

Songs of the press and other poems relative to the art of printers and printing. Also of authors, books, booksellers, bookbinders, editors, critics, newspapers, etc. Original and selected. With notes, biographical and literary / [Edited by C.H. Timperley].

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SONGS OF THE PRESS



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TIMPERLEY, Charles H



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SONGS OF THE PRESS

AND OTHER POEMS

RELATIVE TO

THE ART OF PRINTERS AND PRINTING;

ALSO OF

AUTHORS, BOOKS, BOOKSELLERS, BOOKBINDERS, EDITORS,
CRITICS, NEWSPAPERS, ETC.

Original and Selected.

WITH NOTES, BIOGRAPHICAL AND LITERARY.

Thus have I sought with garland flowers to dress
The giant frame of our immortal PRESS;
These flowers will fade, this feeble hand decay,
But it shall flourish in unsetting day. M'CREERY.

FISHER, SON, & CO.

ANGEL STREET, ST. MARTIN'S-LE-GRAND, LONDON;
POST-OFFICE PLAGE, LIVERPOOL; PICCADILLY, MANCHESTER.

1845.



TO THE
PRINTERS, BOOKSELLERS

AND OTHERS,

CONNECTED WITH THE ART OF TYPOGRAPHY,

This Volume

IS RESPECTFULLY DEDICATED,

BY

THEIR OBEDIENT SERVANT,

C. H. TIMPERLEY.

*The Caxton Printing Office,
London, Dec. 1, 1845.*

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SONGS OF THE PRESS.

TO THE FATHERS OF PRINTING,

GUTTEMBERG, SCHOEFFER, AND FAUST.*

SIRE of our Art,† whose genius first designed
This great memorial of a daring mind,
And taught the lever with unceasing play
To stop the waste of Time's destructive sway,
The Verse—O great progenitor! be thine,
Late, but sincere, where all thy worth shall shine;
What Printer, ever since thy distant days,
Hath touch'd the strings responsive to thy praise?
With trembling hand the boon let me bestow,—
Hear, then, ye nations! what to him ye owe.

Say, what was man ere by the *Press* refined?
What bonds his glorious energies confined?
Did Genius, thro' the dull chaotic waste,
Court the fair forms of beauty and of taste?

* From all the arguments and opinions which have been adduced in the important controversy on the origin of Printing, the conclusion may be satisfactorily drawn—that to JOHN GUTTEMBERG is due the appellation of the FATHER OF PRINTING; to PETER SCHOEFFER, that of FATHER OF LETTER-FOUNDING; and to JOHN FAUST that of the GENEROUS PATRON by whose means the wondrous discovery of the art of Printing was brought rapidly to perfection.

† Address to the Shade of Guttemberg.

Tho' strong his ardour, and tho' pure his love,
 Small was the sphere wherein those powers could move.
 The meteor-beam that science lent mankind,
 Darting effulgence on th' inquiring mind,
 Oft gleam'd—a weak and transitory light,
 A moment glared—then sunk in endless night :
 Man knew no means to hold the flitting race
 Of Art's coy forms, that courted his embrace ;
 His only hope in Memory's stinted power,
 The oral record—changing every hour.

In early times, our *Press* as yet unknown,
 The artist carved his hieroglyphic stone ;
 The lasting pile Ambition sought to raise
 To gratify his ardent thirst of praise ;
 Whilst round him mould'ring ruins mock'd his care,
 And show'd th' oblivious fate his toil must share ;
 And Genius pensive sat—in thought profound,
 Mourning the spoils of ages scattered round ;
 Benighted Reason slumber'd in the breast,
 Lull'd by the gloom of Ignorance to rest ;
 The trackless age with rapid pinion flew,
 And dropp'd the veil that closed the distant view.

Immortal spirits ! ye who first could feel
 For Learning's pure delights a holy zeal ;
 Who first the ever-wasting lamp renew'd,
 Wrapt in the joys of thoughtful solitude ;
 And raised the temple on eternal base,
 To Knowledge sacred and the human race ;
 Thro' drear Oblivion's boundless vortex tost,
 Sages ! we mourn your great productions lost ;
 Yet be your worth in every distant clime
 Acknowledged thro' the thickening mists of time.

Fathers of Science ! who with careful hand
 Planted the germ in every distant land,
 And 'mid the barbarous waste of elder times
 Foster'd the tender shoots in cheerless climes,

Your ceaseless labours man shall still regard,
 Tho' scant the harvest which those toils reward ;
 Unknown the matchless powers which we possess,
 Unknown the *PRINTER*, and unknown his *Press*.

O MENTZ! proud city, long thy fame enjoy,
 For with the *Press* thy glory ne'er shall die,
 Still may thy guardian battlements withstand
 The ruthless shock of War's destructive hand ;
 Where GUTTEMBERG* with toil incessant wrought
 The imitative lines of written thought ;
 And as his art a nobler effort made,
 The sweeping lever his commands obey'd ;
 Elastic balls the sable stains supply,
 Light o'er the form the sheeted tympan fly ;
 The beauteous work returning leaves unfold,
 As with alternate force the axle roll'd.

His bosom now unbounded joys expand,
 A printed volume owns his forming hand !
 The curious work from sculptur'd blocks imprest,
 The rising glories of his art confest !

To give to distant times a name more dear,
 To spread the blessing thro' a wider sphere,
 SCHOEFFER and FAUST with kindling ardour fir'd,
 Lent the strong aid that thirst of fame inspir'd ;
 The stubborn block, with rude unchanging form,
 One end could answer, but one task perform,
 Till FAUST, with all his powers of genius ripe,
 Struck the fine die, and cast the moving type,
 That ever, as the curious artist will'd,
 In some new station some new office fill'd.

* The signification of Schoeffer, in Latin, is *Opilio* ; in English, *Shepherd*—Guttenberg signifies, in English, *Good-hill*.—John Faust, or Fust, is by many supposed to have derived his name from *Faustus*, happy ; and Doctor *Faustus* seems to carry an air of grandeur in the appellation, but very erroneously so, for *John Faust*, or *Fust*, is no more than *John Hand*, whence our word *fast*.—Nichols' *Origin of Printing*.

John Guttenberg died in February, 1468. John Faust died in 1466. Peter Schoeffer died in 1502.

With ancient MENTZ, our central point of art,
 In the proud race the neighbouring cities start,
 Spreading, as light diverges from its source,
 The great invention through a distant course ;
 Thronging around, the candidates for fame
 To breathe new life in countless numbers came,
 Press for the meed which we alone bestow,
 The source from which immortal honours flow.

M'CREERY.*

A ROSARY FROM THE RHINE.

MENTZ.—GUTTEMBERG.†

As when a boy disporting on the brink
 Of some vast lake imprisoned for the use
 Of cloistered men, at hazard lifts the sluice,
 To wash his hands or give a playmate drink,
 And frees a deluge ! all that here may sink
 Or there emerge, unweeting, he pursues
 His busy play, nor what his hands unloose
 Conceives, or sees, or ever cared to think.
 Even so, in hope to earn some little gold,
 Wise Guttemberg whilome with shrewd address
 Engraved his types, and cast them from the mould,
 And joined the pregnant symbols in his press :
 And glad of heart his earliest proof unroll'd :
 But what a Power his skill had raised, he could not guess !

Tait's Magazine.

* John M'Creery was born at Strabane, in Ireland, and first commenced business in Liverpool, where he published the first part of "The Press," a poem, descriptive of the discovery, the advantages, and the influence of printing, 1803, demy 4to. He removed to London, and carried on business in Tooke's Court, and, in 1827, published the second part of "The Press," and other poems, 8vo. The *Press* is written in the heroic couplet, and is characterized by considerable taste, a smoothness and sweetness of versification, a general chasteness of language, and a glowing love of freedom. "The liberty of the press," says this eminent typographer, "is so intimately connected with the permanent repose and happiness of society, that its preservation becomes our first duty; it is the anchor which can alone save the ark of our liberties, when the political horizon is overcast, when the hurricane assails us, and the thunders roar around." He died of the cholera, at Paris, April 7, 1832, aged 64.

† On the 14th of August, 1837, a grand festival was held at Mentz in honour of Guttemberg.

TO FAUST.

FAUST! thou creator, conqueror of mind,
 Who hast given more than vision to the blind;
 Who hast o'erturned the dark stupendous pile
 On which a sunbeam never deigned to smile;
 Who hast illumed with light the mighty void,
 Where reign'd triumphant ignorance and pride;
 Who tore the trophies that transcendent shone
 From earth's proud conquerors, to swell thine own;
 Who struck the weapon from th' arm'd, and took
 The sword, and turned it to a reaping hook.
 Thou who hast showered profusely on mankind
 Truth, learning, wisdom; all the stores of mind;
 To thee alone of all who fame pursue,
 The thanks of a whole universe are due;
 And near and far to earth's remotest line
 To speak its gratitude will men combine;
 And to thy spirit 'twill be joy to know
 Earth by thy art still flourishes below! J. ANDERSON.

TO CAXTON.

From "*Laigh Lyrics to Heigh Men.*"

HAIL! mighty Caxton! friend to great and low,
 Accept the humble tribute of a man,
 Who, but for thee, had not yet learned to know
 The glorious objects of life's little span.

Albeit the way to learning's somewhat crude,
 Choked up by prejudice and superstition;
 An ancient custom, like a ruffian rude,
 Steps in, and points *his* finger with derision.

"Knowledge is power,"—a by-word grown of late,
 But not a whit the worse for being so;
 Bacon, the world's indebted to thy pate
 More than a tithe of this sad world does know.

The Germans boast of Faust, (and well they may)
 Although the Devil and he, as sayings go,
 Were cater-cousins. Mind, I only *say*
 That such is *said*,—*I* do not think 'twas so.

But thou! great printer! never has thy name
 By canting priest received its defamation:
 Thou earn'dst an urn, so wear thy "honest fame;"
 And whilst *I* live thou'lt have my veneration.

Hail! mighty Caxton; friend to great and low;
 Accept the humble tribute of a man,
 Who, but for thee, had not yet learned to know
 The glorious objects of life's little span. J. B. B.

ODE TO CAXTON.*

LORD! taught by thee, when Caxton bade
 His silent words for ever speak;
 A grave for tyrants then was made—
 Then crack'd the chain which yet shall break.

With study worn, the all-scorned man
 For bread, for bread, his press prepared;
 He knew not, Lord! thy wond'rous plan!
 Nor why, nor what, he did and dared.

When first the might of deathless thought
 Impress'd the far-instructing page—
 Unconscious giant, how he smote
 The fraud and force of many an age.

Pale wax'd the harlot, fear'd of thrones,
 And they who bought her harlotry;
 Thy printer shook the throned on bones,
 And *shall* all evil yet to be.

* Caxton died in the year 1491, aged 80 years. See "William Caxton,"
 a biography by Charles Knight; and "Timperley's Dictionary of Printers
 and Printing."

The power he grasp'd let none disdain,
 It conquer'd then and conquers still!
 By fraud and force assail'd in vain,
 It conquer'd then and ever will.

It conquers *here!* the fight is won!
 We thank thee, Lord! with many a tear;
 For many a not unworthy son
 Of Caxton does thy bidding here.

We help ourselves—thy cause we aid;
 We build for heaven, beneath the skies;
 And bless thee, Lord, that thou hast made
 Our daily bread a tyrant's sighs.

Sheffield, Jan. 1832.

EBENEZER ELLIOT.*

TO CAXTON.

O ALBION! still thy gratitude confess
 To CAXTON, founder of the *British Press*;
 Since first thy mountains rose, or rivers flow'd,
 Who on thine isles so rich a boon bestow'd?
 Yet stands the chapel in yon Gothic shrine,
 Where wrought the father of our English line;
 Our art was hail'd from kingdoms far abroad,
 And cherish'd in the hallow'd house of GOD;
 From which we learn the homage it received
 And how our sires its heavenly birth believ'd;
 Each Printer hence, howe'er unblest his walls,
 E'en to this day his house a *Chapel*† calls.

M'CREERY.

* Author of "Corn Law Rhymes," &c. &c.

† The title of *Chapel* to the internal regulations of a printing office, originated in Caxton's exercising the profession in one of the chapels in Westminster Abbey, and may be considered as an additional proof, from the antiquity of the custom, of his being the first English printer.—M'CREERY.

At the anniversary meeting of the Roxburghe Club, in June, 1819, it was resolved upon to erect a monument to the memory of Caxton, in the church of St. Margaret, Westminster. The tablet is composed of the finest dove-coloured marble, enclosing an oblong panel of white, delicately veined with blue. Above the panel rises a pediment, having the device of Caxton engraved in the centre; and on either side of the inscription are two small pilasters. The words of the inscription are as follows—

TO THE MEMORY
OF
WILLIAM CAXTON,
WHO FIRST INTRODUCED INTO GREAT BRITAIN
THE ART OF PRINTING ;
AND WHO, A. D. 1477, OR EARLIER,
EXERCISED THAT ART
IN THE ABBEY OF WESTMINSTER.
THIS TABLET,
IN REMEMBRANCE OF ONE
TO WHOM
THE LITERATURE OF THIS COUNTRY
IS SO LARGELY INDEBTED,
WAS RAISED
ANNO DOMINI MDCCCXX.
BY THE ROXBURGHE CLUB.
EARL SPENCER, K. G., PRESIDENT.

TO THE REV. MR. LEWIS.

UPON HIS WRITING THE LIFE OF CAXTON.*

INDUSTRIOUS Caxton's name in time to come
Had buried been in dark oblivion's tomb,
Had you withheld your generous aid to save
That name which now will never find a grave

* "The Life of Mayster William Caxton, of the Weald in Kent, the first Printer in England. In which is given an Account of the Rise and Progress of the Art of Pryntyng in England, during his Time, till 1493. Collected by John Lewis, Minister of Mergate, in Kent. London: Printed in the Year m.dcc.xxxvii." Royal 8vo., 150 copies.

Sacred the labour, righteous is your pains,
 Thus to collect the artist's true remains,
Kent owes to you her thanks upon this score :
 And not on this alone, but many more.
 More watchful you than Egypt's boasting seers ;
 For there a pyramid now huge appears ;
 Yet lost for ever is its builder's name,
 To *our* surprise, and *their* eternal shame.

W. H.

THE PRESS.

THE Press ! what is the Press ! I cried :
 When thus a wondrous voice replied :—

In me all human knowledge dwells ;
 The oracle of oracles,
 Past, present, future, I reveal,
 Or in oblivious silence seal ;
 What I preserve can perish never—
 What I forego is lost for ever.
 I speak all languages ; by me
 The deaf may hear, the blind may see,
 The dumb converse, the dead of old
 Communion with the living hold.
 All lands are one beneath my rule,
 All nations learners in my school ;
 Men of all ages, everywhere,
 Become contemporaries there.

What is the Press?—'Tis what the tongue
 Was to the world when Time was young,
 When, by tradition, sire to son
 Convey'd whate'er was known or done ;
 But fact and fiction so were mixed,
 Their boundaries never could be fix'd.

What is the Press?—'Tis that which taught,
 By hieroglyphic forms of thought,

Lore, from the vulgar proudly hid,
 Like treasures in a pyramid ;
 For knowledge then was mystery,
 A captive under lock and key,
 By priests and princes held in thrall,
 Of little use or none at all,
 Till the redoubted ALPHABET
 Free their own great deliverer set,
 At whose command, by simplest spells,
 They work their mental miracles.

What is the Press?—'Tis what the Pen
 Was thrice ten centuries to men,
 When sibyl-leaves lent wings to words,
 Or, caged in books, they sang like birds.
 But slow the pen and frail the page—
 To write twelve folios ask'd an age ;
 And a pet babe in sport might spoil
 The fruits of twenty authors' toil.
 A power was wanting to insure
 Life to works worthy to endure ;
 A power the race to multiply
 Of intellectual polypi :—
 I came, and hardships to redress ;
 And Truth and Virtue hail'd THE PRESS.

What am I then?—I am a power,
 Years cannot waste, nor flames devour,
 Nor waters drown, nor tyrants bind ;
 I am the mirror of man's mind,
 In whose serene, impassive face
 What cannot die on earth you trace—
 Not phantom shapes that come and fly,
 But like the concave of the sky,
 In which the stars, by night and day,
 Seen or unseen, hold on their way.
 Then think me not the lifeless frame
 Which bears my honourable name ;

Nor dwell I in the arm, whose swing
Intelligence from blocks can wring :
Nor in the hand, whose fingers fine
The cunning characters combine ;
Nor even the cogitative brain,
Whose cells the germs of thought contain,
Which that quick hand in letters sows,
Like dibbled wheat in lineal rows ;
And that strong arm, like autumn sheaves,
Reaps, and binds up in gather'd leaves,
The harvest-home of learned toil
From that dead frame's well-cultur'd soil.

I am not one nor all of these ;
They are my types and images,
The instruments with which I work,
In them no secret virtues lurk.
—I am an omnipresent soul ;
I live and move throughout the whole,
And thence, with freedom unconfined,
And universal as the wind,
Whose source and issues are unknown,
Felt in its airy flight alone,
All life supplying with its breath,
And, when 'tis gone, involving death.
I quicken souls from Nature's sloth,
Fashion their forms, sustain their growth,
And, when my influence fails or flies,
Matter may live, but spirit dies.

Myself withdrawn from mortal sight,
I am as invisible as light—
Light which, revealing all beside,
Itself within itself can hide ;
The things of darkness I make bare,
And, nowhere seen, am everywhere.
All that Philosophy has sought,
Science discover'd, Genius wrought ;

All that reflective Memory stores,
 Or rich Imagination pours ;
 All that the wit of man conceives ;
 All that he wishes, hopes, believes ;
 All that he loves, or fears, or hates ;
 All that to heaven and earth relates ;—
 These are the lessons that I teach
 By speaking silence, silent speech.

Ah ! who like me can bless or curse ?
 What can be better, what be worse,
 Than language framed for Paradise,
 Or sold to infamy and vice ?
 Blest be the man by whom I bless ;
 Accursed be he who wrongs THE PRESS ;
 The reprobate in prose or song,
 Who wields the power of right for wrong
 —Wrong to outlast his laurell'd tomb,
 And haunt the earth till crack of doom.

Forget-Me-Not, 1843.

JAMES MONTGOMERY.*

PARLIAMENTARY DEBATES.

OUR fathers fought to publish the debates,
 And thought in that to gain a bit of freedom ;
 But now their sons have lost it to the states,
 By making them a deal too long to read 'em !

Punch.

* James Montgomery was editor of the *Sheffield Iris* for upwards of thirty years, and, who is no less distinguished as a poet of no ordinary powers, than for his consistent political virtue and principle. He was born in the year 1771. The most important of his works are entitled *Prison Amusements*, 1797 ; the *Wanderers of Switzerland*, and other poems, 1806 ; the *West Indies*, and other poems, 1810 ; the *World before the Flood*, and other pieces, 1813 ; *Greenland*, and other poems, 1819 ; *Songs of Zion*, 1822 ; and the *Pelican Island*, 1827 ; all of which are characterized by purity and elevation of thought, harmonious versification, and a fine strain of devotional feeling. When Sir Robert Peel retired from the premiership, in April, 1835, one of his last acts as a minister, was to grant Mr. Montgomery a pension of £150 a-year. He still continues to reside at Sheffield.

THE PRESS.

THE Press ! the venerated press !
Freedom's impenetrable shield ;
The sword that wins her best success,
The only sword that man should wield.
Deign, Britain's guardian, still to bless
Our isle with an unfettered Press.

Unfettered ! Who or what shall bind ?
No chains a tyrant could devise :
This essence of immortal mind
Rends, Samson-like, their feeble ties ;
Springs with fresh vigour to the fight
And puts forth thrice its former might !

Fetter the Press ! Attempt to throw
A bridle o'er the roving breeze ;
Instruct it at your will to blow ;
Impose restrictions on the seas.
Dotards ! as soon shall these obey,
As the Press crouch beneath your sway.

Look to the past ! When despots bade,
As Canute once, the waves retire ;
If for a moment they were stayed,
'Twas but to mock, not shun, such ire.
Daring to wait the stern rebound
Power has been crushed and grandeur drown'd.

Look to the future ! What has been,
Instructs us what is yet to be ;
A pause but seems to intervene—
The Press is by its nature free ;
And every effort to enslave
Courts but the overwhelming wave !

'Twill come, 'twill come,—that ample tide
 Which o'er the deluged earth shall roll
 A sea of knowledge deep and wide
 Impetuous if it meet control.
 Genius shall to the flood allure,
 And science keep the waters pure.

While all that aid shall melt away,
 Like clouds before the morning sun,
 Preparing through a summer's day,
 His course in godlike pomp to run.
 Error shall quit each happy shore,
 And ignorance be known no more.

The Press! the glorious Press! to her,
 The herald of that age divine,
 I turn her humble worshipper,
 And lay this offering on her shrine,
 Oh! would she but extend to me
 Her boon of immortality!

Foreign Quarterly Review, vol. 25.

PRINTERS' KISSES.

Print on my lip another kiss,
 The picture of thy glowing passion;
 Nay, this won't do—nor this—nor this—
 But now—Ay, that's a *proof impression*.

ON READING THE ABOVE.*

But yet, methinks, it might be mended—
 O Yes, I see it in those eyes;
 Our lips again together blended,
 Will make th' *impression* a REVISE.

* By Mrs. Caddick, author of *Sketches of the Heart*, and other poems.

BIBLIOMANIAC BALLAD.

To the Roxburghe Club,* by way of dedication,
 And all black letter dogs who have passed initiation :
 These.

My late good-natur'd Eame oft would preach long and sage,
 Censure idling of youth, extol virtues of age :
 For he lov'd his old acres, old woods, and old rooks,
 And his old easy chair, with old wine, and old books.

As he's dead, it were well in his library seat,
 Conning technical phrases that he'd oft repeat,
 And old printers' names from their colophons catch,
 To write life, bibl'ographic :—take scrip of the sketch.

Though born *Georgii primo* he a CAXTON would prize
 'Bove ten full-bottom'd Caxons to curl round his eyes :
 And the *spell* of black letter he ne'er thought absurd,
 For young *bibliomaniacs* love WYNKYN THE WORDE.

In a *rebus* no lady was half so deep read,
 Or statesman with *devices* ere cramm'd so his head ;
 He his CREED thought *unknown*, but for WHITCHURCH would
 pray,
 And in dark WINTER'S morn, cry : “ *arise, it is DAY!* ”

Long a LEGATE he sought, and a HOOD kept with care,
 For saints, JULIAN NOTARY, and CRISPIN were there ;
 Though proud of an EMPEROWR, he'd an OLIVE display,
 But like TURK to the poor ne'er gave PENNY away.

* The Roxburghe Club was instituted in London on the 17th of June, 1812, to commemorate the extraordinary sale of *Il Decamerone di Boccaccio*, which was sold by auction for £2,260. This club consisted of thirty-one of the most eminent book collectors in the kingdom—the late Earl Spencer, president.

NO FOREST he knew, he would swear by the ROOD,
 Had *oak covers* to equal his BLACK—OR CAWOOD.
 That the FIELD and the SHAW, and the BANKS near at hand,
 Were unrivall'd, except by his WAY—and COPLAND.

On the *ton* of dame fashion he laid little stress,
 Save NOR-TON and SINGLE-TON in *vellum* we guess ;
 While GRAF-TON with MIDDLE-TON stood cheek by jowl,
Unique mayster FOLLING-TON raptur'd his soul.

Oft with smile showing JOY he called ENGLAND his OWN ;
 Boasted BARLEY though *short* and his CORNE *stain'd and BROWN*,
 When LYNNE'S *goats* were *fox'd* he'd a simile steal,
 'Twas in no case to sacrifice ABRAHAM'S VEALE.

He as FISHER caught FRIES (*Walton* tells no such thing)
 While the barb of his HOOKE held the BATE for a LING :
 Then he'd COUSIN a CHAPMAN OF KNIGHT to the treat,
 Which the BUTLER and COOKE serv'd with CHARD that was *beat*.

WISE or WODE he would HUNT a bold RIDER for HILLS,
 With STIRRUP and REYNES seeking IOHN, NICK, and WILL'S,
 As a FOULER he'd WYER that no WOODCOCK could spring ;
 At the MEUSE, or in MARSHE, cast of MERLIN like KYNGE.

As he tippled his ypocras, malmsey, or sack,
 With PINSON like BEDEL, standing close at his back,
 He held converse with BERTHELET, GODFRAY, or FAQUES,
 Or would chaunt all the *carols* of KELE with new shakes.

If careless with BILLY MACHLINA he sate,
 A WOLFE upon this side, and a LYON on that,
 Why his PORTER, or CARTER, or SHEPPERDE was bid,
 Of late, to place NELSON as a guard to his KID.

INSOMUCH as 'twas princely he ne'er would complain,
 That no spinster once PREST him when LUSTE fill'd his brain ;
 He in *sheets* long'd for widows : widow REDMAN his joy,
 He clasp'd widow CHARLEWOOD and kept HERFORD to TOY.

Thus his heart was *unbound*, as love's BOWER gave room,
Widow YETSWEIRT was there, and the widows JOAN BROOME,
JOAN WOLFE and JOAN ORWIN, and while soft things he'd utter,
Of famous JOAN JUGGE, he would melt for JOAN BUTTER.

The *sygne of the sunne* might its radiance exhaust,
To count up from TREVERIS to old German FAUST :
He had POWELL for *Ireland*, LEKPREWIK the SCOTT,
But WELCH THACKWELL, uncertain, my Eame never got.

When his FLOWER was *cropt* he'd show MANTELL *uncut*,
He'd a VOWEL *inlaid*, and made HARRY TAR strut
By *Charles Lewis* in *hogskin*, who *bound* his tall MAN,
'Twas with SCARLET in *bands*, DEXTER *gilding* the van.

Here a *learned* CLARKE'S PEN might most glowingly speak,
Of the bright blazing *red* in the *lettres gothiques* :
Of *margins illumin'd*, and how *borders display*
Death and cardinal virtues inviting to pray.

Then rich *missal* unfold, where the PAINTER bears part,
Whose colouring, though matchless, shows infantine art
In *romance* seek a monster that with no text agreeth,
Nor thing heavenly, earthly, or in wave beneath.

Nor forget the *wood-cuts* that such raptures afford,
Whose inventor founds lineage of *Andreas Boarde* :
And refer for choice *specimens* stole from that mint,
Unto DIBDIN'S new *Ames*, or a TRIPHOOK'S *reprint*.

But he's gone :—can one TRIPLET his memory save,
Can his BISHOP inter him? his BOYS WAL-DE-GRAVE?
With but *putting in boards* can his spirit be fled?
Why he ne'er got a COFFIN until he was dead!

Ah, no, with his *volumes* would tarry his soul,
Could *folios*, could big-belly'd *quartos* control,
Or *octavos et infra*; nay, studious be seen
With a *twelves* in *morocco*, or *russia sixteen*.

Shade of PATERSON, shall his *collection* disperse,
 And *one alphabet crush every class prose and verse* ?
 Nor tell all that the *imp.* on *fly leaf* can portend ?
 Nor *imp.* that he hallow'd and no *devil* could mend ?

What his *coll.* and *per.* means, leave the novice to guess ;
 Or, when made in *fac-simile per. by MS.*
 Leave surprise and delight for *maniacal* lover,
Neat joints, hollow back, and small squares to discover.

Leave EDITIO PRINCEPS, *uncut*, UNIQUE, *rare*,
 With SMALL CAPS. and *italics*, friend LEIGH to declare
 By *large paper catalogue* at *hammer's* decision,
 AS BEN *measures margin* to enter *commission*.

CRISTOFER VALDARFER.

THE END OF WRITING.

ADDRESSED TO AUTHORS. *

THESE fair sheets of foolscap which thus ye are soiling,
 Still cutting, and scribbling, and blotting, and spoiling,
 This paper, I say, had an honest beginning,
 Being born of good flax, and begotten by spinning ;
 To the loom in due time, and the rag-shop it past,
 Into leaves of fine foolscap converted at last.
 Now, seized by the wits, it incessantly teems,
 Or with visions in verse, or political dreams ;
 Till his worship, just roused from his afternoon's doze,
 With a pipe of Virginia regaleth his nose ;
 Then twisted and twirled, and condemned to the taper,
 In a puff is consumed this unfortunate paper.
 It is thus, my good friends, that truth setteth before ye,
 Of your boasted employment—the tragical story.
 Your choicest productions, whate'er be their name,
 Will end at the best, in the vapour of fame ;
 That vapour, my friends, do ye think it will stay ?
 Like his *worship's last whiff*, it will vanish away.

1777.

Annual Register.

THE PRESSMAN, OR COMPOSITOR,

IN DAYS OF AULD LANG SYNE.

Tune—"The Old English Gentleman."

I'LL spin you a tough old yarn,
 That was made by a typo's pate,
 Of a pressman, or compositor,
 Of very ancient date,
 Who did enjoy his pipe and pot
 At a *groggifying* rate :
 With a good old mistress
 To relieve the destitute in state :
 Like a pressman, or compositor,
 In days of Auld Lang Syne.

His cot was thatch'd with good old straw,
 His chair stood by the fire ;
 His pipe, a real old smoker,
 Was blacken'd, like a *brier* ;
 'Twas there the typo sat in state,
 So like a country 'squire ;
 He quaff'd his cup of nut-brown ale,
 Just to his heart's desire :
 Like a pressman, &c.

When work was done, and *capp'd* his *balls*,
 With "compy" he'd repair
 To his old cot, there what he'd got
 They equally did share ;
 And though he liv'd so jollily,
 He'd something yet in store,
 Because his name was never *chalk'd*
 Behind the ale-house door :
 Like a pressman, &c.

His *form*, at length, fell into *pie* :
 Death stood at his *frame* side,
Composing gently to the last,
 This son of *Caxton* died ;
 “ We ne’er shall see his like again ; ”
 Divested of all pride—
 His purse was open to a friend—
 The wants were all supplied.
 Of the pressman, &c.

Though men and manners since have chang’d,
 Britannia rules the waves ;
 For England’s right, her hearts of oak
 Ne’er yield, but in their graves ;
 Success attend our Union,
 Unknown in days of yore,
 With three times three, hip ! hip ! hurra !
 Hurra ! and one cheer more,
 For the Typo’s Northern Union
 In days of modern time.

Salford, 1837.

C. W. WALLIS.

THE NEWSPAPER ; OR, CROSS READINGS.

I WANTS a place, and who does not ?
 I wish I’d as good as zum volk got ;
 I’d not disagree for a guinea or two,
 If I’d plenty of money and nothing to do ;
 Zuppose in the paper I takes a look,
 Why, ’tis like all the world written down in a book.
 [*Looks at a paper.*] Here’s wanting, and wanted, and
 news rather old,
 And much to be given, and more to be sold.

