similitude  
Of pattern in each hussy's gogram gown.  
The handmaid imitates her mistress' air,  
Her manners, walk and gesture; e'en adopts  
Her aids to beauty. Breeding, birth and wit  
Are disregarded, but vulgarity  
The void supplies. Grace, softness, modesty,  
A gentle voice—most excellent in woman—  
Give place to rudeness or exuberance.  
The earth is ransack'd to surround the sex  
With adscititious charms. From peasants' scalp,  
O'er continental Europe, from the back  
Of ruminant and even from the tomb,

Advent'rous higglers ruthlessly collect  
 Albinous, fulvous, rufous, fuscous locks  
 And atramental, to adorn the heads  
 Of Englishwomen. Malkin and princess  
 The gnarlèd chignon's artificial wreath  
 Append in common, mostly populous  
 With microscopic life. Of the Gaboon  
 The sable virgins (Captain Burton tells),  
 In emulation of their sisterhood  
 In Britain, also decorate their skulls  
 With huge coiffures. The Hindoo Yogies, too,  
 Would cause, if travellers' reports be true,—  
 In competition with our London *belles*,  
 The latter marvellous chagrin. But, no ;  
 Barbarian frisettes and idols' polls  
 In anthropologists may strike surprise,  
 Tho' not concern the fashionable world.  
 Subtle inventions of recondite kind  
 Projecting from the female nether spine  
 Embellishment are deem'd. The Hottentot,  
 Whose steatopygous abnormity  
 Amazes nat'ralists, would fain dispense  
 With such enlargement, but the savage mind  
 Cannot, of course, affect polite ideas.  
 Cosmetics, unguents, washes, pigments, dyes,  
 Depilatories, scents monopolise  
 The greater part of many females' life.  
 Hair, skin, teeth, eyes, lips, nails, nose, eyebrows,  
     ears,  
 Hands, figure, feet, deportment are assign'd  
 To each "professor." The perruquier

(Insidious varlet) womankind beguiles  
 With artful tresses, ringlets, plaits and tufts,  
 In counterfeited semblance of her own.  
 With world-renown'd restorers, auroline  
 And lotions, he her fading hair transforms ;  
 Whilst frumpish SAGANA, completely bald  
 Encompasses her noddle in a wig ;  
 And all the fair from maidenhood to age  
 Anoint their *pericrania* with pomade  
 Divine, macassar, oil of theobrome,  
 The grease of bear and viscous bandoline.  
 RACHEL compounds inimitable shades  
 Of loveliness ; from roseate blush of youth  
 Semi-pellucid, to the warmer hues  
 Of well-preserv'd maturity. The maid,  
 Sickly or saturnine, at magic touch  
 Of the enamellist, in damask blooms  
 "For ever beautiful." The wrinkled dame  
 A compromise accepts, content to feign  
 "Fat, fair, and forty." Specious kalydors,  
 Metallic powders, opaline, carmine  
 So truly surreptitious charms impart,  
 That men, by admiration blinded, gaze,  
 Mistaking beauty and its substitutes.  
 Odontos, dentifrices, floriline  
 Assist the teeth and breath. How fugitive,  
 Alas, their virtue ! So the dentist's skill  
 Is ever needed, either to repair  
 Transgressing molar, or to extirpate  
 Offending fang, of dolorous decay  
 The seat ; in later life, to renovate



The jaw edentulous with plastic horn  
 Of elephant, or hippopotamus ;  
 So few their complement of teeth possess  
 That most the debt of death have partly paid !  
 Eyes are with belladonna lustrous ; lips  
 With alkanet, vermilion, cherry-paste.  
 Nails fil'd and tinted ; nose, by a machine,  
 Coerc'd to Grecian ; eyebrows pencill'd ; ears  
 Pierc'd for *recherché* trinkets ; hands with soaps  
 Emollient chasten'd, blanch'd with amandine,  
 And jauntily beglov'd. The swelling *bust*  
 By firm corset controll'd, the meagre shape  
 Appropriately padded ; feet encas'd  
 In boots, a wonder of Parisian craft,  
 With pedestals for heels. The sex, beside  
 All these enticements, occupies a band  
 Of orthopœdists, quacks, chiropodists,  
 Teachers of calisthenics, jewellers,  
 Vendors of perfumes, *articles de luxe*,  
 Mechanical devices, balsams, drugs,  
 Troches and medicaments. Thus fortified,  
 'Mid show'rs of Frangipanni and Cologne,  
 Woman in panoply superbly moves,  
 Invulnerably arm'd, and with a glance  
 Discomfits and enslaves the recreant—Man.

## VIII.

THE season's social sinuosities  
 Shall I at length review ? At opera,

(Aristocratic) woman drap'd in lace  
 And finest woof, thro' the transparent folds  
 Of which her heaving bosom is far more  
 Than faintly evident, luxurious thoughts  
 Arouses. Radiant in carcanet  
 Of diamonds, of widely whisper'd fame,  
 (By Californian matron scarce surpass'd),  
 Resplendent in hereditary gems—  
 Pearls, sapphires, rubies, emeralds, a sard,  
 A scarabæus or intaglio  
 From Theban, Cypriote or Argive crypt  
 Or old Pompeii exhum'd—she shines  
 A glorious Bacchante, whilst the strains  
 Of *Traviata* or *Don Juan* waft  
 Delicious melody.—Amongst the groups,  
 In placid haughtiness, the Jewess sits,  
 Dazzling with brilliant eyes and precious stones.  
 Throughout “the house,” in box and stall dispers'd,  
 The wives and daughters of commercial men  
 And prosp'rous tradesmen, glitter in the pride  
 Of collet, bracelet, locket of machine-  
 Made jewelry (excruciating gauds);  
 Joy of plebeian wealth, the *nouvelles-riches*,  
 And certain index of vulgarity :  
 Such as in largest cities much prevails,  
 Prevails exclusively, when affluence,  
 In absence of nobility, directs  
 The public taste, and gold is all in all.  
 In showy contrast, pinchbeck bauble vile,  
 From Palais Royal or from Birmingham,  
 The gewgaw of the seaside lapidary,

Worthless oroide and aluminium ware  
 Glimm'ring with *paste*, the *parvenue* proclaim.  
 Here false CANIDIA, sparkling with the gifts  
 Of hoar infatuation, smiles unblench'd.  
 The times have chang'd since fair LUCRETIA,  
 OCTAVIA, SEMPRONIA were held  
 Mirrors of chastity, to counterpoise  
 Deprav'd ANONYMA. . . . Beneath the grand  
 And crowded vestibule, the throng bizarre  
 Awaits the "linkman," whose stentorian cry,  
 By rabble echo'd (GOLDSMITH'S *bloods* and  
     *drabs*),  
 Summons th' imperial equipage, the cab  
 Repulsive, ducal carriage, sociable  
 Of extra-urban flyman, and all sorts  
 And kinds vehicular. As midnight tolls  
 From turret of the Covent-Garden clock,  
 Phantasmagoria-like the vision fades,  
 And darkness with her mantle supersedes  
 Gas, music, beauty, opulence and sin.

## IX.

IN practice train'd and coach'd on chilly Thames,  
 'Gainst wind, rain, hail, sleet, surf and rough'ning  
     tide,  
 Each year, upon a vernal Saturday,  
 The Oxford and the Cambridge crews contend.  
 Despite diurnal comment of the press

Narrating "feather," "stroke," "swing," "form,"  
and "dip,"

How hollow the concern in the result,  
Beyond the Academic round, display'd!  
Posted at Tattersall's, the betting man  
Exhibits spurious int'rest in the race,  
Wag'ring with fever'd callousness his gold  
Now on a quadruped he never saw,  
Now on a band of men he never knew.  
The sporting and the extra-sporting world  
Muster in thousands by the towing-path  
From Putney trending Mortlakewards. Across  
The stream, amongst the osiers, on the flats  
That skirt the river, structures perilous  
Of improvis'd erection tempt the crowd  
Against their curiosity to risk  
Their necks. On Barnes's shore a crushing throng  
Pedestrian, in carriage, cab, cart, van,  
From bulk, stall, window, housetop, stretch to view  
The champions of the Isis and the Cam  
In chivalrous endeavour. Launches, tugs,  
Steamers and barges occupy the course  
In pack'd profusion. Near the aqueduct,  
The starter signals to the rival crews,  
And 'mid a roar of voices, dash of oars,  
The boats drive swiftly forward. Oxford leads,  
Pulling with steady and methodic stroke.  
Abreast of Craven Cottage Cambridge gains  
On her opponent, and in Crab Tree Reach  
Is level with her fellow. Oxford shows  
Unsteady rowing, and at Hammersmith

Cambridge augments her lead. At Chiswick Eyot  
 Oxford regains advantage by a spurt,  
 The two drawn close together. In Corney Reach,  
 Oxford the foremost place resumes. Beneath  
 The Bridge at Barnes, Oxford advances clear  
 Of Cambridge. Threaten'd by an errant skiff,  
 The coxswains happily avert a foul.  
 Near the White Hart, Cambridge her pace im-  
     proves

And, at the Brewery, the panting crews,  
 In splendid style, responding to hurrahs,  
 With brilliant finish pass the winning-post  
 Alongside, strictly level—*A dead heat!*  
 Bettors are baulk'd and blacklegs all dismay'd.  
 Vermin who speculate on gallant strength,  
 The noble pride of prowess and of skill :  
 Deeming this glorious strain for victory  
 A "mere event," for their behoof decreed ;  
 Much as the Belgian peasant Hugo paints,  
 Who in the tourist's ear sardonic whines :  
 " Ah, donnez-moi trois francs, Monsieur, je vous  
 Expliquerai la chose de Waterloo ! "

## X.

TH' Academy attracts eclectic crowds  
 To criticise, to cavil and admire.  
 Here females of a sentimental cast,  
 Religious devotees, and faded maids  
 Consume the golden hours. Bettwys-y-Coed,

Lynton, the Giants' Causeway, Kynance Cove,  
 The Jungfrau, Alum Bay—the hackney'd stock  
 Of all who wield the brush—afford delight  
 Enthusiastic. Country cousins bend  
 With ecstasy before Pre-Raphaelite  
 Examples ; as a ruddy raw-bon'd dame  
 A milk-white goat caressing in a mead ;  
 Or limp, exsanguious girl, in amber drap'd,  
 With countenance distraught, who vacant glides  
 Across a moorland, fleck'd with clouds of green  
 And russet pigment. Wondrous tints of flesh,  
 In nature ne'er perceiv'd, untutor'd tastes  
 Perplex, and startling studies from the “nude”  
 Infringe each anatomic grace and form.  
 Prepost'rous sunsets, where a cupreous orb,  
 With Turner-esque bravado, sinks in mist,  
 And “Pensive Maidens,” “Morning,” “Hope de-  
 ferr'd,”

In nebulous morbidity express  
 Imagination's flights and Fancy's aims.  
 Pictures, not portraits, courtly artists paint ;  
 And those they feign to represent are known  
 By questionable eminence, or are  
 Contemptibly obscure. A draper's wife,  
 A sheriff (from Cheapside), an alderman,  
 The chairman of a company depend  
 From choice positions, when the man of science  
 Hangs on the skyline. Critics of the arts,  
 Whose judgment shifts with ev'ry new caprice,  
 The populace mislead, and rule the Press  
 By self-assertive claptrap—sweetness, tone,

Harmony, softness, warmth, transparency,  
 Mellowness, colour, feeling, distance, breadth,  
 Finish, technique, fidelity and force.

Forbid, by brevity, to linger o'er  
 The French and other galleries, I pass  
 To Flower-shows. Let those of Kensington  
 And Regent's Park suffice. Exclude the mob,  
 The carriages, the riders, and the noise,  
 And introduce the tents, the band and plants,  
 They differ little from the Park, beyond  
 The presence of a troop of gardeners,  
 Fellows, by fees, of the Botanical  
 And Horticultural Societies !

To Lillie Bridge athletics lure the town.  
 Polo, the rink, pedestrian exercise  
 And rougher pastimes beckon multitudes,  
 Without respect to caste, of ev'ry grade.  
 But PRINCE'S makes amends (exclusive soil).  
 Its compass no plebeian eyes invade,  
 Participant, to watch the noble play  
 At racquet or at cricket of the "set"  
 Society embraces. Undisturb'd,  
 Girls (*who have been presented*) on its rink  
 Gyrate artistic curves in rare chapeaux,  
 Exactest costumes ; whilst the *gentlemen*  
 "Spread eagles" cutting, or a "double rose,"  
 In sober garments o'er its concrete skim.

## XI.

HERALDED by public advertisement,  
 By railway notice, placard, poster, bill,  
 By Parliament-adjournment, by discourse  
 On nought but horses, jockeys, bets and "odds,"  
 The races stir the town. On Epsom slopes,  
 Famous for hippic contests, and for "salts;"  
 On Ascot Heath where Royalty attends  
 In state; on Molesey Hurst's obscurer plain;  
 At Kingsbury's notorious gatherings,  
 The terror of its neighbourhood, and curse;  
 And, later, on exclusive Goodwood's sward,  
 Near to the scenes of boyhood where I rov'd  
 In joyousness on Sussex' splendid downs,  
 Innumerable crowds collect to see  
 A noble horse, goaded by whip and steel,—  
 Over the distance of a thousand yards,  
 A mile or more,—antagonists surpass  
 And win by half a length or half a head.  
 'Twere prolix to discriminate between  
 The various "events"; the qualities  
 Of Doncaster, Newmarket, Liverpool  
 And other "meetings." I select the chief,  
 The most important in the calendar  
 To racing men, and representative  
 Of English *tastes* and *sport*—the Derby Day.  
 As rolls a narrow flood from mountain "force,"  
 With tributary rivulets and streams  
 In broader currents to a mighty lake



Or sea convergent, so thro' strait defile  
 Of Houndsditch, Seven Dials, wider track  
 Of Grosv'nor Place, Whitehall, and avenue  
 Wherever pervious, endless multitudes  
 Advance by Chelsea, Vauxhall, Westminster,  
 Blackfriars, Waterloo, and London Bridge,  
 To EPSOM. Four-in-hand, mail phaëton,  
 Break, dogcart, hansom, omnibus and van,  
 And ev'ry article from liv'ry yard  
 That moves on wheels, duple or quadruple,  
 Are charter'd for the day. Postilions spruce  
 Propel their "leaders," hazarding the cart  
 Of huckster, the dilapidated truck  
 And barrow of the costermonger. Sun  
 And dust, and pleasure oft (like misery)  
 Make us familiar with acquaintance strange.  
 Noble and outcast, gentleman and scamp,  
 With wife or mistress, drawn by prancing bays,  
 The sorriest jade or patient ass, exchange  
 Innocuous rail'ry, not morose, as aft  
 When drunkenness and loss succeed the race.  
 By Kennington and Clapham, Brixton Rise,  
 Streatham and Wandsworth, Balham, Thornton  
     Heath,  
 Croydon, Carshalton, Sutton, Ewell, Cheam,  
 The course is reach'd. As they ascend the hill,  
 Self-constituted grooms the road obstruct,  
 Seizing the horses' heads. With wisps of straw  
 And "effervescent noise," as Dickens speaks,  
 The foaming quadrupeds they briskly rub  
 And, proff'ring water, challenge recompense ;

Whilst lower breeds of horse-flesh, donkey, mule,  
A score of brutal men compell'd to drag  
Under the merciless encouragement  
Of thong and bludgeon, strive—oft strive in vain—  
Harass'd and panting, to attain the Downs.  
More prompt meantime the railway disembogues  
A vast contingent, which the provinces  
In part subscribe. Light-finger'd characters  
This mode of travel to their purposes  
As most propitious usually select.  
In mingled turmoil the pedestrian swarm  
And vehicles o'er ridge and down press on,  
Expanding with unbounded overflow,  
On ev'ry side a flush'd and countless host.  
Who can present the scene? Pencil of FRITH  
An incident may paint, but who shall grasp  
The panorama? Such a confluence  
Of human and inhuman kind, methinks,  
I ne'er save once beheld—a gloomy day  
In dull November, eighteen-fifty-two,  
When England solemnis'd the obsequies  
Of WELLINGTON, in mood how different,  
Ennobled to a sense of the sublime!  
But to our subject. Sporting pers'nages  
Inspect the paddock with mysterious ken  
Prior to "bus'ness." Further "odds" are laid,  
A race or two determin'd. "Clear the course"  
Once more resounds; intense excitement thrills  
The surging crowd, th' engrossing spectacle  
Impendent. Dusty masses of police  
The living throng behind the rails repress,

All but th' inevitable, proverbial dog  
 Hither and thither rushing from the yells  
 Of blackleg and *bezonian*. Numberless  
 Sharpers and cullies, rascals, tricksters, dupes  
 Wager ill-gotten gold. The deaf'ning shrieks  
 Of betting men offend fastidious ears  
 With horrid jargon. Girt with ample bag,  
 "John Dowse of York" inscrib'd, a welsher shouts  
 Impracticable odds! The credulous  
 The bait accept, and freely stake their cash  
 Against a dummy. Should their fav'rite win,  
 The scoundrel shifts his site, or pleads the loss  
 Of all his funds, and inability  
 To meet their claims—a common argument  
 With "backers" more esteem'd. To call them more  
*Respectable*, tow'rds any of the class  
 Would be absurd. The wretch recalcitrant  
 Pays sometimes dearly for his cozenage.  
 A savage crew, by vengeful ire impell'd,  
 Assault th' impostor; buffeted and chas'd,  
 Coat, wallet, waistcoat, hat, tie, braces, shirt  
 Are rent to tatters; throttled and exhaust,  
 The breathless victim stands at bay, to sink  
 Mangled and bleeding, fractur'd or contus'd  
 By worthless ruffians more incorrigible  
 Than him they murd'rously despite and strip  
 With hell-hound fury. Gradually a lull  
 Ensues. The horses saddled, jockeys weigh'd,  
 Tentative canters fascinate the mob.  
 Arrang'd before the winning post, the "field"  
 A start essay; attended with success