READS.] Here be persons and property protected—in the flying Gravesend steamer, which be run down twice a week opposite the Isle of Dogs—and every soul on board, except the stoker, committed to hard labour—at a public dinner, where the chairman drank—fifteen hogsheads of Bass’s India

pale ale—when he was fully committed for picking pockets in company with—Orator Jones—and two disorderly women, who were—exposed for sale last week in Leadenhall market at four-pence halfpenny per pound—with a child's caul, the property of a lady who is “used up.”

With politics, law, and each blank a great prize,
Besides a few more unaccountable lies.

Here's doctors will cure, be the matter what will,
And empty your pockets, with wonderful skill—
Here's law versus logic, and bills of the play,
With fashions, and fires, and Martin and Day ;
Here's dye for the hair, and the wig club so rare,
Selling off at prime cost, and a hint to the fair,
Here's novels and poems by dozens and scores ;
With General Tom Thumb, and other *great* bores.

[READS.] To be sold by auction, a young woman who lived three years in her last place, and is warranted to—go 1000 miles in 100 hours—at forty-one shillings per chaldron, pool measure—from the *Punch* office in Fleet-street, where places for the boxes may be taken—usual way at fifteen per cent.—and no questions asked—N. B. a lamp in the passage—and a fine-toned square piano forte, with additional keys—warranted sound, wind and limb—by Merry Monarch, out of—Fanny Cerito, who never has performed elsewhere—and a guinea the groom—which must all be drawn in one day—at the sign of the Three Flying Feather-Beds, where the landlord being—condemned to receive 100 lashes—the same was shared in two quarters, three-eighths, and two sixteenths—at the Hall of Commerce before Alderman Gibbs—for the benefit of the parson and people of Walbrook parish—who are about to enter into a matrimonial state—at the Chinese Exhibition, opposite Apsley House—no cure, no pay—where subscribers are daily taken with—

Politics, law, and each blank a great prize,
Besides a few more unwarrantable lies.

A FRAGMENT FROM "NEWSPAPERS."

A PARISH dinner to an overseer,
 An Agnus Dei to a devotee,
 To thirsty voters, free election beer,
 To guttling alderman, his callipee ;
 A run of luck to G—, the gambling peer ;
 The Koran to a Mussulman can't be
 More dear, nor can they such true joy infuse,
 As to a Briton, does the daily news.

Bless all the editors of all the papers,
 The opposition, and the opposite ;
 Bright, ever briefly shine their midnight tapers,
 And vivid ever be their mental light ;
 So shall they from their readers drive the vapours,
 And be much read, sans which they need not write ;
 So shall they never need the wind to raise,
 But have of pudding plenty, and of praise.

On what is all the wisdom of the sages,
 The pond'rous tomes of stale monastic lore,
 Compared with these sweet "folios of four pages,"
 Which old and young, and grave and gay adore :
 We travel, line by line, such easy stages,
 And find ourselves just where we were before ;
 We read who dined, where, what they put the gullet in
 And if the King were shot, we'd have a *bullet-in*.

Here is a bill of fare for every taste :
 To roast beef we the politics compare,
 Plum puddings are advertisements, confest
 By editors the most substantial fare ;
 Theatres are trifles, syllabubs at best,
 And lotteries, puffs, unless a prize you share ;
 Murders are *fowl*, crim. cons. are minc'd pies hot,
 And "wine and walnuts" wit and anecdote.

Here every one may find his hobby-horse,
 And having found it, may get up and ride,
 Provided they don't jostle from the course
 Their better mounted brethren by their side :
 Here is the spring of conversation's source,
 And woe betide the man who'd wish it dried.
 Long may the press from shackles be kept free,
 The grand palladium of our liberty.

Here is arranged, as fast as it arrives,
 Murders and marriages, and Lord Mayors' shows,
 With Smithfield bargains, (husbands selling wives,
 And butchers bullocks) lotteries, little goes,
 Humane societies, for saving lives,
 And patent plans, for finishing our foes,
 Macassar oil, and imitation tea,
 Steam coaches, air balloons, and ground P. D.

And here is prose, and here is poetry,
 And politics, and policies for fire,
 Assurance offices, and comedy,
 And tragedy, and walking upon wire,
 And essence of anchovies, the which try,
 You'll find it all that gourmand can desire ;
 Burgess, a civil fellow, sells the sauce,—
 And bloody battles between steam and gas !

E. GERARD, *the Painter Poet.*

LINES ON PRINTING.

HAIL, mystic art ! which men like angels taught,
 To speak to eyes, and paint embodied thought !
 The deaf and dumb, blest skill, relieved by thee,
 We make one sense perform the task of three.
 We see—we hear—we touch the head and heart,
 And take or give what each but yields in part ;
 With the hard laws of distance we dispense,
 And, without sound, apart commune in sense

View, though confin'd,—nay, rule this earthly ball,
 And travel o'er the wide expanded all.
 Dead letters thus with living notions fraught,
 Prove to the soul the telescope of thought ;
 To mortal life immortal honour give,
 And bid all deeds and titles last and live.
 In scanty life, Eternity we taste,
 View the first ages, and inform the last ;
 Arts, History, Laws, we purchase with a look,
 And keep, like Fate, all nature in a BOOK.

MRS. GRIERSON.*

SONNET.

ON THE LIBERTY OF THE PRESS.

SOME laws there are too sacred for the hand
 Of man to approach ; recorded in the blood
 Of Patriots ; before which, as the rood
 Of faith, devotional we take our stand ;
 Time-hallow'd laws ! magnificently plann'd
 When freedom was the nurse of public good,
 And power paternal ! laws that have withstood
 All storms, like faithful bulwarks of the land :
 Unshackled will, frank utterance of the mind,
 Without which freedom dies and laws are vain,
 On such we found our rights, to such we cling :
 In these should power his surest safeguard find.
 Tread them not down in passion or disdain—
 Make man a reptile he will turn and sting !

Dublin.

A. DE V.

* These lines were annually printed from a press fixed upon a car, and distributed in the street-procession of printers, on the Lord Mayor's Day, in Dublin. Constantia Grierson was the wife of George Grierson, Esq., King's printer for Ireland. In the early part of her life she was an excellent compositor, and an admirable adept in the art of printing. She died in the year 1733. See *Printers and Printing*, p. 648.

TOM TYMPAN,

A COCKNEY PRESS-ROOM BALLAD.

TOM *Tympan* was a *pressman* gay,
Who liv'd in Ward Portsoken,
Than whom none better *frisket fly'd*,
Or quicker *pull'd* a *token*.

Tom's *chapel* was of *Roman form* :
And *weekly* at confession,
He on the mind of *Father Paul*
Produc'd a good *impression*.

Now Tom, like all *true Catholics*,
Each week must *fast*, on *sole*,
Cod, salmon, herrings, *white* or *red*,
As suited best his *pole*.

This *led* him oft, as well it might,
To deal with one call'd *Molly*,
Who in the *fish-stones* *daily* stood—
A damsel fair and jolly.

Now *Molly's cheeks* were *red* and *white*,
In *colour* like the rose,
Which in each floral gard'ner's *bed*,
In *summer* *daily* *blows*.

The true *shade* of her hair I've *slipt*
Or auburn, *red* or *black*,
But *round* her *head* in *heaps* it *hung*,
And *turned up* at the *back*.

Her *form* was *straight*, and though her *ribs*
With *fat* were *overlaid*,
Her *step* was *light*, her *carriage* free,
And well her *shape* *display'd*.

Poor Tom, like ev'ry love-sick swain,
 When *Molly* was in sight,
 Could not tell why, but so it was,
 His heart *beat quick* and *light*.

At *length* the thought came in his *head*,
 No other *fill'd* his mind,
 That if to *Molly* he were *tied*,
 No *bar* his bliss could find.

Tom, therefore, to his love *set off*,
 And *dwelt* so on her charms,
 That soon her heart and hand he won,
 And *press'd* her in his arms.

To *chapel*, in due course of law,
 They both in haste repair,
 Where *book-work*, *clerk*, and *Father Paul*
 Soon *join'd* this happy *pair*.

The honeymoon *roll'd* sweetly on,—
 For four months all was joy—
 When, *on the sly*, the doctor brought
 A *full-faced*, bouncing *boy*.

Though *Molly*, like a *type* that's *new*,
Work'd clear enough at first,
 This *slip* made Tom quite furious grow—
 He *stamp'd*, and *rav'd*, and *curst*.

When told of her *misdeeds*, she strove
 To *stop* him with her kisses ;
 And in her *turn* she swore that she
 Would show him who was *misses*.

The *girths* of love thus sudden *broke*,
 Tom seldom spoke to *Molly*,
 Who *round* the house her spouse would *chase*
 To *drive out* melancholy.

Moll *spent* her time in drinking gin,
 To *spoil* Tom of his riches ;
 And when his *furniture* was gone,
 She pawn'd his only breeches.

While thus *serv'd out*, Tom *lay* in bed—
 Poor soul, what could he do !
 His *cap*, coat, *hose*, she *bundled up*
 And sold them to a Jew.

When Tom, her *errors* to correct,
 Would in the *wool-hole* put her,
 She *tore* and swore his *ears* she'd *pull*,
 And *draw* him through the *gutter*.

To such a *point* things came at last,
 A *coffin* Tom would make her ;
 For if on *tramp* he went, her legs
 Would after him soon *take* her.

His pray'r was heard : returned one night,
 A *full pint* in each eye,
 She in the *blankets* roll'd herself,
 And then thought fit to die.

A jury on her *body* sat,
 A *twelves* form, quite complete :
 And in this verdict each man *join'd*,
 " Found dead, *wrapt* in a *sheet*."

Four *bearers* took her to the grave,
 Twelve feet in *depth* they made it !
 And lest her *head* might *rise* again
 With *stone* Tom *overlaid* it.

Though *skin* and bone, poor Tom's quite glad,
 That *off* his *rib* was *carried*,
 And swears by all *the gods* that he
 Will ne'er again be married.

ADDRESS TO THE ALPHABET.

I WONDER, O Alphabet, what could have been
The fate of this world as we mortals pass through,
And what would have cheer'd, and what sadden'd the scene,
Had not Cadmus, or somebody else, thought of you ?
As matters now stand, or in sorrow or joy,
Almost all that affects, those who read must agree,
The news that delights, the commands that employ,
We gain at thy hands, potent, famed A B C.

A B C, mind, I take as the name of the firm,
You're entitled to claim, or to sue or be sued,
Initials that now form a popular term,
With Alphabet mostly synonymous view'd,
Had you not been fashion'd our planet to glad,
What different amusements, and studies, and ways,
Must needs have been sought, if we could not have had
Novels, histories, newspapers, poems, and plays.

They little foresaw, who first call'd for your use,
The part you would have to perform in late times ;
The odd combinations that scribes would produce,
By their labours in prose, or their frolics in rhymes ;
If the nonsense which you have on all countries hurl'd,
Had never been written—of course never read—
Had so much of folly been spared to the world,
Or would it have burst forth in actions instead ?

The mischief you've done, as I cannot now write,
Of folio volumes a thousand or two,
I will not approach at this time of the night,
For the terrible task I should never get through ;
But just in a general way I may hint,
Though Liberty's interests by you may prevail,
Your agency giving opinions to print,
Has doom'd many hundreds to languish in gaol.]

How the savage must stare, in the world's ruder state,
 At the part play'd by you, when he suddenly found,
 While conference joining, or eager debate,
 'Twas your's to arrest, and to shape reduce sound,
 To be carried o'er oceans ! It scarcely could seem,
 Had thunder acknowledg'd a mortal command,
 More strange,—or had lightning submitted its gleam
 To be carried away in the pocket or hand.

How mighty the change, could you now be withdrawn !
 Full many a ranting M.P. would not spout,
 If no journal could issue the following dawn,
 To tell all the world what he spouted about.
 Poets, printers, and critics, and playwrights must go,
 With library-keepers, and booksellers gay,
 While patriots and loyal petitioners low ;
 Would be laid in a moment, if you were away.

Were this beneficial ?—Hang me if I know !
 Much wisdom you furnish ; but, 'twixt you and me,
 You give too of folly so boundless a flow,
 That, seeking the former, we're wholly at sea ;
 And falsehood so soberly imitates truth,
 As nonsense will, frequently, clearness of head,
 That, seeking for knowledge, too credulous youth
 Become worse than ignorant, being misled.

What your true value then, I am puzzled to tell ;
 Or whether most good or most harm you have done ;
 And, being uncertain, perhaps 'tis as well
 To finish my musings just where they begun.
 But, dear A B C think not hostile my lay ;
 In spite of misgivings, attach'd to you still,
 A sword of defence I would not throw away,
 Because an assassin may use it to kill.

Takings ; or, the Life of a Collegian.

A PRINTER'S CHARACTER.

“DESCEND, ye Nine! descend and sing;”
 I claim at present all your fire;
 A theme so noble wakes my string,
 Not one alone can sound my lyre.
 I do not sing of love or war,
 And yet my subject is not less;
 Nor do I sing of climes afar,
 I sing—the glories of the Press.

Each day pours forth some tragic stuff
 Of epitaphs, and nonsense, too;
 And then of love-songs quite enough,—
 These for my subject will not do;
 But my opinion I'll impart,
 As true as any printer can,
 Of one whose practice is “The Art”—
 Ye shades of Caxton, guide my pen!

His courage ne'er can be denied,
 As with the *canon* oft he plays;
 Nor cares, although close at his side,
 Upon the *shooting stick* to gaze;
 No lawyer manages a *case*
 So well; and Printers either are
 Those who as *men of letters* place
 Their rank, or practise at the *bar*.

Of *pie* he has enough, God knows;
 Much more than any one could wish;
 And, strange as you may it suppose,
 It is not quite his fav'rite dish.
Roast beef, howe'er, is his delight;
 Thus does he love his native coast;
 Let foreign lands ragouts delight,
 Roast beef is merry England's boast.

With *quoin* itself his drawers o'erflow,
 And *diamond*, too, he has in store ;
 The *pearl* its costly treasures show—
 Could e'en a miser wish for more ?
 Yet ever peaceful is his mind,
 A *squabble* he does always hate ;
 The *chase* assists his bread to find,
 And on his *horse* he stalks in state.

No plagiarist was ever he,
 And yet *quotations* loves he well ;
 If good—alas ! he cannot be—
 He often gets a glimpse of *hell*.
 Ne'er was he known good name to vend,
 Though tempted he must be full dear,
 To gain a pique or private end,
 For, ah ! the *devil* still is near.

With *furniture* each spot abounds,
Indulgence great he loves to grant ;
 Dispute with him on any ground,
 A *proof* you'll never find him want ;
 And when at last he fades away,
 A *battered type*, no longer worn,
 He waits but till another day,
 To meet a nobler, better form.

Belfast.

G. BOYLE.

TO THE STEAM-PRESS.

How vast the ingenuity of man !
 Making inert matter, and th' elements,
 Earth, air, water, fire, all subservient
 To his command ;—the wild and flowing flax
 Which adorns the fields, is by him transform'd
 To linen garments, white as driven snow,
 And thence, when useless, into paper made,
 On which he writes—the light and feathered quill

Into the obedient pen ; the ink, the type,
 The Steam-Press, all by man's intelligence
 Are made, that intelligence to diffuse
 Throughout the world among his fellow men.
 Now let the iron despot pause and tremble—
 Let him behold this *Steam Automaton*,
 By ingenious man compelled to move
 As if endowed with life and being,—
 Let him admit knowledge to be power,
 And mind, the principle of government—
 Freedom to be the true birthright of man,
 And e'en to his poorest fellow-being
 Let him not deny the rights of industry,
 Or to intellect and genius their due reward ;
 For the reign of despotism is o'er.
 And as Jove's thunder Mount Olympus shook,
 So the power of the Press shall shake
 The base of every tyrant's throne.

 SONG.

YE famed *men of letters*, *companions* so jolly,
 Take *copy* from me, and *chase* out melancholy ;
 To the *point* I'll soon come, Sirs, nor *run it* long
 Ere a *period* I put to the *lines* of my song.

Huzza ! for the Printer, may care never *press* him ;
 But friendship and love ever bless him, huzza !

On Mersey's wide *margin* I went on the *tramp*,
 My *stick* in my hand, short of *quoins*. spirits damp ;
 When a fair slender female, of *paragon* face,
 Began soon to *set* me in much *lower case*.

Huzza ! &c.

Her *figure* was *capital*—'twas *nonpareil*,
 Her look—Oh ! what *cut* could ex-*press* such a smile ?
 Sprung she seem'd from no *minion*, but some *English* earl,
 For her rings were all *set* with bright *diamond* and *pearl*.

Huzza ! &c.

In my heart Cupid's *shooting-stick* made devastation,
 And she soon gain'd a *point* of my great *admiration!*
 I stood like a *column*, her *galley-slave* I,
 On the *rack* lest she'd *batter* my heart with the *QUI*.
 Huzza! &c.

Though reduced to a *cypher*, I soon *number'd* hopes up,
 And *sorted* in *English* my *figures* and *tropes* up;
Type, *letter*, nor *manuscript*, e'er could record
 Each impressive *paragraph*, *sentence*, and *word*.
 Huzza! &c.

A kiss I *imprinted*—an *impression* made;
 No *bar* to my wishes, I *hotpressed* the maid;
 My *registered* vows, as her *page*, rose above,
 And *em-braces* soon *proved* the *full token* of love.
 Huzzah! &c.

The *matter revised*, to the *chapel* we ran,
 Where the *father*, with *book-work*, soon bound us in one;
Made up by the *job*, I was *lock'd up* in joy;
 No sorrow could *get in*, my mind to annoy.
 Huzza! &c.

'Tis true, she would fret me with *cross-rule* and clatter,
 And then, to *make even*, I went *on the batter*,
 But my *errors corrected*, by her admonition—
 Of myself she soon gave me a *second edition*.
 Huzza! &c.

It may be out of *form*, yet a *verse* I'll insert—
 May yet still, *lads of metal*, your *metal* exert;
Composed may the *fount* of your glee ever flow;
 May health *brace* your nerves, and *distribute* all woe.
 Huzza! &c.

If foes to the *press*, *monks*, or *friars*, be dreaded,
 Oh! then be your *cannon* well *pointed* and *leaded*:

The foes to the *press*, kings or despots anointed,—
 May you *beat* them to death with your *cannon* well *pointed*.

Huzza! for the *lever*, slave-fetters to sever;
 The *press*, freedom's bulwark, for ever, huzza!

My song *unrevised*, Sirs, here gives me much trouble,
 I find in last *verse* I have made a sad *double*;
 But you *pressed* me to sing, and though *out*, I've no doubt,
 You'll kindly o'erlook every "*double*" and "*out*."

Huzza! &c.

[lank,

When your *frames* become *battered* with age, and look
 May you still have *laid up* a large *heap* at the *bank*;
 And when to the *light-house* at evening you start, O!
 In landlord's good *books*—may you *LIGHT* on a *quarto*!

Huzza! &c.

Though oft you *impose*, in this world without feeling,
 And with *hell* and the *devil* have daily some dealing;
 'Neath the *stone*, when in *coffin* you'r *laid*, may a *column*
 Your fame and worth *publish* as long as a volume.

Huzza! &c.

And now, since we're met here to feast and to drink,
 To a sentiment, sure, I've a *title*, I think,—
 Till here for our pudding again we shall hie,
 May you live on the *fat* of the land without *pie*.

Huzza! &c.

Liverpool, July, 1823.

J. S. WALKER.*

* James Scott Walker, editor of the *Chester Guardian*, assistant editor of the *Liverpool Mercury* and *Kaleidoscope*, proprietor and editor of the *Lancashire Literary Museum*, editor of the *Preston Chronicle*, editor of the *Preston Observer*, author of an *Essay on the Education of the People*, *A Tragic Poem*, an *Account of the Liverpool and Manchester Railway*, *Tales of My Father*, and other poems, besides articles in various newspapers and magazines. He is the son of the Rev. W. Walker, minister of the parish of St. Cyrus, in the county of Kincardine, by Margaret, eldest daughter of General Scott, of Langley park, near Brechin, and was born December 25th, 1792.

HISTORY OF A PRINTER.

“Blest Invention, alone to God the praise
 For gifting man this noble art to raise;
 From thee what benefits do men possess?
 Our Nation's Bulwark is—the BRITISH PRESS!”

AT ten years old (as if to raise my fame)
 My father placed me in a wooden *frame*;
 In my left hand he clapt an *iron stick*,
 On which *brass rule* was often heard to click.
 Though I'm not skill'd in Greek or Latin lore,
 Nor ancient Hebrew, used in days of yore,
 With due submission I inform my betters,
 That I can boast I am a man of *letters*.
 Bred to the *bar*, though I ne'er studied law,
 I well could *copy* every deed I saw;
 And though no Christian merchant, Turk, or Jew,
 I've dealt in *pearl*, and oft in *diamond* too.
 And, though unskill'd in aught of pastry art,
 In making *pie* I oft have had my part.
 This, too, I own, whatever my condition,
 That I have often practis'd *imposition*.
 When numerous *lines* and *columns* have appear'd
 In hostile *proof*, I've prick'd them in the *beard*
 With *bodkin* keen, as poniards were of old,
 Which vile assassins oft employed for gold.
 I am no traitor, but depend upon't,
 I've *form'd* and placed *French cannon* in the front;
 With *English* too, I've hit them in the *nick*,
 And *chased* whole *thousands* with one *shooting-stick*.
 In forming *lines* it oft has been my pride,
 Into a town to pour a whole *broadside*.
 Oft at the *gallows* have I tugg'd and sweat,
 And with a *mallet* heavy *matter* beat.
 A *galley slave* near fifty years I've been,
 And at the *stocks* my hands were often seen;

But still, to show my history's not ill *paged*,
 At *cards* and *balls* I've often been engag'd.
 Though never rich, I yet have had my *horse*,
 But found by doing so my *case* was worse ;
 For, when with others in the *chase* I've join'd,
 I've met with *crosses* that have hurt my mind.
 When *author's works* by me were *looked o'er*,
 I've *lock'd them up* to *publish* them the more.
 And, though no dog, this my assertion's true,
 I've been a *pointer* and a *setter* to ;
 But not a *spaniel*, for I ne'er could lick
 The foot of him who dared attempt to kick.
 Howe'er an author did his language dress,
 In various *forms* I've sent it to the *prses*.
 But hard's the fate of poor unlucky I,
 My father taught me in *damp sheets* to lie ;
 Yet, when the *tympan*s and the *platten* fell,
 They form'd new lines for other folks to tell.
 Although neglected at my grammar-schools,
 I've paid obedience to the *chapel rules* ;
 And yet, to prove that I was not uncivil,
 I always spoke in favour of the *devil*.

But now no more the brazen *rule* doth click,
 Nor well-adjusted line adorn the *stick* ;
 No more I see the *chapellonians* sit
 To try their causes and exert their wit
 While the gay pitcher jovially would pass,
 From *ass* to *pig*, from *pig* again to *ass* ;
 And thus one truth most other truth surpasses,
 I've drank with *pigs*, and often fed with *asses*,
 So when astray from either sty or stall,
 And they on me would in their *tramping* call,
 I pledge my soul as witness of the deed,
 I ne'er forsook them in the time of need ;
 Unless indeed I'd *set up every space*,
 And caused myself to have an *empty case*.

At present I have *set up every letter*,
 My *copy's out*, and I've *imposed the matter* ;
 And when my *outer form* returns to clay,
 Preserve, O GOD ! my *inner form*, I pray ;
 If I perchance, and there can be no doubt,
 Have *made a double*, or have *left an out*,
 The *error's* trivial, 'tis with us as common
 As noisy tongue is to a scolding woman.
 My *case* being *out*, and nothing to *distribute*,
 Should some kind *ass* or generous *pig* contribute
 To *fill my case*, in thinking I'll be proud,
 And bray and grunt my gratitude aloud.
 If to some *wool-hole* I am doom'd to go,
 To end my days in misery and woe,
 Where tyrants rule with cruelty replete,
 Ah ! dread abode—the poor man's last retreat,
 'Midst dire oppression, anguish, pain, and grief,
 Without a friend to yield the least relief ;
 Then haste, kind Death, in pity to my age,
 And clap the FINIS to my life's last page.
 May heaven's great *Author my foul proof revise*,
Cancel the page in which my *error* lies,
 And *raise my form* above the ethereal skies.

THE EPITAPH!

No more shall *copy* bad perplex my brain ;
 No more shall *type's* small face my eye-balls strain ;
 No more *the proof's foul page* create me troubles,
 By *errors, transpositions, outs, and doubles* ;
 No more to *overrun* shall I begin ;
 No more be *driving out* or *taking in* ;
 The stubborn *pressman's* frown I now may scoff ;
Raised, corrected, finally worked off!

THE ORIGIN OF PRINTING.

A CANTATA.

RECITATIVE.

WHEN on the Greeks' and Romans' learned page,
 The barb'rous Goths (the scandal of that age)
 Plac'd their destroying hands, fair Science mourn'd,
 And Learning was to deepest ign'rance turn'd.
 Long in the darksome womb of hiding Time,
 The Arts lay hid, banish'd from ev'ry clime ;
 But when the Medicean heroes liv'd,
 The blooming Science once again reviv'd.

AIR.

Tune—" *Shepherd, when you saw me fly.*"

See the Arts erect their heads !
 See the Muses tune their song !
 Learning o'er each clime now spreads
 Where the Goths had triumph'd long ;
 Every scribe resumes his pen,
 Brutes are polish'd into men,

RECITATIVE.

But sage Minerva thought the pen too slow,
 To make each useful Art and Science flow
 Through ev'ry state, with necessary haste,
 To recompense the days of darkness past,
 Then she to *Faust* and *Schoeffer* did impart,
 That friend to Learning's cause, the Typographic Art.

AIR.

Tune—" *I'll range round the shady bowers.*"

Hail noble Art, by which the world,
 Though long in barbarism hurl'd,
 Sees blooming Learning swift arise,
 And Science wafted to the skies.

Aided by thee, the printed page
 Conveys instruction to each age ;
 When in one hour more sheets appear,
 Than Scribes could copy in a year.

AIR.

Tune—" *Roast Beef of Old England.*"

THEN all who profess here that heaven-taught Art,
 And all who have Learning and Science at heart,
 Come join in my ditty, and each bear a part,
 To sing in the praise of good Printing,
 And to sing in that noble Art's praise.

Though ev'ry *compositor* a *galley* must have,
 Yet think not by that a composer's a slave,
 For freedom he labours, and freedom will have,
 To sing in the praise of good Printing,
 And to sing in that noble Art's praise.

Though he daily *imposes*, 'tis not to do wrong,
 And, like Nimrod, he follows a *chase* all day long,
 And he loves a good *slice*, or he's much in the wrong,
 To sing in the praise of good Printing,
 And to sing in that noble Art's praise.

Though *correction* he needs, all mankind does the same,
 If he *quadrats* his matter, he is not to blame,
 For to *justification* he lays a strong claim,
 To sing in the praise of good Printing,
 And sing in that noble Art's praise.

To complete this great Art, the *pressmen* all come,
 And each handles his *balls*, his *frishet*, and *drum*,
 And to make good impression the *plattin* pulls home,
 While he sings to the praise of good Printing,
 And sings in that noble Art's praise.

But, as the old proverb relates very clear,
 We're the furthest from good when the church we are near,
 So in each Printer's *chapel* do *devils* appear,
 Who roar in the praise of good Printing,
 And sing in that noble Art's praise.

Then let us regard, as the aider of Art,
 Each one who in Printing doth bear the least part,
 And whoe'er would oppress it must have a vile heart,
 Then sing in the praise of good Printing,
 And sing in that noble Art's praise.

DODD.

ODE TO THE PRINTER'S DEVIL,*

Who brought me a proof to be corrected, and who fell asleep while it
 was undergoing correction :—being

An Ode founded on fact.

“ Fallen Cherub ! ”—*Milton's Paradise Lost.*

OH ! bright and blessed hour ;—
 The Devil's asleep !—I see his little lashes
 Lying in sable o'er his sable cheek :
 Closed are his wicked little window sashes,
 And tranced is Evil's power !
 The world seems hush'd and dreaming out-a-doors ;
 Spirits but speak ;
 And the heart echoes,—while the Devil snores ;

* The PRINTER'S DEVIL is a character almost identified with the origin of the art, and we may consider ourselves peculiarly fortunate in having a guardian exclusively assigned to us, from whom, notwithstanding his general bad conduct to other people, we have so little to apprehend, and who is commonly our faithful assistant, both in our labours and in our pleasures.—M'CREERY.

Sleep, baby of the damn'd !
 Sleep, where no press of trouble standeth by !
 Black wanderer amid the wandering,
 How quiet is thine eye !
 Strange are thy very small pernicious dreams,—
 With shades of printers cramm'd,
 And pica, double pica, on the wing !
 Or in cold sheets thy sprite perchance is flying
 The world about,—
 Dying,—and yet, not like the Devil dying—
 Dele,—the *evil* out !

Before sweet sleep drew down
 The blinds upon thy *Day and Martin* eyes,—
 Thou didst let slip thy slip of mischief on me,
 With weary, weary sighs :
 And then, outworn with *demoning* o'er town !
 Oblivion won thee !
 Best of composers !—Thou didst compose
 Thy decent little wicked self,—and go
 A Devil-cruiser round the shores of sleep—
 I hear thee fathom many a slumber-deep,
 In the waves of woe :
 Dropping thy lids of lead,
 To sound the dead !

Heaven forgive me !—I
 Have wicked schemes about thee, wicked one ;
 And in my scheming, sigh,
 And stagger under a gigantic thought .
 “ What if I run my pen into thine eye,
 And put thee out !
 Killing the Devil will be a noble deed,
 A deed to snatch perdition from mankind—
 To make the Methodist's a stingless creed—
 To root out terror from the Brewer's mind—

And break the bondage which the Printer presses—
 To change the fate of Lawyers—
 Confirm the Parson's holy sinecure—
 Make worthless Sin's approaches—
 To justify the bringing up addresses
 To me, in hackney coaches,
 From operative Sawyers ! ”

“ To murder thee ”—
 Methinks—“ will never harm my precious head—
 For what can chance me, when the Devil is dead !
 But when I look on thy serene repose,
 Hear the small Satan dying through thy nose,—
 My thoughts become less dangerous and more deep :
 I can but wish thee everlasting sleep !
 Sleep free from dreams,—
 Of type, and ink, and press, and dabbing ball—
 Sleep free from all
 That would make shadowy devilish slumber darker,
 Sleep free from Mr. Baldwin's Mr. Parker !

Oh ! fare thee well !
 Farewell—black bit of breathing sin !—Farewell
 Tiny remembrancer of a Printer's bell !
 Young thing of darkness, seeming
 A small poor *type* of wickedness *set up* !
 Full is thy little cup
 Of misery in the waking world !—So dreaming
 Perchance may now *undemonize* thy fate
 And bear thee, Black-boy, to a whiter state !
 Yet mortal evil is, than thine, more high :—
 Thou art *upright* in sleep ;—men sleep,—and *lie* !
 And from thy lids to me a moral peeps,
 For *I correct my errors,—while the Devil sleeps* !