After repeated trial, at length—They're off!  
Eager, yet hush'd, the multitude survey  
Horses and riders, fleeter than the wind,  
From ev'ry vantage ground, with naked eye  
And race glass (how momentous the result  
To some!) Another minute. They approach  
The Corner. Sunder'd or compact in form,  
With muscles strain'd, to lightning swiftness fir'd,  
Nostrils dilated, quiv'ring, gory flanks,  
And silken jackets flutt'ring in the breeze,  
The hum of men, the rhythmic throbbing sod  
And murm'ring welkin, neck to neck they flash  
Aslant the goal. . . . The winner is declar'd,  
And one more Derby reckon'd with the past.  
What a *coup-d'œil* from yonder hill! The Stand  
Cramm'd with the Jockey Club and racing men  
Of every degree; all gentlemen,  
Of course, from social, intellectual,  
And moral points of view. Prince, duke, and lord,  
Soldier and legislator. Women, too,  
In violent excess of millin'ry,  
Competing with their rivals. Public men,  
Professionals, M.P.s, the fourth estate,  
Artist, financier, and all who claim  
The privilege of payment. On the drags,  
In carriages, carts, coaches, and afoot,  
A sea of heads, to irresistible  
Commotion stirr'd—by call of appetite,  
Sways in the distance. All conditions, grades,  
And orders seek refreshment. Let us join  
The people and more narrowly observe

The uncouth exhibition. Smartest grooms  
Unpack the bursting hampers—from Morel  
Or Fortnum and *his* Mason. Corks explode  
From tepid hock, moselle, and burgundy,  
Seltzer, apollinaris. Gelid "cup,"  
Flows with refreshing bounty. Richest cates,  
Only in French pronounceable, appeal  
To listless palates. Starving Lazarus  
Picks up the lobster pâté and the shreds  
With enviable gusto—such a treat  
To pristine impecunious Israël  
Unknown. A woman with a brow of brass,  
And imbecile companion, paramours,  
In gaudy equipage with pair of greys,  
Of brandy deeply drink. The gipsy tribe,  
Astute philosophers who bivouac  
*Sub Jove*, and improve deficiency  
Of learning by a callid sapience  
And natural sagacity, regard  
Such persons as fit quarry. Whilst the man,  
In language of the footpad, vents a curse,  
The woman hearkens superstitiously  
To vagrant Oriental, who expounds,  
In sycophantic, half-contemptuous tone  
The future. Boist'rous clerks from Camden Town,  
Peckham, the Grove of Camberwell, Wood Green,  
And shabby districts, seated on a "bus,"  
A milder banquet of pork-pie devour, [reliev'd,  
Ham, beef and bread; by cheap champagne  
Or bitter beer. The solitary man  
Releases from his satchel or a pouch,

In old brown paper providently wrapp'd,  
 A modicum of sandwiches, and pours,  
 At intervals, a liquid down his throat  
 From latent pocket-pistol. Publicans  
 (A genus most inexplicably link'd  
 With racing) their employment indicate  
 By their abundance and desire of drink.  
 Author, reporter, doctor, barrister,  
 And *parson* seek their hospitable friends  
 In quest of luncheon. In default, they munch  
 A frugal biscuit, moisten'd with a gulp  
 Of sherry. Shopman, shoeblack, vagabond,  
 Swell-mobsman, beggar, ragamuffin, "cabby,"  
 To tent and booth repair, and from "galore"  
 Of gin and ginger-beer (adult'rate draughts),  
 Diluted Bass and Allsopp, meeker brews ;  
 Gingerbread, bak'd potatoes, doubtful cake,  
 Cold meat and sausages of mummified  
 Variety and darkest composition,  
 Derive a gastric pleasure scarce conceiv'd  
 By bloated gourmands, quaffing cups (to *those*)  
 More nectarous than Massic or Falern.

As interludes, across the landscape drawn,  
 A canvas barrier rises. Rang'd in front,  
 Rods perpendicular in bags of earth  
 Inserted, and with paltry pincushions,  
 Toys, cocoa-nuts, and trifles crown'd, cajole  
 Empiric youth the ligneous shaft to hurl  
 In playful jaculation. Brawny rogues  
 (Proprietors) the brief refrain recite

Of "Three a penny" ; and their sturdy dames  
 Propinquous, more ambitious marksmen tempt  
 Superfluous energy to dissipate  
 At old "Aunt Sally." On a stool, hard by,  
 A heated, semi-livid, raving cheat  
 Tenders gold chains—only one shilling each,  
 In order to decide a bet between  
 Two noblemen, whether his humble self  
 "One hundred in an hour can sell." Beyond,  
 Confed'rate knaves a purse and two half-crowns  
 For sixpence offer. More remote, a brace  
 Of shufflers with the "card-trick" victimise  
 Their fellow-bipeds. Masters of the art  
 Follow the noble game of thimblorig  
 With cautious boldness, ever and anon  
 The devious manœuvres of police  
 Regarding with disquiet. Pugilists  
 Herculean feats perform. Photographers  
 Ply busily with reproductive skill  
 At cheapest prices. Ethiopians  
 With raciest catches, most original,  
 Not over-squeamish auditors enchant,  
 Elated by the glare, the dust, the din,  
 And alcoholic fluids.

Day declines ;

The races terminate. By road and rail  
 Mankind and womankind their route retrace.  
 Pack'd hugger-mugger in a third-class train,  
 Clusters of blackguards, cadgers, swindlers,  
     thieves,  
 Are homeward borne, to various crime dispos'd,

According to their state of drunkenness  
 And gains. So ev'ry humour rages. Some  
 The coarsest snatches of Whitechapel troll ;  
 Others inclin'd to quarrel, or to jest  
 Derisive, their associates beard with taunts  
 Superlatively vicious. Hustlers fleece  
 The greenhorn and the stranger. Pickpockets  
 Intimidate the nervous. Insolence,  
 Invective, imprecations, *des mots bas*,  
 Vex the officials. As debauchery  
 And truculence in hideous riot wax,  
 The engine stops, and seething villany,  
 Ripe for disturbance, inundates the town.

The exploits of the road complete the day.  
 Dissolute manhood and uproarious youth  
 Premeditated war declare, and wage  
 Promiscuous battle on the journey home.  
 Valorous bands, with bags of flour equipp'd,  
 Pulverulently skirmish, blinding eyes  
 And spoiling garments. More redoubtable  
 Combatants squirt and pea-shooter direct,  
 With swift precision, as companions whirl  
 The grating rattle. Shrill-tongued amazons,  
 Squeaking of penny-trumpets, blasphemy,  
 Oaths, scoffing, roaring and buffoonery,  
 Blend in accursèd discord. Dastards fling,  
 At homicidal peril, random show'rs  
 Of diabolic missiles—lemonade  
 And soda-water bottles, tumblers, stones.  
 Nor Carnival, nor other revel-rout



Throughout the length and breadth of Christendom  
Can match this annual English holiday !  
Let us forbear, as hours crepuscular  
In night are merg'd, to follow the career  
At public haunts, by special licence open  
Till three A.M., where wearied libertines  
Recklessly graduate in heinousness  
For Newgate and the Sessions. In support  
Peruse the papers—and deplore the age.

## XII.

To Richmond for a lunch or déjeuner,  
Oft in the season, plotting dowagers,  
Designing mothers institute a trip.  
At the behest of an imperious dame  
Not over-scrupulous, nor over-chaste,  
Men are delighted, or induc'd, to bring  
Their carriages, their sisters and their aunts  
To form a party. In the dull retreats  
By Sloane Street, gloomy South Belgravian nooks,  
Or quarters more pretentious that abut  
On Park and Piccadilly, people meet,  
Diversely similar, for common aim—  
Enjoyment. With dissimulation suave,  
The hostess pairs her company ; allots  
That lady to this gentleman ; appoints  
The *chaperones* judiciously to wink  
At ogling and flirtation. Thus arrang'd,  
The cavalcade winds westward in the blaze

Of Phœbus, mindless of the toils and cares  
 Of ordinary life. The Brompton Road  
 And Walham Green, Fulham and Putney Bridge,  
 Or Kensington and Hammersmith, conduct  
 The wayfarers to Wimbledon or Barnes. [Park—  
 Onwards, Roehampton, Sheen, and Richmond  
 Whose vital air awakes each sensuous joy—  
 A drive affords, which e'en the worldling moves  
 To notes of praise. The "Star and Garter" gain'd,  
 Some paddle on the river; some repair  
 To glades umbrageous 'midst oak and brake,  
 Where *Erycina ridens* holds a court,  
 Off'ring a Watteau-like seductive scene  
 Of maids and matrons dext'rously engag'd  
 In ev'ry practis'd wile and feint of love.  
 Naughtiness, falsehood, boldness, blandishment,  
 And affectation hover round the group  
 By road, in park, at banquet and on Thames;  
 More daringly reveal'd as they return  
 Exhilarate from flow of gen'rous wine  
 And dialogue familiar. Ere they part,  
 With pulses quicken'd and more mobile nerves,  
 Few of Eve's daughters but are wildly stirr'd  
 To matrimonial plots or worse intrigue.

Th' æstival solstice reigns. Luxuriant meads  
 ('Bove which the lav'rock trills his joyous lay)  
 Bord'ring the Upper Thames at Shepperton,  
 Henley and Maidenhead, by bands are trod  
 Of frolic girls and oarsmen in pursuit  
 Of boating and regattas. River scenes

And pleasures in the golden summer sun  
 By sin are less infected than are most  
 Of man's enjoyments. Gig, outrigger, skiff  
 Float on the limpid waters faintly fann'd  
 By zephyrs most delicious, to impart  
*A dolce far niente* how intense !  
 How far surpassing idleness terrene,  
 When vacant youth, in soul debas'd, exhales  
 The acrid vapour of the fumid weed,  
 By ev'ry brute, except the human, shunn'd !

A bevy of fair women, stalwart men,  
 And twice five thousand of the idle world,  
 At LORD'S assemble in July to view,  
 In strenuous rivalry at cricket match'd,  
 Eton and Harrow. Vehicles diverse  
 From drags to cabs, in files innumerable,  
 The sightseers convey, who less desire  
 To see than to be seen. How dense the rush  
 If genial skies befriend, how faint (with most)  
 The pleasure, and their knowledge of the game.  
 Harrow, regarded with a partial eye,  
 Winning the toss, the wickets first secures.  
 The crowded field exhorts in turn with shouts  
 Or counter-shouts, as splendid batters drive  
 Or fielders scout with skill. A "wide" is scor'd,  
 A player caught at "point." A fine leg hit  
 Is much applauded, but attention flags  
 With uneventful "overs," till champagne  
 Unstinted foams at luncheon to create  
 A pic-nic joyance. Vig'rous hits—eight "fours,"

Five " threes," four " twos," or total fifty-five—  
 Are by the " dark blue " captain made, whose " bail "   
 At last is neatly taken. Rapid scores  
 Continue, which necessitate a change  
 Of bowlers, but the batting is superb,  
 The fielding moderate. Now wickets fall  
 More quickly, drawing cheers vociferous  
 From Eton. One is caught, another bowl'd,  
 A third run out, till sinks the final stump  
 Amidst the feeble plaudits of the crowd.  
*Ex uno disce omnes* ; nor protract,  
 With repetition of the morrow's play,  
 The feats of Eton, duly chronicled  
 In sporting papers during twenty years.

## XIII.

THE Sabbath yields no quiet. Pleasure gains  
 Admittance to the " Zoological "   
 By ticket or election : and the world  
 Of fashion, letters, art and science meets  
 To promenade its lawn and see the " Lions."   
 As once obtain'd at Bedlam, *ladies* smile,  
 Amus'd, at captives chafing in their cage—  
 Divergent offspring of progenitors  
 Whence they themselves have sprung ? Affinity,  
 On superficial view, seems slight between  
 These men and women, rob'd in furs and wool,  
 And those ferocious creatures which retain  
 The lit'ral garb of nature ; but survey,

*Without conceit*, the human and the brute  
 Creation. Yonder dandy, tho' erect,  
 Betrays his simian ancestry. In some,  
 We trace the treacherous, remorseless eye  
 Of tiger and hyæna. Others show  
 The features of the wolf, the jackal, bear,  
 Or panther; the unwieldy awkwardness  
 Of bison or rhinoceros; the stealth  
 Of venom'd cobra, subtlety of fox,  
 Rapacity of vulture, sheepishness  
 Of ruminant, the clam'rous chattering  
 And vanity of parrot and macaw;  
 Whilst envy, hatred, malice, lust, deceit,  
 Jealousy, avarice, hypocrisy,  
 Ingratitude, revenge and cruelty  
 Are more pronounc'd in man than beast. Besides,  
 VILE SUPERSTITIONS, GROSS IDOLATRY,  
 BELIEF IN ODIC FORCE, THOUGHT-READING SLEIGHT,  
 WITH SPIRITUALISTIC CREEDS AND CLAIMS  
*Below* the standard of the animal  
 Debase mankind. Redeeming qualities—  
 Affection for their young, love, tenderness,  
 Devotion, courage, patience, industry,  
 Honesty, wisdom, truth, sagacity  
 And *temperance* distinguish num'rous tribes  
 Of insects, birds and mammals. Parallel  
 Between the *lords of earth* and lower forms  
 Of sentient being oft conduces not  
 To glorify the former. Who can doubt  
 Th' identity of passions in the brute  
 And man? which passions may persist or fade,

Or reappear when fierce emotion fires  
 The higher brain. Is human nervous force  
 From that of animals inferior  
 Distinct? Assume not hastily; accept  
*Facts*, not *opinions*; analyse the truths  
 Of science; Darwin, Huxley, Haeckel search;  
 Instructed that a microscopic slice  
 Of brain, from man, the monkey, or the sheep,  
 Is undistinguishable with highest pow'rs.  
 Interrogate geology. Pursue  
 The gradual evolution of all forms,  
 Floral and faunal. Estimate the time,  
 By present laws and changes, which elaps'd  
 To raise stupendous tiers of rocks whose beds  
 The earth encrust. Th' ascending series mark  
 Of plants and animals, from simplest cell  
 Of *infusorium* to fossil proofs  
 Of cave-men and the dwellers by the lakes,  
 Tracking as far as records will permit  
 The intervening links. Observe the slight,  
 But ever-unstable, varieties,  
 Divergences, and grades transitional  
 Of "species," by philosophers defin'd  
 (But not by Nature) as unchanging; note  
 The first appearance and development  
 Of complex organs, as the eye, the ear,  
 The heart, the brain and nervous system. Weigh  
 The revelations of comparative  
 Anatomy and foetal life. Regard  
 The presence, structure, meaning (uselessness)  
 Of rudimentary organs; recognise

The irrefutably attested *facts*  
Of natural selection, sexual choice ;  
Of "Adaptation" and "Inheritance,"  
Which calmly plead with overwhelming force  
The doctrine of Pangenesis. 'Tis striv'n  
On ev'ry other theory *in vain*  
By the most fertile and ingenious minds  
To reconcile, interpret, or conceive  
The scheme organic, or to harmonise  
Recent and palæontologic life.  
In alter'd terms, the argument stands thus—  
In an eternal course of fate and law,  
All forms of life, successive, mutable,  
Dissolve, become remoulded. With the lapse  
Of time immense, by transmutation slow,  
Species from "filiation" or "descent,"—  
From automatic appetite, combin'd  
With cosmic agencies unceasingly  
Exerted—imperceptibly progress ;  
'The tiny monad (protoplasmic speck)  
Thro' grades marine, cold-blooded saurian shapes,  
Warm-blooded vertebrate and frightful phase  
Of anthropoid and troglodyte to Man :  
Whose instincts, habits, passions, sentiments,  
Crimes, physiognomy, anatomy  
And functions—in a word, biology—  
Reflecting derivation thro' a vast  
Continuous series of organic types  
His heirdom from a primal cell proclaim.

## XIV.

HURLINGHAM tempts a fashionable train  
Of men and women to behold a *corps*  
Of doughty marksmen, warranted to slay  
(Glorious achievement) pigeons by the score,  
Flying at twenty yards, with certainty  
Almost unerring. [POLO, too, decoys  
A band of noble cavaliers, who poise  
Their pretty figures on their ponies' backs  
In attitudes which captivate the fair.]  
Women, in childhood taught the gracious text  
"Blest are the merciful," unpitying smile,  
Whilst flights of doves, butcher'd in (so-call'd)  
sport,  
Incarnadine a glorious summer day.  
Cruelty! hellish fiend, in blood imbrued  
From ceaseless slaughter, with unsated maw  
Pangs all creation. What mysterious law,  
Or purpose, is subserv'd by murder, death,  
Sin, pain, care, sorrow? Are they opposites,  
Or antitypes, by will supreme ordain'd  
To render more intense the counter joys  
Of peace, health, purity, content and love,  
Which otherwise might vapid prove or cloy  
From lack of contrast? or do faculties  
Conflicting sway the universe, and strive  
For mastery—one kindly, one malign?  
From interest and pleasure man inflicts  
Anguish and carnage on the living world,



Over all which he *claims* to be the lord.  
Carnivorously brutal, from his lust  
Of flesh he immolates the flocks and herds  
On ev'ry continent, compassing plain,  
Steppe, prairie, pampa, and remotest waste  
To kill for food, or torture in the chace,  
Milliards of browsing occupants, *affirm'd*  
(With sophistry Satanic) to exist  
Solely to gratify his glutt'nous needs.  
The rabid anti-vivisectionist,  
Who fiendishly denounces all attempt  
At animal experiment to gain  
Insight of Nature's secrets and employ  
Such knowledge in relief of suff'ring man,  
Is vilely, despicably traitorous  
To his asserted principles. Not I  
Shall justify the physiologist,  
Cowardly-craven, purposeless, unmov'd,  
Who, waiving anæsthetic aids, may dare  
To writhe the quiv'ring forms of sentient life  
With mutilations horribly devis'd :  
By section of the brain, the cord and nerves,  
Or ligature of artery and vein ;  
Or by injection toxic thro' the blood,  
With most pernicious venom to convulse  
In spastic throes, or in distress'd collapse  
To agonise till freed by ling'ring death.  
But they who execrate Magendie, Schiff,  
And those inferior monsters who aspire  
To dabble in this sanguinary pool  
Of science, by inoculating dogs,

Pigeons and guinea-pigs with "tubercle,"  
To weave fallacious theories, are scarce  
Less ruthless than the miscreants they revile.  
For instance,—women, sporting men, divines,  
Editors, lawyers, statesmen league together  
In wild crusade against the advocates  
Of vivisection; not with guiltless hands.  
The mincing girl, who swoons at sight of blood,  
With terror shrieks at earwig, spider, wasp,  
And o'er a novel melts at fancied woe,  
A massacre will calmly contemplate  
Of birds in pastime, swallow oysters raw,  
And gloat on lobsters slowly boil'd alive;  
Yet she with horror at the acts recoils  
Of dusky Del Fuegian maid who crams  
A living whiting down her barb'rous throat  
And battens on the gory viscera  
Of goat and sheep, from casual ship purloin'd.  
In each, innate, the cruel instinct dwells,  
But education varies appetite,  
As nations in the culinary art  
From ignorance to nicest culture range.  
Against infesting vermin matrons war.  
Rats, mice, and cockroaches, by subtle baits  
In trap entic'd are mercilessly doom'd  
To violent death; of which recountment bare  
Would shock the gentle mind. Live eels are skinn'd,  
Prawns boil'd in kettles; cockles, mussels, whelks  
In caldrons steam'd; fowls by the neck are wrung  
Or pluck'd ere death. The housewife issues forth  
From butcher, poulterer, and fishmonger,

To purchase creatures that have throbb'd with life,  
Destroy'd and garnish'd with the bitt'rest skill  
To pamper human stomachs. Land, sea, air  
Contribute hosts innumerably vast  
Of mammals, birds, fish, reptiles, and the class  
Invertebrate to gorge the corm'rant, man.  
Besides our native flocks and herds, each day  
Of sheep and oxen hecatombs purvey'd  
From Belgium, Holland, Germany and Spain,  
Are cruelly slaughter'd on our crimson'd soil.  
Whilst carcasses of beeves, in freezing cells  
Of steamers, borne from transatlantic ports,  
And meats preserv'd from Australasian wilds,  
Faintly suggest the dreadful agonies  
By cattle suffer'd. Visit Rotterdam,  
Or Antwerp. Watch the unresisting sheep  
Heartlessly pack'd by hundreds in the boats  
For Harwich or for London. Nor a wisp  
Of provender nor water is supplied  
Throughout the voyage. Brutal mariners  
Leap on their backs, their panting flanks to bruise,  
Until the half-asphyxiated drove  
Is landed, and in fever'd state despatch'd  
Direct to the abattoir. Here I crave  
Courage and language to describe the scene.  
In public slaughter-house, 'mid crowded streets  
Of Newgate, Aldgate; in obscurer hut  
Suburban, and sequester'd village lane,  
The butcher wields his unrelenting knife.  
Misty and dank the air, with sickly smell  
Opprest; the floor empurpled; in the midst,

The slaughterer in leathern greaves and belt,  
With pouch in which the instruments of death  
Prominently rattle. A vulpine boy,  
As henchman, eagerly impatient drags  
The trembling animals, their life to yield  
With plaintive bleat and most despairing eye,  
Scenting the tepid gore profusely shed  
From their companions. Horrified, I gaze,  
Dazzled by blood and weltering hides.—Enough,  
I drop the curtain lest I faint, dismay'd.  
Now, as the legal doctrine holds that *Qui  
Facit per alium facit per se*,  
Those who in fleshly esculents indulge  
Are murd'rous as the butcher they depute  
To be their minister. MAKΑ'PIOI  
OI' 'EAEH'MONEΣ the preacher cries,  
Nevertheless, the clergy amply feast  
On turtle, lobster, *pâtés de foies gras*,  
And ev'ry palatable luxury,  
Unheedful of the precept, and the pain  
Their banquets indicate. Old maids may groan  
Against the vivisectors, bishops rant  
And statesmen thunder, but their pity halts  
At self-indulgence. Tenderness dispels  
Remorse when gluttony asserts her sway ;  
And mankind jocund, as at Christmastide  
When they the Prince of Peace invoke, consign  
Thousands of geese and turkeys to the spit.  
Almost in infancy our race derives  
Amusement from barbarity. The child  
Flies, caterpillars, worms and moths destroys

In savage wantonness ; stones frogs, toads, newts ;  
Despoils the bird-nest ; tyrannises o'er  
*Feræ naturæ*, whether quadruped,  
Piscatory or feather'd. Later on,  
By fables, parables, and moral tales  
He's taught humanity, but callous proves  
To inculcation, as his seniors  
In bloodshed revel, and his tutors prey  
On lambs and hares—oft-times to youth adduc'd  
In expositions of benevolence.  
By hunting, shooting, coursing, fishing, man  
Confirms his brutal temper. At *battues*  
Of game—from grouse to kangaroo—he strides  
A privileg'd assassin, scathless held  
'Gainst penalties of vivisection ! Yet,  
By sportsmen, *daily* more enormities  
Are perpetrated than the whole array  
Of physiologists have *e'er* contriv'd.  
More abject vagabonds, with thirst of blood,  
The small amphibia swallow, and devour  
Live larks and sparrows ; also gratify  
Their hideous tastes by snaring, ferreting,  
Ratting, and harrying cats ; by torturing  
Domestic animals, as donkeys, cows ;  
By dog and cock-fighting—the last the most  
Delectable to their detestable,  
Unfeeling nature. Englishmen subscribe  
(*Scantly* subscribe) to a Society  
For checking and preventing cruelty  
To animals. But witness in our streets  
The drooping horses yok'd to omnibus,

Cab, cart, and van. Th' appalling pain condense  
These over-work'd, diseas'd and starveling beasts  
Endure, in kind repayment of the toil  
Perform'd for man, their noble master ; who,  
When they are utterly effete, transfers  
Their carcase to the shambles. Still 'tis said  
(Under the supervision of our laws)  
That we are merciful ; and that in Rome,  
The centre of a zealous Christian faith,  
Bloodthirstiness to animals transcends  
So far th' atrocities observ'd with us,  
Our countrymen, disgusted, often quit  
The city to escape such sick'ning scenes.  
Whilst the barbarian Turk, a demon deem'd  
By Western peoples, tow'rd the brute displays  
Much greater clemency—a real test  
Of generosity and kindness.  
Bull-fights enrapture Spain ; and amateurs  
Engage in taumachy at Seville  
In view of princes. Cavaliers with poles  
Fell the infuriate bull. Fierce plaudits ring  
Throughout the amphitheatre from throats  
Of truculent spectators, as the earth,  
With trailing entrails smear'd, is drench'd in blood.  
Priest-ridden wretches sue their patron saint  
For mercy, grace and favour, whilst they steel  
Their stony hearts 'gainst pity, and exult  
O'er slaughter'd bulls and horses gor'd to death.  
In Indian jungles Royalty pursues  
The pond'rous elephant, and slips the leash  
From purring cheetahs which with rav'ning fangs

Rend tim'rous deer. Burly rhinoceros  
 Encounters buffalo, and ram with ram  
 In deadly contest wrestles ; to divert  
 Most Christian gentlemen, amongst whom sits  
 The Heir-apparent to the British throne !

## XV.

BUT not to animals alone is man  
 Remorseless. From the dawn of history  
 Bloody and treacherous has ever been  
 Man unto fellow man. 'Twere prolix here  
 To make recital of the damning proofs  
 Of his ferocity. In rapid flight  
 Review the past. Survey the glyptic piles  
 Of Memphian Pharaöhs, the sculptur'd slabs  
 Of buried Nineveh, memorials dire  
 Of wailing bondage and the sack of towns.  
 Peruse the Book which claims in page inspir'd  
 To tell the origin and fate of man.  
 Scarce had the human race as one sole pair  
 Appear'd ere Discord reign'd. Their first-born,  
     Cain,  
 A husbandman, in fratricidal hate  
 His younger brother slew. The chosen seed  
 Of Jacob sold their father's favour'd son  
 To Ishmaelites, to compromise their thirst  
 Of blood, by Reuben counsell'd. Israël  
 Forc'd Canaän by conquest 'neath the yoke ;  
 And Joshua, encouraged by the Lord,

*And Mistress Rahab, Jericho destroy'd,*  
Smiting the kings, apportioning the land  
And killing "man and woman, young and old."  
Jew and Philistine warring unto death  
Employ the sacred scribes—their records stain'd  
With deeds of pillage, dispossession, lust  
And murder. Jephthah routs the Ammonites,  
And Samson on his foes avengement wreaks,  
Whilst Greece campaigning on the plain of Troy  
A whole decenniad strives to raze its walls.  
Between the Hebrew and Phœnician clans  
With alternating hap feud feud succeeds.  
From Rehoboam, ten tribes opprest revolt ;  
Whom, Shalmanezar, King of Babylon,  
Samaria plundering, leads captive home.  
In ancient chronicles the constant theme  
Is war, extermination, slavery  
And rapine. (Aptly parallel'd to-day  
By Turk and Muscov on Bulgarian slopes.)  
With Sabines and with Alba Rome contends ;  
Laconia with Messene—triple wars.  
Nebuchadnezzar spoils Jerusalem,  
And in captivity Jehoiachin  
The King of Judah, holds. Cyrus, the Mede,  
Subjugates Croesus, ransacks Babylon  
(Belshazzar reigning), in his last assault  
The stream Euphrates draining from its bed.  
Cambyses conquers Egypt. Rome repels  
Porsenna, friend of Tarquin—on the bridge  
Horatius Cocles singly bearing brunt  
Of battle. Sardis by Athenians fir'd



Exasperates Darius to invade  
The soil of lusty Greece. At Marathon,  
Datis and Artaphernes worsted yield  
To fam'd Miltiades. Leonidas,  
The Spartan, at Thermopylæ withstands  
The horde of Xerxes, whilst at Salamis  
His fleet immense is sunken or destroy'd.  
Pausanias triumphant at Plataea  
Mardonius defeats, and Mycæle,  
Contested the contemporary day,  
Scatters the dreams of Persia and her host.  
Greek Greek assails—the third Messenian War  
Concluded. The Bœotian arms defeat  
Th' Athenian force at Chæronea. Long wars  
Convulse the Peloponnesians. Athens bows  
Before puissant Sparta. Xenophon  
With prudence from Cunaxa's plain retreats,  
When Artaxerxes vanquishes and slays  
Cyrus, his brother. Agesilaus  
Prosecutes war in Asia with success  
'Gainst Artaxerxes. Internecine fights  
Distract the Greeks. Rome by the Gauls is burnt.  
Philip, the Macedonian, vict'ry gains  
O'er the Athenian troops and their allies.  
He crushes Thracian and Illyrian,  
And wastes the Phocian in the sacred war.  
Pausanias stabs him. The Pellæan youth,  
Grasping the sceptre, sighs to conquer worlds.  
Thebes he demolishes ; Darius makes  
His prisoner ; Persepolis ignites ;  
Historic Tyre besieges and destroys,

And murders Clitus in a drunken brawl.  
The Indus crossing, on Hydaspes' bank  
He humbles Porus ; to the Hyphäsis  
His march extends. In mutinous return  
His gluttoned army reaches Babylon,  
Where Alexander dies. His captains seize  
The monarchy. Humiliated Rome  
By Samnite prowess is compell'd to crouch  
Beneath the Caudine Forks. Antigonus,  
At Ipsus, with his son Demetrius,  
Engages Ptolemy, Lysimachus,  
Seleucus, and Cassander. Death o'ertakes  
Antigonus. Lysimachus is slain  
Fighting Seleucus. Pyrrhus against Rome  
Assists Tarentum. Greeks dispatch the Gauls  
At Delphi. Rome initiates a war  
With Carthage. Corinth and the whole of Greece  
In conflict struggle. Hannibal attacks  
Saguntum, and a second Punic War  
Results. At Trebia he overthrows  
The Roman arms ; at Thrasymene's lake  
And Cannæ. Philip in Epirus forms  
With Hannibal alliance. Syracuse  
Is taken by Marcellus, baffled long  
By Archimedes. Asdrubal is slain  
By Claudius, and Scipio decides  
The second Punic War on Zama's plain.  
A Macedonian War begins with Rome.  
Philip, at Cynocephalæ o'erwhelm'd  
By Flaminius, sues for peace. Disputes  
Between the Romans and Antiochus

Succeed. To Asia first the Latin arms  
Extend, importing Syrian luxury  
To Rome. A second Macedonian War,  
Th' united effort of expiring Greece,  
Nought but disaster breeds. Decaying Hellas  
At Pydna cowers before the might of Rome.  
Th' Achæan league is broken. Shortly Greece  
Becomes a Roman province. Carthage risks  
Encounter with Numidian squadrons, led  
By Masinissa, whence ensues the third  
(Last) Punic War. Responding to the cry  
Of brutal Cato, Roman soldiers burn  
The rival city, raze its walls, and plough  
The very ruins. Corinth, Chalcis, Thebes,  
Are overthrown by Mummius. War prolong'd  
Numantia disturbs. Jugurtha braves  
Metellus, but to Sylla is betray'd,  
And dragg'd in chains by Marius to adorn  
His triumph. Teutones and Cimbri sweep  
The fields of Latium. Caius Marius  
The barb'rous flood repulses in a mood  
Equally ruthless. Mithridates plots  
And massacres his Roman subjects. Sylla  
Pontus invades and Mithridates foils,  
Who begs for peace. By Pompey overpower'd  
In later battle, Mithridates flees  
And dies obscure. Sylla and Marius  
The state embroil in civil war. Revolt  
Of Spartacus endangers Rome—suppress'd  
By Crassus and by Pompey. Crete subdued  
Surnames Metellus. Cæsar sails from Gaul,

Surveying Britain to enlarge the bounds  
Of Roman conquest. Civil war recurs  
'Twixt Cæsar and Pompeius. On the plain  
Pharsalian, Pompeius suffers rout.  
He meets assassination at the hands  
Of Ptolemy. Victorious Cæsar seeks  
Delight in tawny Cleopatra's arms ;  
Meanwhile subduing Egypt, Scipio,  
Cato and Juba, and Pompeius' sons  
In Africa and Spain. By Brutus stabb'd,  
The conqueror in many hundred fights,  
The slaughterer of millions feebly dies,  
A traitor branded. A Triumvirate  
Ensues with horrible proscription. Rome  
With blood is delug'd. On Philippi's field  
Octavius and Antonius engage  
Brutus and Cassius. Their suicide  
On the Triumviri confers supreme  
Dominion. Antony prepares for war  
Against Octavius. At Actium  
Octavius triumphs. Antony succumbs,  
Self-murder'd, bathed by Cleopatra's tears.  
Octavius dons the purple and assumes  
The title of Augustus. Parthian hordes  
Bend to Tiberius. Drusus defeats  
Vindelici and Rhæti. In Pannonia,  
Tiberius battles, vanquishing the foe.  
Varus is routed by Arminius  
In Germany. Germanicus retrieves  
The Roman eagles, and at Antioch  
Is poison'd for his fame.

## ON CALVARY—

BETRAY'D BY A DISCIPLE; BUFFETED,  
 SPAT ON AND SMOTE; WITH CURSES AND WITH  
 OATHS  
 BY PETER THRICE DENIED; BY PILATE  
 SCOURGED;  
 FORSOOK BY HIS APOSTLES; STRIPP'D,  
 BEMOCK'D  
 AND PIERC'D BY PAGAN SOLDIERS—JESUS CHRIST,  
 OFFENCELESS SACRIFICE OF WRATHFUL MAN,  
 BLEEDS ON THE CROSS. MALEVOLENCE AND HATE  
 OF PRIEST AND SCRIBE WITH CRUELLEST INSOLENC  
 OF RABBLE BLEND TO EXECUTE A CRIME  
 DETESTABLY ENORMOUS AND ACCURS'D.