London, June, 1823.

NED WARD, JUN.

PRINTING-HOUSE MELODIES.

THE PRESS.

PULL up, my boys, turn round the *rounce*,
And let the work begin,
The world is *pressing* on without
And we must *press* within.

And we who guide the printing-press,
Have influence far and wide,
And all our deeds are good, because
The *devil's* at our side.

Set fly the *frisket* now, my boys,
Who are more proud than we?
While wait the anxious crowd without
The force of power to see.

So pull away—none are so great
As they who run the *car* :
And who have dignity like those
Who practise at the *bar* ?

And you who 'twixt the *roller* there,
Be quick you inky man,
Old Time is rolling on himself,
So *beat* him if you can.

Be careful of the *light* and *shade*
Nor let the *sheet* grow pale,
Be careful of the *monkey* look
At every *head* and *tail*.

Though high in office is our stand,
And pious is our *case*,
We should not cast a *slur* on those
Who fill our lower place.

The gaping world is fed by us,
 Who retail knowledge here ;
 By feeding that, we feed ourselves
 Nor deem our fare too dear.

Pull up, my boys, turn quick the *rounce*
 And thus the *chase* we'll join,
 We have deposits in the *bank*,
 Our drawers are full of *coin*.

And who shall more gentility cut
 A *figure* or a *dash* ?
 Yet sometimes we who *press* so much
 Ourselves are *press'd* for cash.

Glasgow.

TO BOCCACIO IN HEAVEN,

A PARODY.

To Boccacio in Heaven, as he chatted one day,
 With Chaucer and Caxton, and two or three more,
 The news of our Meeting went up, as they say,
 And it set the Celestial Bard in a roar :
 Says he, ' Well I ween
 When these fellows convene,
 My laurels look fresher, more lively their green ;
 So myself from this hour, I exultingly dub,
 The Patron and Friend of the ROXBURGHE CLUB.

But since they of *me* as their origin boast,
 I shall storm, like King ' Herode,' as drawn by Ihan
 Unless, as their first Anniversary toast, [Parfre ;
 They drink in a bumper, my printer *Valdarfer* ;'
 Quoth *Wynken de Worde* :
 'Twill be vastly absurd,
 Unless *Caxton's* their second, and I am their third ;
 Then the whole will go smoothly, unchecked by a rub,
 And we all shall be pleased at the ROXBURGHE CLUB.

Let the poor plodding pedant our revels despise,
 Who would cover his dullness with gravity's cloak ;
 Cui bono ? What brings them together ? he cries—
 Why, to eat and to drink, and to laugh and to joke :
 With the joys of old wine
 From France or the Rhine,
 Old friends, and old books, at our wassail combine ;
 While the butterfly fop, and the miserly grub,
 Are excluded alike from the ROXBURGHE CLUB.

That our social enjoyment of rational mirth,
 Is an evening well spent, e'en a cynic might own ;
 If Diogenes' self could revisit the earth,
 He would soften his manners, and alter his tone :
 Alexander the Great
 He contemned, and his State ;
 But on D**** I'm sure he would civilly wait ;
 And beg that he'd try to make room for his Tub,
 As he longed for a frisk with the ROXBURGHE CLUB.

But it is not alone, that good-humour'd and hearty,
 Mirth's Goddess admits us to join in her crew ;
 That we shine, both distinguished *Mercurio et Marte*,
 To our Chief and our Founder the honour is due :
 Old SPENCER, a name
 That for ever shall claim
 The loftiest place in the Temple of Fame ; [drub,
 And MARLBOROUGH, who France could, like Wellington,
 Are emblazoned at once in the ROXBURGHE CLUB.

From your humble Servant,

June 17, 1817.

A MEMBER.*

* Sir Alexander Boswell, bart., who was killed in a duel by Mr. Stuart, April 26, 1822. The cause of quarrel was a libel which had appeared in the *Edinburgh Beacon*, written by Sir Alexander.

CROSS READINGS.

(REC.)

If you ever should be
 In a state of *ennui*,
 Just listen to me,
 And without any fee

I'll give you a hint how to set yourself free.
 Though dearth of intelligence weaken the news,
 And you feel an incipient attack of the blues,
 For amusement you never need be at a loss,
 If you take up the paper, and *read it across*.

(INTER ARTA DEMI LOQUI.)

Here's the *Times*, apropos,
 And so,
 With your patience, I'll show
 What I mean, by perusing a passage or two.

(ARIA.)

"Hem! Mr. George Robins is anxious to tell,
 In very plain prose, he's instructed to sell"—
 "A vote for the county"—"packed neatly in straw"—
 "Set by Holloway's Ointment"—"a limb of the law."
 "The army has had secret orders to seize"—
 "As soon as they can"—"the industrious fleas."
 For amusement you never need be at a loss,
 If you take a newspaper, and read it across.

"The opera opens with"—"elegant coats"—
 "For silver and gold we exchange foreign notes"—
 "Specific to soften mortality's ills"—
 "And cure Yorkshire bacon"—"take Morison's pills."
 "Curious coincidence"—"steam to Gravesend."
 "Tale of deep interest"—"money to lend"—
 "Louisa is waiting for William to send."
 For amusement you never need be at a loss,
 If you take a newspaper, and read it across.

" For relief of the Poles"—" an astounding feat!"—
 " A respectable man"—" for a wager will eat"—
 " The Macadamised portion of Parliament-street."
 " Mysterious occurrence!"—" expected *incog.*"
 " To be viewed by cards only"—" a terrible fog."
 " At eight in the morning the steam-carriage starts"—
 " Takes passengers now"—" to be finished in parts."
 For amusement you never need be at a loss,
 If you take a newspaper, and read it across.

" Left in a cab, and"—" the number not known"
 " A famous prize ox, weighing 200 stone"—
 " He speaks with a lisp"—" has a delicate shape"—
 " And had *on*, when he quitted, a Macintosh cape."
 " For China direct, a fine"—" dealer in slops."
 " To the curious in shaving"—" new way to dress chops."
 " Repeal of the corn"—" was roasted for lunch"—
 " Teetotal beverage"—" Triumph of PUNCH!"
 For amusement you never need be at a loss,
 If you take a newspaper, and read it across. *Punch.*

THE PRESS.

WHEN first gigantic Power awoke
 And bound the world in Slavery's yoke
 Fair Freedom to repress;
 The orators of old withstood
 His frantic rage and thirst of blood,
 Tho' then there was no Press!

As meteors through the kindled heaven,
 As light'ning when the oak is riv'n
 Which nothing can repress;
 The high-soul'd speech, with loud applause,
 Spoke thunder in fair Freedom's cause,
 And laid the basis of her laws
 Ere yet was rais'd the Press.

But when the sacred art arose,
 To tyranny the worst of foes,
 To Ignorance no less ;
 Each Despot, whose unhallow'd hand
 Had filled with blood a groaning land
 Turn'd pale amid his high command,
 And trembled at the Press !

And now the Holy League combine,
 Blaspheming what they call divine,
 To thwart our last redress !
 They see whence Freedom draws her source,
 And each, like Death on his pale horse
 Assails with all a torrent's force
 The Freedom of the Press !

Rise, Britain, rise ! withstand their power,
 Now is the dread, the fated hour,
 To curse mankind or bless.
 The wolves, to make the sheep their prey
 Would lure the guardian dogs away,
 Whose barking kept the thieves at bay,
 O ! guard the sacred Press !

Nov. 1817.

R. GILMOUR.

PRINTERS' DEVILS.

Old Lucifer, both kind and civil,
 To every printer lends a devil ;
 But balancing accounts each winter,
 For every devil takes a printer.

A PRINTER'S WIDOW.

This daily publishing the weeds of woe,
 Announces to my eye, as pica plain,
 A dear, romantic, duodecimo,
 Unbound and going into sheets again !

THE CHAPEL.*

BUT now the father damps the angry flame,
 And the full chapel empties every *frame*.
 Sam Brown—the plaintiff—duly has paid down,
 With solemn phiz, the customary *brown* ;
 For here, as in King William's courts of law,
 There must be current coin as well as jaw.
 The clerk cries " Silence ! " and the father spreads
 His hand, in view of the assembled heads,
 And thus commences—" Gentlemen, in your
 Collective wisdom we must find a cure
 For ills—which I'm inform'd by Mr. Brown,
 Stick in his throat, and can't be bolted down."
 At this ensues a loud and general laugh,
 With nods and winks, and lots of *under-chaff*.
 Order restor'd,—complainant states his case
 With *quantum-suff* of tremor and grimace :
 " I'm sorry, Gents (his hand upon his braces,)
 My case has caus'd you all to leave your *cases*—
 But Mr. Green supposes I am green,
 Whereas the diff'rence will be shortly seen,
 For you're too deep, too long upon the town,
 To think that brown is green, or green is brown."

* In extensive houses, where many workmen are employed, the *Calling a Chapel* is a business of great importance, and generally takes place when a member of the office has a complaint to allege against any of his fellow-workmen; the first intimation of which he makes to *the Father of the Chapel*, usually the oldest printer in the house: who—should he conceive that the charge can be substantiated, and the injury, supposed to have been received, is of such magnitude as to call for the interference of the law—summonses the members of *the Chapel* before him at the *Imposing Stone*, and there receives the allegations and the defence, in solemn assembly, and dispenses justice with typographical rigour and impartiality. These trials, though they are sources of neglect of business and other irregularities, often afford scenes of genuine humour. The punishment generally consists in the criminal providing a libation, by which the offended workman may wash away the stain that his misconduct has laid upon the body at large. Should the plaintiff not be able to substantiate his charge, the fine then falls upon himself, for having maliciously arraigned his companion; a mode of practice which is marked with the features of sound policy, as it never loses sight of *The good of the Chapel*.—M'CREERY.

Loud cries of *Nonsense, Folly, Trash, and Stuff!*
 Mix'd up with *Question, Hear him, That's enough!*

Now Mr. Brown—to order call'd—proceeds
 To tell the chapel of Green's evil deeds.
 "My father—Mister Father—Gentlemen—
 With your permission I'll begin again.
 Last Tuesday afternoon, at half-past four—
 It might be somewhat less, or somewhat more—
 Defendant Green (as I suppose) espied
 An empty letter-board at my frame side,
 And speedily solicited me to
 Permit his using it a day or so.
 This I—at all times willing to *obleege*"——
 Here plaintiff's head sustain'd a vig'rous *sneeze*,
 Which drove the heels of chapelonians near
 Upon the toes collected in their rear,
 And caus'd some growlings—such as, "Cut the line!"
 "Dismiss his *case*, that I may go to mine!
 I wish that Brown and Green were black and blue,
 For hind'ring business with this much ado;"
 With more, which it is needless here to note;
 When the loud "silence!" of the father's throat
 Recalls our bang-up speaker to his theme,
 Kindles his fire, and generates his steam.

"Well—to conclude—to Mr. Green I lent
 This board—the subject of my discontent;
 But if chopp'd up—or cast into that *burn*
 From whence, alas! no letter-boards return—
 Or seiz'd by quoin-drawer overseer, to bear
 Its load of standing matter for a year
 (Fast bound in his queer closet's potent spell,
 To me 'twere quite as *un-come-at-able*.
 Therefore, I pray ye, make my cause your own,
 And let this worthy chapel's will be done."

He ceas'd—and, with a self-approving smile,
 Look'd round upon the partners of his toil;

Then prick'd his ears up and compos'd his mien,
To learn what might proceed from Mr. Green.

He, with firm front and a decided tone,
Admits at once the damage he has done.
"I make not, gentlemen, a vain defence
Against our chapel's laws and common sense.
I am the worm which levell'd Jonah's gourd!
I saw—I borrow'd—and I kept his board.
This is the head and front of my offence;
For *this* the chapel fine is *twenty-pence*;
Which I (in duty bound) will freely pay—
But yet I have a word or two to say.
I hate the curst aristocratic crow
Of an *imperium in imperio*!—
Had Mr. Brown, while claiming of his right,
Behav'd towards me in a way polite,
And not perform'd the parts of *Bounce* and *Swell*—
Which (though he acts them tolerably well)
To me are hateful as the fiends of hell—
I should have kept my temper and my word,
And long ere this return'd his letter-board."

So saying, on his cash his hand he laid,
As one who thought—why, dam-me, who's afraid?
Which when the father and the chapel saw,
The cry was—"Messrs. Brown and Green, withdraw!"
This while they did, the chapel laugh'd outright:
Green stalk'd like Ajax from the field of fight;
While little Brown—(like dog who fears the gale
May separate his body from his tail,
And therefore draws it close his legs between)—
Slow creeping o'er the office-floor was seen.
At length the door shuts after them—and now,
O Muse! assist me to describe—the row.

To aid your view (I should have said before)
Imagine, reader, thirty men, or more,

Assembled near a long *imposing-stone* ;
 Some more than *sixty*, some but *twenty-one*—
 Of each complexion, disposition, taste—
 Imbued with virtue, or by vice debas'd.
 Some strictly steady, *fram'd* to persevere,
 Pursue *this* course throughout the varying year :—
 From bed to *Baldwin's*, and from *Baldwin's* back
 To bed—in one continu'd beaten track :
 Deducting Sundays, walking, eating, sleeping,
 Through their whole lives at work they're closely keeping.
 Others, erratic from their mother's breast,
 Are by some untam'd devil still possest—
 These are your harum-scarum jolly boys,
 Who love Scotch ale, and glory in their noise ;
 Who, if their object were the soul's salvation,
 Would strive to carry *that*—by acclamation !

This latter class (well knowing how to screen)
 Intuitively take the part of Green.
 The former—not without abundant cause—
 Support *Saint* Brown, the chapel, and its laws.

And now—let loose awhile each Typo's tongue—
 Confusion regn'd, which cannot here be sung.
 Take, then, this single sample for the whole—
 A glass of punch will show what's in the bowl—
 “ I say Tom Green has spoken like a man ! ”
 Loud cries of “ *Order!* ” through the chapel ran ;
 Some from the father's lungs, and some from those
 Yclept the *Saints*, the *Maw-worms*, and the *Crows*.
 At length the father—“ Gentlemen, forbear !
 While all are talking, nobody can hear.
 Into short *motions* cut your long *verboses* ;
 For really this too much our time engrosses.
 And time, if well employ'd, is cash, my boys ;
 Therefore save all you can, and—spare your jaws.”

Anon, like Antwerp's citadel, appears
 THE MOTION—filling many breasts with fears ;

But soon TH' AMENDMENT'S quick exploding mine
 Compels its stern commander to resign.
 " I move that we remit the fine on Green,"
 Was levell'd to the ground as soon as seen
 (Howe'er secure, determin'd, or unwilling,)
 By moving—" that Green's fine be made a shilling."
 Thus showing, though the chapel's laws they guard,
 No wish on individuals to be hard ;
 While the proposers of entire remission
 Hold out immunity for crime's commission.

At length the chapel's messenger goes down
 Below—to fetch up Messrs. Green and Brown.
 Arriv'd, the chapel's *organ*—i. e. dad—
 Breathes forth this solemn dirge, so slow and sad.—

" My painful duty, Mr. Green, is now
 (In chapel, where all typographers bow)
 The chapel's awful mandate to reveal,
 And show you how your brother members feel.
 You have been guilty of a great transgression :
 We've had the *proofs*—we've got a *strong impression*
 Of all your *matter*—guilt, remorse, confession !
 We feel this latter feature in your case
 Gives it at once a better-favour'd face ;
It sinks the offal, and it shows a mind
 Not totally deprav'd, diseas'd, and blind :
This almost sav'd you from impending fate,
 And quite inclin'd us all to mitigate.
 One solemn portion now alone remains
 Of this black bill of penalties and pains.—
 You know the chapel's fine is *twenty-pence* ;
 And thus—in me—the chapel shows its *sense* :
 Take *eight* from *twenty*, *twelve* remains behind—
 Our judgment is—that you one *bob* be fin'd."

These were his words—but my description's weak ;
 No one but those who saw and heard them speak,

Can form an adequate idea of these
Diverting, well-sustain'd, solemnities.

But ere the members to their *frames* return—
To think how much they need, how little earn—
Towards the clerk I see the father look,
And hear him ask—"What stands upon your book?"
The clerk replies—"Ours are indeed *hard lines* ;
Dry is the chapel, scanty are the fines.
I fear ere long we shall have 'no effects,'
The bump of *circumspection* so projects.
However, there's six shillings now in hand—
Then let the chapel issue its command
To *spend* or *not to spend*—as that's decided,
The liquor will or will not be provided."

And now at once to th' vote *this* question goes ;
O *Lush-ingtons* ! and cannot ye compose
The differences of the *Ayes* and *Noes* ?
Well knowing (as ye do) good liquor slips
Betwixt those parties, as 'twixt cups and lips.
Cannot your partners—Clamour, Heat, and Noise—
Mix up a bev'rage for your parched jaws ?
May not your will and theirs, at least, be done
By holding up *two* hands instead of *one* ?
No!—on *division* ev'ry *Crow* insists ;
Where nought is gain'd by *handy* extra fists :
And (though ye tell their numbers o'er and o'er)
They still have a majority of—*four*.
Alas ! your friends are smother'd in the dust
They rais'd—with nothing to assuage their thirst !

Go on, brave *Typos* ! ever thus outvote
All motions flowing from a fiery throat.
Fools, like soft stones, yield to the force of *drops* ;
But men of mind may more than master *Mops* !

GEORGE BRIMMER.*

* Author of the "Composing Room," a poem, and from which the extracts signed with his name in this work are taken. He died December 27, 1844.

SONG.

Tune.—"Roast Beef of Old England."

WHEN learning and science were both sunk in night,
 And genius and freedom were banish'd outright,
 The invention of PRINTING soon brought all to light ;
 Then carol the beauties of Printing,
 And sing in the noble Art's praise.

Then all who profess this great heaven-taught Art,
 And have liberty, virtue, and knowledge at heart,
 Come join in these verses, and now bear a part,
 To carol, &c.

Though every *compositor galleys* must have,
 Yet judge not from this that he is a slave,
 For Printing has often dug tyranny's grave.
 To carol, &c.

If *correction* he needs, all mankind do the same,
 When he *quadrats* his matter, he is not to blame,
 For to *justification* he lays a strong claim.
 Then carol, &c.

Though he daily *imposes*, 'tis not to do wrong,
 Like Nimrod he follows the *chase* all day long,
 And always to him a good *slice* does belong.
 Then carol, &c.

Though friendly to peace, yet *French canon* he loves,
 Expert in his *great* and *long primer* he proves ;
 And with skill and address all his *furniture* moves.
 Then carol, &c.

Though no antiquary, he deals much in *quoins*,
 And freedom with loyalty closely combines,
 And to aid the republic of letters he joins.
 Then carol, &c.

Extremes he avoids, and in *medium* invites,
 Though no blockhead, he often in *foolscap* delights,
 And handles his *shooting-stick*, though he ne'er fights.
 Then carol, &c.

But the Art to complete, the stout *Pressmen* must come,
 And make use of their *rollers*, their *frisket*, and *drum*,
 And to strike the impression the *plattin* pull home.
 Then carol, &c.

But, as the old proverb declares very clear,
 We're the farthest from God when the church we are near;
 So in all printing *chapels* do *devils* appear.
 Then carol, &c.

On the *Press*, truth, religion, and learning depend,
 Whilst that remains free, slav'ry ne'er gains its end,
 Then my *bodkin* in him who is not Printing's friend,
 And carol the praises of Printing,
 And sing in that noble Art's praise.

BOOKBINDING.

EMBODIED thought enjoys a splendid rest
 On guardian shelves, in emblem costume drest;
 Like gems that sparkle in the parent mine,
 Through crystal mediums the rich coverings shine;
 Morocco flames in scarlet, blue, and green,
 Impress'd with burnish'd gold, of dazzling sheen;
 Arms deep emboss'd the owner's state declare,
 Test of their worth—their age—and his kind care;
 Embalm'd in russia stands a valued pile,
 That time impairs not, nor vile worms defile;
 Russia, exhaling from its scented pores
 Its saving power to these thrice-valued stores,
 In order fair arranged in volumes stand,
 Gay with the skill of many a modern hand;

At the expense of sinew and of bone,
 The fine papyrian leaves are firm as stone :
 Here all is square as by masonic rule,
 And bright the impression of the burnished tool.
 On some the tawny calf a coat bestows,
 Where flowers and fillets beauteous forms compose :
 Others in pride the virgin vellum wear,
 Beaded with gold—as breast of Venus fair ;
 On either end the silken head-bands twine,
 Wrought by some maid with skilful fingers fine—
 The yielding back falls loose, the hinges play,
 And the rich page lies open to the day.
 Where science traces the unerring line,
 In brilliant tints the forms of beauty shine ;
 These, in our works, as in a casket laid,
 Increase the splendour by their powerful aid.

M'CREERY.

SONG.*

To prove that we Binders some talent possess,
 We receive all the knowledge that springs from the press ;
 If it was not for us, authors scarcely could move,
 And our greatest delight is their works to improve.

Derry down, &c.

To the works of the poet, the wit, and the sage,
 Of philosophy deep, and to history's page,
 To Divinity's truth, and the laws of the land,
 We all, as you know, give the *finishing* hand !

The statutes by us are *bound* firm and strong,
 Or else, by the bye, they could not last long !
 To science's system, and arts called fine,
 We first give a *polish* before they can shine !

* From *Rhyming Trifles, or, Amusements of Leisure*. By Joseph Blakesley, Compositor, London, 1827.

If satire be keen, we can safely allege,
 No scruple we feel just *to take off the edge* ;
 But one thing we own, and don't call it a sin,
 The very best authors we clothe with *calf's-skin* !

In short, grammar we *forward*, and learning we *gild*
 In *letters* and *marble* we are most of us skill'd ;
 And one *Hymen*, a *Binder* the world understands,
 To *bind* lovers more closely will provide *silken bands*.

SONG.

THE *Press*—the *Press*—the glorious *Press*,
 It makes the nations free !
 Before it tyrants prostrate fall,
 And proud oppressors flee !
 In what a state of wretchedness
 Without it we should be ;
 And can we then too highly prize
 The source of liberty !

The *Press*—the *Press*—the glorious *Press*,
 It dissipates our gloom !
 And sheds a ray of happiness
 O'er victims of the tomb.
 See darkness from his ebon throne
 Has fled to realms of night,
 And o'er the world is now diffused
 A flood of heavenly light !

The *Press*—the *Press*—the glorious *Press* !
 What thanks are due to those
 Who all attempts to quench its beams
 Triumphantlly oppose !
 To them belongs the wreath of fame !
 The garland of renown !
 The honour of a deathless name,
 A never-fading crown.

X. N.

THE PRESSMAN'S SONG.

Air.—"The Woodman."

CLOSE immur'd by narrow walls,
 Hark ! I hear the *Pressman's balls*,
 Who dreams not as the *tympan* falls,
 What mischief he may bring :
 Though modern statesmen may abuse
 Plain, honest facts, for vile untruths,
 Of this I'm sure he'll never muse,
 But *pull*, and *beat*, and sing.

The *sheet* now *pull'd* by this bold man,
 Perhaps may vie with brilliant Fan,
 Or papers waste with greasy Nan,
 To wrap her custards nice :
 Or puffs for dancing-master's jigs,
 New-fashion'd braid, full bottom'd wigs,
 In which the mayor might strut so big,
 Quite knowing in a trice.

Thou mak'st, bold *Pressman*, (Oh ! what grief !)
 The statute dire, which hangs the thief,
 And orders from the great lord-chief,
 Or bills for cobbler's stall :
 Thou pamp'rest life in every stage,
 From simp'ring youth to mumbling age ;
 For belles their novels ; beaus their plays ;
 And bibles for us all.

Then justice let us ever grant,
 Nor warm encomiums ever want,
 Who silenc'd superstition's rant,
 And spread our glorious light :
 Who shook fell tyrants' bloody sway,
 Illumin'd all with reason's ray,
 Show'd Englishmen as clear as day,
 Their sacred, precious right.

THE UNFORTUNATE AUTHOR.

STYLES, deeply enamour'd of praise,
 And burning to come at a share of it,
 Has been *publishing* all his days,
 But the public are quite unaware of it!

While others catch notice and smiles,
 (Though not, as he *feels*, worth a third of him,)
 'Tis cruelly galling to STYLES,
 That nobody seems to have heard of him!

Poor fellow! how sadly he strives!
 His efforts, how vain their severity!
 Still, still he *goes down*, while he lives,
 But he'll never go down to posterity!

In pity at all that he tries,
 In pity for fever so hot in him,
 Fame, grant but one word ere he dies,
 Just to *say* you had really forgotten him!

Illuminated Magazine, vol. ii.

G. D.

NEWSPAPERS IN BARBERS' SHOPS.

A BARBER'S shop adorn'd we see
 With monster's *news* and poverty;
 While some are shaving, others bleed,
 And those that wait, the *papers* read;
 The master, full of Whig and Tory,
 Combs out your hair, and tells a story.

THE BOOKMAKER.

BILL thinks his book has fancy shown—
 It has: Bill *fancies* it his *own*.

NEWSPAPER READERS.

ONE Reader cries, your strain's too grave :
Too much morality you have ;
 Too much about religion : *
Give me some witch and wizzard tales
Of slip-shod ghosts, with fins and scales,
 Of feathers like a pigeon.

I love to read, another cries,
Those monstrous, fashionable lies—
 In other words, those novels,
Composed of kings, and queens, and lords,
Of border wars, and gothic hordes
 That used to live in hovels.

No, no, cries one, we've had enough
Of such confounded love-sick stuff,
 To craze the fair creation :
Give us some recent foreign news
Of Russians, Turks, the Greeks, or Jews,
 Or any other nation.

The man of dull scholastic lore,
Would like to see a little more
 In scraps of Greek or Latin ;
The merchant fain would learn the price
Of Southern indigo and rice,
 Of India silks, or satin.

Another cries, I want more fun,
A witty anecdote or pun,
 A rebus, or a riddle—
Some long for missionary news—
And some (of worldly, carnal views)
 Would rather bear a fiddle.

The critic, too, of classic skill,
Must dip in gall his gander quill,
 And scrawl against the paper :

Of all the literary fools,
 Bred in our colleges and schools,
 He cuts the greatest caper.

Another cries, I want to see
 A jumbled-up variety :
 Variety in all things—
 A miscellaneous hodge-podge print,
 Composed, I only give the hint,
 Of multifarious small things.

I want some marriage news, says Miss,
 It constitutes my highest bliss
 To hear of weddings plenty ;
 For in a time of general rain
 None suffer from a drought, 'tis plain,
 At least not one in twenty.

I want to hear of deaths, says one,
 Of people totally undone
 By losses, fire, or fever ;
 Another answers, full as wise,
 I'd rather have a fall and rise
 Of Racoon skins and Beaver.

Some signify a secret wish
 For now and then a favourite dish
 Of politics to suit them ;
 But here I rest at perfect ease,
 For should they swear the moon was cheese,
 I never should confute them.

Or grave or humorous, wild or tame,
 Lofty or low, 'tis all the same,
 Too haughty, or too humble ;
 Then, Mr. Editor, pursue
 The path that seems the best to you,
 And let the grumblers grumble.

THE READER.*

NOR shall the man who bears the hardest lot,
 Pass in my strains, unnoticed and forgot ;
 Straining at once his eye-balls and his wits,
 With care o'erwhelmed the lynx-eyed Reader sits ;
 His practised glance the lurking fault detects,
 For ever reads—corrects—and re-corrects ;
 Whate'er is wrong his patient hand repairs,
 His thoughtful brow is witness to his cares ;
 From morn to night his labours grow not slack,
 He bears a load—like Atlas—on his back.
 The well-trained *Urchin* at his side attends,
 And needful aid with infant frolic blends ;
 Before him oft the zig-zag puzzles lie,
 Like blurrings from the hand of agony ;
 O'er these, with keen deciphering powers he flies,
 His ready tongue in union with his eyes ;
 'Tis wondrous through the chaos how he speeds,
 And in the painful task so well succeeds
 Translating what the incongruous marks denote,
 The sibyl signs some careless author wrote.

M'CREERY.

THE FOUL PROOF.

YE Authors, list ! we must a tale unfold,
 Which, doubtless, some of you have oft been told ;
 You little dream how much poor *Typo's* vex'd,
 When with *bad copy* his mind's sore perplex'd ;
 Nor is this all, he still has cause to dread
 The *Reader's gall*, when first his *proof* is read ;

* Mr. M'Creery says, that Mr. John Andrew Grob had sat upwards of fourteen years for this portrait. I cannot allow this opportunity to pass, without paying a small tribute to MR. THOMAS SWARBRECK, who for upwards of forty years has fulfilled the onerous duties of Overseer and Reader in the Caxton Printing office ; and during that long period the *æquabiliter et diligenter* with which he has presided in the closet, has gained for him the respect of the employed, as well as the esteem and confidence of his employers.

Corrected now, to you 'tis straight convey'd,
 And in a trice the greatest havoc's made ;
 Methinks we see you every *page* survey,
 As with blunt pen the *world's map* you portray !
 The numerous *marks*, on its *margin's* plain,
 Appear like soldiers in the battle slain !
 The *proof's* return'd—the *Chapel's members* all
 Rush to the *stone*, obedient to his call,
 To view this carnage, though no blood appears,
 Yet e'en the sight awakes their manly fears !
 Aloud they roar—enough to strike him dead,
 “ *A mob, a mob, th' riot act must be read !*”
 His grief to soothe—they, sympathising, bawl,
 “ *Patience and a sharp bodkin cures all !*”
 His *form*, with heavy heart, he then *lays up*,
 And *letters* seeks, which fills his bitter cup.
 How often, when *correcting* at the *stone*,
 He's prayed for you, while *breaking his breast-bone* !
 Reflect, when next you wield your potent quills,
 And spare the printer all these dreaded ills :
Revise, transcribe, and make your *copy* right,
 Thus save his labour and his precious sight !

Johnson's Typographia.

THE PRESS.

WHEN fruitful Nature bore her offspring MAN,
 Light flew to earth, and time its march began ;
 The everlasting lamp was hung on high,
 To light the worlds that float athwart the sky ;
 Ten thousand stars glow'd in the heavenly arch,
 While onward roll'd Creation's glorious march,
 And thousands more were hastening on their way,
 As if grown jealous of the light of day.
 But sun and moon, and all the stars combin'd,
 Gave light too feeble for the human mind.

Man felt his mental blindness and distress,
 And from the womb of Genius call'd the Press,
 Which o'er the moral world pours floods of light,
 And fills the human breast with new delight.
 Before the Press all error shall be driven,
 As clouds are banish'd by the breath of Heaven ;
 Our chains by slow degrees shall melt away,
 Amidst the blaze of intellectual day !
 Then shall the social star in glory rise,
 And man shall stand erect, and scorn disguise ;
 And shall a brighter paradise create
 Than that where Eve the mystic apple ate :
 Shall reap the fruits his industry shall sow,
 Enjoy the earth, and be a god below.