Claudius visits Britain and enacts  
 A triumph. By Ostorius subdued  
 Caractacus is sent in chains to Rome.  
 Boädicea outrag'd in revolt  
 Massacres legions, but Suetonius  
 Annihilates her forces. In despair  
 The queen takes poison. Christian martyrdoms  
 Prevail, and persecutions desolate  
 The Church of Christ. Beheaded is Saint Paul,  
 Saint Peter crucified. Jerusalem  
 Beleaguer'd yields to famine, and the Jews,  
 By Titus decimated, homeless mourn,  
 Their holy city pillag'd, raz'd and burnt.  
 The Dacians suffer chastisement. Anew  
 Christians are tortur'd. Trajan, prompt in arms,  
 Annexes Dacia, and in token builds

His famous column. Followers of Christ  
Again are persecuted. Jews revolt  
In Libyan Cyrene, murdering  
Roman and Greek. Infuriated Rome  
Sternest reprisal deals. Unhappy times  
Afflict the Christians. Hadrian rebuilds  
Jerusalem. The Jews once more rebel,  
Are massacred by myriads, dispers'd,  
And banish'd from Judæa. Fire and sword  
Of Catti and of Rhæti, a revolt  
In Britain and the Parthian ravages  
Are quell'd. The Christians persecuted. War  
Destroys the Marcomanni. Parthian hordes  
Are check'd; the Caledonians repuls'd;  
The Christians harass'd; Germans overthrown;  
Whilst Emperors by the Prætorian guards,  
Conspiracy or mutiny are slain.  
Sapor of Persia pris'ner takes and flays  
Valerian. Aurelian defeats  
Zenobia. Rome is immers'd in war  
On ev'ry side. Sarmatian, Scythian, Goth,  
Invade the Empire. Dioclesian routs  
Barbarian swarms. By heinous cruelties,  
The Christians are thro' ten long years oppress'd;  
Till Constantine in fancy, on his march  
Against Maxentius, in Heav'n perceives  
A symbol (or from policy pretends  
The vision to his army), and adopts  
The new religion. Christians in their turn  
Become the persecutors, in the name  
Of Christ inflicting torment and excess

On Arian and Pagan. Sapor, King  
Of Persia, o'er the eastern provinces  
Of Rome incursion makes. Constantius,  
Waging a chronic war, with torture kills  
The son of Sapor. Under Mursa's walls  
Constantius defeats Magnentius  
With loss of finest vet'ran troops to each.  
Against the Persians Julian turns his arms  
With dubious victory, and wounded dies.  
Valens, the Arian, bitterly molests  
Orthodox Catholics. Procopius  
Insurgent, taken pris'ner, is condemn'd  
To execution. Valentinian  
Repels the Saxons, Alemanni, Franks  
And Quadi. Valens by the Goths in Thrace  
Is overthrown, but Theodosius  
By many severe defeats arrests their pow'r.  
The Eastern from the Western Empire parts.  
Goths, Germans, Alans, Caledonians, Moors,  
Disturb the Western. Stilicho awhile  
Curbs Alaric; but reinforc'd, the Goth  
Besieges, takes and sacks imperial Rome.  
The Vandals enter Spain, and overrun  
The provinces of Africa. The Huns,  
Led by King Attila the scourge of God,  
Ravage the plains of Europe. Saxon swarms  
Oppress the Britons. Genseric, the King  
Of Moors and Vandals, plunders Rome. Depos'd  
By the barbarian Odoacer,  
Augustulus, last Emperor of the West,  
Sinks to contempt.

'Twere hideous to pursue,  
 Except most briefly, the unceasing crime,  
 Barbarity and bloodshed done by man  
 Since Rome's decline. The Northern hive swoops  
 down

On Southern Europe. Belisarius  
 Exterminates the Vandals. Mahomet  
 Compiles and propagates his creed, and rears  
 The Saracenic Empire. Popes commence  
 To exercise imperious sway. The Arabs  
 Capture Jerusalem, and Alexandria  
 Despoil. The Britons, by the Saxons driv'n,  
 Retreat to Wales and Cornwall. Caliphs spread,  
 With havoc, Moslem doctrines. Conq'ring Spain  
 They ravage France, to be in front of Tours  
 By Martel slaughter'd. Charlemagne routs the Huns  
 And founds the German Empire. Scots and Picts  
 Decisive battle. England by the Danes  
 Is wasted—by King Alfred overthrown.  
 From Western Tartary, the Turcoman  
 Devastates Persia. William of Falaise  
 At Hastings overcomes the Saxon king.  
 His northmen seize our island and divide  
 The spoil—their savage code that "might makes  
 right."

The Saracen and Moor victorious  
 Hold rule in Spain. Against the Infidel  
 Most Christian kings begin crusade and fight  
 More than a century. *En route*, Cologne  
 And Trèves surrender to their holy swords  
 The lives of sev'nteen thousand Jews. The Guelph



And Ghibelline in deadly discord plot,  
 Involving popes and kings. Plantagenet  
 Ireland reduces. Innocent the Third  
 Against the Albigenses promulgates  
 His merciless decrees. The Inquisition,  
 The most implacably relentless pow'r  
 Ever by priestly tyranny usurp'd,  
 Is instituted. (Hellish Torquemada,  
 Incarnate demon, bigot damnable,  
 Performs, in later times, autos-da-fé  
 On heretics by thousands—praising God!—  
 Unpall'd with butch'ry.) Under Zingis Khan  
 The Tartars overrun the Saracens,  
 With death and desolation. Bagdad falls.  
 Turk and Venetian in wars engage,  
 Thro' sev'ral hundred years to be prolong'd.  
 Scotland is harried by Norwegian foes,  
 By Alexander routed. Prince Llewellyn  
 Of Wales is slain. The Principality  
 By Edward is annex'd to England's crown.  
 The Scots appeal to Edward, whence proceeds  
 Warfare calamitous. At Bannockburn  
 The Bruce annihilates the Southron host.  
 Swartz of Cologne the "smutty grain" invents  
 (Terrific curse to man) which on the field  
 Of Cressy first (?) from bomb and mortar fir'd  
 The French confounds. The Turks to Europe  
 spread.

At Poitiers, the King of France is ta'en  
 By the Black Prince a prisoner. The Lollards  
 Are burnt alive. By Timour overthrown

Bajazet dies encag'd. The flow'r of France  
 At Agincourt to England yields. The Duke  
 Of Bedford nobly burns the virgin witch  
 Of Orléans. The rival claims of York  
 And Lancaster intestine wars provoke.  
 Byzantium is taken by the Turks.  
 Richard is slain at Bosworth. Ferdinand  
 The Moors in Spain subdues, with zealous aid  
 (And horrors) of the Inquisition. Tartars  
 Dispute the Mogül empire. Flodden Field  
 Brings death to Scottish James. The Ottoman  
 Subjects the Mamelukes. The Spaniards seize  
 Hispaniola and depopulate  
 The island. Cuba shares its fate. With guns,  
 With hounds, with flames, three millions of our  
     race  
 Are massacred. Cortez in Mexico  
 The murd'rous rôle repeats ; and in Peru  
 Pizarro. Luther from his cell avows  
 His heresy, and persecution goads  
 Ecclesiastic factions. Soliman  
 Takes Rhodes, Belgrade and Buda, and extends  
 His conquest to Vienna. Calvin burns  
 Servetus. Royal Henry, of the faith  
 Defender, confiscates monastic wealth,  
 Assisted by the scaffold. Mary roasts,  
 Retaliating, Protestant divines—  
 Her diabolic minions, Gardiner  
 And Bonner, Bishops, th' executioners ;  
 The night of Saint Bartholomew knells out  
 Assassination to the Huguenots

In Paris, of religious civil wars  
Bloody precursor. Philip by the Dutch  
Is worsted, and his armament destroy'd  
By Howard, Hawkins, Frobisher and Drake.  
From France to Turkey, the ensanguin'd face  
Of Europe streams with war. In Germany,  
The Catholic and Evangelic leagues  
Distract the nations. Austrians, Russians, Poles  
Are baffled by the Swede, Gustav Adolph,  
Who falls at Lutzen. Popish plots are rife.  
In Ireland forty thousand Protestants  
Are doom'd to murder. Civil dudgeon racks  
Our country. Cavalier and Puritan  
Contend with mortal rancour. Charles the First  
Is executed. Cromwell overcomes  
The Irish and the Scots. The Dutch by sea  
Under Van Tromp are scatter'd. France is vex'd  
By civil and domestic war. King Louis  
Spreads discord over Europe. England wrests,  
With France, possessions from the Swedes and  
Dutch,  
In North America. Louis invades  
The Netherlands. In England, Titus Oates  
Supplies the block with victims. By the Turks  
Vienna is besieged. The Protestants,  
By revocation of a tolerant law,  
In France are persecuted. Monmouth's head  
Is forfeited and his adherents hang'd  
And quarter'd, with the brutal help of Kirke  
And Jefferies. The Revolution breeds  
Fresh disaffection. Killiekrankie cows

The Highlanders, and William at the Boyne  
 Crushes the Stuarts. The Dutch and English fleets  
 Destroy the Frenchman off La Hogue. At Glencoe,  
 William and his infernal minister,  
 The Earl of Stair, slaughter in coldest blood  
 Men, women, children. Faithless Louis schemes,  
 Making and breaking treaties. Marlborough  
 And Prince Eugene his arrogance repress  
 At Blenheim. Rooke Gibraltar grasps from Spain.  
 Ramilies, Oudenarde and Malplaquet  
 Humble despotic Louis. Charles the Twelfth  
 Confuses Denmark, Poland and the Czar  
 Of Muscovy. Reverses at Pultowa  
 Drive him to Turkish soil. In frantic fight  
 His band opposes hosts. Disarm'd he gains  
 His liberty, and dies, against the Danes  
 Employ'd in arms. The Scots declare for Charles  
 And suffer rout. The Turks by Prince Eugene  
 Are shatter'd. Kouli Khan the throne usurps  
 Of Persia. Russia struggles with the Porte.  
 Delhi is sack'd by Nadir (Kouli) Shah  
 Who reaps amazing booty and secures  
 The Koh-i-noor. England her fleet directs  
 Against the Spaniards. Sweden wages war  
 With Russia. Chronic insurrection reigns  
 In Ireland. George, at Dettingen, defeats  
 The French. Prolong'd hostilities involve  
 England with France and Spain. Anson despoils  
 The Spaniards. English, Dutch and Austrian  
 troops,  
 At Fontenoy, are beaten by the French.

The Jacobites at Prestonpans achieve  
A victory, but are by Cumberland  
Crush'd at Culloden. Bergen-op-Zoom sheds  
Disgrace on the allies ; but Anson, Hawke  
And Warren scour the seas. In India  
And North America, France strives in vain  
'Gainst England for supremacy. The French  
Capture Minorca—as a scapegoat, Byng  
Is shot. At Arcot, Clive defeats the French  
And natives. Sev'n years' war deforms the plains  
Of Europe. The Black Hole by Dowlah cramm'd  
Smothers its inmates. Damien seeks the life  
Of Louis Quinze. Flames and dismemberment  
Atone the deed. At Plassy, Clive regains  
Calcutta, and with checks, the British pow'r  
Has ever since encroach'd on Indian soil.  
Wolfe at Quebec is slain. Britain at sea  
Scatters the French and Spaniards. Hyder Ali,  
Assisted by the Nizam, frustrates long  
His European foe. Turkey declares  
War against Russia. Warren Hastings rules  
Bengal, and murders its Nabobs. In spite  
Of solemn treaties, Prussia, Austria, Russia  
Divide the Polish kingdom. Civil war  
Great Britain and her colonies embroils.  
Th' American United States proclaim  
Their independence, and in desp'rate fights  
King George's troops repulse. At Saratoga,  
Burgoyne surrenders. Hyder Ali wastes  
The British forces. Lord George Gordon heads  
His fatal riots. England prosecutes

War with America, Spain, Holland, France  
 And Tippoo. Warren Hastings spoliates  
 The Begums. Lord Cornwallis yields his force  
 To Washington. Turkey renews her war  
 With Russia and with Austria. The Swedes  
 Against the Russ and Dane resort to arms.  
 The long-pent passion of the Paris mob  
 Explodes in revolution. The Bastile,  
 Damn'd engine of enormity, is doom'd.  
 France wars with Russia, Austria, Savoy  
 And Holland. Suwarrow demolishes  
 Ismail by storm, with bloody massacre  
 Of its defenders. Tippoo Sultan braves  
 England, the Nizam, and Mahratta chiefs.  
 The Russians harass Poland. Robespierre  
 (Egregious monster), rioting in blood  
 Grows more and more athirst. A million necks  
 Spout forth their life-stream. France 'gainst  
     England, Spain  
 And Holland war resumes. Napoleon  
 Gains notice at Toulon. The miscreants  
 Danton and Robespierre are guillotined.  
 Crush'd by the Russians, Kosciusko bleeds ;  
 Poland becomes extinguish'd. Arcola  
 Dismays the Austrians. Napoleon  
 Embarks for Egypt. Nelson at the Nile  
 The Gallic fleet destroys. England, Russia,  
 Germany, Turkey, Naples, Portugal,  
 'Gainst France form coalition. Tippoo Saib  
 Is slain in Hindostan. The French o'ercome  
 The Othman at Aboukir. Cruel war,

Due to aggressions, rages long between  
 Great Britain and the Nizam in Mysore,  
 Scindia and Holkar, Rajah and Nabob.  
 France at Marengo gains a hard-fought field.  
 Nelson takes Copenhagen. Abercrombie  
 At Alexandria defeats the French.  
 The Corsican is made First Consul. War  
 Ravages Europe. Conflict is provok'd  
 By France with England. Austria, Russia, Naples  
 Combine against the former. Nelson dies  
 Victorious at Trafalgar. Austerlitz  
 Confounds the Czar and Austrian. England,  
     Prussia,  
 Russia and Saxony form coalition  
 Against Napoleon. At Auerstadt  
 And Jena, Prussia yields. Russia invades  
 The Principalities. France aids the Poles  
 Against the Russians. Eylau's desp'rate fight  
 Disturbs the Czar. The rival emperors,  
 At Tilsit meeting, secret treaty make  
 For the partitionment of Europe. Russia  
 'Gainst Sweden and 'gainst England war declares ;  
 Turkey 'gainst Russia. England legislates,  
 Her trade abolishing in human flesh.  
 To the peninsula Napoleon  
 Transfers the conflict. Against Austria  
 Russia campaigns. French squadrons occupy  
 Vienna. Wellesley at Talavera  
 Curbs the invaders. Thwarted and repuls'd  
 In stubborn battles, France's marshals beat  
 Retreat, contending ; at Vittoria crush'd ;

The conqueror forcing the Bidassoa  
Triumphant lifts the yoke from Spain. Meanwhile  
Walcheren's deadly climate wastes the lives  
Of Englishmen. Napoleon assails  
Russia, by Sweden join'd against the French.  
Moscow is burnt. The French retire with loss  
Of quarter of a million men. The Turks  
Desolate Servia. America  
A war renews with England: and the *Shannon*  
Captures the *Chesapeake*. Prussia and Russia  
Unite against Napoleon. The allies  
Draw up their "declaration" and invade  
The French dominions. Paris is surrender'd ;  
Napoleon abdicates for Elba's isle.  
Ten months elapse. The Emperor returns  
And enters Belgium. Waterloo decides  
His destiny. With blasted laurels, he  
Is banish'd to Saint Helena, to die  
From cancer. British ships bombard Algiers.  
The Wahabees in Syria are subdued.  
The Principalities revolt. The Greeks  
Assist the insurrection and proclaim  
Their independence. Ninety thousand Greeks  
Are massacred at Scio. Mitylene  
Faintly avenges Turkey's murd'rous deed.  
England extends her conquests to Rangoon  
And Assam. Against Persia Russia turns  
Her arms. The Janissaries are destroy'd  
By Sultan Mahmoud. Navarino's fight  
Destroys the Turkish fleet. War is declar'd  
Against the Porte by Russia, who blockades



The Dardanelles. Silistria is tak'n,  
 Adrianople occupied. Albania  
 Rebels. The French annex Algiers. In Paris,  
 The streets are barricaded. Revolution  
 Dethrones the Bourbon. Mehemet revolts  
 From Turkey. By the Carlists, Spain is drench'd  
 For years in civil war. The Mexicans  
 Contend with France. An Anglo-Indian force  
 Meddles in Afghanistan. Akbar Khan  
 Butchers an army of five thousand—four  
 Escaping. Abd-el-Kader's bands defy  
 The French. Great Britain harries the Chinese;  
 Refusing to be poison'd, they destroy  
 Thousands of chests of opium. England burns  
 Their junks and storms Canton. Russia is foil'd  
 Warring in Khiva; and the Caucasus  
 Her troops exhausts. Protracted insurrection  
 Convulses Spain. The Sikhs are overcome  
 At Moodkee and Sobraon. Poland strives  
 Vainly for independence. Seven hundred  
 Kabyles are smother'd by Pelissier  
 In the Dahara caverns. Mexico  
 Against th' United States initiates  
 Unprosp'rous war. From Paris, revolution  
 Drives Louis Philippe. Insurrections vex  
 The Principalities. Prussia defeats  
 The Danes. Sardinia hazards a campaign  
 'Gainst Austria, and on Novara's plain  
 Is routed by Radetsky. Hungary  
 Rises in revolution. Austria,  
 With Russia, crushes the insurgents, first

Victorious. Napoleon contrives  
The *coup d'état* and rehabilitates  
His dynasty. The Russian autocrat,  
About the Holy Places feigning qualms  
Of conscience, seeks a quarrel with the Porte.  
The barb'rous Czar's encroachments to subvert,  
England and France are leagued in the Crimea  
Against the Russ : and later, Italy.  
Dislodg'd at Alma, Balaclava's charge  
Strikes panic on the Russian ; Inkermann  
Confirms the blow. Sebastopol is ta'en,  
Its forts destroy'd. England bombards Canton,  
And war with Persia wages. Mutiny  
Amongst the Sepoys shocks the Government  
Of India. Nana Sahib, at Cawnpore,  
Slaughters the residents. The outbreak is,  
In seas of blood, suppress'd. Sardinia,  
With France, against the Austrian combines  
And conquers at Magenta. Solferino  
Concludes the struggle. Schamyl in Daghestan  
Combats the Russians. Garibaldi routs  
The Royalists in Sicily. The Druses  
Twelve thousand Maronites in Lebanon  
Fanatically slay. To Italy,  
The Papal states, with bloodshed, are annex'd.  
The French and English squadron at Peiho  
Capture the Taku forts. Of Peking, France  
The summer palace sacks. Against the Porte  
Herzegovina rises. Poland strains  
Her Russian fetters. The United States  
(Or disunited) on the land and seas

For six long years in civil contest bleed ;  
Their slaves are manumitted in the South  
By proclamation. Montenegro strives  
With Turkey. Garibaldi's bands resist  
Victor Emmanuel's legions, and sustain  
Defeat at Aspromonte. Fenians plot  
In Clonmel and America. The Danes  
Confront the Austrian and Prussian troops  
In Sleswig-Holstein. In the Caucasus  
Russia extends her conquest. A revolt  
Inflames Jamaica. Italy directs  
Her arms 'gainst Austria ; Custozza proves  
Disastrous to the former. Saxony  
Is ravag'd by the Prussians, who campaign  
Against the Austrians. The German states  
Are all involv'd in warfare. Königsgratz  
Discomfits Austria. A British force  
The Abyssinian chastises. France  
Assails the German. Wöerth, Sedan and Metz  
Bring downfall to Napoleon. The siege  
Of Paris utterly confounds the French.  
England Ashantee penetrates. The Russians  
Khiva invade, and Kaufmann massacres  
The Yomuds in Turkestan. Carlist troops  
Disturb the Spaniards. Pious Russia, stirr'd  
By Christian sufferings and lust of pow'r,  
Attacks the Porte. Barbarian Muscovites  
With *vodka* madden'd, by a brutal Duke  
Commanded, devastate the fairest plains  
Of Europe—long repuls'd by gallant Turks  
Contending stubbornly for hearth and home.