ALLEN DAVENPORT.

SONG.

Tune.—"Hearts of oak."

To each son of the *Press*, who is met round this board,
 May pleasure descend, and to each one afford,
 Its joys to partake of the cheer which we see,
 And our toast, now and ever, "The *Press* shall be free."

CHORUS.

Then drink to the *Press*, may its *sheets* be unfurl'd,
 And ever be ready,
 Tyrants to sever—
 And its blessings receiv'd all over the world.

May our hearts in the *Press-book* securely be bound,
 In friendship and truth may our names there be found
 Enroll'd on the *page*, where mild Charity's hand
 Has written her laws—and this her command—
 Obey all my dictates, ye Sons of the *Press*,
 And ever be ready,
 In Charity steady—
 And ne'er close your hand on a *tramp* in distress.

The *Press* may be call'd fam'd Liberty's tree,
 Its fruit is well known to the brave and the free ;
 May its branches extend and o'ershadow the earth,
 And Justice and Laws in each nation have birth.

Then drink to the *Press*, &c.

No power of a tyrant the *Press* can control,
 Where its beam sheds its rays to enlighten the soul ;
 If they dare to enchain it—its *canon* is sure,
 With *broadsides* well aimed our laws to secure.

Then drink to the *Press*, &c.

Then fearless and bold may the *Press* shed its light,
 Like a beacon on high, in the darkness of night ;
 And honour and virtue, in full blaze of day,
 Be ever our guide to drive error away.

Then drink to the *Press*, &c.

Nottingham, June, 1832.

C. H. TIMPERLEY.

THE BLIND PRINTER.

ALREADY, ere my sun of life descend,
 The shades of night are closing o'er these eyes,
 Lessening the worth of those frail things we prize,
 Which to the world their vain adornments lend.
 My failing sight these shadowy forms offend,
 Eternal objects (I dared once despise,
 Forget, or lightly think of) now arise,
 And round me still in magnitude extend.
 Thus, as in feeble light the diamond's ray
 Gleams out and brighter doth itself reveal,
 Than when exposed to the broad glare of day
 So doth my feeble sight teach me to feel
 Supernal things, and the dark shade display
 The brighter glories of the empyreal.

SONG.—THE NEWSPAPER.

Tune.—"Oh, what a day."

OH, what a thing it is that ev'ry man can read the news,
 And by the papers trace the progress, rise, and fall ;
 Old father Time, so kind, does regularly breed the news,
 Suitable to old and young, and great and small :
 Each part intended is to women or men tickle,
 Ev'ry one looks out for something identical,
 Hopes after novelty, eye-sight certain ratifying,
 Mental hungry maw-stuffing, gormandizing, gratifying.
 Oh, what a thing, &c.

Each other's taste folks don't care a button for :
 The soldier looks for battles lost and won ;
 Butchers the Smithfield price beef and mutton for,
 (Sinking the offal) at so much per stone ;
 Men of fashion, beau monde, elegance and graces ;
 Advertisements are read by servants wanting places ;
 Solid reading sought by thinking folks sedentary ;
 Politicians pleased with reports parliamentary.
 Oh, what a thing, &c.

Black legs look to the betting at Tattersall's,
 Hedging their bets by this 'gainst that—
 Which horse wins ?—the first or the latter shall ;
 Tallow-chandlers look to the price of fat ;
 Fundholders see to the price of the four per cents ;
 Consols reduced, very much lower per cents. ;
 Lovers of poetry search for the metrical ;
 Actors to criticism, praise or blame theatrical.
 Oh, what a thing, &c.

Members of Parliament read their own speeches ;
 Lawyers the Queen's Bench Reports go through ;
 Police Reports a good lesson teaches ;
 Mansion-house, Guildhall, and Bow-street too ;
 Pickpockets look for a certain part daily,
 Who's to be tried next at the Old Bailey ;

Watch for the sentences of Judge on haranguing day,
 And who's to suffer on the next-coming hanging-day.
 Oh, what a thing, &c.

Young maids look to the list of the marryings,
 Crim. con., rapes, not one line miss'd :
 Undertakers to deaths and buryings,
 Ill-natured tradesmen to the bankrupts' list ;
 Doctors, effects of prescriptions and potions ;
 Half-pay officers, the list of promotions ;
 Pugilists, prize-fights, and bull-baits vandalizing ;
 All old-maids to table-talk and scandalizing.

Oh, what a thing, &c.

T. HUDSON.*

NEWS.†

HITHER in crowds the vulgar come and go ;
 Millions of rumours here fly to and fro ;
 Lies mixt with truth, reports that vary still,
 The itching ears of folks unguarded fill :
 They tell the tale ; the tale in telling grows,
 And each relater adds to what he knows ;
 Rash error, light credulity are here,
 And causeless transport and ill-grounded fear ;
 New-raised sedition, secret whispers blown
 By nameless authors and of things unknown.
Fame, all that's done in heaven, earth, ocean views,
 And o'er the world still hunts around for news.

GARTH'S *Ovid*, b. xii.

The word explains itself without the muse ;
 And the four letters tell from whence comes NEWS ;
 From North, East, West, South, the solution's made ;
 Each quarter gives account of war and trade.

* The celebrated song-writer and singer. He died July, 1844.

† "For all the Athenians, and strangers which were there, spent their time in nothing else but either to tell or to hear some new thing."—Acts xvii. 21.

BIRTH OF THE CRITIC.

WHEN Jove was from his teeming head
 Of Wit's fair goddess brought to bed,
 There followed at his lying-in,
 For afterbirth, a sooterkin,
 Which, as the nurse pursued to kill,
 Attain'd by flight the Muses' hill,
 There in the soil began to root,
 And litter'd at Parnassus' foot.
 From hence the critic-vermin sprung,
 With harpy claws and poisonous tongue,
 Who fatten on poetic scraps,
 Too cunning to be caught in traps,
 Dame Nature, as the learned show,
 Provides each animal its foe ;
 Hounds hunt the hare, the wily fox
 Devours your geese, the wolf your flocks :
 Thus Envy pleads a natural claim
 To persecute the Muses' fame,
 On poets in all times abusive,
 From Homer down to Pope inclusive.

SWIFT.

TO THE CRITIC.

—You who seek to give and merit Fame,
 And justly bear a Critic's noble name—
 Be niggards of advice on no pretence,
 For the worst avarice is that of Sense.
 With mean complacence ne'er betray your trust,
 Nor be so civil as to prove unjust.
 Fear not the anger of the Wise to raise ;
 They best can bear reproof, who merit praise.

POPE.

CRITICS.

In critics this country is rich,
 In friendship and love who can match 'em ?
 When writers are plagued with the itch,
 They hasten most kindly to scratch 'em.

TO A CRITIC,

Who quoted an isolated passage, and then declared it unintelligible.

MOST candid critic! what if I,
 By way of joke, pluck out your eye,
 And holding up the fragment cry,
 "Ha, ha! that men such fools should be!
 Behold this shapeless mass!—and he
 Who own'd it dreamt that he could see!"
 The joke were mighty analytic—
 But should you like it, candid critic?

COLERIDGE.

AUTHOR AND CRITIC.

"VILE critic," exclaimed a poor author, in pique,
 "In reviewing my work, why abuse it?
 You've injured my fame by your cursed critique,
 For nobody now will peruse it."

Quoth the critic "I'm glad to hear that, for my aim
 Was to save, not destroy reputation;
 And I could not more certainly ruin your fame,
 Than by giving your work circulation." H.

TO THE CRITICS.

LORDS of the quill, whose critical assaults
 O'erthrow whole quartos with their quires of faults,
 Who soon detect, and mark where'er we fail,
 And prove our marble with too nice a nail!
 Democritus himself was not so bad;
He only thought, but you would make us mad!
Hints from Horace.

A man must serve his time to ev'ry trade
 Save censure, critics all are ready-made.

English Bards, &c.

BYRON.

THE CRITIC.*

A CRITIC was of old a glorious name,
 Whose sanction handed merit up to fame ;
 Beauties as well as faults he brought to view :
 His judgment great, and great his candour too.
 No servile rules drew sickly taste aside ;
 Secure he walk'd, for Nature was his guide.
 But now, oh strange reverse ! our Critics bawl
 In praise of candour with a heart of gall,
 Conscious of guilt, and fearful of the light,
 They lurk enshrouded in the veil of night :
 Safe from destruction, seize th' unwary prey,
 And stab, like bravoës, all who come that way.

CHURCHILL.

BOOKS.

BOOKS ! sweet associates of the silent hour,
 What blessed aspirations do I owe
 To your companionship—your peaceful power
 High and pure pleasure ever can bestow.—
 Of noble ones I trace the path through life,
 Joy in their joys, and sorrow as they mourn ;
 Gaze on their Christian animating strife,
 And shed some fond tears o'er their untimely urn.
 Or with heroic beings tread the soil
 Of a freed country, by themselves made free,
 And taste the recompense of virtuous toil,
 The exaltation of humanity.

MRS. F. HORNBLOWER.

* A modern critic is an apocryphal scribbler, who censures in gross, and commonly sides with the weakest. He is worse than an *Index Expurgatorius*, for he blots out all ; and when he cannot find a fault, makes one. He is a mountebank, that is always quacking of the infirm and diseased parts of books, to show his skill ; but has nothing to do with the sound. He *demurs* to all writers ; and when he is *over-ruled*, will run into *contempt*.—SAMUEL BUTLER, 1680.

TO THE PRESS.

HAIL! mighty engine! Source of righteous power;
 Free as air, and unconfined art thou.
 At thy dread voice,
 Corruption hides its head—folds up its leaves—
 And dares not scatter forth its baneful spells.
 Thou art the tyrant's foe—thy lash is worse
 Than all the cat-o'-nine-tails that are used
 To lacerate the backs of harmless men.
 Thou hold'st him forth to public view, and show'st
 The people what a man can do, whose heart
 Is not the seat of truth and charity.
 By thee is Liberty sustained:—this Isle
 Knows not the horror of an Autocrat
 Sending his subjects into banishment—
 Making their children slaves—and thus depriving
 Them of their dearest birthright—liberty.

Wondrous machine!

I gaze on thee, and think of olden times,
 When darkness overspread the land—and men
 Had all their faculties obscured. No light
 Dawned upon Britain then—fell superstition—
 Feudal tyranny—fastened their minds in chains,
 Till Germany brought forth the mighty art
 Of Printing! Then Albion's shores
 Echoed with Freedom's voice—though but in infancy—
 Till, growing faster, as years rolled along,
 It gained that mighty power which now controls
 The Senate, and the Monarch on the Throne—
 Upholds their due prerogatives—and checks
 Excessive power—and keeps it within bounds.

Maidstone.

R. S. LAPLAIN.*

* The author of the above lines died on the 22d of October, 1832, twelve days after writing them. He was only seventeen years of age; the son of a printer, and himself apprenticed to the profession. The talent evinced by him in the art of poesy showed a precocity of intellect not often surpassed.

OUR OWN IMMORTALITY.

THE PRESS.

THE wreath of the hero unnoticed has faded,
The laurel is withered that circled his brow,
The dreams of his pride dark oblivion has shaded,
And the harp of his glory is voiceless here now,
But though with the grave's silent tenants long numbered,
And well nigh forgotten the fame that we prize,
Its hours to recall from the tomb where he slumbered,
And to new Immortality bid him arise.

Oh, ours is the task through long dark ages marking
The noble, the gallant of soul, and the brave,
On the swift stream of time view them once more embarking,
And restore them the fame which our forefathers gave.
Ours, ours is the task to recall Britain's glory,
And the patriot's heart will beat loyal and true
As we tell of the heroes of Agincourt's story,
And with our Immortality crown them anew!

Yet, though ours is the task from the days long departed,
To call up the heroes of glory and war,
Yet 'tis ours to inflame 'mid the kind and warm-hearted,
The torch of benevolence gleaming afar.
The page that we bend o'er may soon be revealing
The Deity's spark in the bosom of man,
The burst of benevolence, kindness, and feeling,
Which pointed to Howard the course that he ran.

Oh, what is so lovely, so fond, so endearing,
As sympathy's tear-drop in woman's bright eye,
As her heart for the woes of another is fearing,
And the pearl on her cheek wipes unconsciously by,
The smile as it passes, her fair cheek adorning,
The hearts of a thousand may hold in control,
But the tear steals away like the first glimpse of morning,
And proves in its being the essence of soul.

And oh, as the page she cons over and ponders,
 Though sympathy's tear-drop her eye lids may seek,
 May nought meet her eye o'er the page as it wanders,
 To call up the blush that would crimson her cheek !
 Oh, wither the hand that one moment of sorrow,
 Could bring to a bosom uncantered by pain,
 And still may the Press beam from morrow to morrow,
 Our own Immortality, fearless of stain !

Belfast.

GEORGE BOYLE.

THE PRINTING PRESS.

HAIL ! mighty Lever, whose unwearied power
 Sends rays of genius o'er each darken'd land ;
 Where memory's record, changing every hour,
 Gives place to truth, stamp'd by thy giant hand.

What glorious thoughts, flash'd in chaotic waste,
 For want of thee to register their birth ;
 And sparks of genius, poetry and taste,
 Just kindled up, then sank again to earth.

But thou, mind's railroad, bear'st along the store,
 Of Knowledge, Science, Fancy's pleasing strain ;
 Or the design of Nature to explore,
 Where peace and harmony and order reign.

Ye whose high trust, it is to rule the press,
 O guide it, peace and freedom's cause to bless,
 With man's best hopes ye have a great account ;
 Taint not the life-stream at its sacred fount.

Oh, "ponder well" what thousands every day,
 Ye guide to truth, or basely lead astray ;
 Let no mean dread of indigence defeat
 What reason dictates from her judgment-seat.

Be honest, faithful, seek with noble zeal
 To teach expanding mind her power to feel ;
 Then clouds of ignorance shall pass away,
 And Truth's resplendent Sun make endless day.

Derby, May 1839.

SONG.

WE'RE *types* of perfection, if people did know,
 But a *page* of the *matter* I shortly will show ;
 A *rule* I've obtain'd, and my *copy* I'll trace,
 Then claim your permission to—*set out my case!*
Fol de rol, &c.

Our pow'r to demonstrate, I need not relate
 We *head* the departments and *columns* of state :
 Not a session can open, proceed, or be clos'd,
 But all the fine *speeches* by us are *compos'd!*

Their *bills* and their *acts*, be they ever so clear,
 Must by us be *revised* before they appear ;
 Yet they duties demand which our services cramp,
 And affix to our labour ingratitude's *stamp!*

But the old *Advertiser* must give them a rub,
 (Who, so fond of his taverns, we call the *Tap-Tub* ;))
 The gin-shops he frequents, and thinks it befitting
 To tell all his friends that he—*left the house sitting!*

At command we have *crowns*, *imperial* and *royal*,
 To Victoria we remain ever steady and loyal ;
 For *medium's* our choice, if it be but our lot.
 A pipe is our sceptre, we're crown'd with a *pot!*

For rogues we've a *gallows*, for *rats* we've a *trap*—
 For those who may doubt it we have a *foolscap!*
 To our *Post* we are true, while we heartily sing,
 May the *Sunday Times* flourish, while under our wing!

The great *Globe* itself could no longer revolve
 If our aid we withheld, it must shortly dissolve!
 And, without profanation, or telling of lies,
 The *Atlas* must drop, and the *Sun* cease to rise!

To *John Bull* we give spur, to the *Examiner* speed;
 The *Dispatch* we send forth with the flight of a steed;
 And the fine *English Gentleman* this must confess—
 He cannot go out till we give him a dress!

The *Chronicle* quite a good *register* keeps,
 And our deeds are recorded in wonderful *heaps*;
 The *Herald* proclaims, the *Spectator* will prove,
 Many *Eras* acknowledge, the *faults* we remove!

But you probably think that *I get on too fast*,
 So call out “*Who’s first?*” for you know I am *last*:
 And this you’ll remember—*my take has been long*—
 Tho’ you’d all *keep* the like, if you had a *fat song*!
 Fol de rol, &c.

JOSEPH BLAKESLEY.

THE BRITISH PRESS.

BLEST invention, to God alone the praise!
 For gifting man this noble art to raise;
 From thee what benefits do men possess?
 The pulpit, bar, and stage, all now confess:
 Trace the historic page, and view the time,
 Before thou visitedst our native clime;
 The want of thee kept Arts and Commerce low,
 Without thy aid, how little could we know!
 Thou art the means by which we gain redress,
 Our Nation’s bulwark is, *The British Press*!
Johnson’s Typographia.

AN ODE.

For the Sheffield Celebration of the Reform Bills.

GOD said, " Let there be light !"
 Grim darkness felt his might,
 And fled away ;
 Then, startled seas and mountains cold
 Shone forth, all bright in blue and gold,
 And cried, "'Tis day ! 'tis day !"
 " Hail, holy light !" exclaim'd
 The thund'rous cloud, that flam'd
 O'er daisies white ;
 And, lo ! the rose, in crimson dress'd,
 Lean'd sweetly on the lily's breast,
 And, blushing, murmur'd, " Light !"
 Then was the skylark born ;
 Then rose th' embattled corn ;
 Then floods of praise
 Flow'd o'er the sunny hills of noon ;
 And then, in stillest night, the moon
 Pour'd forth her pensive lays.
 Lo ! heav'n's bright bow is glad ;
 Lo ! trees and flowers, all clad
 In glory, bloom !
 And shall the mortal sons of God,
 Be senseless as the trodden clod,
 And darker than the tomb ?
 No, by the MIND of man !
 By the swart artisan !
 By God, our Sire !
 Our souls have holy light within,
 And every form of grief and sin
 Shall see and feel its fire.
 By earth, and hell, and heav'n,
 The shroud of souls is riven,

Mind, mind alone,
 Is light, and hope, and life, and power !
 Earth's deepest night, from this bless'd hour,
 The night of minds is gone !
 "The *Press!*" all lands shall sing ;
 The *Press*, the *Press* we bring,
 All lands to bless :
 Oh, pallid want ! oh, labour stark !
 Behold, we bring the second ark !
 The *Press!* the *Press!* the *Press!*
June 18, 1832. EBENEZER ELLIOTT.

 AN ODE.

For the Derby Celebration of the Reform Bills.

BRING forth the *Press!*
 When first that mighty shout was heard,
 Truth rose, in radiant light ensphered,
 The nations to address.
 Then tyrants startled, with dismay,
 Call'd forth their armies in array,—
 And Priestcraft, gaoler of the mind,
 In louder tones blasphemed mankind :
 But Truth, indignant, cried,
 While suffering man replied,
 Bring forth the *Press!*

 Forth came the *Press!*
 Forth then that mighty engine came,
 The power of knowledge to proclaim,
 And man with power to bless ;
 And where its leaves of thought were spread,
 There Superstition, trembling, fled ;
 And tyrants, in their pride confest
 Dread of the people they oppress'd—
 And courtiers, priests, and peers,
 Shrieked out amid their fears,
 Destroy the *Press!*

Th' eternal *Press* !
 Corruption's worms shall ne'er destroy,
 But patriots shall its power enjoy,
 In peace and happiness.
 And, see the eternal *Press* advance,
 With freedom over eager France—
 With freedom o'er each German tribe—
 REFORM on Britain's flag inscribe—
 Brougham, Russell, Althorp, Grey,
 Are names bright in the ray
 Of the eternal *Press*.

THOMAS NOBLE.*

AN ODE.

For the Nottingham Celebration of the Reform Bills.

HAIL to the *Press* ! and this auspicious day !
 For freedom's cause is nobly fought and won :
 Long in our country's annals may it be
 Recorded as the glorious day of liberty !

The foremost to achieve this noble deed,
 Stood forth the *Press* ! the source of truth and light ;
 Oh ! may its rays, diffused, keep Britons free,
 And warm our hearts to prize the *Press* and liberty.

Hail to the statesmen, and those patriots firm,
 Beneath whose sway the charter's seal is fixed !
 The envy of the world—all states agree—
 To seize the flame from us—the love of liberty !

At length triumphant, let the standard wave ;
 The goblet flow in joy, in peace, and love ;
 And when returns this day, the toast shall be,
 Our patriots firm, the *Press* and liberty !

August, 1832.

C. H. TIMPERLEY.

* Many years editor of the *Derby Reporter*, and other papers. He was the author of several poems of merit, and translator of *Zelomer*, a romance, from the French. Mr. Noble died Nov. 7, 1837.

SONG.

To *set up* a song for your pleasure I'll try,
 And my thoughts I'll *distribute* though running to *pie* ;
 You shall have the best *copy* my *scrip* can afford,
 And knowing my *case* must not *stick* for a *word*.

Of Printing and Printers we've long had *fair proof*,
 Whose *correction* makes ignorant pride stand aloof ;
 On the *rack* we will *batter* each slavish opinion,
 And *chase* the base *columns* of Folly's dull *minion*.

At war, and its myrmidons *cannon* still *point* ;
 May *piece-work* still furnish its pot and good joint ;
 May the wielders of pikes find in *pica* a trimmer,
 And long shots exploded by fire of *long primer*.

Of Press and Press-warrants, our nations disgrace,
 Our *press* has long striven the shame to erase ;
 May the freedom from Press be our Tars' fond delight,
 And the freedom to *press* be the Printers' proud right.

To *press* !—what *parentheses* gape in the word !
 How inclusive the phrase ! with what comfort 'tis stored ;
 To *press*, *hot* or *cold*,—in fair *sheets*, *wet* or *dry*,
 May our fortune be ever, nor *sheets* ever *fly*.

May our *chapel*, of wisdom and sense the bright fane,
 Devoted to *English* and freedom remain,
 While *monks* and grey *friars*, ever fruitful in evil,
 Shall there meet their match in their old friend our *devil*.

At the *bank* may we *lay-up* a *heap*, and may that
 Exhibit good *matter* and plenty of *fat* ;
 And where's the *companion* can e'er prove a churl,
 Whose hands daily glisten with *diamond* and *pearl* ?

Our ART in its progress a TYPE has displayed
 Of itself, while it Folly and Vice has dismayed—
 For in *blocks* though begun, it has ended in *letters*,
 And *blocks* have for once giv'n place to their betters.

The marshal's gay staff to a *stick* must give way.
 And our *tympan's* the only drum Wisdom will play ;
 Dismay'd at our *balls* shall the bigot retreat,
 And iniquity's self shall still blacker be *beat*.

Then may *quoins* ne'er be wanting,—good *copy* ne'er fail,
 May *capitals* ever your destiny hail ;
 With *errors corrected* your lives still be past,
 And, *revised* and amended, be *worked off* at last.

Bristol.

C. CUMMINS.

THE STRAND—IN TRANSITU.

THE *Strand*, deserted by its better half,
 As if the Plague had crept along its side,
 In spite of graver thoughts, compels the laugh,
 Placards so oddly take the lettered stride :

For ' Birmingham,' in type of glaring red ;
 ' Rowland's Macassar' with a scalp of hair ;
 ' Air Pillows' for the weary, giddy, head,
 And heads of ' Saracens' for every fare.

The ' Tallo Ho !' will start at half-past one,
 The ' Intelligence' will travel void of fees ;
 ' St, Dunstan's Steeple Chase,'—the ' Bolt and Tun,'
 ' Plans' for consolidating ' Siamese.'

' Hunt's is the cheapest and the best.'—Defiance
 To ' Warren's' opposite in letters large ;
 ' New Saxony broad cloths,' in which reliance
 Might, if once tried, be fixed with moderate charge.

' Sauce and anchovies,' staring ' Burgess' over
 The way, whose sauce is savoury to the taste ;
 The ' New Police,'—the ' Surrey'—' Hay and Clover'
 ' Cutting Machines,'—the ' New Fermenting Yeast.'

The ' Morning Concerts,'—' Tiffin's Antidotes,'—
 ' The Spectre Bride,'—' For Sale by Auction,' ' Lost
 A Poodle,' ' Found a Brooch,'—' A £10 Note,'—
 ' Strayed a Bay Colt,'—' At half the usual cost.'

A ' Bankrupt Stock,'—' Absconded,'—' Owen's Plan,'—
 ' Ben Jonson's phiz,' and ' Shakspeare's sticking fast ;
 For ' Hernia,'—' Hooping Cough,' the ' Asthma : ' Man
 May ne'er be strand-ed should his patience last.

' Building Materials,'—' Steamers for the Nore ;'
 ' Paul Pry,'—the ' Age,' the ' Sovereign,' ' Matthews,'
 ' Burke,'
 ' Kean's Wherries' sailing,—' Fanny Kemble's tour,'
 And all the themes which give the PRINTERS work.

From the Olio.

SONG,

COMPOSED FOR A PRINTERS' WAY-GOOSE.

YE sons of that art, which so happily hurl'd
 (When discover'd) blind ignorance forth from the world ;
 Blest art, which bade science spread over the earth,
 And warm'd with its beams every art into birth ;
 Since here we are met to *compose* a gay throng,
 Assist a *companion* to *work off* a song.

Tho' these festive hours are devoted to joy,
 Let nothing immod'rate true pleasure annoy ;

* WAY GOOSE.—The derivation of this term is not generally known. It is from the old English word *wayz*, stubble. A wayz Goose was the head dish at the annual feast of the forefathers of our fraternity. "WAYZ GOOSE, a stubble Goose, an entertainment given to journeymen at the beginning of Winter."—BAILEY.

Let friendship and mirth here united be found,
 And reason our guide, while each glass passes round;
 That reason let's share o'er our glass and our pipe,
 Which ages have learnt from the sons of the *type*.

Our *mysterious art*, that invaluable mine,
 Instructs the Physician, the Lawyer, Divine;
 The Doctor prescribes from the books that he reads,
 The Lawyer by precedents ever proceeds:
 To fill up this trio there wants but one hint,
 The Clergyman preaches verbatim from *print*.

In fine, my *companions*, to end this short song,
 Since life is a *page*, oft *short*, sometimes *long*;
 To this golden rule let us ever adhere,
 From every *foul sort* to keep our *case* clear;
 That when our *great Author* his *work* shall inspect,
 He may find by the *proof* that the *matter's correct*.

SONG—THE PRINTER.

Air—"Not a Drum was heard."

HE stood there alone at that shadowy hour,
 By the swinging lamp dimly burning;
 All silent within, save the ticking type,
 All without, save the night-watch turning;
 And heavily echoed the solemn sound,
 As slowly he paced o'er the frozen ground.

And dark were the mansions so lately that shone,
 With the joy of festivity gleaming,
 And hearts that were beating in sympathy then,
 Were now living it o'er in their dreaming;
 Yet the Printer still worked at his lonely post,
 As slowly he gathered his mighty host.

And there lay the merchant all pillowed in down,
 And building bright hopes for the morrow,
 Nor dreamed he that Fate was then waving a wand
 That would bring to him fear and sorrow ;
 Yet the Printer was there in his shadowy room,
 And he set in his frame-work that rich man's doom !

The young wife was sleeping, whom lately had bound
 The ties that death only can sever ;
 And dreaming she started, yet woke with a smile,
 For she thought they were parted for ever !
 But the Printer was clicking the types that would tell
 On the morrow *the truth* of that midnight spell !

And there lay the statesman, whose feverish brow,
 And restless, the pillow was pressing,
 For he felt through the shadowy mists of his dream
 His loftiest hopes now possessing ;
 Yet the Printer worked on, mid silence and gloom,
 And dug for Ambition its lowliest tomb.

And slowly that workman went gathering up
 His budget of grief and of gladness ;
 A wreath for the noble, a grave for the low,
 For the happy a full cup of sadness ;
 Strange stories of wonder, to enchant the ear,
 And dark ones of terror, to curdle with fear.

Full strange are the tales which that dark host shall bear
 To palace and cot on the morrow ;
 Oh welcome, thrice welcome, to many a heart !
 To many a bearer of sorrow ;
 It shall go like the wild and wandering air,
 For life and its changes are impressed there.

July 20, 1845.

Weekly Dispatch.

HE that in the world would rise
 Must take the *news* and *advertise* !

SONG.

FOR THE CLOSING OF AN ANNIVERSARY MEETING.

SIT still, my brave boys, why thus early depart,
 When the evening is passing so merrily ;
 No guile should be found in a *typograph's* heart,
 We're met to enjoy life, let's live cheerily :
 Travel all o'er Britannia's fairy land,
 We are *teaching* the rich, and *helping* the poor ;
 Like true sons of Freedom's patriotic band,
 We welcome old friends with bright smiles at our door.

Nay, stir not so soon, on an eve such as this,
 The joys of the world now thickly surround us ;
 We're dwelling already in regions of bliss,
 See ye not, the smiling faces around us !
 Remember we're *types*, and in unity *bound*,
 We ought to love and to comfort each other ;
 " May the sons of the *Press*, in England be found,
 Ever ready to assist a poor brother !"

Nottingham, 1833.

JAMES WILCOCKSON.

THE LONDON BOOKSELLERS ;

OR, "WHAT'S IN A NAME?"

LONG hail to Longman and his longer Co.,*
 Pride of our city's Paternoster Row ! †
 Thy trade forego in novel trash romantic,
 And treat the world to something more gigantic.

* "Of Longman, Hurst, Rees, Orme, & Brown,
 Our fathers of the Row !" Sir Walter Scott.

Thomas Longman, founder of the firm, died June 18th, 1755.

† Paternoster Row—now the greatest book mart in the world—did not begin to assume any consequence till the booksellers deserted Little Britain, in the reign of queen Anne. The south-west end, before that period, was more noted for mercers, lacemen, haberdashers, and similar trades, and a periodical newspaper, in 1707, adds to this list, "the sempstresses of Paternoster-row." One instance, however, of a bookseller living there, occurs much earlier, namely, in 1564, when Henry Denham, bookseller, lived at the *Star*, in Paternoster-row, with the Latin motto—" *Os homini sublime dedit.*"

Let Underwood all essays sell on *trees*,
 On *shrubs*, or growth of *brushwood*, if he please ;
 All works on *brewing* leave to Mr. Porter ;
 To Boosey, *temperance* for his firm supporter.

Leave to friend Bull all works on *horned cattle*,
 While Reid will teach the youthful mind to *prattle* :
 Give Bohn *anatomy* ; give Mason *sculpture* ;
 Gardiner's *engrafted* upon *horticulture*.

For valuation tables on the price of land
 Why should we seek ? since Byfield is at hand ;
 For works on draining either bog or fen,
 In Marsh and Moore we have a choice of men.

Give Sherwood tales of merry men, who stood,
 Firm to their robbing, around *Robin Hood*.
 Ogle take *optics*—Miller, works on *grain*—
 Ridgway, on *railroads*—*surgery* with Payne.