Plevna capitulates. The wily Czar  
 An armistice, with diplomatic craft  
 Concedes, whilst he consolidates his lines  
 In front of Stamboul. Deaf to trait'rous yells  
 Of peacemongers, Lord Beaconsfield serene  
 Our fleet dispatches to Besika Bay  
 And challenges the Northern Bear. Dismay'd,  
 The bankrupt Russian pauses, and solicits  
 A Congress at Berlin. Lords Beaconsfield  
 And Sal'sbury insist on a retreat  
 Trans-Balkan. Cyprus, ceded by the Porte  
 To England, checks the Slavic vehemence  
 In Asia Minor. With reluctant grace,  
 Russia accepts (to be defortified)  
 The port of Batoum ; but from her ally,  
 Roumania, wrests the Bessarabian plains.  
 Travers'd, outwitted, mortified, chagrin'd  
 By England's Premier, Lord Beaconsfield,  
 And Sal'sbury, our truly noble Earls,  
 The Muscov signs the Treaty of Berlin.

## XVI.

THE stream of history rolls on unchang'd  
 Thro' depthless channels, brimming with the flow  
 Of human gore and tears ! Doth *Providence*  
 Decree, or *Law* necessitate, or *Chance*  
 Determine the incessant woes of man ?  
 What influence precipitates the storm,  
 Plague, famine, earthquake, inundation, fire ;

And ordinales the wheeling of the spheres  
Remotest, in the boundless vault of Heav'n ?  
Is the vast Cosmos senseless, or instinct  
With consciousness, impassive or alert ?  
Lost in mysterious mazes, baffled thought  
Reverts from speculation to the trials  
And grievous cruelties on earth endur'd.  
How ineffective all conception proves  
To realise the anguish and the ruin  
Accrued from war and conquest, falsely term'd  
The paths of glory. Who can calculate  
The bloodshed, torture, inhumanity,  
By dominant on subject man impos'd  
Till now from the beginning ? Jealousy  
Of nations, whim of kings, enormities  
Of despots, perfidy of counsellors,  
Intrigue of priests and pique of mistresses  
Have wasted provinces, unpeopled states  
And render'd fertile regions barren. Who,  
Thro' untold centuries, can estimate  
The agony, exaction, massacre,  
In barb'rous lands prevailing, and the horrors,  
Crimes, murders, violence and treachery  
Of unrecorded feud and war ? In turn  
Nation oppresses nation, robs, enslaves,  
Annexes or exterminates (a fact  
Coeval with mankind). Th' Egyptian goads  
The child of Israël. The Jew releas'd  
Spoils the Philistine. Ev'ry race observes  
A brutal policy, until, with glut  
Of territory sated, it affects

Forbearing virtues, zealous to conserve  
An equipoise of pow'r. The history  
Of ev'ry country is inscrib'd in blood ;  
And progress rests on conquest, force and wrong,  
Mask'd when occasion ceases. England soothes  
Her tributary millions in the East,  
Consistent with security. Permitted  
To raise a fact'ry on pretext of trade  
She stealthily intrudes, by battle, fraud  
And tyranny. Yet the facin'rous deeds  
Of Warren Hastings public sentiment  
So outrag'd, that the Commons him impeach'd  
Before the Lords—(in vain).—A Resident  
At ev'ry native court espionage  
Employs, as agent of our Government  
In view of mutiny. Gaunt Famine sweeps  
A Presidency ; thousands droop and die ;  
Emaciate mothers clasp their starving babes  
Gasping for life, unsuccour'd. Ministers  
Proclaim Victoria Empress, and a vote  
Of six or sixty millions is resolv'd  
Upon for war. A Sepoy force is sent  
To Europe. It on charity devolves  
To dole a feeble aid from pavid death  
To Indian fellow-mortals, who are tax'd  
To pay for their subjection, and denied,  
Save with enormous tribute, salt for food.  
Britannia with possessions gorg'd, herself  
Congratulates on "mercy," scheming not  
To vanquish other continents and realms  
As in the past. Unrighteousness has chang'd

Her front. No Christian nations persecute  
 The Jew (as in the mediæval times  
 When Sultan, Pagan, Pope, Crusader, King,  
 All gloried in extortion, ravishment,  
 Pillage and slaughter, torture—rack and wheel—  
 On the unhappy Hebrew visited) ;  
 Except the fraudulent, callous, murd'rous Russ,  
 Oppressor of the Pole and Israelite,  
 Assassin of the Yomuds. France no more  
 Exterminates the Carib. Even Spain  
 And Portugal grow kind. Three hundred years  
 Ago, one Hawkins (Heaven bless the mark—  
 Sir John !) between the Gold Coast and the Isle  
 Of Saint Domingo traffick'd with the world  
 In slaves. By assiento, Flanders, Spain,  
 The Genoese, and, later, England, France,  
 Contracted for supply of human flesh  
 To stock their colonies. Virginia  
 Held commerce with the Dutch ; and slavery,  
 Within the Southern States has been annull'd  
 But eighteen years. Nearly a cent'ry since  
 A Bill to Parliament was introduc'd  
 To mitigate the horrors of the *trade*.  
 A space of five feet eight in length, with width  
 Of sixteen inches, was the full extent  
 Of room allowed to negroes on the voyage  
 To our West Indian Islands. Certain men,  
 Or miscreants, at Westminster oppos'd  
 All legislative action. Certain ports  
 In England ev'ry effort to uphold  
 Slav'ry exhausted. Cooke, the actor, hiss'd

In Liverpool, address'd his audience thus—  
 “Harkye, there's not a brick throughout your town  
 But what is with the blood of Africans  
 Cemented.” 'Twere revolting to engage  
 In more detail, beyond the following case  
 (From Grattan) which i' th' Southern States  
 occur'd

In eighteen hundred fifty-one. “*Soutter  
 Against the Commonwealth.*”—“This Soutter tied,  
 Whipp'd, cobb'd, struck, beat, kick'd, lacerated,  
 stamp'd,

Tortur'd and burnt a negro slave nam'd Sam,  
 With switches and a shingle—by two slaves  
 And two white witnesses assisted. Tied  
 Him to a tree, wash'd him with water warm  
 And cayenne pepper, put him in the stocks,  
 Stamp'd on him, tied a rope around his neck,  
 The rope to a bed-post fasten'd, strangled, chok'd,  
 And strangulated the deceased, twelve hours  
 Elapsing in the operation.” For

This hellish murder (in the *second* degree)  
 The sentence was, i' th' Penitentiary  
 Five years' confinement (!!) ; less than Justice  
 metes

In England to a postman who has stol'n  
 A newspaper. Throughout the gentle South,  
 Advertisement continually proclaim'd  
 Fugitive negroes, some with “sandy hair  
 Or flaxen, light blue eyes, complexion red  
 Or freckled.” Sale of “negroes, cattle, mules  
 And saddles.” “Raffle of a buggy, horse



And harness, with a stout mulatto girl  
 For fifteen hundred dollars." Parents sold  
 Their children and their grandchildren. The  
     clergy [rape ;  
 Own'd, scourg'd, and dealt in slaves ; encourag'd  
 Parental and connubial ties ignor'd,  
 And filial relations—sire and child,  
 Husband and wife dispersing, by the State  
 Esteem'd as " chattels." Ruffian slaveholders  
 On " liberty" descanted, faith profess'd  
 In God, yet sacrific'd to Moloch. Ne'er  
 Domitian, Torquemada, Robespierre  
 Surpass'd such deeds of horror. Vocables  
 Fail in description, and the impious scenes  
 And lamentation must have soften'd hell.  
 Will not retaliation, soon or late,  
 O'ertake the offspring of the slaveholder ?  
 Will not the *quondam* chattels and their race  
 Avenge their mangled, murder'd ancestors ?  
 If the descendants of the African  
 The white man of the South exterminate  
 In seas of blood, we may deplore (surpris'd  
 We cannot be). The North American  
 Has ceas'd to crush the black man, but pursues  
 The red man with malignity, and scalps  
 With ardour as ferocious, with design  
 Of extirpation. Thus with bloodier mind,  
 From circumstance of policy, the Spaniard  
 Havock'd Peru and Cuba. Portuguese,  
 Dutch, French and English ravag'd Africa,  
 America and Asia. Moor and Turk

From contest and barbarity have grown ;  
And Russia, holy Russia, now presents  
The beau-ideal of aggression, stamp'd  
The cut-throat of the world ; vying with Turk  
And Montenegrin in terrific deeds  
Of savagery and unnatural  
Exploits and mutilations. Human jaws  
Are sever'd on the battle-field, consign'd  
Wholesale to Paris, and the ghastly wares  
Are by the dentists purchas'd for the teeth.  
What spectacle or story can inspire  
A throb of pathos or romantic thrill  
In this inex'able, commercial age,  
Plunged in irrev'ence and frivolity ?  
Who at the present time the lot bewails  
Of sev'nty millions starving on the plains  
Of Northern China? Did one breast lament,  
Two years past, at two hundred thousand souls  
In Backergunge, by a cyclone swept  
To wat'ry death? Explorers greeted back  
From Africa, in boastful tales relate  
Encounters with the negro, smart *fracas*  
In which a band, a tribe or so was slain  
With swaggering breechloader. With ourselves  
Such acts have different names. Historians  
(Those critics of chronology, who pore  
O'er hallow'd records of antiquity)  
The bloody eccentricities of kings  
Extenuate as foibles, weaknesses ;  
In instance, David, Herod. Even now  
Imperial rank deliverance commands

From infamy, as when Napoleon  
His *coup d'état* perform'd, and when the Prince  
His cousin pistol'd an unwelcome guest.  
The Inquisition, torture, pillory,  
Rack, maiden, boot, religious penalties  
Have disappear'd ; not from benevolence  
Of monarchs, but impatience of the *plebs*  
Menacing revolution. Ev'ry class  
For liberty, for licence wrestles. Mobs  
Intimidate the Governments. The scum  
Of proletary callings agitates  
For increased pay, diminish'd work. The serf  
And labourer essay to vote and rule  
In democratic unity. The State  
Their dream represses, when from health impair'd  
Employment lapses. Never jurist wrought  
A more atrocious code of laws than those  
Which hedge the pauper. Half-a-crown a week  
Accorded by the parish, and a loaf ;  
Alternative, the workhouse ; whence the poor,  
If friendless, after life's last woes are wreak'd,  
Are huddled to dissection. Many a dame,  
Agèd yet gentle ; many a veterān,  
Scarr'd and disabled in his country's cause,  
Eking inadequate support for years,  
Dies slowly, surely, chronically starv'd :  
A most flagitious stain on England's crest.  
Of late, with unrestricted insolence  
Invading ev'ry haunt amongst the poor,  
Has grown (most recent scourge of indigence)  
A new Society, which prostitutes

The name of *charity*. No fault, no blot  
 Of starving man or woman can evade  
 Its mercenary spies, who rudely bare  
 Life's closest secrets. Penury is crush'd  
 But not reliev'd; voluminous reports  
 Hoodwink the affluent, whose alms are spent  
 On secretaries, printers, rent and clerks,  
 Not on the destitute, diseased and old.  
*Vivitur ex rapto!* that is, half mankind  
 Preys on its weaker moiety. The poor,  
 Friendless and unprotected, most oppress'd  
 By insult and injustice. What a staff  
 Of taskmasters, relieving officers,  
 Beadles, police, inspecting barristers,  
 Compel the pauper; place, emolument  
 And consequence deriving from the class  
 Maltreated, which extinct, their overseers  
 Would render lean and famish'd, paupers too;  
 Whilst of the Local Board the President  
 (Mayhap a brewer, more *au fait* with malt  
 Than Poor Law bus'ness) from th' exchequer draws  
 Thousands per annum, to inform a shoal  
 Of human sharks and justify excess.  
*Vivitur ex rapto!* what a swarm of hawks  
 Prey on the idleness, credulity,  
 Folly and vice of man. The lawyer grasps  
 The litigant's award. The doctor thrives  
 On frailty and indulgence. Usurers,  
 Promoters, cheats decoy the greedy. Quacks  
 And jugglers rob th' unwary and the weak.  
 Clairvoyantes fleece and fortune-tellers strip

Their brainless dupes. The cook and publican  
 On our repletion flourish; betting men  
 On our cupidity, *et tous les autres*  
 With confidence on selfishness depend  
 And cruelty. "No honest trade exists,"  
 Says Herbert Spencer; "with integrity  
 All trade is incompatible. It is  
 Essentially corrupt." Tricksters and rogues,  
 Were conscientious rules 'twixt man and man  
 Observ'd, must cease; but all devour their kind  
 With vulturine voracity. *Vivendi*  
*Perdere causas propter vitam* has  
 In ev'ry bosom universal weight.  
 Society eclectic views adopts  
 Respecting crime. The swindling stockbroker  
 And cheating banker form a group distinct  
 From common cutpurses, tho' all are thieves.  
 Ambassadors who lie (do any, *not?*)  
 At courts are petted, whilst mendacious boys  
 Are flagellated. Noble reprobates  
 Are punish'd lightly for the direst guilt.  
 The immoralities of rank and wealth  
 Are seiz'd and season'd by a carrion press  
 As choice adventures. From a heroine  
 A female outcast differs to the world—  
 That she's nor friends nor means. A fallen girl  
 Cohabiting with Snug, the joiner, lives  
 Exil'd from recognition; Lady Dash,  
 Intriguing with the Colonel, is call'd "fast"  
 In modern *slang*. Miss Ninepins in her prime  
 (*Dame aux Camélias* across the Straits)

Appears in novels ; and her sisterhood,  
 Pos'd by photographers in lewdest styles,  
 Flood the shop-windows, in companionship  
 With titled women. Should a murd'rer hack  
 His mistress into fragments, *ladies* press  
 Befangled and lorgnetted, to his "trial,"  
 Adjourning to a luncheon with champagne.  
 To rear the offspring of the criminal,  
 A public contribution is amass'd  
 Of sev'ral hundred pounds ; whilst honest men  
 Bequeath their children to parochial care.  
 Medea, Clytemnestra, as of old,  
 Stalk in our midst, with their insidious charms  
 And with'ring blandishments. *L'argent fait tout*  
 And monster inquests, lawsuits on divorce  
 And wills abound. Priests of the Holy Cross  
 Licentious works "On the Confessional"  
 Disseminate unpunish'd, but the law  
 "Fruits of Philosophy" condemns as foul,  
 And prosecutes its author. Yet we vaunt  
 Honour, enlightenment, morality,  
 Civilisation, progress, arts of peace !  
 Read the intelligence from Paris, Spain,  
 Vienna, Central Asia, Rome, Berlin,  
 Russia, the Vatican, United States,  
 Constantinople and the farthest East,  
 Warp'd by political dishonesty  
 And diplomatic fraud. Much nearer home,  
 Study the journals (like a page diffuse  
 Of Juvenal), where marriage, birth, and death,  
 Police and law reports, the state of trade,

The money-market, stocks, amusements, sales,  
 Sporting intelligence, the theatres,  
 Starvation, murder, charities, the Court,  
 The weather, shipping, inquests, suicides,  
 Barbarity, oppression, drunkenness,  
 Elections, music, sermons, science, wrecks,  
 Lust, outrage, burglary, embezzlement,  
 Accidents, superstition, railways, fires,  
 Meetings, advertisements, and Parliament,  
 With every horror, woe, sin, pain and crime,  
 In un-Arcadian heterogeneousness  
 Are coarsely mingled—in the race of life  
 Teaching how rude the struggle, how minute  
 The heed of others. Who regrets the wretch  
 Who dies from hæmorrhage or slow disease  
 In some lone shed forsak'n ; or even reads  
 The posthumous account compil'd to fill  
 A corner of the " news " ? Life is not all  
*Couleur de rose* to each. Fifteen per cent.,  
*t/* Within our larger towns, of mortals die  
 In hospital ; many without a friend  
 To soothe their ebbing soul. Myriads expire,  
 Victims of social tyranny, diseas'd  
 From occupation—undermin'd in lung  
 By vapours, dust, exposure ; overstrain'd  
 In heart by labour ; from intemp'rance hosts,  
 Morbid in liver, brain and kidney ; some  
 Injur'd and maim'd from accident ; whilst all  
 The humbler languish from privation, food  
 Unwholesome, soil polluted, air impure  
 And tainted water. Intermarriage breeds

And aggravates in ev'ry class of life  
Distempers, which the cautious and the wise  
Escape, but which the weak impute to Heaven,  
Ignoring their causation. Hence how few  
Enjoy a normal life, longæval gain'd.  
Large multitudes expressly earn their bread  
As factors of destruction, who design  
And fabricate the enginery of war  
(Titanic guns, torpedoes, monitors,  
Rams, ironclads, explosives, rockets, shells,  
And slaughterous artill'ry). Ev'ry land  
In Europe bristles in her arsenals  
Suspicious of her neighbours; more engross'd  
In dealing than averting death; more bent  
On war than sanitation. Why rave we  
At Chinese massacres, the perfidy  
Of Mexican and Indian, uncontroll'd  
By laws, which keep (*with us*) our murd'ers down?  
Of Malay and Pacific Islander  
We scour the seas and devastate the coasts,  
Rifling, for paltry insult, vessel, hut  
And village; cannonading, plundering  
And kidnapping the natives. Let's reverse  
The process, and conceive a hostile fleet  
In Thames or Mersey, burning, pillaging  
Our own Penates! Does the European  
Yield in bloodthirstiness to Dahomey  
Or brute implacable? Shut not our eyes  
To our assizes and police. Assaults,  
Garottings, stabbings, kickings, moral storms  
And murders throughout England, Italy



And France are daily, are habitual ;  
 Agrarian butcheries on Irish soil ;  
 Riots in Lancashire ; in Greece, banditti ;  
 The Mafia and Camorra, brigandage  
 In Italy ; plotters and Nihilists  
 In East and Central Europe ; Communists  
 And Socialists on ev'ry side surcharg'd  
 With revolution. Take the av'rage man  
 And woman. Note their habits, pleasures, dress  
 And usual conduct. Bumpkins from the plough,  
 Loons from the counter, factory and mine  
 In broad-cloth vested, their superiors  
 Affect to imitate, especially  
 Their vices. Mopsa, Persis, Abigail,  
 Reflect their mistresses. On boat and rail,  
 Mankind are equal. Ev'ry Jack and Scrub  
 Assume the gentleman ; but scrubs are nought  
 But scrubs altho' colossal. Diff'rences  
 In men are but cutaneous. Compare  
 The pitman and Ashanti, their behaviour  
 To animals and women, their beliefs,  
 Amusements, intellect ; their virtues, crimes.  
 The miscreants in England who desert  
 Their parents to the parish are more black  
 Than tribes who massacre them. Parents starve  
 (And baby-farmers) infants unto death ;  
 Idiots are famish'd. All brutalities  
 Despite the laws are rife. Villains dispatch  
 Ships cramm'd with dynamite from Bremerhaven,  
 To gain th' insurance and destroy the crew.  
 A general depravity and guile

Pervade society, but half-reveal'd  
 Or wink'd at by the state. Women resort  
 To artifice, allurements, finery ;  
 Decorum is discarded. Bold and free  
 In manners ; harsh in speech, unmusical ;  
 In mien disdainful, silly. Female taste  
 Is vilely imitative. Modesty  
 And delicacy are by wiles usurp'd ;  
 Simplicity is outrag'd ; art employ'd  
 Not art but nature to conceal. At nought  
 Is culture set ; a blush but rarely seen.

Amongst the wealthy classes, heartlessness  
 And simulation hold conspicuous place.  
*Porci de grege Epicuri* (which  
 May be translated "gluttons") ne'er forego  
 An opportunity of dining. Clubs  
 Suffice the selfish, listless, indolent  
 Voluptuary, with occasional  
 Banquets in private. Well-paid secretaries  
 Of hospitals, dispens'ries, refuges,  
 Schools, charities, asylums, missions, funds  
 For artists, actors, printers, victuallers,  
 Newsvendors, drapers, grocers, lawyers' clerks,  
 Drivers and cabmen, annually arrange,  
*Disinterestedly*, on their behalf,  
 A public dinner at the *Albion*,  
*Freemasons' Tavern*, or at *Willis' rooms*,  
 With lengthy list of Stewards. Others plan  
 An entertainment to inaugurate  
 An almshouse or Retreat ; to celebrate

The visit of a king—Barbarian Shah  
 Or Seyyid—or the anniversary  
 Of some Reform Bill or a Prince's birth.  
 Even the Cabinet unbend and dine  
 At the *Trafalgar* or the *Ship*. No qualms,  
 From others' hunger, others' misery,  
 The stomach of the epicure annoy ;  
 He purchases a ticket ; *may* subscribe  
 Of his abundance, but does he remit  
 Himself one luxury, one fancied whim  
 Or pleasure of existence ; or resign  
 One sensuality, or exercise  
 One self-denial ? Polyphemus-like,  
 He gorges to the grave, and should he leave  
 A legacy or fortune to a Home  
 For convalescents or an orphanage,  
 Is it philanthropy that melts his soul,  
 Or hatred of relations, or the dread  
 Of something after death, which prompts a sop  
 To pacify the Devil ? All mankind,  
 Across an endless swamp of pain, pursue  
 The *ignis fatuus*, pleasure, Proteus-shap'd  
 To suit each fancy, little scrupulous  
 To gain its ends.

Ambition fires the Bar.

The Bar ! avowedly a licens'd school  
 Of insolence unbridled, which at times  
 Deforms the Seat of Justice. Barristers,  
 Full-fledg'd, are fashion'd at the Inns of Court,  
 By eating sundry dinners. Precedents,  
 Reports and musty technicalities  
 Comprise their education ; narrowness,

Conceit and arrogance their character,  
 With sparse exceptions. By retaining fees,  
 Red-handed felons, veriest criminals,  
 Their services engage, when ev'ry plea,  
 Equivocation, quibble and objection  
 Are rais'd to frustrate justice. Needy rogues  
 Go undefended, and their doom depends  
 Upon the judge constrain'd to sift the lies  
 Of witness and detective.

In our realm,  
 O'er-glutted with a tangled growth of codes  
 And statutes, honest men may be despoil'd,  
 Or ruin'd, by vexatious litigation.  
 A bound'ry fence, an arbitrary squire  
 Wasting with hounds a farmer's crops, may lead  
 To tedious lawsuits, thro' the various courts  
 Delay'd with wav'ring judgment, till the Lords  
 Decide the last appeal.

A wealthy knave,  
 Vindictive, may his needier neighbour crush  
 Immerging him in Chancery. Again,  
 In some low seaport town—infested haunt  
 Of crime and outrage—a despairing wretch  
 May by false-swearing constables be dragg'd  
 To Bridewell, and, tho' guiltless, be immur'd,  
 Robb'd, charg'd, convicted and impris'n'd. The  
 Bench,  
 Cull'd from the scum of commerce, with their clerk  
 Confer (this clerk whilom an ign'rant lad  
 Admitted to the office at the pay  
 Of half-a-crown a week). A *watch* committee

(Lucus a non lucendo), most compris'd  
 Of traders, tinkers, jobbers, publicans,  
 Exists the civic liberties to guard  
 And check police abuses ! Such committee,  
 As head policeman or chief constable,  
 Appoints a fellow usually retir'd  
 As refuse from the army, and yclept  
 Captain or Major ; tho' ex-corporals  
 And decent officers their rank resign  
 With their commission. Such machinery  
 Constructs a vicious circle. The police  
 Are disciplin'd at perj'rous lengths to swear  
 By their commandant, who, with cringing tongue,  
 Fawns on and flatters his superiors,  
 The watch and magistracy, bodies twain,  
 Recruited from each other. What a web  
 To catch and thrall the innocent ! Police  
 Forsworn *en masse*, supported by a chief,  
 Trusted and favour'd by a petty Bench,  
 And smil'd on by a board municipal,  
 Who organise the system and elect  
 Their skulking, murd'rous caitiffs.

Little knows

The world what vap'rous prate and shallow brains  
 Compose our judicature ; or the tricks  
 Of pettifoggers—fees for moving “ rules ” ;  
 “ Refreshers,” briefs neglected, taxing costs,  
 Opinions, consultations. Yet the Bench,  
 Amongst its mediocre occupants,  
 Has able men and trusty councillors,  
 Impartial, dignified, approv'd by all.

Lawyers, who practise and appoint the law,  
 Restrict fruition of their rights to those  
 "Call'd" and "admitted." Not so the divine  
 And doctor. Quacks may impudently puff  
 Their nostrums and diplomas, tho' an Act  
 Exists of purpose to discriminate  
 'Twixt doctors and impostors. Doctor Bright  
 Of London or of Oxford, Dr. Vile  
 Of Heidelberg or Jena, stand alike  
 In public estimation. In the years  
 Of *Grace* (?) from fifty-eight to sixty, men  
 Rush'd headlong to the North. The canny Scots  
 Created at Saint Andrews graduates  
 Wholesale at thirty guineas (now by law  
 Reduc'd to one small annual batch of ten  
 Practitioners, over forty.) Edinburgh  
 Its Licence vendid much more cheap—ten pounds.  
 Thousands were dubb'd M.D., L.R.C.P.,  
 And L.K.Q.C.P.—initials grand!  
 Determin'd mathematically thus:  
 Plus (+) ten, plus (+) thirty guineas. Certain men,  
 M.D.s of Giessen and Erlangen, bought  
 For eighty pounds a College Fellowship  
 In Scotland, holding infamous degrees  
 The means of registration, in themselves  
 Unregist'able, worthless, as obtain'd  
 By purchase, *in absentia*. Many more,  
 With Scotch degrees, hied to Pall Mall in crowds,  
 Becoming, by a fee of thirty pounds,  
 Full-blown physicians. Universities  
 And Colleges nefarious barter wrought

Competitive, defeating all the aims  
Of legislation ; and a current joke  
Amongst the "faculty" sped far and wide,  
That Scotland so ungrudgingly bestow'd  
The Doctorate, men bought it for their grooms,  
And—horses (as Caligula install'd  
His charger) ! Rostock, Wilna, Montréal,  
Malta, Saint Louis, Göttingen, New York,  
Lambeth, Toronto, Philadelphia  
And Cleveland (Ohio) applied to gain  
Admission to the Register. The mass  
Of the profession thus assorted strain  
To crush a few brave women, diligent  
In practising their art, well qualified  
By *knowledge and diploma*—poor poltroons  
Dreading a gynæcocracy to come  
Of medicine and surgery. The times  
Are sadly out of joint, and Physic shares  
The gen'ral dislocation. If a scrub  
With riches, or a wealthy sinner ail,  
From self-incurr'd disorder or debauch,  
Subservient leeches, prone to imp their fame  
In public journals, issue bulletins  
Thus to the yawning vulgar—"Mister Blunt  
Has passed a restless night ; is weaker much :  
Sign'd Wilson Smith ; Godolphin Jones, M.D."  
Meanwhile official stamps endorse the wares  
Of Cockle, Holloway, John Collis Browne,  
With all their kidney. Druggists, herbalists  
And Coffinites profess *the doctor's trade*,  
Whilst ev'ry 'pothecary has become  
(From simple L.S.A.) L.R.C.P.

Or Medicinæ Doctor, to disgrace  
Or glorify Apollo—there's the rub !  
As charlatans, by hook or crook, acquire  
The doctor's title, so each preaching boor,  
Or mock divine, the "Reverend" assumes,  
Or Doctor of Divinity, if grown  
Presumptuous ; from America deriv'd  
By paltry payment. Nonconformists rail  
At Churchmen and their ritual, but adopt  
The prefix of their priests, delusive shams  
Oppugnant to humility and truth.  
All court celebrity—to be but great,  
Famous or infamous. The haughtiest peer  
Covets the "Garter" or the "Thistle" ; men  
Of minor stamp "Saint Michael and Saint George"  
Or "Star of India" (which women crave  
For ornament) ; a crowd of lesser lights  
Aspire to Knight Commander of the Bath,  
Or mere "Companion" ; surgeons, painters, mayors  
Content themselves with Knighthood, now and then  
Expanded into Baronetcy. Clerks,  
Attorneys, merchants, farmers and the world  
Of art and commerce are adjudg'd "Esquire,"  
Donning heraldic bearings, monogram  
Or mean devices. Scientific men  
All decorations disregard beyond  
The F.R.S. Impaling butterflies ;  
Tormenting guinea-pigs ; a monograph  
On fossil *pterotherium*, half bird,  
Half quadruped ; researches upon heat,  
The solar envelope or binary stars ;  
A mathematic essay ; quest profound



In embryology, on aldehyde,  
Light, radiation, prehistoric man,  
The rhythmic visibility of sounds ;  
Lake dwellings, numismatics, cryptogams,  
And esoteric studies guarantee  
Admission to the "Royal," *if a clique*  
*Debar not entry.* But there is, alas !  
A petty semi-scientific crew  
Worthy of Laputa's suspended isle  
(Abortions of Minerva), who, by dint  
Of impudence and priggishness, succeed  
To gain election ; Fellows without parts  
Or literary honesty—of books  
The editors, or who the microscope  
Tweedle with dull mechanic thumb to trace  
Bacterium, vibrio, or doubtful cell  
To impotent conclusions. [Scorn alone  
To him, *admissible by statute*, clings,  
Who, on his claim presuming as a drone  
Or dummy at the Privy Council Board,  
His asinine proportions dares t' intrude  
'Mongst scientists—a dullard.] *Savans* air  
Their special sapience at Societies—  
The Geographical, Statistical,  
Linnæan or Anthropological,  
The Geological, the Chemical,  
Entomological or Physical,  
Or Astronomical, or that invites  
The Meteorologist, Zoologist  
Or medical scrutator. What a throng  
Of meetings, congresses, associations

Perturb the learnèd and unlearnèd, where  
The Sisyphe of science toil to roll  
Incongruent theories to Alpine heights  
Of intellectual dulness! Genius,  
Apart from turbulence and public strife  
Less wordy than instructive, meditates;  
The Gordian problems of the universe  
Lab'ring to solve in true Promethean spirit.  
Science and Social Science, Medicine,  
Church, Convocation, Orientalists,  
Wesleyans, Baptists, Archæologists,  
The Internationals and Temperance  
Hold conferences yearly, which perplex  
Their authors and their audience, and rehearse  
In tedious verbiage Utopian views.  
The press reports "proceedings," mostly crown'd  
By "soirées" and "excursions," and the world  
Is dazzled with an erudite display  
Of names and memoirs. At vacation-tide,  
The members of the party-colour'd House  
Of Commons tickle their electors' ears  
With extra-parliamentary harangues,  
For sense and grammar to reporters' pens  
Indebted. Ev'ry *millionaire* conceives  
Himself to be an orator and gapes  
For eminence—be he a knighted cit.,  
A publican, newsvendor, cotton-broker,  
Beggarly banker in an abject town,  
Draper or biscuit-baker,—such entreat  
The holders of the franchise; waiving rest,  
Impairing health in their ambitiousness

To serve their country ; either for a shire  
 Or narrow borough ; whilst their vaulting dames,  
 At Court presented by th' compliant spouse  
 Of some Lord President or Chancellor,  
 Their mightiest wish fulfil and gratify,  
 The last infirmity of female minds.  
 The "Carlton" and "Reform" their portals ope  
 To money'd politicians. Fogies sit  
 Peering above their "glasses" down Pall Mall  
 At women and the carriages, anon  
 Blue-books inspecting. It were iteration  
 In these scribation times to represent  
 Those haunts of human selfishness—the Clubs—  
 Where factions plot conspiracies to clog  
 The Cabinet and form an "Opposition" ;  
 Where idlers glean the follies of the town  
 And chatter defamation to kill time ;  
 And whence proprietors of newspapers  
 Direct commands to Fleet Street and the Strand,  
 Against an enemy outpouring gall,  
 Or thundering, anonymously couch'd,  
 The editorial WE, to startle fools.  
 O Press immaculate ! of anarchy,  
 Lying, scurrility, venality,  
 And ignorance a medley, who shall sing  
 Thy praises unbemoil'd ! A fev'rish tone  
 Of thought the social thermoscope reveals  
 Amongst the peoples, by a wanton press  
 Diffus'd, encourag'd. As an axiom  
 Journalists swear, "Nul n'aura de l'esprit  
 Que nous et nos amis." Authors indite

Their own reviews, inserted by a friend  
In servile pages. Carping critics stab  
With jealous malice books they do not read  
Or comprehend. Royal and noble scribes  
Rely on adulation, and the rich  
Are toadied and extoll'd, the *nouveaux riches*,  
*Par excellence*, because they like it most.  
Love and uxoriousness in "comic" prints  
Are flouted, melancholy jests devis'd  
On suffering and death. The twaddling speech  
Of public men; a fire, an accident  
In colliery, on river, or on rail  
Gladdens the heart of editors, who greet  
Catastrophes as "capital." The man  
Is lauded for his gold. Thus tradesmen shine  
As *dilettanti* and as *connoisseurs*  
Instructed by a "dealer." The antique  
In pictures, furniture, plate, china, glass  
Is reproduc'd, and vended in Soho  
To form collections—with their owner's death  
At *Christie's* scatter'd as originals  
Confounding "virtuosi." In the journals  
Devoted mainly to "Society,"  
On "Animated Nature" articles—  
That is, a portrait and biography—  
Appear of men and women popular  
Or own'd by "Fashion"—the diplomatist,  
Merchant, philanthropist, financier,  
*Unquestionable* female, marchioness,  
Doctor of secret practice, general,  
Artist and actor; illustrated trash

Accepted as authentic. Subjects grave  
 And difficult are confidently view'd  
 With superficial levity—which range  
 From Chaos to Cremation. Restlessness,  
 Mental and physical, distracts the age.  
 Manners are lost, good breeding has decay'd,  
 Corrupt is sentiment. Anxiety  
 And discontent prevail. Society  
 Contriving for the future (with the past  
 Dissatisfied) adores inquietude.  
 Death ushers rest. With unction to their souls  
 The well-worn apophthegm of Rochefoucault  
 Survivors lay. Hero and miscreant,  
 Palsied in heart or muscle, brain or lung,  
 Complete their sev'ral course. Of all our race,  
 A thousand millions antic on the globe  
 And untold thousand millions lapp'd in dust,  
 What mortal shall escape OBLIVION ?