Hail, Pic-a-dilly, Hatchard, thy vocation
 Should be prolific, for 'tis *incubation* ;
 Thy pious care brought Egley into note,
 And still on Gosling some folks say you dote.

But to my plan. To make the dull ones plod-well,
 Books for the use of *schools* give Mr. Rodwell ;
 And works on *painting* should you ever lack,
 You need but brush to either Grey or Black.

From Cowie works on *vaccination* fetch—
Pedestrian tours from Walker or from Stretch ;
 And if in search of *wonders* you should range,
 Where can you seek them better than from Strange ?

The suffering climbing-boys our pity claim—
 To aid their interests, Suttaby I'd name ;
 And as they're oft of *churchyard terrors* slaves,
 Print works to cure them, O, Moon, Boys, and Graves !

For plans of bridges, Arch would be the best ;
 For stairs and steps on Banister I'd rest ;
 All that relates to church or chapel holy,
 I vote that such be Elder's business solely.

Sustenance on *diet* surely ought to treat ;
 Joy gives us *human happiness* complete ;
 Tilt will all works on *tournament* enhance ;
 The law—Oh ! that of course I leave to Chance.

Priestley and Chappel may divide *theology*,
 Hookman and Roach the angling and *ichthyology* ;
 And for *phrenology*, what need of rumpus,
 One for his *nob* will do—so take it, Bumpus !

1833.

Comic Offering.

I CANNOT GET A PUBLISHER.

I CANNOT get a publisher, my case is very hard,
 I've struggled long to gain the name of novelist or bard ;
 I've six Romances *cut and dry*, of epics I have more,
 I've written ballads by the yard, and sonnets by the score :
 One morn I penn'd a tragedy, a bloody tale of woe,
 It breath'd of daggers, fire, and death, with four mad scenes or
 I read it to a manager from curtain's rise to fall, [so ;
 He bade me cut it to a farce—the cruelest *cut* of all.

I cannot get a publisher !—they say the press is free—
 Alas ! the *freedom of the press* no freedom brings to me.
 A slave to dactyles, anapæsts, iambics, and spondees,
 The “well of English undefiled” I've drained ev'n to the lees ;—
 I try to break my chain and dive in learning's deepest mines,
 And yet, in place of getting free, I'm caught in my *own lines* ;
 My prose, in periods rounded smooth, and turned with nicest
 care,

Will soon a *period* put to me, or plunge me in despair ;
 My syntax is admired by all—keep talent out of view—
 But I cannot get a publisher ! so what am I to do ?

They talk of patrons in the "trade," to which I quite agree,
 But when I call on one or all, they will not *trade* with me.
 I wrote to COLBURN, hoping he would hand me up to fame,
 And waited on the tenter-hooks till out the MONTHLY came;
 But not a line or scrap of mine could I find printed there,
 Save "To 'O.O.' we say *oh! oh!*" which drove me to despair!
 Then MURRAY of Albermarle Street, to him I bent my way—
 He said his hands were filled by all the first pens of the day:
 Pshaw! 'tis too bad—were I shown up in Quarterly Review,
 How does he know but I might rank a first-rate writer too!
 E'en LONGMAN has turned short with me, and CADELL scarce
 can bow:

MACRONE, he was a *crony* once—he's not a *crony* now!
 They're all alike; SIMPKIN & Co. looked o'er some lines of
 mine,

And now they send a line to say—*they are not in that line.*
 I wrote to Dublin, but I've got no answer to my prayer,
 Although I wished most anxiously to CURRY *favour* there.
 I thought the *Modern Athens* might afford some chance for me,
 So, charged with trunk, *high pressure* crammed, I thither hied
 with glee;

But there the same sad want of taste I found even to the full,
 They said my grave works were too light, my light works far
 too dull.

BLACKWOOD at once did *black-ball* me, and TAIT—'twas silly
 spite—

Showed me a snuff-shop where they'd buy as much as I could
 write.

Then OLIVER I thought would take my tale, "Roland the
 True;"

But a "*Roland for an Oliver*" I found here would not do.

The CHAMBERSES their chambers keep when'er on them I call,
 And BRADFUTE quickly makes light foot between me and
 the wall;

And he who talked of "types" and "tomes" has also turned
 my foe—

Ye're no sae kind's you should hae been, JOHN ANDERSON
 my joe!

I cannot get a publisher! and what is to be done?
 My Perryian pen will pen no more, my inky stream is run—
 Go, get a goose-quill! sink expense! come wind, blow rack
 or rain,
 Big with a summer tragedy, I'll try the field again!

ROBERT GILFILLAN.

ON A READY WRITER.

JEM writes his verses with more speed
 Than the printer's boy can set 'em,
 Quite as fast as we can read,
 And only not so fast as we forget 'em.

THE PRINTER'S HOUR OF PEACE.

KNOW ye the *Printer's* hour of peace?
 Know ye an hour more fraught with joy,
 Than ever felt the maid of Greece,
 When kiss'd by Venus' am'rous boy?

'Tis not when round the mazy *case*,
 His nimble fingers kiss the *types*;
 Nor is it when with lengthen'd face
 The sturdy *devil's tail* he gripes:

'Tis not when *news* of dreadful note
 His *columns* all with *minion* fill;
 'Tis not when brother printers quote
 Th' effusions of his stump-worn quill.

'Tis not when all his work is done,
 Tir'd and fatigued as any dog;
 And heedless of his coming *dun*,
 Grows merry o'er a glass of grog.

'Tis not when in *Miss Fancy's* glass
 Long *advertisement* meets his eye,—
 And seem to whisper as they pass,
 “ We'll grace your columns *by and by.*”

Nor is it when with numerous *names*
 His lengthen'd roll of vellum swells—
 As if 'twere touch'd by conj'ror's wand,
 Or grew by fairy's magic spells.

No—reader, no—the Printer's hour,
 His hour of sweet *real* repose,
 Is not when by some magic power
 His list of patrons daily grows ;—

But, oh ! 'tis when the weather's clear,
 Or clad in hail, or rain, or vapour,
 He hears in accents soft and dear,—
 “ I've come to PAY you for the PAPER !”
Nottingham Mercury.

THE PRESS.

AGES remote by thee, VOLITION, taught,
 Chain'd down in characters the winged thought ;
 With silent language mark'd the letter'd ground,
 And gave to sight the evanescent sound.
 Now, happier lot ! enlighten'd realms possess
 The learned labours of the immortal *Press* ;
 Nursed on whose lap the birth of science thrives
 And rising arts the wreck of time survives.

Ye patriot heroes ! in the glorious cause
 Of Justice, Mercy, Liberty, and Laws,
 Who call to Virtue's shrine the British youth,
 And shake the senate with the voice of truth ;
 Rouse the dull ear, the hoodwink'd eye unbind,
 And give to energy the public mind ;

While rival realms with blood unsated wage
 Wide wasting war with fell demoniac rage ;
 In every clime while army army meets,
 And oceans groan beneath contending fleets ;
 Oh save, oh save, in this eventful hour,
 The tree of knowledge from the axe of power !
 With fostering peace the suffering nations bless,
 And guard the freedom of the immortal *Press* ;
 So shall your deathless fame from age to age
 Survive recorded in the historic page ;
 And future bards with voice inspired prolong
 Your sacred names immortalized in song.

Derby, 1802.

DR. DARWIN.

THE PAPER.

TO OUR COUNTRY COUSINS.

IN gown and slippers loosely drest,
 And breakfast brought, a welcome guest,
 What is it gives the meal a zest ?

The Paper.

When new-laid eggs the table grace,
 And smoking rolls are in their place,
 Say what enlivens every face ?

The Paper.

In vain the urn is hissing hot,
 In vain rich Hyson stores the pot,
 If the vile newsman has forgot

The Paper.

What is't can draw the vicar's eye
 E'en from the tithe pig smoking by,
 To mark some vacant rectory ?

The Paper.

What is't attracts the optic powers
Of ensign gay, when fortune showers
Down prospects of "a step" in "ours?"

The Paper.

What is't can make the man of law
Neglect the deed or plea, to draw
Ca. Sa.—Fi. Fa.—Indictment, Flaw?

The Paper.

What is't can soothe his client's woe,
And make him quite forget John Doe,
Nor think on Mister Richard Roe?

The Paper.

What is't absorbs the wealthy cit,
The half-pay sub, the fool, the wit,
The toothless aunt, the forward chit?

The Paper.

What is't informs the country round
What's stolen or stray'd, what's lost or found;
Who's born, and who's put under ground?

The Paper.

What tells you all that's done and said,
The fall of beer and rise of bread,
And what fair lady's brought to bed?

The Paper.

What is it tells of plays and balls,
Almack's, and gas-lights, and St. Paul's,
And gamblers caught by Mr. Halls?

The Paper.

What is't narrates full many a story
Of Mr. Speaker, Whig, and Tory,
And heroes all agog for glory?

The Paper.

What speaks of thieves, and purses taken,
 And murders done, and maids forsaken,
 And average price of Wiltshire bacon ?

The Paper.

Abroad, at home, infirm, or stout
 In health, or raving with the gout,
 Who possibly can do without

The Paper ?

Its worth and merits then revere,
 And since to-day begins the year,
 Forget not 'midst your Christmas cheer,
 Nor think you ere can buy too dear,

The Paper.

THE PRESS.

Air.—"The Oak."

A SONG for the Press—the mighty Press,
 Who hath battled for freedom long !
 Here 's glory and fame to his magic name,
 That scatt'reth the powers of wrong.
 There 's fear in his frown when the monarch's crown
 Is reared o'er the people and laws,
 And he showeth his might in the grandeur of right,
 And aideth the nation's cause.
 Then here 's to the Press—the mighty Press,
 Who stands in his pride alone,
 And long flourish he, the pride of the free,
 When a thousand years are gone.

In the days of old, when Priestcraft bold,
 With tyranny held the sway,
 Men crouched at their feet, on their blood-stained seat,
 Like creatures of coarser clay ;

Now, where are they, and the minds that lay
 In ignorance or in chains?
 They are gone—they are fled—and the Press in their stead,
 With freedom and justice reigns.
 Then here 's to the Press—the mighty Press,
 Who stands in his pride alone,
 And long flourish he, the pride of the free,
 When a thousand years are gone.

Hurrah! for the time, when every clime,
 The Press shall illumine and cheer;
 When freed from thrall, Peace over all
 Her radiant bow shall rear.
 His righteous sway, let the world obey,
 For the champion of Truth is he;
 And his power shall extend, till the uttermost end,
 Of the earth shall her empire be.
 Then here 's to the Press—the mighty Press,
 Who stands in his pride alone,
 And long flourish he, the triumphant and free,
 When a thousand years are gone.

Sheffield, 1839.

D W.

THE APPRENTICE OUT OF HIS TIME.

'Tis twelve o'clock—and now, with loud acclaim
 Lo! the freed 'prentice issues from his frame.
 His seven years' servitude at length is o'er;
 His *buried* wife can harass him no more.
 At him as slippers fly from ev'ry hand,
 He also flies—'twere dangerous to stand!—
 And, as he marks from whence those gifts are thrown,
 He runs around or bobs behind the *stone*.
 Nor slippers only—in the hot pursuit
 One *free* translator delegates a boot,
 T' express with *force*, in its peculiar way,
 Congratulation on this happy day.

The youth, perplex'd—hemm'd in on ev'ry side—
 Seeks for a shield, and snatches—a *broadside* !
 Alas ! the riot robs him of his sense :
 How can a sheet of paper yield defence ?—
 Now comes *the wash*—the *cross* attacks the *chase*,
 While mallets beat the boards in many a place,
 And quoin-draw'rs play confusion's double-bass.
 At length, exhausted with their *strains*, the band
 Forego their labours, and quiescent stand—
 When forth steps one, who bears above his brains
 A vessel to receive their hard-earn'd gains.
 The hint is ta'en—the new-loos'd 'prentice *stands*
 A *crown*—and drops of brandy cheer all hands.
 He drinks their health—and then, with air polite,
 Invites them all to *bon souper* at night.

GEORGE BRIMMER.

THE ENGLISH PRESS.*

THAT mighty lever that has moved the world,
 The Press of England,—from her deadless source'
 Of living action, here begins to shake
 The far-off isles, and awe the utmost globe !
 She is a passion, pour'd into mankind,
 Dark, deep, and silent oft, but ever felt ;
 Mixed with the mind, and feeding with a food
 Of thought, the moral being of a soul ;
 Or, shaping solemn destinies for Time,
 And dread Eternity. Terrific power !
 Thou might'st have half-annihilated Hell,
 And her great denizens, by glorious sway ;
 But now, so false, so abject, and so foul
 Become,—no blasting Pestilence e'er shed
 Such ruin from her tainted wings, as thou
 May'st carry in thy circulating floods

* The author's severe animadversions can only apply to a *portion*.

Of thought and feeling, into human hearts.
 One wrecks the body,—thou dost havoc souls,
 And who shall heal them? Let thy temples rise,
 Britannia!—they are but satiric piles
 Of sanctity, while poison in thy press
 Is pour'd, and on its lying magic live
 Thy thousand vulgar, who heart-famish'd seem,
 When Slander feeds not with her foul excess
 Their appetite for infamy.—The sun
 Not surer, where his hot intenseness falls,
 The spirit of his burning nature proves,
 Than masses of pollution, roll'd from day
 To day, across an Empire's heart, awake
 A tinge of sentiment and hue of thought
 In many, till they act the crimes they read.

REV. ROBERT MONTGOMERY.*

SONG.

Air.—"Rule Britannia."

WHEN Printing first at Heav'n's command,
 Dawned on man with cheering smile;
 Our art was brought by Caxton's hand,
 And soon gave freedom to this Isle,

CHORUS.

Rule, the Press, the Press shall rule the world,
 Where freedom's banners are unfurl'd.

A night of darkness long had spread
 Its direful empire o'er the earth;
 The *Press* shone forth—the mist soon fled,
 And gave to truth and virtue birth.

Rule, the Press, &c.

* Author of "*Satan*," "*Luther*," &c.; now incumbent of Percy Chapel, Charlotte Street, Fitzroy Square, London.

Before the *Press* shall error fall !
 And like the sun's meridian ray,
 The arts, and science at its call,
 Wide o'er the world shall bear their sway.
 Rule, the Press, &c.

A fount of knowledge is the *Press*,
 And all just men its claims uphold ;
 On bigots only would it stress,
 Their crimes and treasons to unfold.
 Rule, the Press, &c.

Should any despot be inclin'd,
 To turn against his people's groan,
 The *Press* shall with them be combin'd
 To hurl the tyrant from his throne.
 Rule, the Press, &c.
 C. H. TIMPERLEY.

THE PRINTER'S DEVIL'S WORK.

SUGGESTED BY "THE DEVIL'S WALK."

To Printing-house Square, at close of day,
 The young Printer's Devil is bound
 To set up the Paper that *circulates* most,
 Or the Paper that most *turns round*.

And over the leader, and over the news
 He skimm'd, and over the speeches :
 And the lines in the leader stood wide apart,
 Like W——l's waistcoat and breeches.

And pray, what did the Devil do ?
 Oh ! he was expert at the art ;
 And first, just to keep his hand in play,
 In a "Horrible Murder" took part.

But the Devil he very soon finish'd the job,
 And came to a regular stand;
 When, for the want of some better employment
 In a "Robbery" he had a hand.

He set up a joke by W——l;
 But thinking it couldn't be meant,
 The Devil smil'd; for he headed it
 "A serious Accident."

A speech of the Marquis of L.'s came next,
 But it was beyond endurance;
 So the Devil took pity, and headed it
 "A Melancholy Occurrence."

But then the young Devil bethought himself,—
 He might in an error fall;
 For a speech such as that, he clearly saw,
 Requir'd no *head* at all.

He then had a speech of H—t's to do,
 Where, *mirabile dictu!* a word or
 Two of his Latin Mr. H. recollected;
 And he called that a "Horrible Murder."

A joke too, by C——r, came into his hands,
 But it was too witty a brevity
 To be C——r's own; so he headed it
 "Extraordinary Longevity."

However, he thought at a heading like that,
 Some persons might kick up a bobbery;
 And, as the joke was a decided Joe Miller,
 He called it a "Daring Robbery."

He set up a leading article, on
 The advantage 'twould be to the nation—
 If Lord Grey would but make a new batch of peers—
 Which he called "Beauties of the Creation."

A speech on Reform too by W——l he did ;—
 So full of disjointed inelegance,
 And so far from the purpose, he headed it
 With the title of “ Foreign Intelligence.”

The debate on Pluralities next he compos'd ;
 But, finding the incomes so large
 And the duty so little, he headed it
 “ Extraordinary Charge.”

An extract from Satan Montgomery's poems
 Is the next thing the Devil commences ;
 But he sees that it's humbug, and, when it's composed,
 He puts it among the “ Offences.”

A speech of St. P——l was his next job ;
 But it was too much for the elf,
 And he was unable to set up the speech ;
 For he couldn't set up himself.

So into a corner the Devil sneaks.
 O'ercome by so prosy a sample,—
 Composes himself, and leaves the *Times*
 To follow his example.

Comic Magazine.

SONG.

THERE lives not in all Britain's Isle
 A maid whose beauties tell,
 With half such magic worth as thine—
 My own dear *Nonpareil*.

The fairest *type* of womankind
 A mortal's eye could see ;
 And sure no printer ever *press'd*
 A fairer *proof* than thee.

Thy *form* is perfectly *arrang'd*,
 And bright is thy black eye ;
 Thy brow is pure and beautiful,
 As a *sheet of wove demy*.

Could I *compose* thy meed of praise,
 (But I'm a sorry rhymer,)
 I'd say, my love, thou'rt fairer than
 A *page set in long primer*.

Oh, yes ! *corrected* from all faults,
 Thou seemest to mine eyes,
 More pure and spotless than a *proof*
 After a *third revise* !

Nottingham.

W. H. BAKER.

AN ODE.

Tune.—"Marseillois Hymn."

O'ER regal domes, renown'd in story,
 The trinal banner proudly waves ;
 And France resumes the march of glory—
 Her gallant sons no longer slaves.
 With tyrants vainly had they pleaded ;
 But when the *Press* in thunder spoke,
 It burst their chains with lightning-stroke,
 And peace and liberty succeeded.

Then swell the choral strains,
 To hail the blest decree ;
 Rejoice ! rejoice ! the *Press* shall reign,
 And all the world be free.

All hail, renown'd chivalric nation !
 Land of the olive and the vine ;
 Inspired with kindred emulation,
 Our bosoms glow with joy like thine

Columbia's grateful sons can never
 Forget that in her darkest hour
 She owed to Gallic arm the power,
 To disenthral her *Press* for ever.
 Then swell the choral strains.

The day which saw the sceptre shivered,
 And hailed Columbia truly free,
 From every hireling foe delivered,
 We consecrate to joy and thee.
 Powerless are thy tyrants—Liberty,
 And a *free Press*, the beacon light
 That bursts upon oppression's night,
 Has spread eternal glory o'er thee.
 Then swell the choral strains.

Thy charter'd rights, with lawless daring,
 Beneath oppressors' feet were trod ;
 'Till startled despots heard, despairing,
 The people's voice, the voice of God !
 Their sovereign will was loudly spoken—
 The *Press* proclaimed it to the world—
 'Till Freedom's ensign wav'd unfurled,
 And Gallia's galling chains were broken.
 Then swell the choral strains,

Thy gallant band of youthful heroes,
 Roused by their bleeding country's prayers,
 Undaunted hurled on ruthless Neroes
 The vengeance due to crimes like theirs.
 Too late they see their fatal error—
 Their hireling guards by thousands fall—
 The *Press* resigns its *types* for ball,
 And despots fly the scene in terror.
 Then swell the choral strains.

Their deeds shall live in deathless story,
 And song preserve their chaplets green ;
 Yet still the brightest rays of glory
 Circle one godlike brow serene ;

'Tis his, whose youthful valour aided
 Columbia's cause, when hostile bands
 Were laying waste her fairest lands,
 And all her blooming hopes had faded.
 Then swell the choral strains.

Immortal Lafayette, we hail thee—
 The friend of equal rights on earth ;
 Though servile tools of Kings assail thee,
 Columbia knows and owns thy worth.
 Thou first of heroes, best of sages,
 The glorious chaplet thou hast won,
 Disciple of our Washington,
 Shall bloom like his for endless ages.
 Then swell the choral strains.

New York.

SAMUEL WOODWORTH.

SONG.

Tune.—"Hearts of Oak."

COME aid me, kind friends, in a just noble cause.
 Who succour the needy by Charity's laws ;—
 Of you then I'll sing, and such hearts I caress,
 As maintain and defend the true rights of "*The Press.*"

Hearty cheers now resound o'er a brim-flowing bowl ;
 Your glasses fill ready,
 Steady, boys, steady—
 Our toast—"May the *Press* ever Tyrants control."

The *gods*, nine in number, assist in the plan,
 And through them we drink from the full jovial can ;
 Could fam'd CANTON of yore but our *Union* espy,
 He would drain, like ourselves, the goblet quite dry.
 Hearty cheers now resound, &c.

When our *copy* is out, 'tis a signal to go,—
Short of sorts, when on tramp, is a *bad case*, you know ;

Then *lay up*, my lads, and your *quoins* will be found
A treasure, *unlock'd*, in life's changeable round.

Hearty cheers now resound, &c.

While regaling this day on the choicest of fare,
Strong emotions are felt for the *tramp* in despair ;
To relieve him our pride, then our funds we renew—
His may be the course we are doom'd to pursue.

Hearty cheers now resound, &c.

Three cheers to those *members*, whose names grace the list,
Who join with their workmen the cause to assist ;
May trade give its impulse, three-fold through the town,
To such as ne'er look on the *tramp* with a frown.

Hearty cheers now resound, &c.

Nottingham, June, 1829.

J. THOMPSON.

THE BOOKSELLERS' SONG. *

Air—"Liberty Hall."

Brother booksellers, stationers, copyright-holders !
Typographers royal ! RARE binders and folders !
This true social meeting I beg to compare
To the GREAT BOOK OF LIFE, where we all have a share.

'Tis a mighty good thing, and a test of good feeling,
To meet and discourse of the goods that we deal in ;
And sure none can boast of more dignified gains,
For we live by the furnishing other men's brains.

* Written for the Booksellers' Annual Festival, held at Blackwall, June 13, 1840, R. Spottiswoode, Esq., in the chair. This may be considered the first song written for that interesting occasion.

On the 16th of December, 1836, the Booksellers' Provident Institution was established, for the mutual assistance and support of decayed booksellers and booksellers' assistants, being members, and of their widows ; Cosmo Orme, Chairman : and on the 3d of September, 1845, the foundation stone of their Provident Retreat, at Abbot's Langley, Hertfordshire, was laid by the Right Hon. Earl of Clarendon, upon ground given by John Dickinson, Esq., paper manufacturer, of London.

To "Time's storehouse" itself, when the public would go,
 The *index* of Fame points at once to the "*Row!*"
 A fact that speaks *volumes!* since there are unfurl'd
 All the learning, and science, and wit in this world!

How few can conceive the magnificent scenes,
 Beheld in that *dépôt* of grand magazines;
 For 'tis no idle prate or assertion to say,
 A review's quite a fool to a *magazine day*.

Yet serene 'midst the battle, that rages by fits,
 Sword-cutlers as 'twere to the army of wits!
 We say to the *Public* 'tis time to look round,
 When you all bring your intellects here to be ground.

If your study be Man, we present the "Whole Duty;"
 If Woman's the theme, then 'tis "Heath's Book of Beauty;"
 Would the lawyer seek chaff, or the farmer good crops,
 They all throng alike to the booksellers' shops.

Thither hies the poor bard, growing thinner and thinner,
 Who can't scratch up thought to procure him a dinner!
 He starts a rich quarry, (none happens to know it,)
 And bursts out at once an *original poet!*

Yet the public are told that we're "shockingly hard,"
 And thrive but by starving the poor "luckless" bard,
 Though we sell "Mines of Thought" for odd shillings,
 and (zounds)
Buy 'em back the next day for as many score pounds!

Some want cures for the gout, for the dropsy, or phthisies,
 E'en doctors themselves will hunt up metaphysics;
 To botanical students we make it appear
 We've an "Annual" for more than each month in the year.

We've theology, history, novels, and tales,
 But I won't say which knocks down the best at trade-sales!
 Though 'tis still far from *rare* that the muse cuts a caper,
 Turning *realms of romance* into *reams of waste paper*.

People want some good book e'en to tap a good barrel !
 They can't go to law and maintain a good quarrel,
 You can't make it up, and the small bill discharge,
 Except by consulting the " Statutes at large."

Now to crown our success, may the public cry "bravo !"
 Whatever we print, either twelves or octavo !
 While true to our *Post*, we're for ever the sort O !
 To drink Queen and Prince in a right "royal quart-O."
 J. MAJOR.*

SONG—THE BOOKSELLERS' BANQUET.†

Grave vendors of volumes, best friends of the Nine,
 Give ear to my song as to charm you I try ;
 Other bards may in vain look for audience like mine,
 For the muses they chant, for the booksellers I.
 Their notes I have drawn, so 'tis nothing but fair
 That my notes should be drawn, if they please, at a beck ;
 Undaunted I warble—I truly declare
 My song is most valued when met by a *cheque*.

The work we've just finished went off very well ;
 It was set out with *plates*, such as Finden or Heath,
 If ev'n their professional feelings rebel,
 Must praise on account (not in spite) of their teeth.
 Though by Fraser‡ cut up, and by Murray reviewed,
 Lovegrove's articles all fit insertion have found.
 We have cleared off our boards, but as business is good,
 We keep wetted for use, and for pleasure unbound.

* Mr. John Major, formerly of Fleet Street, who now favours me with the following two lines to substitute at the beginning, for any convivial meeting of "The Trade :"

" Brother Booksellers—never mind whence you proceed,
 From the banks of the *Shannon*, the *Thames*, or the *Tweed* !

† Sung at the Booksellers' Annual Dinner, Blackwall, June 7, 1842.

‡ Mr. James Fraser, bookseller, publisher, and proprietor of the well-known magazine which goes by his name, died October 2d, 1841.

But here not for pleasure alone are we stored
 Like holiday tomes in our gilding so bright ;
 Some care 'tis our duty and wish to afford
 In the moment of need to a less lucky wight,
 Whose title is lost, and whose covers are torn, [surround,
 When the moth has gnawed through, dust or cobwebs
 And to lift on the shelf our poor brother forlorn,
 As a much damaged old folio treasured by Lowndes.
[down,
 Though his back stock of life may perchance weigh him
 By our aid may the old heavy pressure be moved,
 And new-titled we start him again on the town,
 As a second edition revised and improved.
 And for dealings like this a commission will find,
 And that of a date that the primest is given,
 The commission is—Strive to do good to mankind,
 And the place of its date is no other than Heaven.

I won't keep the press waiting—my copy is gone,
 Having finished a lay which Bob Fisher,* perhaps,
 May out of the head of old Caxton call one,
 If not of his *Drawing*, yet *Dining-room Scraps* ;
 But as we all still think of Tom Talfourd's bill,
 After sixty years' date, I respectfully beg,
 As a knight of the quill, here to offer for *nil*,
 My right in this song as a present to Tegg.

DR. MAGINN.†

ON PRINTING.‡

Horses and asses, flies and devils do
 Their labour in the printing art bestow ;
 No wonder, thence such loads of lumber rise
 Dulness and maggots, calumny and lies.

* Robert Fisher, Esq., publisher, of the Caxton Printing Office.

† William Maginn, LL.D., so well known in the world of literature and politics, died at Walton-upon-Thames, August 20, 1842, in the 49th year of his age.

‡ Prize Epigram. *Gentleman's Magazine*, April, 1735.

TO MR. MURRAY.*

STRAHAN, Tonson, Lintot of the times,
 Patron and publisher of rhymes,
 For thee the bard of Pindus climes,
My Murray.

To thee with hope and terror dumb,
 The unfledged MS. authors come ;
 Thou printest all, and sellest some,
My Murray.

Upon thy table's baize so green,
 The last new *Quarterly* is seen—
 But where is thy new magazine,
My Murray?

Along thy sprucest bookshelves shine
 The works thou deemest most divine—
 The "Art of Cookery," and mine,
My Murray.

Tours, travels, essays, too, I wist,
 And sermons to thy mill bring grist,
 And then thou hast the "Navy List,"
My Murray.

And Heaven forbid I should conclude
 Without "the Board of Longitude,"
 Although this narrow paper would,
My Murray.

Venice, March 25, 1818.

BYRON.†

* John Murray, the eminent bookseller and publisher of Albermarle Street, London, was born Nov. 22d, 1778, and died June 27, 1843. He paid to Lord Byron the sum of £23,540 for the copyright of his principal poems, thus acting with a degree of liberality previously unknown in the history of literature. See Murray's edition of the works of Lord Byron, 8vo.

† George Gordon Byron, lord Byron, whose name is imperishably connected with the literature of his native land, was born in London, Jan. 22d, 1788; married Jan. 3d, 1815; and died April 19th, 1824. His first work, *Hours of Idleness*, was published in 1807; and his last, *The Island*, and cantos of *Don Juan*, 1823.

BOOKS.

BUT what strange arts, what magic can dispose,
 The troubled mind to change its native woes?
 Or lead us willing from ourselves, to see
 Others more wretched, more undone than we?
 This books can do—nor this alone! they give
 New views to life, and teach us how to live;
 They soothe the griev'd, the stubborn they chastise,
 Fools they admonish, and confirm the wise.
 Their aid they yield to all; they never shun
 The man of sorrow, nor the wretch undone:
 Unlike the hard, the selfish, and the proud,
 They fly not sullen from the suppliant crowd:
 Nor tell to various people various things,
 But show to subjects what they show to kings.

The Library.

CRABBE.

 T O H I S B O O K,

ASCRIBED TO HORACE.

OH! thou my first delight, immortal page,
 Child of my soul, ah! how shalt thou repay
 My fond regards, and bless the future age,
 If yet unseen thy latent charms decay?

Does critic Rome thy cautious breast control?
 Dismiss thy fears; the shafts of envy dare;
 Go forth, unanxious; and from pole to pole,
 Swift as the winds, thy master's glory bear.

See where the red right hand of thundering Jove
 Hurls the fierce furies to the shades below!
 He be invoked, the first of gods above,
 And in our strains, his praise perennial flow.

Annual Register, 1793.

ON THE DESTRUCTION OF BOOKS.

SCIENCE now dreads on books no holy war ;
 Thus multiply'd, and thus dispers'd so far,
 She smiles exulting, doom'd no more to dwell,
 'Midst moths and cobwebs, in a friar's cell :
 To see her Livy, and most favour'd sons,
 The prey of worms and popes, of Goths and Huns ;
 To mourn, half-eaten Tacitus, thy fate,
 The dread of lawless sway, and craft of state,
 Her bold *machine* redeems the patriot's fame
 From royal malice, and the bigot's flame ;
 To bounded thrones displays the legal plan,
 And vindicates the dignity of man.
 Tyrants and time, in her, lose half their pow'r,—
 And Reason shall subsist, tho' both devour.
 Her sov'reign empire, Britons, O ! maintain
 While demons yell, and monks blaspheme in vain.