## XVII.

The Season closes. From the smutty town  
 Each wight that has the leisure and the gold  
 To the seaside or rustic seat repairs.  
 In search of pleasure, Woman hastes to Ryde  
 And Cowes—a few to yacht, but most to flirt.  
 How finical her raiment ; how exact  
 In fit, shape, style ; to suit the skies marine,  
 And outstrip others—heedless of her creed  
 That Woman clad not ere she learnt to sin

(From modesty, not show, impell'd to dress),  
 And that the Nereids, Neptunian nymphs,  
 Wanton unrob'd. Yachtsmen, in many a case,  
 Their vessels less for pleasure than renown  
 Maintain, being oftentimes by *mal de mer*  
 Desp'rately gravell'd. Much like those who "race"  
 For popularity, or to complete  
 A fancied education. So, of old,  
*In Banco Regis* to have spent a term  
 To sow those dissipated cereals  
 Men call "wild oats" in high repute was held  
 By bucks and wits. [Who can describe the Sea?  
 ΘΑΛΑΣΣΑ! more delightful,—terrible,—  
 Serene—alluring—furious—pitiless—  
 Beautiful—treacherous—enchanting—cruel—  
 Inconstant—mighty—horrid and outrageous—  
 Than Juno in her majesty, when zon'd  
 By Venus' girdle]. With a topsail breeze,  
 Over the long Victoria course, from Ryde  
 Twice round the Nab, competing for the Cup,  
 Yachts of all rigs and sizes—schooners, yawls,  
 And cutters—make a pretty flying start,  
 With gaff and spinnakers and headsails set,  
 Passing the line.       \*       \*       \*  
           \*       \*       \*       The race exciting grows  
 Down Channel, as they tack against the tide.  
 Damag'd and scatter'd they file past the pier,  
 Completing half the distance, sailing free  
 With favourable current. Luffing up  
 With wind to starboard and a mizzen sail,  
 The winning yawl doubles once more the Nab,

Tacks cleverly to fetch the mark at Cowes,  
And scudding to the goal beneath a cloud  
Of canvas (with allowance made for time  
To spare) secures the victory and prize.  
Need we enlarge on yachting? little seen  
Or understood by landsmen, who observe  
The start and finish only. Who regards,  
Save two or three small yacht-clubs, triumphs lost  
By fouling, topmast broke, or mainsail split ;  
Races for cutters round the Wight ; a flood  
Of rain, a rolling sea, a glorious breeze ;  
Unbroken calm, uninteresting sails  
Or frequent squalls, with blending sea and sky ;  
Or moderate south-westerns hardening  
To steady gales with slowly-falling glass ?  
The niggard and the lean in pocket choose  
Fair weather for aquatics, and extract  
From half-a-crown or less substantial joys,  
Without anxiety or risk—no whit  
Inferior to those who own a yacht.  
A crew of mercenary boatmen ply  
At ev'ry seaport, eager to persuade  
Unweeting visitors to dare the deep,  
And learn off-hand of nautical concerns  
The rugged terminology. Our coasts,  
Throng'd with an ever-shifting human swarm,  
Present more motley objects than the town.

Tho' fashionable, Ryde to be " correct "  
Professes ; with contempt of the resorts  
In Thanet's Isle, whither vulgarians hie

Their gross enjoyments freely to pursue.  
 Ryde *may* be naughty—*is* (what place is not ?)  
 Yet veils her improprieties, as vice  
 Stands on its best behaviour to be deem'd  
 Reproachless. Those in am'rous bondage held  
 By Hymen's new-forg'd fetters value much  
 The Island, in the evanescent days  
 (Too few, too brief) which fill the honeymoon.  
 Such, like philosophers (on diff'rent grounds)  
 Escape the crowd ; to Blackgang, Alum Bay,  
 Niton and Freshwater confine their range,  
 Sooth'd by the placid air ; content to shun  
 The lively pier and fleet which gaily rides  
 Upon the bosom of the Solent. Spring  
 Benign renewing increase sheds its gifts  
 Profusely on the Isle of Wight, and lends  
 Delights unnumber'd to her various shore.  
 Her landscapes fair, alternate down and dale ;  
 Scenes picturesque, romantic, wild, sublime,  
 Now Claude recalling, now Salvator's art ;  
 Cliffs towering and rocks precipitous  
 'Mongst which " the Needles " raise their wasted  
     crag,  
 Of myriad flights of gulls the clam'rous home ;  
 Offer the doating, weary and recluse,  
 Tranquillity of nature unexcell'd  
 By other lands—as precious as the calm  
 Of Schevening, the stillness of Saint Goar.

But pleasure-seekers loathe repose. The noise  
 Of Brighton, with its showy drive, its pier,



Aquarium and Pavilion, aimless lives  
 Inclines<sup>t</sup> exchange the hubbub of the town  
 For sound and bustle by the silver sea.  
*Cœlum mutant non animum*, as health  
 Is overlook'd, the shingly strand untrod,  
 The day in trifling purposes consum'd  
 Of vanity and passion. Affluence  
 Decrepit to the southern coast retreats  
 To die, like Romeo Coates, with grace; and claim  
*Post obit* notice of a blank career  
 With dull display of pompous funeral.

With regal Brighton gaudy Scarborough  
 Contests the palm. In miscellaneous rout,  
 Girls frivolous, who daily sacrifice  
 Thrice to the Graces; matrons staid, and males  
 In waiting—relatives and spouses—mix  
 With carpet-baggers, cheap excursionists  
 And trippers, who at seasons inundate  
 Sands, cliffs, the Spa, the Castle, and the Mount,  
 From all the Ridings, and vicinal shires  
 Of Lancaster and Stafford. Such as sweep,  
 Like locusts in the summer months, the shores  
 Of Lytham, Blackpool, and the smoother sands  
 New Brighton spreads to Wallasey (a lair  
 Of wreckers in the past). The fact'ry girl,  
 From Oldham, Preston, Ashton, Manchester,  
 Saucily wriggles in her glossy gown  
 And wond'rous head-gear. From the furnaces  
 Etruria kindles, wenches with their swains  
 Ungainly; colliers from the Wigan mines;

Barbarian boobies from the territory  
Entitled "black," with voices guttural  
And raucous as the Cornishman or Turk ;  
Females with cuboid faces, Golgothæ  
(In Lancashire endemic), savage clowns  
Lag, shuffle, loll, and elbow squeamish dames  
Who practise sea-side manners and a lisp  
To indicate "gentility." The beach,  
As common ground, amusement great affords  
To all. The nice and eke the sullied bathe  
For health and comfort. Toddling children delve  
And wade unto their knees denuded. Men  
Jejune and corpulent are natant seen ;  
Damsels rotund and slender. Ancient maids,  
A cable grasping, flounder in the surf,  
Sallow and lank, burlesquing Aphroditè  
Anadyomenè. Hobbard-de-hoys  
And lubbers of all ages, servant-girls  
And giddy sluts the toiling ass provoke,  
The hard-mouth'd pony, goaded in the rear  
By stolid lad or stony-featur'd hag,  
Cramm'd with abuse and railing, vented loud  
Occasion needing. Punch and Judy play  
A rôle travestied. Roundabouts and swings  
Divert the indolent. A *roaring trade*  
Is driven by the photographic tout,  
The vain inveigling to perpetuate  
Their physiognomy, all things unlike  
In earth or heav'n—therefore to worship which  
Were non-idolatrous. The hungry prey  
On shrimps and oysters purchas'd at a stall,

Or from itinerant beldam, neatly drap'd  
 With cap and apron her comestibles  
 To warrant. Ham, with eggs, and rounds of beef  
 Appease voracious churls. The victualler  
 And tapster spurious floods unceasing draw  
 Of beer and whiskey. Appetite as keen  
 Attacks superior stomachs, which ingest  
 As ravenous, less publicly ; unless  
 The bolt of Cupid queasy thoughts incites,  
 Such as perturb the vidual element  
 Exerting wily stratagems t'ensnare  
 Old bachelors and others, humourous, *rum*  
 (As Swift would say), by woman oft subdued,  
 Like Uncle Toby, tho' intrepid else.  
 The human aggregate thus feebly mix'd,—  
 Too sorrily compounded to be nam'd  
 "Society,"—in clothing, manners, looks,  
 Absurdly pied, assembles on the Pier,  
 And promenades, encouraging the band.

Southport, Llandudno, Rhyl, localities  
 Dear to the Liverpoolian. The first  
 Rectangular and formal, mostly known  
 By its Aquarium, where octopods  
 Disclose their vague anatomy. The wives  
 And progeny of Mersey traders here  
 Flounce, strut and swell, with consequential air  
 More ludicrous than the invertebrates  
 Which move their wonder. Bathers favour Rhyl,  
 Low, level, uninteresting. The Great Orme  
 Projects his rocky summit o'er the bay

Of flourishing Llandudno, peopled much  
By dippers in the sea and invalids.

Let's change the *venue* and reseek the South.  
Who shall recite the glories which pertain  
To you, O Margate, Ramsgate, Broadstairs trine !  
From those *pre-locomotive* times when men  
Yclepèd Cockneys sought your amber sands  
By lumb'ring coach (refreshing drive) thro' Strood,  
Sittingbourne, Faversham and Canterbury ;  
Over the ridgy steeps of fruitful Kent,  
Or sail'd from Billingsgate aboard the "Hoy,"  
Inhaling tonic breezes at the Nore  
Beyond the mouth of Tamesis' "foul stream."  
Can aught compare with Margate in the flush  
Of August ? *Sui generis*, she stands  
Unique in Radical extravagance  
And jollity ; an annual confluence  
Of London publicans and shopkeepers.  
Her ancient jetty, her more modern pier,  
Her sands for miles outstretch'd, cretaceous cliffs,—  
With Pegwell Bay, a paradise of shrimps,—  
Her pleasant bathing, minstrels by the waves,  
Vendors of ornaments, Bohemian life,  
Convenient morals, "Tivoli," Bazaars ;  
Like Cleopatra, exercise a charm  
Age cannot wither, custom cannot stale.  
Ryde, Brighton, Scarborough must bow their  
heads  
Eclips'd before the talismanic spells  
Of blithesome Margate. Trippers, fashion, rank

(Social extremes) molest her not ; she thrives  
 On prosperous vulgarity, nor hears  
 The hurly-burly of the pitman, nor  
 The unintelligible clattering  
 Of loobies, oafs and jades who tend the loom.

From Ramsgate navigate the Downs to Deal,  
 A hive of boatmen and of beersellers,  
 And thence to Dover, menace to the French  
 In Buonapartè's era ; now the road  
 Invasive of pacific foreigners  
 From grimy Calais. Mount to Shakespeare's Cliff,  
 The castle see, there's nought beside to view.  
 Folkestone—from suit ecclesiastical  
 And patronage *genteel* important grown—  
 Traffics with fair Boulogne, the refuge once  
 Of outlaw'd debtors, when the "Marshalsea,"  
 "Fleet," "sponging-house," and sheriff's officer  
 Were formidable entities. Herne Bay  
 (Within the Foreland) dowdy, silent, sad,  
 A sea-cave of Trophonius, unlit  
 By smiles or mirth. On the Essexian coast,  
 Southend as mournful, with its lengthy pier;  
 To Sheerness *vis-à-vis*. Gravesend, a shrine  
 To lowly Londoners, for ninepence reach'd  
 By steamer, or by rail almost as cheap ;  
 Of shrimps the El Dorado, promis'd land  
 Of watercresses (plant salubrious  
 To sufferers cuticular). How beat  
 The pulses of the languid artisan,  
 Sempstress and struggling shopkeeper, who, long

Incarcerated in the alleys, mews  
 And courts of Seven Dials, Saffron Hill,  
 (Diseaseful strongholds), quick'ning draughts respire  
 Of luscious ether, round the grassy slopes  
 Of Rosherville, the brow of Windmill Hill,  
 Springhead's clear rivulet and Cobham Park !

Disdaining geographic rules, our course  
 Aberrant tow'rds the Suffolk coast we veer.  
 Lowestoft, extremely east, a quiet, prim  
 But charming spot, with noble esplanade  
 And pier substantial, potent to resist  
 The fury of the German Ocean. Sands,  
 As firm and fair as fringe our island, tempt  
 The promenader, when the tide is low,  
 To stroll along the shore and watch the ships  
 That occupy the "Roads," within the track  
 Where treach'rous quicksands lurk—a frequent  
 scene

Of shipwrecks. Fishing luggers to and fro  
 Constantly sailing indicate the trade,  
 Which railway vans contribute to connect  
 With parts inland. Between the beach and cliff,  
 The plains or "denes" (in ages past submerg'd)  
 Conduct to the "Ravine," the Warren Hills,  
 Lighthouse and Common, bracing solitudes  
 To mind and body health-recruiting. Fern,  
 Gorse, heather deck the uplands, overspread  
 With softest turf, and closer to the shore  
 Th' *Arundo arenaria* (Reed-grass  
 Or Marram rush), as on the Frisian dunes,

The sand condenses and retards the waves.  
 Not distant far, one hundred years ago,  
 A manufactory of porcelain  
 Existed ; by Knickknackitarians  
 Of fragile china and collectors held  
 In estimation. Steamers from the pier  
 To Southwold ply, around whose roofs and spire  
 The migratory swallow swarms in spring  
 From regions less austere ; and whence she plumes  
 Her flight autumnal to a warmer sky.  
 On summer nights, the sea made luminous  
 With phosphorescence—due to forms minute  
 Of life marine—assumes a crest of light,  
 As tho' chill Amphitrite, from her grot  
 Of coral, pearl and seaweed, wrought with art  
 Divine, and wreath'd enchantment o'er the locks  
 Of old Oceanus.

#### In rivalry

With Lowestoft, Yarmouth boastingly extols  
 Her sandy littoral, for herrings prais'd  
 And mackerel ; her town, for Lacon's ales.  
 From th' Eastern counties and the marshy flats  
 Of Ely, farmers after harvest turn  
 With longing seaward. These, in company  
 Of publicans from the metropolis  
 (A never-failing item by the sea)  
 And boist'rous spirits, such as e'er abound  
 In ev'ry wat'ring-place, at Yarmouth meet.

From Norwich, by a cheering drive, the coach

Bears us to Cromer, clerical, strait-lac'd,  
 Respectable; by surface wells supplied  
 With water. Thus th' inhabitants imbibe  
 Their ancestors, as centrally stands  
 The churchyard, and its decomposing dead,  
 Transform'd to nitrates, trickle thro' the glebe  
 To impregnate with pois'nous taint the springs.  
 Defend us, Heav'n, from Cromer! Let us flee  
 To site more healthful, and direct our path  
 To Hastings, dwelling-place of invalids;  
 Or Bognor, dear to bathers. Pause a while  
 At recent Bournemouth, sought by *poitrinaires*  
 For mellowness of atmosphere, and tread  
 The sands of Weymouth held by George the Third  
 In admiration. Farther west, Torquay,  
 Relaxing climate, by consumptives view'd  
 With partiality as an abode,  
 Especially in winter. 'Tis a spot  
 Delightful. Tors, bays, downs, woods, caverns,  
     walks  
 Arrest and interest its visitors,  
 Who, spite of chronic pulmonary ills,  
 Diversion and enjoyment to decline  
 But seldom seem. At balls hibernal, girls  
 With *one lung only* waltz with hearts diseas'd  
 And visc'ral hypochondriacs, who postpone  
 Physical troubles in the genial air  
 Recuperative of Torbay. The Down  
 Of Babbicombe, with Anstis' lovely cove;  
 Watcombe's sweet valley, Cyclopean rocks  
 And splendid prospect were munificent



Possession ; but the teeming cliffs difform  
 With brushwood cloth'd and flow'rs, secluded  
 creeks,

Fine promontories, charming walks and drives,  
 Natural caverns and beauteous scenery

Crown its felicities. Geologists,  
 Risking a fractur'd skull, Kent's hole explore,  
 By humble candles aided. Stalactite

And stalagmite of typical deposit,  
 In which th' exuviæ of beasts extinct  
 Embedded lie, reward their hazardous  
 Adventure ; and at Brixham (fishful town)

Across the bay, a fossilif'rous cave  
 Like objects renders—bones of cave-bear, elk,  
 Hyæna. Valetudinarians

The homilies of science disregard,  
 Dreaming this globe to be the universe,  
 Themselves, its centre ; for disease instils  
 Not magnanimity, but selfishness,

And resolution quails the most at death  
 In blasé invalids and wither'd men  
 Unbound by occupation, who have nought  
 Of light in life. Such dread extinction most.

Between steep holts, a Rhine in miniature,  
 The Dart from Totnes bridge meandrous flows  
 Thro' reaches almost landlock'd to the sea ;  
 Agreeable trip by steamer, which but few  
 Fail to accomplish who to Berry Head,  
 Brixham and Paignton's sands extend their way.  
 On westward from Torquay, by Ivybridge :

Plymouth historic, but repulsive, town,  
 And stone-built Truro, thro' a country rich  
 In woods and cultivated slopes. Digress  
 To dingy Falmouth, of its harbour proud,  
 And devious Helston in a neighbourhood  
 Stanniferous. A drive of seven miles  
 Brings us to Mullion Cove, whose cliffs and  
 caves

Are striking, wild and sombre. The Vroe Rock,  
 Gue-graze (of steatite); The Horse, The Rill—  
 Two jutting headlands. Gem of all this coast  
 Is Kynance Cove, where dark-vein'd serpentine  
 (Magnesian silicate), from igneous force  
 Disruptive, rears an arch magnificent  
 And rocky masses, burnish'd by the waves,  
 Conspicuously resplendent in the sun.

Turning a point, the scene imposing grows.  
 Islets of serpentine; on either side  
 The coves, the swelling sea, recesses, caves,  
 Fill'd by the tide. "The Parlour," "Drawing-  
 room,"

And "Kitchen." On Asparagus Rock exists  
 A blow-hole curious—the "Post Office"—  
 By closure of which aperture arise  
 A roaring noise and show'r of foam. This rock  
 Ascend to gain of the subjacent bay  
 A view, the "Gull Rock," "Steeple," and "the  
 Lizard,"

The last a straggling village, which attain'd  
 The "Lighthouses" and Lizard Point are seen  
 And Bumble Cliff. Beyond, from the mainland

Detach'd, a few low rocks (the Todden) lie  
 Most southern point of England. Near this spot,  
 In Landewednack Churchyard, all the stones  
 Are hewn from serpentine, sad records most  
 Of mariners by wreckful tempests slain.

Retrace our steps to Helston. Thro' a waste  
 Of dreary mines and moorland, by Camborne  
 And Hayle, approach Penzance's spacious bay  
 Wash'd by the blue Atlantic's ocean flood  
 (Much murm'ring sea), whose heaving, lengthful  
       waves

Roll parallel with the beach. The balmy air,  
 At brumal seasons, by the Gulf Stream warm'd,  
 To th' hemorrhagic, hectic, scrofulous,  
 Catarrhal and pituitous affords  
 Climatic bounties. Fashion presses not  
 Its sandy shore, but (ailing) wanders far  
 To Pau, Mentone and the Engadine,  
 In vogue as *sanatoria*. Yet Penzance  
 Is rich in interest. Tow'ards Marazion,  
 Saint Michael's Mount majestically rears  
 Its slates and granite—here with verdure crown'd,  
 Here bare and imminent. Its tower climb  
 To occupy the lantern (which ensures  
 Authority domestic, if the Gods  
 Have bless'd thee with a spouse) and mark the  
       view.

Recross the shingle if the tide be low,  
 And, ere inspecting works Druidical,  
 From th' Esplanade, enter the picturesque,

But dirty, Newlyn, nest of fishermen,  
To learn how pilchards, herrings, mackerel,  
Are captur'd by the drift net and the seine.  
(The first are salted, pack'd and forwarded  
For Lent, to the Levant, which in return  
Exports *Sardines à l'huile*). Excursion make  
Over the moor, by Madron, to a pile  
Of rocks, Trengwainton Cairn, 'midst solitudes  
Unbroken. Further, on Boswavas moor  
The Lanyon Quoit, or Giant's Cromlech, stands ;  
A tomb consisting of three granite pillars,  
Five feet in height, triangularly plac'd,  
On which a flat rude parallelogram  
Of granite rests supported, fifteen feet  
In greatest length. On one side, two flat stones  
Are in the earth inserted. Opposite  
A stone stands edgewise. Near Lanyon farmhouse,  
Appears the Holed or Creep stone—Men an tol—  
Of two rude columns and a circular disc  
Compos'd, the latter standing on its edge  
Just wide enough thro' which a man may crawl,  
Whereby, 'tis said, invet'rate aches are cur'd.  
The "Skryffa" or "Men Skryffa" is hard by,  
A rough, three-sided pyramid, inscrib'd  
"Riolobran Cunoval fil"—suppos'd  
To be the gravestone of a Celtic chief.  
Large stones are scatter'd round—of tumuli  
The relics ? More remotely on a moor,  
Steep, wild and unfrequented, can be trac'd  
Of Chun, or Chywoon Castle, the remains ;  
A circular mass of stones,—by an outer heap

Apparently surrounded—fifty yards  
Transversal, of a gateway bearing signs  
In two huge blocks of granite. The Chun Quoit,  
Or Cromlech, hence within a furlong rests—  
A stone of mushroom shape, eighteen feet broad  
On four huge slabs reposing. From this height  
An amphitheatre deserted spreads,  
Th' Atlantic in the distance. Savage, bleak,  
Inhospitable, desolate the spot,  
With moorstone studded, but untrespas'd on  
By habitation or pursuit of man.  
Visit Saint Buryan by road, exempt  
From turnpikes. Note its Early Norman church  
Of granite, coffin-shaped memorial  
Of Clarice Bolleit, and the Christian cross  
On steps outside. From this locality  
May be distinguish'd, when the day is clear,  
The Scilly Isles, or Cassiterides,  
Whither Phœnician traders roam'd for tin.  
Diverge towards Boskenna to inspect  
The "Merry Maidens," a Druidical  
Circle of nineteen stones, four feet in height  
(Much like a circle near to Keswick, form'd  
Of eight-and-forty stones, within its round  
A smaller one enclosing). In the croft  
Adjacent, stand the "Pipers," pillars twain,  
About sixteen feet high; and, in the hedge  
Between, a stone exists, which near its top  
An aperture, orbicular in shape,  
Possesses, of five inches and a half.  
Amongst the country people, this is call'd

The "sanctifying" stone, and is believ'd  
The purpose with the Britons to have serv'd  
Of passing children thro' soon after birth.  
Pass on to Treen or Treryn. Cross the fields  
To Trereen Dinas, or Treen Castle rocks,  
Circular stones, of ancient fortified  
Positions manifesting traces. Here  
Burst into view the stately granite rocks,  
Surmounted by the "Logan," finely pois'd.  
(Give praise to Lubbock, and his efforts bless  
Our monuments archaic to preserve,  
Many of which have perish'd—overtur'd,  
Destroy'd or shatter'd by barbarian hands).  
Gaining Saint Leven churchyard with its cross  
And lich-stone, in our walk beholding views  
Continually new of headlands, creeks  
And rocks, we reach the "Hol'd Head of Penwith,"  
Or Tol-peden-penwith, a frightful chasm,  
Wide, yawning, blacken'd, opening from the cliff  
Above, constricted downwards to the shore.  
The clust'ring granite columns at this point  
Are singularly grand. Across the moor  
We halt at the "Land's End," and its Hotel (!),  
Last house in England, verging on the brink.  
Descend the shelving crags, extremely west,  
And on the precipice's edge observe,  
In the declining day, the fissur'd rocks,  
Dark, frowning, bare, in piles irregular  
Superimpos'd (as if Enceladus,  
By Jove o'erwhelm'd, his prostrate might had  
strain'd

Beneath his granite bonds and rift the earth,  
 Upheaving wide the fragments); the grey tints  
 Of cloud and sky; the ever-restless main  
 Interminably stretching; on the right  
 Cape Cornwall, with, more southward, Sennen Cove  
 And Whitesand Bay; the vessels near and far;  
 The Longship's Rocks and Lighthouse, two miles  
 off;

The silence broken only by the surge  
 And scream of strep'rous birds—absorbing scene  
 To artist and geologist! How weird,  
 How awful and terrific in a storm!

“First and last Inn in England,” on return  
 By Sennen, greets the trav'ler who delays  
 T' accept refreshment tender'd by the host  
 Whose sign-board swings duplicitous aloft.

### XVIII.

I DARE not linger in recall of times  
 To railways antecedent, when select  
 And famous spirits at resorts inland  
 A galaxy presented. Iron roads  
 Have long since doom'd to limbo the “Defiance,”  
 “Highflier,” “Regent,” “Magnet,” and the line  
 Of mails and coaches which diurnal sped  
 From London caravanserais (The Bull  
 And Mouth, The Golden Cross, Green Man and  
 Still,

Spread Eagle, The Cross Keys, La Belle Sauvage,  
 George and Blue Boar, The Swan with bifid Neck,  
 The White Horse, Piccadilly, hostelries  
 To travellers peculiar) ; and now  
 Ten thousand rove where units once were told.  
 But glory has departed. BATH retains  
 Her springs and pump-room as of old, but where  
 Are all her dissipations, and the charm  
 Of past celebrities, with Nash, the Beau  
 (Tyrannic exquisite), by name unknown  
 To most of modern rambles? TUNBRIDGE

## WELLS

Sheds rills ferruginous. Her Toadstone Rock  
 The wanderer may interest, but where  
 Are now her brilliant coteries? Proceed  
 To CHELTENHAM and LEAMINGTON, compos'd  
 Of social atoms vulgarly diverse,  
 Where are the wit and fashion which imbib'd  
 Their sparkling waters? Mottled HARROGATE  
 Fumes as sulphureous, with nauseous streams  
 Deobstruent in virtue, to be gulp'd  
 By swinish multitudes. The tepid founts  
 Of MATLOCK and of BUXTON lull the pains  
 Of palsy, crippled, gouty invalids,  
 With blood reverse of noble. MALVERN tempts,  
 With hydropathic solace, visitors  
 Listless and commonplace, whose intellect  
 Is narrow'd to the newspaper. Where'er  
 We stray—The Lakes, Wales, Lynton, Inver-  
 ness,  
 Paris, The Geysers, Norway, Switzerland,



Rome, Naples, Venice, Cadiz, Bucharest,  
 O'er all the Continent—commercial men  
 Travel in blankets, cloth, wine, Sheffield goods,  
 Steel rails and guano. Dames in stiff black silk,  
 A "house" in the Rue Vivienne represent;  
 From Nottingham a brace of lace dealers  
 Are met at Antwerp or on Waterloo;  
 On Tyrol's Alps a market gardener  
 From Fulham; forging bankrupts at Seville,  
 Lawyers' and bankers' clerks upon the Rhine,  
 At Baden, Homburg, and Wiesbaden, erst  
 The homes of "Trente et Quarante" and  
 "Roulette,"

Now banish'd to Monaco's boundary,  
 Delicious Monte Carlo—much abjur'd  
 By journalists, last haven of the "die."  
 Weekday and Sabbath the eternal dirge  
 Of "Faites le jeu, Messieurs," enchains the soul  
 Of male and female gamesters. CLUVIA sits  
 In tiny gloves with tassels, braceleted,  
 Toying with jewell'd pencil; FLORA stakes  
 Napoleons with lavish hand disburs'd  
 By her *cicisbeo*; CATULLA smiles  
 On her impassion'd victims—Sirens all  
 And whited sepulchres, whose favours hint  
 Elegies unreveal'd on suicides.

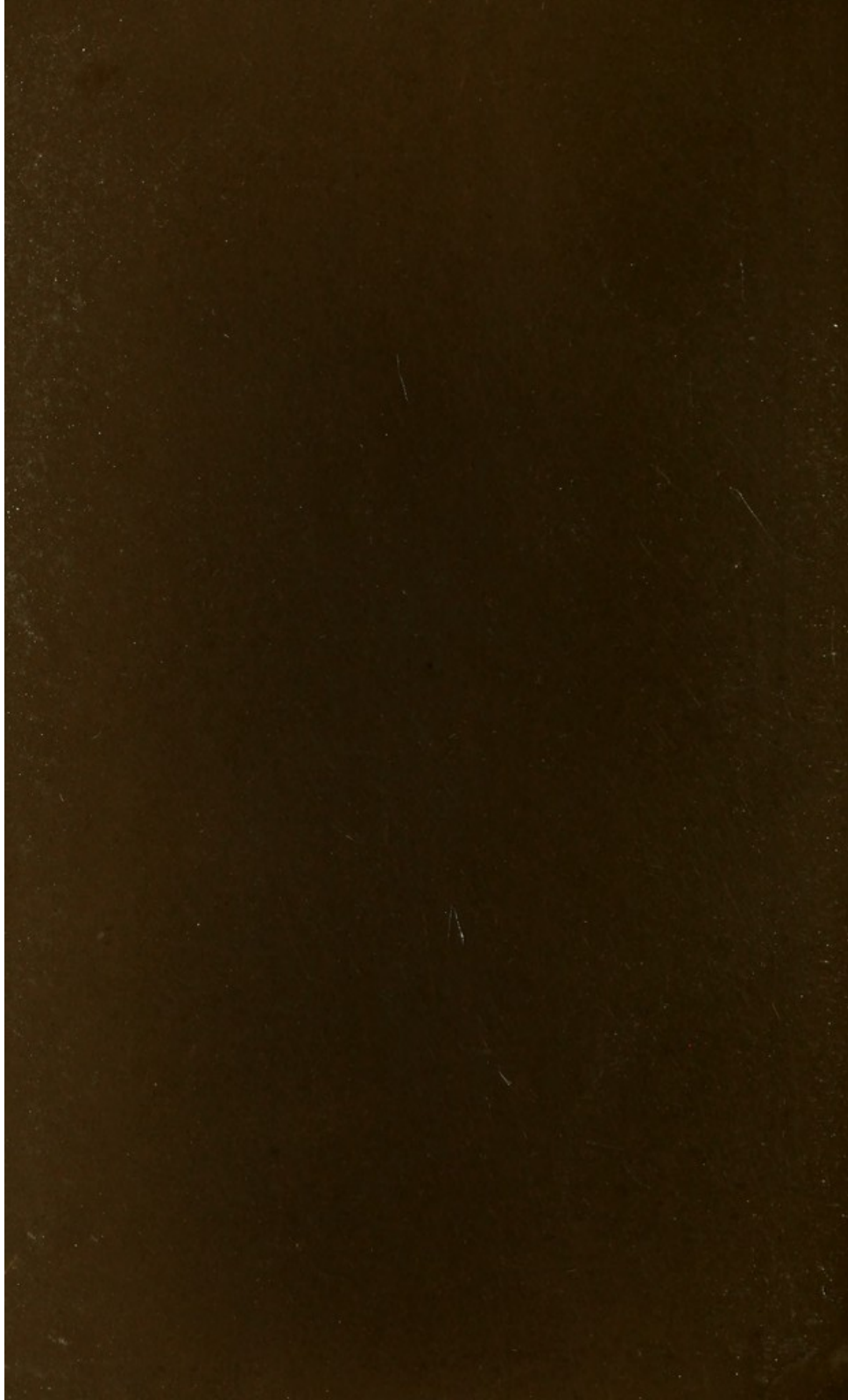
The European map grows tame. Ceylon,  
 Mexico, Texas, California,  
 Australia, the Pacific, the Brazils,  
 Abound with trav'lers, whose demeanour smacks

Of taverns and tobacco, with a spice  
Of abstracts from the Ledger and a void  
Of arts ingenuous. On ev'ry ship  
And steamer are encounter'd nondescripts  
On bus'ness errands. On the *P. and O.*,  
Officials from the Post-Office, *en route*  
For Egypt; druggists, milliners for the Cape,  
China and India; for New South Wales,  
Woolstaplers; cotton factors for the "States,"  
Singers and actors; dealers in hides, bones,  
Meat-extracts, blood and tallow for the "Plate,"  
And Valparaiso. Traffickers in corn  
For San Francisco; bart'ners in dry goods  
For Western Africa; whilst round the world  
Erratic peers and members of the House  
Of Commons yacht for pleasure. *Mister Cook*,  
Sanction'd by arch-episcopal support,  
His tariff for the Holy Land proclaims,  
The Nile, Palmyra, Baalbec (whisper not  
Of trips in droves to Paris, which would seem  
An act of bathos, in connexion breath'd  
With Tadmor of the Desert.) Let us trust,  
*Auspice Coquo*, we shall soon acquire  
Of the gorilla and the chimpanzee  
Full knowledge in their *habitat*, when man,  
With elephants and telegraphic poles,  
Has to the Lake Nyanza render'd safe  
The journey, and attainable by all.  
Then shall we own the likeness of our race  
Throughout the globe, and—as we plantains  
munch

Beneath the ramage of some mighty tree,  
By bot'nists undescrib'd, upon the bank  
Of sluggish Congo—free from prejudice,  
The polygamic Negro and the White  
Comparing, we may be reminded much,  
How often on the ocean, railway, road,  
And at hotels, we've fail'd to ascertain  
(As puzzling as the calling and the grade  
Of their companions) concubine from wife.

THE END.





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