 ERRORS OF THE PRESS.

'Tis dreadful to think what provoking mistakes
 The vile country press in one's prosody makes.
 For you know, dear—I may, without vanity hint—
 Though an angel should write, still 'tis *devils* must print ;
 And you can't think what havoc these demons sometimes
 Choose to make of one's sense, and, what 's worse, of one's
 But a week or two since, in my Ode upon Spring, [rhymes.
 Which I meant to have made a most beautiful thing,
 Where I talked of the "dewdrops from freshly blown roses,"
 The nasty things made it—from "*fleshy brown noses !*"
 And once when, to please my cross aunt, I had tried
 To commem'rate some saint of her *clique* who 'd just died,
 Having said he had taken up in heaven his position,
 They made it—he 'd taken up to heaven his *physician*.

Fudges in England.

THOMAS MOORE.

SONG.*

WHEN liberty first sought a home on the earth,
 No altar the goddess could find,
 Till art's greatest triumph to printing gave birth,
 And her temple she reared in the mind.
 The phantoms of ignorance shrunk from her sight,
 And tyranny's visage grew wan ;
 As wildly he traced, in the Volume of Light,
 The pledge of redemption to man !

All hail the return of the glorious day,
 When freedom her banner unfurled—
 And sprung from the Press the Promethean ray
 That dawned on a slumbering world ;
 When Science, exulting in freedom and might,
 Unveiled to the nations her eye,
 And waved from her tresses, refulgent in light,
 A glory that never can die.

The mighty Enchanter, whose magical key
 Unlocked all the fountains of mind,
 The thoughts of the mighty in triumph set free,
 In cloistered confusion confined ;
 The lay of the Poet, the lore of the Sage,
 Burst forth from obscurity's gloom,
 And started to life, in the wonderful page,
 The glories of Greece and of Rome.

Great ark of our freedom ! the Press we adore—
 Our glory and power are in thee ;
 A voice thou hast wafted to earth's farthest shore—
 The shout of the great and the free.

* The printers of Edinburgh celebrated the fourth centenary of the invention of the art of printing by a social entertainment in the theatre royal, July 12, 1837, the late Thomas Campbell, Esq., in the chair. This song was written for the occasion by Alexander Smart, printer, author of *Rambling Rhymes, &c.*, and was sung by Mr. Heatley, printer.

The slave's galling fetters are burst by thy might,
 The empire of reason is thine ;
 And nations rejoice in the glorious light,
 Which flows from a fountain divine.

SONG.

THE PEN AND THE PRESS.

YOUNG Genius walked out by the mountains and streams,
 Entranced by the power of his own pleasant dreams,
 Till the silent and wayward and wandering thing
 Found a plume that had fall'n from a passing bird's wing :
 Exulting and proud, like a boy at his play,
 He bore the new prize to his dwelling away ;
 He gazed for awhile on its beauties, and then
 He cut it, and shaped it, and call'd it a Pen.

But its magical use he discover'd not yet,
 Till he dipped its bright lips in a fountain of jet ;
 And, oh, what a glorious thing it became,
 For it spoke to the world in a language of flame ;
 While its master wrote on like a being inspired,
 Till the hearts of the millions were melted or fired :
 It came as a boon and a blessing to men,
 The peaceful, the pure, the victorious Pen !

Young Genius went forth on his rambles once more,
 The vast, sunless caverns of earth to explore ;
 He searched the rude rock, and with rapture he found
 A substance unknown, which he brought from the ground ;
 He fused it with fire, and rejoiced in the change,
 As he moulded the ore into characters strange,
 Till his thoughts and his efforts were crown'd with success,
 For an engine uprose, and he call'd it a Press.

The Pen and the Press, blest alliance ! combined
 To soften the heart and enlighten the mind :

For that to the treasures of Knowledge gave birth,
 And this sent them forth to the ends of the earth;
 Their battles for truth were triumphant indeed,
 And the rod of the tyrant was snapped like a reed;
 They were made to exalt us, to teach us to bless
 Those invincible brothers—the Pen and the Press.

J. C. PRINCE.*

SONG—WANTED AN EDITOR.

Air.—"Wanted a Governess."

WANTED AN EDITOR—burly and big,
 Clever, aud willing, and hearty.
 Neither a Radical, Tory, nor Whig,
 -But able to please every party.
 He must not be squeamish, nor over vice
 In tracing out jobs, root and fibre,
 He must loathe every sinner—and lash every vice—
 But never offend a subscriber.

MEM.—(This last is a process requiring great care,
 Since vices are plenty—subscribers more rare.)

Learned, yet practical—he must unite
 Natural talent with science,—
 These, with that which can alone keep him right,
 Judgment well worthy reliance.
 He must always be able to crack a good joke,
 And ready to tell a new story—
 Know all the authorities, Camden and Coke,
 The Stud Book—and Sir Peter Laurie.

MEM.—(He may have what he likes IN his head! but beware!
 The latter authority don't like long hair!)

* John Critchley Prince, author of "Hours with the Muses," and other Poems, who may justly rank as a *prince* amongst poets, was born at Wigan, June 21, 1808. In the exercise of his poetical talents, Mr. Prince has found much to sweeten a hard but common lot. He resides at Ashton-under-Lyne, where he is employed in the humble capacity of a journeyman reed-maker.

He must know all the turns of the Turf, and the tricks
 Which folks would involve in such myst'ry ;
 If a horse should be poisoned, be able to fix
 On the rogue,—and relate the whole hist'ry.
 He must watch every dodge and deceit in the odds,
 By discerning 'twixt better and hedger ;
 He must mark all the winks, and the nudges, and nods,
 And PROPHECY Derby and Leger.

MEM.—(This last is a matter of lucky fortuity,
 Which, when you are "out," merely wants ingenuity.)

And now as to terms. We already have shown
 How pleasant this Editor's place is—
 He must hunt—and of course keep a horse of his own,
 Shoot—fish—and attend all the races ;—
 Thus his work is so light, yet so pleasant withal,
 From the honest fame he must inherit,—
 The Proprietors don't wish to pay him at all,
 But let his reward be—his merit.

MEM.—(Another announcement will appear by-and-by,
 Directing all candidates where to apply.)

THE NEWSPAPER EDITOR.

O! the life of an editor! who in the land
 Has affairs more important or urgent on hand?—
 He takes charge of all—on his shoulders weigh down
 The business-transactions of country and town.

He must needs be omniscient—ubiquitous, too,
 For affairs of all nations pass under his view ;—
 All the kingdoms of earth, every clime he surveys,
 Far as ocean rolls on, or the sun darts its rays.

Revolutions in empires—their rise and their fall—
 Wars, battles, and sieges—he notices all—
 Encounters by land, and engagements by sea,
 The capture of Chusan, Cabool, and Ghuzne.

You find him at court with the noble and great,
In the senate arranging the business of state,
Discussing each question, propounding some plan
For improving the social condition of man.

Statistics, and taxes, tariffs and finance,
The whole fiscal system he has at a glance ;
Protocols, consols, exchequer bills' sales—
Are as common to him as are often-told tales.

The arguments for and against a free trade,
The clamour 'gainst poor laws, the corn-law crusade,
The repeal of the union, th' existing distress,
Are the topics discussed by this man of the press.

There is nothing escapes his all-vigilant eye,
For he roams o'er the world like a bird through the sky ;
News foreign, domestic, moves on in his train—
Despatches from France, and advices from Spain.

You may go where you will, he is sure to be there,
At church and at meeting, at market and fair,
At the *soirée* and levee, the dance and the ball,
At the banquet with nobles, in palace and hall.

He is here and all o'er—noting carefully down
The slander and gossip of village and town ;—
He lives upon news, like cameleons on air—
Births, weddings, and deaths forming part of his fare.

Party struggles and politics, measures and men,
Riots, accidents, turn-outs, give scope to his pen ;
Rumour waits on his steps, ever prompt to convey
To his ears the events and the news of the day.

The phases of fashion, the freaks of the age,
Storms, shipwrecks, and earthquakes, his notice engage ;
He chronicles lawsuits, elopements, and crimes,
And tells of the weather and state of the times.

Varieties, table-talk, extracts, reviews,
 Form a parcel and part of his "daily" news ;
 All classes of readers his aim is to suit,
 And to earn for his journal the public repute.

Preston Chronicle.

E. C. B.

THE EDITOR SAT IN HIS SANCTUM.

THE editor sat in his sanctum,
 In a hopeless plight was he ;
 Fain would he fall in a thinking fit,
 For he was at the extreme of his wit,
 As to what his leader should be.

He had reap'd his brain so often,
 The soil seemed barren grown ;
 The forest of wit was fell'd to the stump,
 The flowers of fancy were gone, save a clump
 Where the seed had but lately been sown.

He fished in the river of knowledge,
 But his angling-line was short ;
 " Surely there's plenty of fish in the sea,
 But it is plain as a whale," quoth he,
 " In deeper water they're caught."

He dived to the bed of his ocean,
 Where the pearls did erst abound ;
 He raked and sifted the briny mud
 That lies below the emerald flood,
 But not an oyster he found.

" Ah ! what shall I do ?" he murmured ;
 " The devil will be here soon :
 Methinks his tones on my tympanum stir,
 ' The men are all waiting for copy, sir,
 And now it is after noon.'

“ It hath been quoted often,
 With a full meed of credit,
 The maxim wise Witherspoon spake in his day,
 ‘ Never to speak till you’ve something to say,
 And to stop when you have said it.’

“ Ah ! good advice to a parson,”
 He sadly went on to say ;
 “ But I would ask, whoever said it, or
 Hinted such a thing to a brain-tired editor,
 From his birth to his dying day ?”

He rose in his mental anguish,
 And turned the key in his door ;
 The devil soon came, and loudly did knock,
 But the editor sat still as a stock,
 And the devil then knocked the more.

The editor leaned on his patience,
 As on a cushion’d chair ;
 And he sat him down, and he rocked away,
 While fancy began in his mind to play,
 And thoughts to nestle there.

He neither swore nor cursed,
 He despised a word profane ;
 (And, verily, he who curses and swears,
 But adds to his sins and adds to his cares—
 And the vice is mean and vain.)

The devil and the editor long
 Maintained the battle and strife ;
 For the inky imp kept sturdily knocking,
 And the editor kept unconsciously rocking,
 And thinking as if for his life.

His fancies came like a morning
 In the beautiful time of May ;
 And thoughts, like the rays of light, shot out
 And tremblingly glimmer’d and twinkled about,
 Till his mind was as clear as day.

The devil was drumming and drumming
 A rat-a-tat on the door ;
 The editor cared not a whit for his thumps,
 But quietly rubb'd his ideal bumps,
 Till the flood began to pour.

Down to the tips of his fingers,
 When he caught the paper and pen,
 And beautiful things from the bodiless air
 Were call'd into being, and written down there
 A blessing to true-hearted men.

Truth shone on the face of the paper.
 And the editor's heart was light ;
 For noble the man among noble men,
 Who fears not to ply a truth-telling pen
 For God and for human right.

He sprang to the door of his sanctum,
 As swift as a Grecian winner,
 Who reaches the goal in Olympian race,
 And the copy he push'd in the ink-devil's face,
 And thankfully went to his dinner.

May 30, 1845.

Chester Chronicle.

THE PRESS.

How shall I speak thee, or thy power address,
 Thou god of our idolatry—the PRESS !
 By thee Religion, Liberty, and Laws,
 Exert their influence, and advance their cause ;
 By thee, worse plagues than Pharaoh's land befell,
 Diffused, make earth the vestibule of hell ;
 Thou fountain at which drink the good and wise :
 Thou ever-bubbling spring of endless lies ;
 Like Eden's dread probationary tree,
 Knowledge of good and evil is from thee.

Progress of Error.

COWPER.

THE EDITOR'S HAT.

ONE bleaky windy morning
 The *devil* set out,
 The chilly blast scorning,
 He held on his route ;
 To a garret repairing,
 For *lean* or for *fat* ;
 He knew he'd get either
 In *Th' Editor's Hat*.

The man of the inkhorn
 Was seated upright
 On the pallet of straw
 Where he *rolled* thro' the night.
 His cloak was around him,
 His shoes on a mat—
 To a table beside him,
 He stretched for his *Hat*.

'Twas chaotic confusion,—
 A *pie-box* to view.
 There were murders in plenty—
 A marriage or two ;
 The last battle of Wellesley,
 French news and all that
 Were huddled together
 In the *Editor's Hat*.

The late evening's play-bill
 Encircled a birth,
 While a loaf (price one penny)
 The " *Markets* " did girth.
 A long strip of verses,
 The Foreign chit-chat,
 With some mouldy cheese lay
 In the *Editor's Hat*.

The great speech of Grattan ;
 Blow-up of a brig ;
 A dog taught to whistle ;
 The state whirligig ;
 Dan O'Connell's preamble
 To civilize Pat,
 Were mixed humble-jumble
 In the *Editor's Hat*.

The devil grinn'd slyly,
 " I'm waiting for *takes*—
 Sir, the foreman has sent me—"
 " Be off in three shakes ;
 There is no want of copy,
 You impish young brat."
 Here the E. D. turned out
 The contents of his *Hat*.

 ON BOOKS.*

Giveme

Leave to enjoy myself. That place that does
 Contain my books, the best companions, is
 To me a glorious court, where hourly I
 Converse with the old sages and philosophers ;
 And sometimes for variety, I confer
 With kings and emperors, and weigh their counsels ;
 Calling their victories, if unjustly got,
 Unto a strict account ; and in my fancy,
 Deface their ill-placed statues. Can I then
 Part with such constant pleasures, to embrace
 Uncertain vanities ? No ; be it your care
 To augment a heap of wealth : it shall be mine
 To increase in knowledge.

* From a play by Beaumont and Fletcher.

CUTTING DOWN AN ARTICLE.

A DIALOGUE BETWEEN THE EDITOR AND HIS AMANUENSIS.

Editor : LET me see. We have to fill up a vacant space of half a page. What articles have we to select from?

Amanuensis, (reading titles) : "Lines written to King Charles the night after his execution." "The Wars of the League, a tale of the Corn Laws." "Stanzas addressed to a young lady on her having asked the author whether he danced the Polka? when he said he did not, and she recommended him to take some lessons, when he replied he certainly would."

Editor : The title of that would have answered the purpose if it had been a little longer. Proceed.

Amanuensis : "Love and Madness, by one who has known the One, and is still suffering from the Other." "The Bell Ropes, a Sequel to the Chimes." "A Sonnet."

Editor : Ah! let us hear the sonnet. That will give us the required quantity, if the quality happens to suit. Read it out, if you please.

Amanuensis, (reading) :

"TO THE DUKE OF WELLINGTON.

Thou art a famous General indeed."

Editor : Every body knows that. Cut it out.

Amanuensis, (reading) :

"To thee the wreath of glory is decreed."

Editor : Very true; but as that forms the rhyme to the previous line, it must come out.

Amanuensis, (reading) :

"Not Hannibal, not Soult, not Marshal Ney,
Not Blucher, not Napoleon, not Desaix—"

Editor : The reader will never take the trouble to untie all those knots. Cut them out.

Amanuensis, (reading) ;

"Not Alexander when he fought and won,
Did do the noble deeds that thou hast done."

Editor : That *not* being as it were tied to all the other *knots*,

the first line must be omitted, and the second being dependent on it, must go too. Cut it out.

Amanuensis, (reading) :

“ Who conquered on the field of Waterloo?
Does not judicious echo answer ‘ You.’ ”

Editor : As echo could only answer “ o-o,” which means nothing, it would be more judicious on the part of echo to make no answer at all. Cut that couplet out.

Amanuensis, (reading) ;

“ Great in the senate, greater in the field,
In neither wert thou ever known to yield.”

Editor : Poetically pretty, but historically false. He yielded in the senate once or twice. Cut it out.

Amanuensis, (reading) :

“ A grateful nation prostrate at thy feet,
Comes forth with joy the warrior to meet.”

Editor : When? How? Why? Where? What warrior? Cut it out.

Amanuensis, (reading) :

“ Mercy 'tis known has ever been thy creed,
Though none so well can make a people bleed.”

Editor : Capital ! Excellent ! An admirable article !

Amanuensis : It's all cut out !!!

Editor : Yes ; but we can restore some of it. I have it. Begin with the first line, and end with the last, commencing the latter with “ For ” instead of “ Though.” Prefix as a title to the article—“ Epigram on General Tom Thumb,” and read it to me.”

Amanuensis, (reading) :

“ EPIGRAM ON GENERAL TOM THUMB.

“ Thou art a famous General indeed,
For none so well can make a people bleed.”

Editor : There !—That reads very well. Let it be put into type immediately.

[Exit Amanuensis. Editor falls asleep over a pile of correspondence.]

GEORGE CRUIKSHANK'S *Table Book*.*

* Edited by G. A. A'Beckett.

THE NEWSPAPERS.

“A voice crying in the wilderness.”

THEY have a social tone ;—
Thou art a politician, old man—say ?
Thy eyes with night-shades are o’ergrown,
Thy hair dusted with grey.

“ Yes,” said that hoary father,
“ I’ve watched the ministry go in and out,
And shouted for my cause ; but I can gather
Not now sufficient strength to shout !

“ And yet the cause seems dearer !
My little grandchild, who hath found a key
So musical that I am proud to hear her,
Reads out aloud to me.

“ With a sweet kiss, she saith
The type is very like it was of yore ;
And yet it seems so changed. With my last breath
The papers shall be welcomed to my door.”

Old man, thou sayest well ;
From newspapers the world instruction borrows,
Truly as the Arabian Tales they tell
Of joys,—albeit of sorrows.

“ ’Tis pleasant sure,”
So Byron said, “ to see one’s name in print.”
Ask the pale bankrupt, broken-hearted, poor,
If he admires its tint.

Yet here’s a list of such,
Huddled within a corner. They have burned
Good oil perchance in toiling late and much,
Without reward returned.

In thy day-reading,
 Didst never fancy that the ink looks pale
 In such a list ; as if 'twere an upbraiding
 To tell the tale ?

'Tis an idea ;
 And yet a kindly one, worthy a king ;
 Our fancy is the magical Medea
 That will strange phantoms bring.

Here's a sad fool,
 Who has found wit enough to rob his master ;
 Law offers him a short commandment rule,
 And a cold prison plaster.

Didst never sigh,
 When such a thief has trod the heavy wheel,
 And think, *he who hath gold enough to buy*
Need never pick and steal.

Here's a poor wretch,
 Who in his brother's blood hath dipped his hands ;
 He hath the lofty privilege to stretch
 His neck in hempen bands.

“ It is most fit ”
 (So runs the language of our penal code)
 “ That man should speedily his Maker meet ”—
 And so it helps him on the road.

When the disciple's sword
 Lopped the Jew's ear, and stained Christ's loving creed,
Surely his Master erred when with his word
He blamed the deed !!

Here's a sweet maiden,
 (O that such souls would learn life's wrongs to brave !)
 With blighted hopes, and shame, and anguish laden,
 Hath dug her own dark grave.

And here are stories told,
Of creatures upon whom disease hath fed,
Crawling in cellars, filthy, black, and cold,
Dying for want of bread.

Old man, thou sayest well ;
From newspapers the world instruction borrows,
Truly as the Arabian tales they tell
Of joys,—albeit of sorrows.

Here stands the marriage list—
Some linked to bliss, and some to trouble mated ;
And here the record of whom earth hath missed,
“ Deeply regretted.”

A row of little strangers,
Who shall hereafter glad as many hearths ;
Doubtless cold Malthus, fearful of its dangers,
Shrunk from the list of births.

A favoured corner,
That should be sacred as the angels' tent ;
And sacred 'tis, having as an adorer
The poet's paint.

In big-typed observation,
Then crowns the whole the “ LEADING ARTICLE ;”
A Mentor that gives wisdom to a nation,
At least a particle.

Unto what system grown,
Politically whatsoever our choice,
The newspapers have a familiar tone,
And all should hear their voice.

Bridgwater.

Can statutes keep the British press in awe,
While that sells best that 's most against the law ?

SONG.

Air—"We shall ne'er see the like again."

EACH Briton loves his native shore,
 And Liberty doth prize :
 The richest gem in Nature's store
 Is nought, till bondage flies ;
 'Till Freedom breaks despotic chains,
 And tyrants prostrate fall ;
 Then man's majestic soul attains
 The fire of Freedom's call.

O'er sea—on land—with power divine,
 The *Press* spreads Liberty ;
 The knave, with heart of base design,
 And all "the Powers that be,"
 Are, by its master-spirit, taught
 That Nature must be free :
 Hail, then, the noble Art, so fraught—
 The *Press* and Liberty !

The *Press* protects man's earthly right,
 And elevates his soul ;
 Expands his mind with Reason's light ;
 Then pledge we, in the bowl
 "The Printing Art,"—all nations' pride—
 The beacon free souls hail ;
 'Tis Nature's friend—none dare beside
 The tyrant's power assail.

United, then, may Printers be,
 In friendship, hand, and heart :
 Of Fortune's smiles, which bless the free,
 May typos claim a part :
 Since to their Art we Freedom owe ;
 By that doth bondage flee ;
 Then pledge, whilst the goblets o'erflow,
 The *Press* and Liberty !

Manchester, 1829.

C. W. WALLIS.

HAMLET'S SOLILOQUY.

IMITATED.

To *print*, or not to *print*—that is the question.
 Whether 'tis better in a trunk to bury
 The quirks and crotchets of outrageous fancy,
 Or send a well wrote copy to the press,
 And, by disclosing, end them? To print, to doubt
 No more; and by one act to say we end
 The headache, and a thousand natural shocks
 Of scribbling frenzy—'tis consummation
 Devoutly to be wish'd. To print—to beam
 From the same shelf with Pope, in calf well bound:
 To sleep, perchance, with Quarles—Ay, there's the rub—
 For to what class a writer may be doom'd,
 When he hath shuffled off some paltry stuff,
 Must give us pause.—There's the respect that makes
 Th' unwilling poet keep his piece nine years;
 For who would bear the' impatient thirst of fame,
 The pride of conscious merit, and, 'bove all,
 The tedious importunity of friends,
 When he himself might his *quietus* make
 With a bare inkhorn? Who would fardels bear?
 To groan and sweat under a load of wit?
 But that the tread of steep Parnassus' hill,
 That undiscover'd country, with whose bays
 Few travellers return, puzzles the will,
 And makes us rather bear to live unknown
 That run the hazard to be known, and damn'd.
 Thus Critics do make cowards of us all.
 And thus the healthful face of many a poem
 Is sicklied o'er with a pale manuscript;
 And enterprisers of great fire and spirit,
 With this regard, from Dodsley turn away,
 And lose the name of authors.

REV. RICHARD JAGO.*

* Rector of Snitterfield, Warwickshire. He was born 1715, died 1781.

ON THE LAW OF LIBEL.*

Question.

"OH tell me what is libel, dear editor, my brother?"

"'Tis to reprint in one journal what's gone scot-free in another."

Instructions to sue.

To call a rogue a rogue is a piece of defamation,
 Since it hurts him in his own and his neighbour's estimation;
 So the rogue may bring his action, and get plaster for his
 sore, sir,
 For a false cut a broad lump; more for truth, for truth
 hurts more, sir.

The Attorney.

Of all men upon earth to be accurst
 A pettifogging lawyer is the worst:
 His path through life is stinging like a Hornet,
 And his best deed! the devil himself would scorn it.

Uncertainty-Certain.

Who say libel-law's uncertain? Their wits are surely lost!
 Let them try it, and they'll find it is certain, to their cost.

An Oath.

Like a Christian I'd swear on the Prayer-book,
 Or even like a Jew on the Bible,
 That of all the libels I wot of,
 Law itself is the very worst libel.

The Jury.

Take judges' dicta, gentlemen of sense,
 And give an unwhipt rascal recompense:

* The first statute enacted against *libels* in England was in the year 1272, under the title—"Against slanderous reports or tales to cause discord betwixt king and people."

Upwards of forty printers or editors of newspapers were prosecuted for libel during the reigns of George III. and George IV. When Sir John Scott (the late Earl of Eldon) brought in his bill for restraining the liberty of the press (1795), a member moved, as an additional clause, that all anonymous works should have the name of the author printed in the title-page!—*Printers and Printing*, page 778-9.

Punish for truth, to make it known to fame,
Jurors and con-jurors are not the same.

The Beggar's Opera.

Henceforth let no man speak awry,
Contemning Peachum just, or honest Lockit :
Henceforth no writer think to face the law,
For in that posture Law will pick his pocket.

Case.

In our old church last Tuesday it befell,
The old sexton toll'd for a wedding peal a knell.
Q. Pray was not this a lie-bel in the bell ?

The Perfection of the Law.

Of England's law of libel why complain ?
Vestris to Vestal it restores again ;
Nay, such its power to cleanse from every stain,
Whitewashes Bochsas, and asserts Champagne !

DESCRIPTION OF A NEWSPAPER.

THIS folio of our pages, happy work !
Which not even critics criticize ; that holds
Inquisitive attention, while I read,
Fast bound in chains of silence, which the fair,
Though eloquent themselves, yet fear to break ;
What is it, but a map of busy life,
Its fluctuations, and its vast concerns ?
Here run the mountainous and craggy ridge
That tempts ambition. On the summit see
The seal of office glitter in his eyes ;
He climbs, he pants, he grasps them ! At his heels,
Close at his heels, a demagogue ascends,
And, with a dexterous jerk, soon twists him down,
And wins them but to lose them in his turn.
Here rills of oily eloquence in soft
Meanders lubricate the course they take ;
The modest speaker is ashamed and grieved

To' engross a moment's notice ; and yet begs,
 Begg a propitious ear for his poor thoughts,
 However trivial all that he conceives.
 Sweet bashfulness ! it claims at least this praise ;
 The dearth of information and good sense,
 That it foretells us, always comes to pass.
 Cataracts of declamation thunder here ;
 There forests of no meaning spread the page,
 In which all comprehension wanders lost !
 While fields of pleasantry amuse us there,
 With merry descants on a nation's woes.
 The rest appears a wilderness of strange
 But gay confusion ; roses for the cheeks,
 And lilies for the brows of faded age,
 Teeth for the toothless, ringlets for the bald,
 Heaven, earth, and ocean, plunder'd of their sweets,
 Nectareous essences, Olympian dews,
 Sermons, and city feasts, and favourite airs,
 Æthereal journeys, submarine exploits,
 And Katerfelto, with his hair on end
 At his own wonders, wondering for his bread !

COWPER.

 THE NEWSMAN.

"I, that do *bring* the News."—*Shakspeare*.

OUR calling, however the vulgar may deem,
 Was of old, both on high and below, in esteem ;
 E'en the gods were to much curiosity given,
 For Hermes was only the Newsman of heaven.

Hence with wings to his cap, and his staff, and his heels,
 He depicted appears, which our myst'ry reveals,
 That *news* flies like wind, to raise sorrow or laughter,
 While, leaning on Time, *Truth* comes heavily after.

1747.

Newsmen's Verses.

NEWS.*

A MASTER-passion is the love of news
 Not music so commands, nor so the muse :
 Give poets claret, they grow idle soon :
 Feed the physician, and he 's out of tune ;
 But the sick mind, of this disease possessed,
 Flies from all cures, and sickens when at rest.

CRABBE.

SONG.

Tune—"Gee-ho, Dobbin."

COME, each *Chapelonian* ! I hope you'll agree,
 To drink to the mem'ry of CAXTON, with me ;
 The *Father* of *Printing*,—his labour to bless,
 In Westminster abbey he fix'd the first *Press* :
 Oh ! rare, *Printing*, the fam'd Art of *Printing* !
 Long may it flourish, and never decay.

The use of our Art spread in each British town,
 Tho' the *monks* and the *friars* would fain put it down ;

* The original orthography was *newes*, and in the singular. Johnson has, however, decided, that the word *newes* is a substantive without a singular, unless it be considered as singular. The word *new*, according to Wachter, is of very ancient use, and is common to many nations. The Britons, and the Anglo-Saxons had the word, though not the thing. It was first printed by Caxton in the modern sense. In the *Siege of Rhodes*, which was translated by John Kay, the poet laureate, and printed by Caxton, about the year 1490. In the *Assembly of Foulis*, which was printed by William Copland in 1530, there is the following exclamation :—

"Newes ! Newes ! Newes ! have ye ony Newes ?"

In the translation of the *Utopia* by Raphe Robinson, citizen and goldsmythe, which was imprinted by Abraham Nele, in 1551, we are told, "As for monsters, because they be no *newes*, of them we were nothyng inquisitive."—Such is the rise, and such the progress of the word *news*, which even in 1551 was still printed *newes* !

There is not a porch or a market-place which the *news-monger* does not take his stand for a whole day together, tiring his invention and amusing his hearers with an everlasting series of fictions and forgeries.—*Theophrastus*. B. C. 305.

Burton in his *Anatomy of Melancholy*, published in 1621, says "That if any read now-a-days it is a play-book, or a pamphlet of *newes*."

In each *chapel* a *devil* soon put them to shame,
 And *batter'd* the foes that would *mackle* our fame!
 Oh! rare Printing, &c.

When call'd to the *bar* we no *register* need,
 For so *clean* are our *proofs* to all that can read;
 And our hearts, like our *quoins*, are always secure,
 Our *characters* bold, and the *fount* will endure.
 Oh! rare Printing, &c.

As *companions*, I trust, we shall ever *compose*
 A *broadside* of friendship, and on *tramps* ne'er *impose*;
 To-night, a *full case*, and the *heap* not too *dry*,
 A *good measure*, to-morrow, but the *sorts* not in *pie*.
 Oh! rare Printing, &c.

May we keep in a *JOURNAL*,* the joys of this day
 That will bear a *REVIEW** when we wish to be gay;
 May a *MERCURY** waft to our friends far and near,
 The *fat work* and *good pull* we have once a year!
 Oh! rare Printing, &c.

When the Great *Overseer* bids the last *form* to *rise*,
 May our *work* be *correct*, and need no *revise*;
 Securely *lock'd up*, may fresh *copy* be given,
 And be *Chapelonians* together in Heaven!
 Oh! rare Printing, &c.

Nottingham, June 1831.

C. H. TIMPERLEY.

BOOKS.

'TWERE well, with most, if books, that could engage
 Their childhood, pleased them at a riper age;
 The man approving what had charmed the boy,
 Would die at last in comfort, peace, and joy;
 And not with curses on his art who stole
 The gem of truth from his unguarded soul.

COWPER.

* The Nottingham Newspapers."

THE ART OF BEING HAPPY.

AH me ! how numberless the ills and cares
 Which wait on all that live—and all their heirs !
 And must continue while this world exists :
 “ Wo ! wo ! ” exclaim our best philanthropists—
 Words of deep meaning are *arresting* force,
 The same as carter holla's to his horse ;
 Who, judging well the whip of judgment's near,
 Acts as he ought—and stops in his career.
 Typos ! to *mend* it never is too late—
 Instead of *writing horse*—Go, *imitate* !
 But you exclaim—“ The d—l take your *Wo* !
 We do not wish to *stop*—we want to *go* ;
 Or, rather, what is happiness to know.”
 Hear, and attend, each typographic cove,
 While *I* the “ Art of being Happy ” *prove*.
 Small Pica twelvemo—reprint—with thin leads ;
 Companions, *eight^{vo}* hands and *four^{to}* heads—
Fippence per thousand—and, oh, gracious powers !
Fat imposition ev'ry four hours—
Copy not line for line, nor page for page—
Matter at *random*—partners in a rage—
 No *shammocks* for the indolent or nappy—
This, this, my lad,'s “ *The Art of being Happy* ! ”

GEORGE BRIMMER.

AN AUTHOR'S VANITY.

. . . . the foolish poet, that still writ
 All his self-loved verse in paper royal,
 Or parchment ruled with lead, smooth'd with the pumice
 Bound richly up, and strung with crimson strings ;
 Never so blest as when he writ and read
 The ape-loved issue of his brain ; and never
 But joying in himself, admiring ever.

1633.

GEORGE CHAPMAN.

SONG.—NEWSPAPER HEADINGS.

BRING me the "*Times*," I'll read awhile
 From its exhaustless fonts,
 It grieves me much to witness such
 A multitude of wants.

What news and queer advertisements,
 And headings droll there are ;
 It is indeed "*a pretty page*,"
 And does look out afar.

A Chartist outrage ! What is this ?
 Great burning down of huts ;
 The military called out ! and here 's
 A work with fine steel cuts !

Two horses killed while pulling loads,
 The timber ways not good ;
 Then here 's "*Just out, a work on Roads*,"
 With "*drawings upon wood* !"

What now comes here ? "*Try Barclay's beer* !"
 Then "*gin distilled by Hodge* ;"
 "*Sir Robert Peel ; the income tax* ;"
 New play—"the Artful Dodge."

Brighton, Dover, France, Herne Bay,
 To all these places "*Guides* ;"
 What 's here ? the army flogging men,
 And followed by "*raw hides*."

Advertisements by lots now come,
 Here syrups, and here balms ;
 One is headed "*Wanting hands*,"
 Another "*Wanting alms*."

And now a death invented by
 Some paragraph contriver ;
 " A sweep blown from a chimney pot,"
 Then comes " the Black Reviver."

My eyes upon two others fall
 That may afford us fun here ;
 The one is headed " Surgeon's hall ;"
 The other "*Mangling done here.*"

What next? " Divan : a good cigar—
 Manilla or regalia."
 A joke of Brougham's is the next—
 And then "*A frightful failure.*"

Brighton railway—accident—
 Cutting through a dam!
 " Collision, four men killed!" then comes
 " Just by, the patent *jam.*"

" Serpentine : two persons drown'd,"
 Oh ! life is never sure !
 And opportunely enough
 Then comes "*cold-water cure.*"

Upon a dancing master's terms
 My eye by chance it drops ;
 Then take a little jump, and come
 Unto the " price of hops ! "

Here 's " Bunyan's Progress " advertised,
 For corns and warts rare salves ;
 Then Fanny Elsler's grand début,
 Close to *great show of calves.*

Celestial empire—what is that?
 The war is nearly ended ;
 Then comes this odd announcement pat—
 Of " china neatly mended."

“ Affghanistan : the Indian mail,”
 What are they doing there ?
 Here ’s an account of “ Lady Sale,”
 And then “ *a fancy fair.*”

If I read on much more of it,
 I shall be in the torrent hid ;
 Here ’s scents that keep you from a fit,
 And then “ a good fit warranted.”

Two other things I’ll read, and then
 No more will I peruse ;
 “ Ornamented paper hanging,”
 And “ the Illustrated noose !” (*News.*)

JAMES BURTON.

ADVANTAGE OF TAKING A NEWSPAPER.

I KNOW two friends as much alike
 As e’er you saw two stumps,
 And no phrenologist could find
 A difference in their bumps.

One took a paper, and his life
 Was happier than a king’s ;
 His children all could read and write,
 And talk of men and things.

The other took no paper, and,
 While strolling through the wood,
 A tree fell down upon his crown,
 And killed him—as it should !

Had he been reading of the news
 At home like neighbour Jim,
 I’ll bet a cent his accident
 Had not befallen him !

American Paper.

SONG.—THE BOOKSELLER'S MAN.

Air.—"The Overseer."

ALL the world's plagued in some way or other,
 With what's vulgarly called plague and bother,
 So I've had but my share of the pother,
 Since to earn my bread I began :
 Yet you'd smile, I may venture to say,
 At a catalogue raisonné,
 Of the *large* and *small paper* vexations,
 The truly *unique* delectations,
 And the "*very rare*" qualifications,
 Of a bustling bookseller's man.
 Thus you'll find it's a promising thing,
 To be saving of *paper* and *string* !
 And if you'll follow my recommendation
 To make business your chief recreation,
 You may rise to a very high station,
 From being a bookseller's man.

From your duty you ne'er must be swerving,
 All alive at the counter when serving,
 Finding fresh and fresh ways for deserving
 The name of a good "*pushing*" man :
 First of all it's important to know,
 You must ne'er let a customer go !
 A good shopman will take no denying,
 From folks in a "*humour for buying*,"
 So to "*shove in*" a Shakspeare be trying,
 As often as ever you can !
 You may easily tell by their looks,
 If they'll swallow "*a long set of books*."
 And if you'll follow my recommendation, &c.

Then each morn you must set off *collecting*,
 To come back fully loaded expecting ;
 Still each *counter* manœuvre detecting,
 To prove a good managing man :

Says the clerk, "As you must go up Holborn,
 It's easy to call upon COLBURN;
 And you mustn't forget in your hurry,
 Whatever there's wanted from MURRAY,
 Though you're kept in a bit of a worry,
 All right for a bookseller's man.
 Coming back you may take it more gently,
 For the "*long string*" of "*items*" from BENTLEY."
 Keeping still to my recommendation, &c.

Yes, 'tis thus that you daily must fag, Sir,
 Till one leg after t'other 'll scarce drag, Sir,
 And no more you can *stuff in your bag*, Sir,
 Such an *intelligent* bookseller's man!
 Yet you're every where *poking* I wot,
 For things that can "*no where*" be got!
 Though more lucky respecting directions,
 Where to call at for "*lots of corrections*,"
 While you justly "*bring in imperfections*!"
 As a faulty bookseller's man.
 Well, if the "patience of Job" will not do,
 Then add the "wisdom of Solomon" too.
 For if you'll follow my recommendation, &c.

Now to crown a day's peregrination,
 The clerk from his desk's elevation,
 Vents a volley of vituperation,
 In a speech which he thus began:
 "This *edition* you know is the *wrong man's*,
 You must go again over to LONGMAN'S!
 What's said to you, you never are minding,
 Here's a copy!—just one of *your finding*!
 Who ever saw such a beast of a *binding*?
 A nice chap for a bookseller's man!
 It's a shame you've so little to show
 For being so long in the Row.
 Still if you follow my recommendation, &c.

“ Then to-morrow is *magazine day*, Sir,
 And I really do mean just to say, Sir,
 Such a dolt only stands in the way, Sir,
 Of a proper good bookseller’s man !
 When with mere ‘ *country orders* ’ you start,
 Enough for a ‘ *Metropolitan cart* ! ’
 If you can’t give up dull cogitation,
 And contend like a *fast-going nation*,
 With *railroads and steam navigation* !
 You’re not fit for a bookseller’s man.
 We can only when next *taking stock*,
 Set you down for a large *wooden block*.
 Never mind, it’s my recommendation, &c.

“ Well, if *red letter* days we have few, Sir,
 Of *black ones*, at least we’ve enow, Sir,
 Hunting oft till we’re both black and blue, Sir,
 Set on by some *black letter* man !
 Thus at PICKERING’S, pick up, as you pass,
 ‘ A New Praise of the Olde Asse,’
 Else at LILLY’S or RODD’S you may hit it,
 Get a case of best *calf-skin* to fit it ;
 Zounds, Sir ! What ? don’t you wish you may get it ? ”
 Dumfounding the bookseller’s man !
 “ If I do, I’m yet bother’d to match it,
 With another called ‘ *Pappe with a Hatchet*. ’ ”
 I’ve just done, it’s my recommendation, &c.

Now to reach the main end of my song, Sir,
 You’ve set up for yourself firm and strong, Sir,
 May you set up your carriage ere long, Sir
 A fortunate bookseller’s man.
 Looking down from the top of the tree,
 You’ll think of past perils with glee ;
 If you’ve wealth, folks will swear you have wit, Sir,
 And you care not the deuce a bit, Sir,
 When folks cry in an envious fit, Sir,
 Who’d not be a bookseller’s man ?

Showing her hideous visage, black as night,
 Or crimes nursed in its rank envenom'd heart ;
 And palsying envy's wither'd, canker'd arm,
 Protects pure virtue's heavenly-moulded race,—
 Awarding greatness to the truly great,
 Immortal laurels to immortal minds.
 Without the PRESS, the minstrel-strain would cease,
 As harp-tones sleep, and never wake again—
 As odour shed, for ever 's lost to earth—
 As wither'd youth, no sun restores to bloom—
 As virtue's snow, once stain'd, is fair no more.
 But chief, the PRESS sheds o'er the wide-spread earth
 Religion's holy flame ; to cleanse the soul
 Ere it to heaven ascend, till, plumed with light,
 It spurns with wing sublime the grosser world,
 And mounting to Eternity's bright realm,
 Gains bliss immortal at the throne of GOD !

J. W. THIRLWALL.

TO THE PRESS.*

HAIL ! mighty power ! that on the lucid page
 Unfolds the thoughts rich with instruction sage,
 That opes the gates of knowledge to mankind,
 And drives afar the darkness of the mind ;
 Hail ! mighty instrument ! benignly given
 To guide with truth's bright torch our way to heaven.
 To thee sweet poesy her tribute pays,
 Immortalizer of her choicest lays !
 She marks thy progress, and exults to see
 The bloodless victories achieved by thee ;
 For wheresoe'er thy light resplendent streams,
 Lo ! ignorance retreats before thy beams ;
 Pale superstition trembles with dismay,
 Freedom expands, and tyranny gives way.

* Delivered at a Lecture on the Rise and Progress of Printing, at Stockton-upon-Tees, Durham.

Oh! potent teacher of the human race!
 Nurse of fair wisdom! sun of wit and grace!
 Industrious storer of the classic hive,
 Whose labours will the wreck of time survive!
 Long be it thine th' ethereal spark to fan,
 And rouse the latent energies of man;
 That arts and science, 'neath thy fostering smile,
 May thrive progressive in our favoured isle;
 And meek-eyed Piety, at Faith's pure shrine,
 Revere thy worth, and feel thy power divine.

HENRY HEAVISIDES.*

LINES TO A WORN-OUT FONT OF TYPE.

IN A NOTE TO A FRIEND.

I'm sitting at my desk, George;
 Before me on the floor
 There lies a worn-out font of type,
 Full twenty thousand score.
 And many months have passed, George,
 Since they were bright and new,
 And many are the tales they've told,
 The false, the strange, the true!

Their beauty all has gone, George;
 You scarcely now may trace,
 Upon the snowy medium,
 The likeness of their face;
 They 'mind me of a man, George,
 Whose morn of life was full
 Of promise, but whose evening's close
 Was desolate and dull.

What tales of horror have they told,
 Of tempest and of wreck;
 Of murder at the midnight hour,
 Of war, full many a "speck;"

* Author of *Pleasures of Home*, and other poems.

Of ships that far away from sea
Went down before the blast ;
Of stifled cries of agony,
As life's last moment passed !

Of earthquakes and of suicides,
Of failing crops of cotton ;
Of bank defaulters, broken banks,
And banking systems rotten ;
Of boilers bursting, steamboats snagged,
Of riots, duels fought ;
Of robbers with their prey escaped,
Of thieves with booty caught.

Of land-slides and of water-spouts,
Of ants and alligators,
Of serpents in the briny deep,
And giant sweet-potatoes ;
Of children lost and children found,
Finances in disorder ;
Of fights among the firemen,
And troubles on the border.

They've told us of a nation, George,
Bent sorrowing o'er the dust
Of one whom she had called to fill
Her brightest, dearest trust ;
Of sparkling crowns for youthful brows,
Of royal coronations ;
Of plans to rid the earth of kings,
Of temperance reformations.

Of flood, and fire, and accident,
These worn-out types have told ;
And how the pestilence hath swept
The youthful and the old ;

Of marriages, of births, and deaths,
 Of things to please and vex us,
 Of a man jumping overboard,
 Another gone to Texas!

They've told how long sweet summer days
 Have faded from our view ;
 How autumn's chilling wind hath swept
 The leaf-crown'd forest through ;
 How winter's reign hath come and gone—
 Dark reign of storm and strife—
 And how the smiling spring hath warmed
 The pale flowers back to life.

I can't pretend to mention half
 My inky friends have told,
 Since shining bright and beautiful,
 They issued from the mould.
 How unto some they joy have brought,
 To others grief and tears ;
 Yet faithfully the record kept
 Of fast receding years !

May, 1842.

Compositor's Chronicle.

THE AUTHOR TO HIS BOOKE.

Farewell my little booke, and tell thy friends
 The deluge of the deepe confusion ebs ;
 Then shew thy leafe to all, but haile the best,
 And safely leave it in their holy hands,
 That will uproot thy language, cleere thy sense
 As matter but of mere preeminence.
 Yet as the starre that onward brings the sunne,
 Thou hast perfection where thy light begunne :
 This tell thy friendes, and little booke farewell.

1603.

ALEX. TOP.

SONG.—THE PRESS.*

THE PRESS!—the best, the noblest part
 The crowning grace of human art,
 Its glorious race doth run ;
 The hand divine, which at its source
 Was seen, shall guard it in its course,
 Until that race be won.
 The bonds which check'd its *daily* speed,
 Where freedom was its chiefest need,
 Have now one fetter less ;
 Then echo every patriot throat,
 The Corn-law Rhymer's halcyon note,
 “ The Press! the Press! the Press !”

When God declared His word was gone
 Forth, and should not to Him return,
 (So had His will design'd,)
 Until the end for which 'twas sent
 Should have its full accomplishment—
 Redemption to mankind ;
 And that His word should have beside,
 Free course, run, and be glorified,
 A ransomed world to bless ;
 What sceptic doubts His high intent
 To make his chosen instrument
 “ The Press! the Press! the Press !”

As though again the Almighty spoke
 “ Let there be light !”—now light has broke
 The type's mild dawning ray,
 Which Oldfield in a darkened age
 First poured on inspiration's page,
 Shall shine to perfect day :

* Written on the reduction of the stamp duty upon Newspapers, from *fourpence to one penny*. September 15, 1836.

And genius rare, and science sooth,
 And learning deep, and moral truth,
 Shall not be favoured less ;
 For with the torch that lights to heaven,
 Lo ! a terrestrial lamp is given—
 “ The Press ! the Press ! the Press ! ”

To thee, O Press ! let despots quail,
 Oppressors crouch, and tyrants rail,
 And own thy righteous sway ;
 On thy predestinated course,
 Religion's handmaid ! virtue's nurse !
 Hold thy appointed way,
 Till every soul the “ light within,”
 Chase every form of grief and sin,
 From every heart's recess ;
 Thy goal is reached—thy race is run—
 The cause of God—the rights of man—
 Shall crown “ the Press ! the Press ! ”

Worksop.

SUB UMBRA.

PAPER,—A POEM.

SOME wit of old—such wits of old there were—
 Whose hints show'd meaning, whose illusions care
 By one brave stroke to mark all human kind,
 Call'd clear blank paper ev'ry infant mind ;
 When still, as opening sense her dictates wrote,
 Fair virtue put a seal, or vice a blot.

The thought was happy, pertinent, and true,
 Methinks a genius might the plan pursue.
 I (can you pardon my presumption), I—
 No wit, no genius, yet for once will try.

Various the papers various wants produce,
 The wants of fashion, elegance, and use.
 Men are as various : and, if right I scan,
 Each sort of *paper* represents some *man*.

Pray note the fop—half powder and half lace—
 Nice as a bandbox were his dwelling-place :
 He 's the *gilt-paper*, which apart you store,
 And lock from vulgar hands in the 'scrutoire.

Mechanics, servants, farmers, and so forth,
 Are *copy-paper*, of inferior worth ;
 Less priz'd, more useful, for your desk decreed,
 Free to all pens, and prompt at ev'ry need.

The wretch, whom av'rice bids to pinch and spare,
 Starve, cheat, and pilfer, to enrich an heir,
 Is coarse *brown paper* ; such as pedlars choose
 To wrap up wares which better men will use.

Take next the miser's contrast, who destroys
 Health, fame, and fortune, in a round of joys.
 Will any paper match him ? Yes, throughout,
 He 's a true *sinking paper*, past all doubt.

The retail politician's anxious thought
 Deems *this* side always right, and *that* stark nought ;
 He foams with censure : with applause he raves—
 A dupe to rumours, and a tool of knaves ;
 He'll want no type his weakness to proclaim,
 While such a thing as *foolscap* has a name.

The hasty gentleman, whose blood runs high,
 Who picks a quarrel, if you step awry,
 Who can't a jest, or hint, or look endure :
 What 's he ? What ? *Touch-paper*, to be sure.

What are your poets, take them as they fall,
 Good, bad, rich, poor, much read, not read at all ?
 Them and their works in the same class you'll find :
 They are the mere *waste-paper* of mankind.

Observe the maiden, innocently sweet,
 She's fair *white paper* an unsullied sheet :
 On which the happy man, whom fate ordains,
 May write his *name*, and take her for his pains.

One instance more, and only one I'll bring—
 'Tis the *great man* who scorns a little thing.
 Whose thoughts, whose deeds, whose maxims are his own,
 Form'd on the feelings of his heart alone :
 True genuine *royal paper* is his breast,—
 Of all the kinds most precious, purest, best.

DR. FRANKLIN.

THE following Epitaph, though written by Dr. Franklin, was not placed over his grave.* He was born at Boston, in 1706 ; and died at Philadelphia, 17th April, 1790. The whole tenor of his existence was a perpetual lecture against the idle, the extravagant, and the proud.

THE BODY OF
 BENJAMIN FRANKLIN,
 PRINTER,
 (LIKE THE COVER OF AN OLD BOOK,
 ITS CONTENTS WORN OUT,
 AND STRIPT OF ITS LETTERING AND GILDING,)
 LIES HERE FOOD FOR WORMS.
 YET THE WORK ITSELF SHALL NOT BE LOST,
 FOR IT WILL (AS HE BELIEVES) APPEAR ONCE MORE,
 IN A NEW
 AND MORE BEAUTIFUL EDITION,
 CORRECTED AND AMENDED
 BY THE AUTHOR.

* We made a pilgrimage, (says Capt. Basil Hall,) to the tomb of Franklin, dear old Franklin! It consists of a large marble slab, laid flat on the ground, with nothing carved upon it but these words:—

BENJAMIN } FRANKLIN,
 AND } 1790.
 DEBORAH }

L 2

M'Creery, in his poem of the *Press*, pays Franklin the following elegant tribute.

O yield, ye living, to the great who rest,
 Sharing celestial joys among the blest!
 Columbia, rising into wealth and power,
 Unites her fame with Franklin's natal hour.
 Franklin, who struck with awe his country's foes,
 And great before a venal senate rose.—
 Artists who in your humbler stations stand,
 Earning your bread by labour's active hand,
 He left the lesson to your useful class,—
 Unheeded shall the great example pass?
 Like your's his sinewy arm the lever sway'd,
 And independence her blest tribute paid.*

THE PAPER MILL.

FAR from the public road, remote and still,
 Stands a neat edifice,—the PAPER MILL;
 Caught by the rural splendour of the place,
 My willing muse would fain its use retrace.
 'Tis there, amid the willows' foliage green,
 Wanders the peaceful rivulet serene;
 Its silver stream from springs meandering runs.
 And with a constant pace the mill-wheel turns.
 Hail! useful structure, hail! to thee is due,
 Unbounden praise, past ages never knew;
 Thanks to the first ingenious artizan,
 Whose schemes thus benefit enlighten'd man.
 Paper! to thee the world indebted stands,
 From Andes' tide to fair Columbia's lands;
 In this improving age—accounted wise,
 Fair learning with thine aid begins to rise.

* When the Americans sent Dr. Franklin, a printer, as minister to France, the court of Versailles sent M. Girard, a bookbinder, and a man of talent, as minister to Congress. "Well," said Dr. Franklin, "I'll print the independence of America, and M. Girard will bind it."

By *thee* is handed down, from age to age,
 The sacred truths of Revelation's page ;
 By *thee* we trace the pilgrim's sacred dream,
 Or muse o'er Hervey's pure enlighten'd theme ;
 To *thee* Religion owes her gratitude,
 Salvation now o'er heathen lands is strew'd ;
 'Mongst Afric's rude and wild ungovern'd clan
 To free from ignorance our fellow man !
 To lands remote the joyful blessing give,
 In mercy thus proclaim—believe and live !
 Hail ! paper, hail ! your humble bard essays
 To give his boon in tributary lays ;
 The improving art this paper does fulfil,
 Perhaps it came from SPALDING'S paper mill.

AN INTERVIEW,
 ADDRESSED TO SCRIBBLERS.

Scene.—The Editor's Library.

MR. EDITOR ! “ Sir.” Pray excuse me this freedom,
 But on matters of moment one musn't be nice,
 I've an art—“ We're o'erstocked, Sir, we really don't need 'em.”
Pardonnez, I'll state my request in a trice,
 I'm a young man of talent—“ Indeed ! I don't doubt it,
 But there 's no situation at present.”—Pray hear,
 There 's an article—“ We'll make inquiries about it,
 If it suits our design, it shall shortly appear.”

Oblige me by saying—“ Time 's really so pressing,
 And the printer's *diaboli* wait me below ;
 Could you call ”—I shall call it extremely distressing
 If before you have heard my request, Sir, you go.
 “ Then be brief, Sir.” As brief as your notice—“ Rejected !”
 (A metaphor this which you ne'er *met afore*,)
 When some wretch, *cacoëthes scribendi* infected,
 Has copied and sent you a page of Tom Moore.

“ Now pray, Sir,”— One moment, I will not detain you,
 But your known affability—courtesy—taste—
 Discretion—I’m sorry to think that I pain you—
 And candour—you see I am making all haste—
 Embolden me further (to use the expression)
 To make a request—“ In two moments I go.”
 I shall not keep you one—which—excuse the digression,
 But—“ Oblige me by handing me down my *chapeau*.”

With pleasure. Allow me to ask who’s your hatter,
 Its weight is a feather, its *tournure* divine,—
 ’Pon honour I’m serious, I never do flatter;—
 But you’re eager to come to this matter of mine.
 The fact is—I hate a narrator who garbles
 His story—“ Good day !—like to look at the *Times* ?”
 What ! he’s gone, in good earnest—cartloads of *diabes* !
 I was going to ask him to print me these rhymes.

Monthly Magazine.

HOT-LETTER EVILS.

AND now behold a sight, which *here* appears
 As seldom as a file of grenadiers—
 A Chelsea pensioner (a Typo bred)
 Sports in COMPOSING ROOM his *blue* and *red*—
 Three-corner’d hat, with modest black cockade,
 And narrow gold-lace on its edges laid.
 Poor F—— ! I knew him well in years gone by ;
 None brisker at a *finish* or a *fly* ;
 Frolic and fun with him were hand and glove ;
 Care flew before him, fearful of a shove.
 Alas ! where *now*’s the vigour *then* discern’d ?
 Our former *type* is to a *shadow* turn’d ;
 Though to short sights he may seem vig’rous, able,
 And not a little fierce and formidable.
 So, from red embers, in a common grate,
 Fancy may striking images create ;

But near inspection will not be decoy'd,
 Their gas is gone, their stamina 's destroy'd!
 He *toddles* to the office, not to work—
 He can *compose* no more than the Grand Turk.
 But converse wakes the old man's torpid mind;
 Brings forward scenes which long had hung behind;
 Gives energetic action to his brain,
 And makes him, for a moment, *live again*.
 The old campaigner tells of duties done,
 Privations suffer'd, and engagements won;
 How hen-roosts suffer'd, and the quick decrease
 Of sheep and grunTERS—turkies, ducks, and geese,
 When foragers, detach'd from *his* brigade,
 Purveying visits to the farm-yards paid.
 Return'd—when war to peace again gave place—
 How he resum'd *composing-stick* and *case*;
 Work'd for *this* master-printer, or for *that*;
 But never felt encumber'd with his *fat*.
 Till on one winter's day our martial friend—
 (And let all tyros to this fact attend)
 Whether in field or in the office, bold—
 In spite of aching fingers, wet and cold,
 Distributes of Old Pica a full case,
 And longs the letter to *compose* and *space*.
 With cautious steps, and bending with its weight,
 He bears th' o'erflowing *case* towards the grate,
 And—ignorant misfortune was so nigh—
 Leaves it before a rousing fire to dry.

Now to his *stick* the *turn-screw* he applies,
 And makes the *measure* to the proper size;
 The four-to-Pica *leads* from draw'r brings forth,
 And tries to guess how much the job is worth;
 Looks o'er his *copy*, under *jigger* lays it,
 Where't seems, like tombstone, t' exclaim—" *Hic jacet.*"
 Forthwith to rub his hands, his sides to beat,
 He labours to produce increase of heat;
 Then first he thought, "To *set* my letter *hot*
 Is a most famous counteracting plot

Against th' united pow'r of cold and frost,
 Nor shall *this* opportunity be lost."
 O thou unfort'nate, *soft*,* *mis-guided youth!*
 Would that *this thought* had leapt into thy mouth—
 Then, in loud accents, vigorously sprung
 Amongst thy fellow-workmen, from thy tongue!
 Appris'd of *such* intention, scarce a lad
 But would have shouted—"Do it not! 'tis bad!"
 But Fate forbad F—— to disclose his aim;
 And no one notic'd him—when forth he came
 To bear the "*hot-bak'd*" letter to his *frame*.
 Impetuous, reckless, injudicious man!
 Would thou hadst known the danger of thy plan!
 Then wouldst thou ne'er have mourn'd *this* rash exploit—
This want of knowledge—*this* contempt of thought.

Now heat intense—*approaching* to a flame—
 Thus rapidly *approaching* to his *frame*,
 Wet *quads* on *bulk* begin to smoke and hiss,
 In *petit* imitation (not amiss)
 Of carman's whistle and a serpent's hiss;
 Two wooden galleys faintly murmur "fire!"
 And, as he enters, cautiously retire.
 A candle, hanging on a nail for night,
 Dissolves away in agony and fright;
 Unlit—in winter, and the broad daylight!
 The conscious *copy*, shrinking from the heat,
 Prepar'd to make precipitate retreat,
 And would have *cut*, like an absconding "nigger,"
 But for detainer lodg'd by gaoler *Jigger*.

Still—all these omens wholly unobserv'd—
 Our hero never from his purpose swerv'd.
His eggs were hot when he to *set* began;
 But hens pursue a quite contrary plan—
 A proof that hens *set* better than a man.
 This fact, alas! hereafter will appear
 Glaring as throttle cut from ear to ear;

* Sometimes used instead of "*foolish*."

And calculated, like that sight, to stir
Up due compassion for the sufferer.

In energetic force, his heart and soul
Claps on to work—resolv'd to *raise the poll* ;
With *matter* copy vaccinates his eye,
And o'er the *case* his rapid fingers fly ;
Instant into his *stick* the letters come,
Touch'd by his two fore-fingers and his thumb.
The *rule* receives them with a *brazen* grin,
And wonders how so fast they tumble in !
Withdrawn, and plac'd on four-to-Pica *lead*,
Thus *Setting-rule* to his companion said—
“ Wisdom, we know, hath been set forth by owls,
But when had *swiftness* aught to do with F—— ?”
Just then he felt a twitch, and off he flew,
To hold with *Second Lead* an interview—
“ I never had, dear *Lead*, such strange misgiving,
Since in this way of life I've got my living.”
Again F——'s thumb and finger draws him out,
And puts both speech and speaker to the rout ;
For *Setting-rule's* immediately transferr'd
To the next line, on top of *Lead the Third*.
I hate, as garment made of shreds and patches,
A speech deliver'd thus by fits and snatches ;
Let fools report the follies of a fool,
I shall no longer follow *Setting-rule*.

Now I'm engag'd in simile pursuit—
I take, for instance, a dead goose's foot ;
If thus I pull the leaders, each one knows
I cause undoubted movement in the toes ;
But stick this foot in roof of gible't pie,
By heat of oven shrivell'd up and dry,
The *play* of *Sinew* and of *Leader's* o'er ;
Their “ occupation's gone,”—they *act* no more.
'Twas pretty much the same with F——, that goose,
By heat our friend entirely lost the use
Of *Manus*, clerk-o'-th'-works to all he plann'd,
His foreman *picker* and his right-hand *hand* !

What then remains—but that we *drop* a smile
 (Or bid that *outside fare* get down awhile,
 As, up the hill, we *draw* a single tear)
 For F——'s affliction, now recorded here?
 Yet wherefore has the author box'd his brains,
 And plagued himself and readers with his *strains*?
 Not (like a mere stone-mason) to *cut in*
 An epithet concerning death and sin,
 On some man's gravestone—rais'd his friends to please,
 And tell his name, his age, and his disease;
 While he who to peruse it feels inclin'd
 Must make a journey that same stone to find.
 No! Gentlemen of the COMPOSING ROOM!
 Our art can hand down to the day of doom,
 And put into a thousand hands at once—
 To please the knowing, and inform the dunce—
 This simple tale, how poor F—— lost his hand,
 Merely because he did not understand
 Why *heated types* (from which our sinews shrink)
 Are never touch'd by Typos who can think.
 Unborn compositors—not yet bespoke—
 F——'s typographic paralytic stroke
 Shall read of, and exclaim—"This is no joke."
 Type dried by fire they'll not be *hot* upon it,
 But wait until one might *compose* a sonnet,
 (I mean not in the spirit, but with *letters*,)
 And then attack *their* game like true-bred *Setters*!

GEORGE BRIMMER.

ON ANDREW TORAQUEAU,

Who is said to have produced a book and a child every year, till there
 were twenty of each; or, as some say, thirty. And with his being a
 water-drihker, was the occasion of the following humorous epitaph:—

HERE lies a man, who drinking only water,
 Wrote twenty books, with each had son or daughter.
 Had he but used the juice of generous vats,
 The world would scarce have held his books and brats.

SONG—THE TYPE FOUNDER.*

THE founders, forsooth, take my silence in dudgeon,
 So I'll now have a smack at each leaden curmudgeon ;
 These Nonpareil heroes, these paragon sparks,
 Shall rue that they ever provoked my remarks.

Derry down.

They swear their base metal they'll shoot at your rhymer,
 They cast many cannons, and keep a *Great Primer* ;
 But these English Hebrews I'll boldly attack,
 Their tastes are *Bourgeois*, and their characters *Black*.

Yet they puff themselves off, and each swaggering elf
 More *Capitals* sells than great Eyton himself ;
 Small Capitals, too, they profusely dispense,
 And of weighty quotations their stock is immense.

Their flowers will not blow, though they often are blown on,
 Their antiques are such as the ancients could show none,
 Of *jewels* they boast, but I'm sure that no girls
 Would wear in a necklace such *Diamonds* and *Pearls*.

Base counterfeits all from beginning to end,
 Their pearls are all black, and their diamonds will bend,
 'Twill be hard if they 'scape from the treadmill of fetters,
 When the post-office knows how they send *double letters*.

At Carthage in torments poor *Regulus* bled,
 But these fellows plunge him each day in *hot lead* ;
 Their customers seem to be still sterner stuff,
 For they often complain he's not melted enough.

Greeks and *Persians* at once these tormentors will burn, as
 The tyrants of old, in a fiery furnace ;
 To plague some poor bodies these demons agree,
 One Nick 's not enough, so they cast two or three.

* This Song was written as a continuation to one by Mr. Williams.

With one sweeping censure I'll close my objections,
 No mortals are known with such *great* imperfections ;
 My *point case runs low*, and your vocalist's dry,
 So '*finis*' I'll fix to this furious fry. Derry down.

BY A MAN OF LETTERS.

THE NEWSPAPER.*

NEXT, in what rare production shall we trace
 Such various subjects in so small a space ?
 As the first ship upon the waters bore
 Incongruous kinds who never met before ;
 Or as some curious virtuoso joins,
 In one small room, moths, minerals, and coins,
 Birds, beasts, and fishes ; nor refuses place
 To serpents, toads, and all the reptile race ;
 So here, compressed within a single sheet,
 Great things and small, the mean and mighty meet,
 'Tis this which makes all Europe's business known,
 Yet here a private man may place his own ;
 And where he reads of Lords and Commons, he
 May tell their honours that he sells rappee.

Add next th' amusement which the motley page
 Affords to either sex and every age ;

* Shenstone, the poet, divided the readers of a newspaper into seven classes :—The ill-natured man looks to the list of bankrupts ; the tradesman, to the price of bread ; the stock jobber, to the lie of the day ; the old maid, to marriages ; the prodigal son, to deaths ; the monopolist, to the hopes of a wet harvest ; and the boarding-school misses, to everything that relates to Gretna-green !

Coleridge divided readers into four classes : the first he compared to an hour-glass, their reading being as the sand, it runs in and it runs out, and leaves not a vestige behind. A second class, he said, resembled a sponge, which imbibes everything, and returns it in the same state, only a little dirtier. A third class he likened to a jelly-bag, which allows all that is pure to pass away, and retains only the refuse and the dregs. The fourth class he compared to the diamond miners in Golconda, who, casting aside all that is worthless, preserve only the pure gem.

Lo ! where it comes before the cheerful fire,
 Damps from the press in smoky curls aspire
 (As from the earth the sun exhales the dew,)
 Ere we can read the wonders that ensue ;
 Then eager every eye surveys the part
 That brings its favourite subject to the heart ;
 Grave politicians look for facts alone,
 And gravely add conjectures of their own :
 The sprightly nymph, who never broke her rest,
 For tottering crowns, or mighty lands oppressed,
 Finds broils and battles, but neglects them all
 For songs and suits, a birth-day, or a ball :
 The keen warm man o'erlooks each idle tale
 For " Monies wanted," and Estates on sale ;"
 While some with equal minds to all attend,
 Pleased with each part, and grieved to find an end.

CRABBE.

 ON THE FIRST EDITION OF BOOKS.

Books unto virgins I compare,
 Who at the first but slender are,
 But yet more uncorrupt by far
 Than when they grow much bulkier.
 The water's sovereign at the spring,
 The spreading rivers want the thing.

1740.

JOHN ELLIS.

 BOOKS.

Books are a part of man's prerogative,
 In formal ink they thoughts and voices hold,
 That we to them our solitude may give,
 And make time present travel that of old.
 Our life, Fame pierceth at the end,
 And Books if farther backward do extend.

1613.

SIR T. OVERBURY.

POLITICS AND POETICS :

OR, THE DESPERATE SITUATION OF A JOURNALIST UNHAPPILY
SMITTEN WITH THE LOVE OF RHYME.

AGAIN I stop ; again the toil refuse !
 Away, for pity's sake, distracting Muse ;
 Nor thus come smiling with thy bridal tricks
 Between my studious face and politics.
 Is it for thee to mock the frowns of fate ?
 Look round, look round, and mark my desperate state.
 Cannot thy gifted eyes a sight behold,
 That might have quell'd the Lesbian bard* of old,
 And made the blood of Dante's self run cold ?
 Lo ! first, this table spread with fearful books
 In which, whoe'er can help it, never looks ;
 Letters to Lords, Remarks, Reflections, Hints ;
 Lives, snatch'd a moment from the public prints ;
 Pamphlets to prove, on pain of our undoing,
 That rags are wealth, and reformation ruin ;
 Journals, and briefs, and bills, and laws of libel ;
 And, bloated and blood-red, the placeman's annual bible.
 Scarce from the load, as from a heap of dead,
 My poor old Homer shows his living head ;
 Milton, in sullen darkness, yields to fate,
 And Tasso groans beneath the courtly weight :
 Horace alone (the rogue !) his doom has miss'd,
 And lies at ease upon the Pension List.
 Round these, in tall imaginary chairs,
 Imps, ever grinning, sit my daily cares ;
 Distastes, delays, dislikings to begin,
 Gnawings of pen, and kneadings of the chin.
 Here the blue demon keeps his constant stir,
 Who makes a man his own barometer ;
 There nightmare, horrid mass ! unfeatured heap !
 Prepares to seize me if I fall asleep :

* Alcæus.

And there, with hands that grasp one's very soul,
 Frowns Headache, scalper of the studious poll ;
 Headache, who lurks at noon about the courts,
 And whets his tomahawk on East's Reports.
 Chief of this social game, behind me stands,
 Pale, peevish, perriwigg'd, with itching hands,
 A goblin, double-tail'd, and cloak'd in black,
 Who, while I'm gravely thinking, bites my back.
 Around his head flits many a harpy shape
 With jaws of parchment and long hairs of tape,
 Threatening to pounce, and turn whate'er I write,
 With their own venom into foul despite.
 Let me but name the court, they swear and curse,
 And din me with hard names ; and what is worse,
 'Tis now three times that I have miss'd my purse.
 No wonder poor Torquato went distracted,
 On whose gall'd senses just such pranks were acted ;
 When the small tyrant, God knows on what ground,
 With dungeons and with doctors hemm'd him round.*
 Last, but not least, (methinks I see him now !)
 With stare expectant, and a ragged brow,
 Comes the foul fiend, who—let it rain or shine,
 Let it be clear or cloudy, foul or fine,
 Or freezing, thawing, drizzling, hailing, snowing,
 Or mild, or warm, or hot, or bleak and blowing,
 Or damp, or dry, or dull, or sharp, or sloppy,
 Is sure to come—the Devil who comes for copy !
 If sights like these my gentle Muse can bear,
 Thy visage may be seen, capricious fair,
 In courts and taverns, and the Lord knows where !
 Gifford may yet his courtly chains forego,
 Or leave Reviews to those who dare say no ;
 Old Brinsley, too, with whiskey dead-alive,
 Look up once more, and feel his flame revive ;
 And Canning, for a public joke, prefer
 Some merrier fiction than his character.

* See Black's Life of Torquato Tasso.

Even Walter Scott may see thee now and then,
 Spite of the worn-out sword he wields for pen,
 And all that ancient state in which he sits,
 Of spears, plaids, bugles, helms, and border wits ;
 Enchanter Scott ! who in black letter read,
 Gains a rank life by raising of the dead,
 Sure but to fix his destiny more fast,
 And dying like themselves, be damn'd at last.

But see ! e'en now thy wondrous charm prevails ;
 The shapes are moved ; the stricken circle fails :
 With backward grins of malice they retire,
 Scared at thy seraph looks and smiles of fire.
 That instant, as the hindmost shuts the door,
 The bursting sunshine smites the window'd floor ;
 Bursts, too, on every side, the sparkling sound
 Of birds abroad ; th' elastic spirits bound,
 And the fresh mirth of morning breathes around.
 Away, ye clouds—dull politics give place—
 Off, cares, and wants, and threats, and all the race
 Of foes to freedom and to graceful leisure !
 To-day is for the Muse and dancing pleasure !

O for a seat in some poetic nook,
 Just hid with trees, and sparkling with a brook,
 Where through the quivering boughs the sunbeams shoot
 Their arrowy diamonds upon flower and fruit,
 While stealing airs come fuming o'er the stream,
 And lull the fancy to a waking dream !
 There should'st thou come, O first of my desires !
 What time the noon had spent its fiercer fires,
 And all the bower, with chequer'd shadows strown,
 Glow'd with a mellow twilight of its own.
 There should'st thou come, and there sometimes with thee
 Might deign repair the staid philosophy,
 To taste thy freshening brook, and trim thy groves,
 And tell us what good taste true glory loves.
 I see it now ! I pierce the fairy glade,
 And feel th' enclosing influence of the shade.

A thousand forms, that sport on summer eves,
 Glance through the light, and whisper in the leaves ;
 While every bough seems nodding with a sprite,
 And every air seems hushing the delight ;
 And the calm bliss, fix'd on itself awhile,
 Dimples th' unconscious lips into a smile.
 Anon, strange music breathes—the fairies show
 Their pranksome crowd, and in grave order go
 Beside the water, singing, small and clear,
 New harmonies, unknown to mortal ear,
 Caught upon moonlight nights from some nigh-wandering
 I turn to thee, and listen with fixed eyes, [sphere,
 And feel my spirits mount on winged ecstasies.

In vain:—For now with looks that doubly burn,
 Shamed of their late defeat, my foes return.
 They know their foil is short ; and shorter still
 The bliss that waits upon the Muse's will.
 Back to their seats they rush, and reassume
 Their ghastly rites, and sadden all the room.
 O'er ears and brain the bursting wrath descends,
 Cabals, mis-statements, noise of private ends,
 Doubts, hazards, crosses, cloud-compelling vapours,
 With dire necessity to read the papers,
 Judicial slaps that would have stung Saint Paul,
 Costs, pityings, warnings, wits, and, worse than all,
 (O for a dose of Thelwall or of poppy !)
 The fiend, the punctual fiend, that bawls for copy !
 Full in the midst, like that Gorgonian spell
 Whose ravening features glared collected hell,
 The well-wigg'd pest his curling horror shakes,
 And a fourth snap of threatening vengeance takes !
 At that dread sight the Muse at last turns pale,
 Freedom and Fiction's self no more avail ;
 And, lo, my bower of bliss is turn'd into a jail !
 What then ? what then ? my better genius cries ;—
 Scandals and jails !—All these you may despise.
 Th' enduring soul, that, to keep others free,
 Dares to give up its darling liberty,

Lives wheresoe'er its countrymen applaud,
 And in their great enlargement walks abroad.
 But toils alone, and struggles, hour by hour,
 Against th' insatiate, gold-flush'd lust of power,
 Can keep the fainting virtue of thy land
 From the rank slaves that gather round his hand.
 Be poor in purse, and law will soon undo thee ;
 Be poor in soul, and self-contempt will rue thee !

I yield, I yield.—Once more I turn to you,
 Harsh politics ! and once more bid adieu
 To the soft dreaming of the Muse's bowers,
 Their sun-streak'd fruits and fairy-painted flowers.
 Farewell, for gentler times, ye laurell'd shades !
 Farewell, ye sparkling brooks and haunted glades !
 Where the trim shapes, that bathe in moonlight eyes,
 Glance through the light, and whisper in the leaves,
 While every bough seems nodding with a sprite,
 And every air seems hushing the delight.
 Farewell, farewell, dear Muse ! and all thy pleasure !
 He conquers ease who would be crown'd with leisure.

LEIGH HUNT.*

SONG—"RATIONAL MADNESS."

TO THE LOVERS OF CURIOUS AND RARE OLD BOOKS.

COME, boys, fill your glasses, and fill to the brim,
 Here 's the essence of humour, the soul too of whim !
 Attend and receive (and sure this is no vapour)
 A "ha'p'worth of wit in a penn'worth of paper."

Strange songs have strange songsters, thus madness to praise,
 A man must be mad ere his voice he can raise ;
 By our madness alone, then, without more pretence,
 We'll prove to the world that we're all men of sense.

* A poet, dramatic writer, and essayist,—was born October 19th, 1784. He was one of the founders of the *Examiner*, and in 1819 he commenced the *Indicator*, a weekly publication. His poetry is full of sprightly fancy and animated description, and his essays are deservedly popular.

Those joys which the Bibliomania affords
 Are felt and acknowledged by *dukes* and by *lords*,
 And the finest estate would be offer'd in vain
 For an *exemplar* bound by the famed *Roger Payne*.*

To a proverb goes madness with love hand in hand,
 But *our* senses we yield to a double command ;
 The *dear frenzy* in both is first raised by fair looks,
 Here 's our sweethearts, my boys, not forgetting our books.

Though all ruled by one wish, and though beauty is rare,
 If we miss a *tall copy*, we find one that's *fair*,
 Our delight may this prove, and though often *reprinted*,
 To one copy alone the *impression* be stinted.

By learning ennobled, we're careless of gain,
 Of envy or malice we ne'er know the pain,
 Take away the *world's prize*, we remain still unvext,
 We've our "meadow of margin and river of text."

Thus our time may we pass with rare books and rare friends,
 Growing wiser and better till life itself ends ;
 And may those who delight not in *black-letter lore*,
 By some *obsolete act* be sent far from our shore.

May some worthy brother his finger soon put
 On a Caxton unique, or a Wynkyn *uncut* !
 Yet pardon, I pray, this offence of my pen,
 May a soft "Pricke of Conscience" occur now and then.

Thus blessed with possession unrivalled on earth,
 May each coming day to new pleasure give birth,
 And our joys be unmix'd and secure to the last,
 If we look to the future, or think on the past.

J. M.

* A very celebrated bookbinder, but one whose abilities were rendered nearly useless by the dissoluteness of his habits. He died Nov. 20th, 1797, in Duke's Court, St. Martin's Lane, London, to the no small regret of several founders of magnificent libraries.—See Arnett's *Books of the Ancients*.

A CONTEMPLATION

ON THE MYSTERY OF MAN'S REGENERATION, IN ALLUSION TO
THE MYSTERY OF PRINTING.*

GREAT blest *Master Printer*, come
Into thy *composing room* :
Wipe away our foul offences,
Make, O make our souls and senses,
The *upper* and the *lower cases* ;
And thy large alphabet of graces
The *letter*, which being ever fit,
O haste thou to *distribute* it :
For there is (I make account)
No *imperfection* in the *fount*,
If any letter's face be *foul*,
O wash it ere it touch the soul ;
Contrition be the *brush*, the *lye*
Tears from a penitential eye.

Thy graces so *distributed*,
Think not thy work half finished :
On still, O Lord, no time defer,
Be truly a COMPOSITOR ;
Take thy *composing stick* in hand,
Thy holy word, the firmest band ;
For sure that work can never miss,
That 's truly *justified* in this.

The end of graces' distribution,
Is not a mere dissolution ;
But that from each part being cited,
They may be again united.
Let righteousness and peace then meet,
Mercy and truth each other greet ;

* *An Essay on the Original, Use, and Excellency of the noble Art and Mystery of Printing.* London: printed for T. Legg, at the Parrot and Crown, in Green-Arbour-Court, in the Little Old Bailey. Price four-pence: 1752.—This is a small tract of sixteen pages, demy 12mo., and, therefore, little can be expected of the *History of Printing*. The above poem is inserted at the end, which is there stated to have been written many years before, and then out of print.

Let these letters make a word,
 Let these words a line afford,
 Then of lines a page compose,
 Which being brought unto a close,
 Be thou the *direction*, Lord ;
 Let love be the fast-binding *cord*.

Set, O Lord, O set apace,
 That we may grow from grace to grace ;
 Till towards the *chase* we nearer draw
 The two strong tables of thy law ;
 Of which the two firm *crosses* be,
 The love of man, next after Thee.
 The *head-sticks* are thy majesty,
 The *foot-sticks* Christ's humility ;
 The supplication of the saints,
 The *side-sticks*, when our faith e'er faints ;
 Let the *quoins* be thy sure election,
 Which admits of no rejection ;
 With which our souls being join'd about,
 Not the least grace can then drop out.
 Thy mercies and allurements all,
 Thy *shooting-stick* and *mallet* call.

But when all this is done we see,
 Who shall the *corrector* be ?
 O Lord, what thou *set'st* can't be ill,
 It needs then no *corrector's* skill.

Now, though these graces are all *set*,
 Our hearts are but *white paper* yet ;
 And by Adam's first transgression,
 Fit only for the worst impression.
 Thy holy Spirit the *pressman* make,
 From whom we may perfection take ;
 And let him no time defer,
 To print on us thy character

Let the ink be black as jet,
 What though ? it is comely yet ;
 As curtains of King Solomon,
 Or Kedar's tents to look upon.

Be victory the *press's head*,
 That o'er oppression it may tread :
 Let divine contemplation be,
 The *screws* to raise us up to Thee :
 The *press's two cheeks* (unsubdued)
 Strong constancy and fortitude :
 Our slavish flesh let be the *till*,
 Whereon to lay what trash you will :
 The *nut* and *spindle*, gentleness,
 To move the work with easiness :
 The *platten* is affliction,
 Which makes good work, being hard set on,
 The *bar*, the Spirit's instrument,
 To sanctify our punishment :
 The *blanket* a resemblance hath
 Of mercy in the midst of wrath :
 The *frisket*, thy preventing grace,
 Keeps us from many sullied race.
 CHRIST JESUS is the *level stone*,
 That our hearts must be wrought upon.
 The *coffin* wherein it doth lie,
 Is rest to all eternity.
 The *cramp irons* that it moves on still,
 Are the good motions of the will :
 The *rounce*, the Spirit's inspiration,
 Working a holy agitation.
 The *girths*, the gift of continence,
 The tether of th' unbridled sense :
 The *winter*, whereon all doth lie,
 Is patience in adversity :
 The *foot-step*, humbleness of mind,
 That in itself no worth can find.

If there be such a chance as this,
 That any letter *batter'd* is,
 Being come unto thy view,
Take it out, put in anew ;
 Or if Satan, that foul fiend,
 Mar, with a pretence to me.

And being at thy goodness vext,
 Makes blasphemy of thy pure text ;
 Find it out, O Lord, and then
Print our hearts new o'er again.

O Lord, unto this work make haste,
 'Tis a work that long will last :
 And when this *white paper's* done,
 Work a *reiteration*.

SONG.—THE NEWS.

Air.—The Sea.

THE News ! the News ! the motley News !
 Oh, how I lovè the motley News !
 'Tis here, 'tis there, 'tis everywhere,
 At market, statute, wake, and fair,
 And tells to all the country round,
 Where rogues and knaves may soon be found.
 I love the News ! I love the News !
 And when I'm bother'd with "the blues,"
 I turn me to the motley page,
 Where barbers boast, and patriots rage,
 And if it tells of bankrupt Jews,
 What matter ? I'm among the News !

I love, Oh how I love the News !
 Its *gay bon-mots* and keen reviews—
 To loll at ease from morn till night,
 With nought but News within my sight,
 While lords attend the huntsman's becks,
 And set no value on their necks.
 I never see the motley News,
 But I love the more its new-born dews ;
 And I think of the curve of an Editor's nose,
 As he scans the scraps of rhyme and prose,
 That come to his hand from *wits* and *blues*,
 Ambitious of places within the News.

The *devil* was black, 'twas early morn,
 And the *pressman* sweat, when the News was born;
 A *proof* had been in the Editor's gripe,
 And there wasn't a single misplaced *type*,
 Each *pig* was set, the *gallows* was high,
 No *column* could crumble into *pie*—
 The *form* was so well *lock'd-up* with *quoin*,
 And the *chase* was proud of every line.
 I love, I love, the motley page,
 And if I live to well-fed age,
 And e'er-so-often change my views,
 What matter? I'll always love the News!

 SONG.

PRINT, comrades, print! a noble task
 Is the one we gaily ply;
 'Tis ours to tell to all who ask
 The wonders of earth and sky.
 We catch the thought, all glowing warm,
 As it leaves the student's brain;
 And place the stamp of enduring form
 On the poet's airy strain.
 Then let us sing, as we nimbly fling
 The slender letters round:
 A glorious thing is our labouring,
 Oh, where may its like be found?

Print, comrades, print! the fairest thought
 Ever limned in painter's dream,
 The rarest form e'er sculptor wrought
 By the light of beauty's gleam;
 Though lovely, may not match the power
 Which our own proud heart can claim—
 That links the past with the present hour
 And its breath—the voice of fame.

Then let us sing, &c.

Print, comrades, print ! God hath ordain'd
 That man by his toil should live :
 Then spurn the charge that we disdain'd
 The labours that God would give.
 We envy not the sons of ease,
 Nor the lord in princely hall ;
 But bow before the wise decrees
 In kindness meant for all.
 Then let us sing, &c.

AN ACROSTIC.

REFLECTIONS AT A PRINTING PRESS.*

Now, whilst thus labouring for our daily bread,
 On various subjects I've reflections made,
 Reviewing my past life I've often thought
 'Twas time quite wasted, I had lived for nought.
 How like the *foulest proof*, alas, am I,
 All black with *outs* and *doubles*—a *mess of pie*.
 My life's last *token* hastening on apace,
Pulled off, with all its faults—its *outs* of grace ;
 These *outs* of grace—those sins, the doubled part
 O Lord, correct, and justify my heart:
 No more in vain I'll labour like the past,
 My AUTHOR shall have one *clean proof* at last.
 Ere long “ we must needs die,”† with all mankind,
 Reason's convincing power strikes every mind ;
 Come, then, that wise determination take,
 Unite with me, the great correction make ;
 Revised by Christ we shall be kept in store,
 Yea, live as standard works for evermore.

* Written in the office of the *Northampton Mercury*. This paper was first printed on Monday, May 2, 1720, by Robert Raikes (the founder of Sunday Schools) and William Dicey, and is continued to the present time.

† 2 Samuel, xiv. 14.

AN ADDRESS.

WITHOUT a *horse*, I've journey'd to this place,
 To show 'mongst *letter'd* worthies my *lean face* ;
 When all are *out*, 'twould seem a kind of sin,
 Should I refuse to *follow*, and *keep in*.
 My poor *pale colour* and *low case* excuse,
 Men can't be *fat*, at all times, when they'd choose ;
 At least, poor Printers, like myself, are lank,
 Because I've got no great *heap* at the *bank*,
 For had the *bank* a *capital* of mine,
 I'd on the int'rest live, and ne'er repine :
 Should I, of fortune gain the upper hand,
 A *proof* I'd show of kindness through the land.
 My *hours* should pass *compos'd* as angels fly,
 I'd have good wine and beef, as well as *pie*—
 But to complaints let's put a *period* here,
 Lest they *drive out*, or damp our rising cheer.
 Ye men of *letters*, champions of the press,
 Here let a brother greet you with success ;
 My *lines* are weak, 'tis true, but that's no *matter*,
 My hopes are strong—which not the world can *batter*.
 Fly hence, ye cares ! let nought our mirth destroy,
 Be every heart, this day, *lock'd-up* in joy ;
 May none *impose*, or raise a causeless din,
 And no *cross-rule*, or woe, our breasts *get in*.
 Chase off all sorrow, banish every trouble,
 And let the joy of all, this eve, be *double* ;
 Hence all low *squabbles* from this scene of pleasure,
 While every member drains a flowing *measure*.
 A *page* of wit may all, with due precision,
 Recite—when done, bring forth a new *edition*.
 And now, my friends, impress'd with warm regard,
 I hope that merit long will meet reward ;
 And should vile *monks*, or paler *friars*, rise
 To *bar* your progress with some d—d device,

Then let your *canon*, *pointed* at the knaves,
 Convince them that you scorn to live as slaves.
 Pour in a *broadside* on the desperate foe,
 And lay despotic tyrants ever low !
 Exert your *metal* well—and if your *frames*
 Get *batter'd*—still a lustre o'er your names
 The Muse shall throw ; while lasting *columns* rise,
 And lift your fame eternal to the skies.

Manchester, July, 1824. J. J.

AN ADDRESS

DELIVERED BY MR. KEELEY, IN THE CHARACTER OF A
 PRINTER'S DEVIL.*

(*Speaks behind the Scenes.*)

WHAT ! I go on, and thank the gentlefolks !
 Go on the stage ! A plague upon your jokes—
 I cannot do it—I should die with shame !
 Well, if I must—mind, you shall bear the blame.

(*Enters, cleaning a Printer's Ball.*)

Ladies and Gentlemen—I beg your pardon
 For thus appearing here in Covent Garden ;
 'Tis not my fault—I'd rather be at home,
 But I was by the Printers *press'd* to come.
 Having got all they can from you—'tis civil—
 For thanks they coolly leave you to *the Devil* !
 Start not—the Printer's *Devil* ! that is, me,
 No *blacker* than I'm *painted*, as you see ;
 The Devil—that with *Faust*, the first of Printers,
 (Called Doctor Faustus) had such odd adventures.
 Everything's thrown on me, but you shall hear—
 Master, you know, commands the overseer,

* At the Theatre Royal, Covent Garden, June 3d, 1829, at a benefit in behalf of the Printers' Pension Society. The performances were the *Castle of Andalusia*, a *Musical Melange*, and the comedy of *Charles II.*—See *Appendix*.

The overseer he lords it o'er the men,
 The men they fag the 'prentices, and then
 The 'prentices blow me up—that 's *not* civil—
 So good or bad, all 's laid upon the *Devil!*
 For everything they want the pressmen call me,
 And if I do not answer they *black-ball* me.
 Nay, with abuse the very authors cram me,
 And when I go for copy, curse and damn me!
 Still I must speak a good word for the knaves,
 Although they use us worse than Turks do slaves.
 For if the Devil does not have pity, they
 Will rarely stew—there 'll be the deuce to pay.
 Gentlemen of the Press, I ask your aid
 To aid those who aid you—you 're all one trade—
 Excuse my freedom—but you must agree
 The British Press in all parts should be free;
 And where, I'll ask you, would be your reports,
 If the Compositors were *out of sorts*;
 The ponderous words from many a learned head,
 Take you that down, they put in kindred lead;
 Give your notes value—measure out your rhymes,
 And yield “its *form* and *pressure* to the Times.”
 The Press, great engine of all human good,
 The widest spread, the easiest understood—
 Which knowledge circulates from pole to pole,
 Corrects the heart, improves and charms the soul!
 To which unnumbered blessings owe their birth,
 Which yields an immortality on earth!
 Oh! of its members pardon each transgression,
 And let their merits make a *good impression*;
 Nor your kind patronage to those refuse,
 Who 're *galley*-slaves to furnish you the *News*.
 When *press'd* by poverty, and *chas'd* by care,
Laid-up, and off their *metal!*—in despair!
 In *worn-out case*, and burdened helpless elves,
 Too oft with *types* in *minion* of *themselves*;
 What aid shall soothe their wants and charm their grief?
 Our *Printer's Fund*, which yields to all relief;

Which *Pensions age*, gives to desert its due,
 But which still owes its best support to you.
 Will you support it still, and grant our suit—
 Bestow your aid, and your applause to-boot?—
 Yes, from your presence here, a *proof I pull*,
 We *Printers* like to see our *boxes full*.
 'Tis all *correct*, no chance can now defeat us,
 So without *bodkin*, I'll make my *quietus*.*

W. T. MONCRIEF.*

AN ADDRESS

DELIVERED BY MR. DARKIN.†

LADIES and Gentlemen, I come before you
 With no intention in the world to bore ye
 By a long rigmarole outlandish story ;
 Mine is a simple tale, and quickly told ;
 Bear with me then, while I that tale unfold.

As when some peasant, who, to treat his lord,
 Brings out his little store, and decks his board.
 With awkward bows, and ill-placed rustic airs,
 To make excuses for his feast prepares ;
 So here I stand, all trembling in your sight,
 Come to invite the audience of to-night.
 First, then, I bid my brother *typos* share,
 With hearty welcome, in our homely fare ;
 And then the ladies next—Heaven bless them !—
 How, in what manner, shall I best address them ?
 Would you, ye fair ones, in our cause appear,
 Your looks would silence every critic here :
 If you but smile, 'twill cheer the actor's heart,
 And give him courage to perform his part.
 Since, then, to please you has been all our care,
 Bear kindly with us, and attentive hear.

* A dramatic writer of considerable ability, and now of the Charter-house.

† At a BENEFIT in aid of the Funds for providing an Asylum for Aged and Infirm Printers, at the Albert Saloon, City Road, London, on Tuesday, March 2nd, 1841.

It is (say moralists) a happy sight
 When profit's made with pleasure to unite ;—
 I'm sure we have the junction here to-night.
 Should any dare to say I am not right,
 And that you come but for a spreeish bout,
 I tell him flatly he's *a pica out*.
 To me it is as demonstration clear
 That Charity herself has called you here.

I see, in thought, the PRINTERS' ALMSHOUSE rise—
 Not with its head high-towering to the skies,
 But with a lowly unobtrusive mien,
 Like modest worth, uncaring to be seen ;
 And 'neath its sheltering roof—glad sight to me—
 Full many a typo's well-known face I see ;
 There, in their porch, with Nature round them smiling,
 They sit and chat, the summer-eve beguiling ;
 Or, when rude winter howls around their cot,
 They stir the fire, and bless their happy lot ;
 Then light their pipes, and puff, and talk awhile,
 (While ready jokes oft raise a quiet smile)
 Of former *comp's* :—how one could take a drop,
 And how a second was a downright *mop* ;
 And how another, noted for a *whip*,
 Could flog with ease the whole companionship ;
 And how some queerish coves, without remorse,
 Would write ten shillings, or a pound, *on horse*.
 Of *solid digs* they talk—of *fat* and *lean*,
 And how some *proofs* were *foul*, and some so *clean*.
 (Thus do they chat, and puff away between.)
 Ah, happy souls ! they have no further troubles
 With cursed *outs*, and eke as cursed *doubles* ;
 And not a solitary fear have they
 Of *mackled* sheets, or *monks*, or *friars* grey ;
 With making register they've nought to do—
 Their last *ret* is *made ready*—smoothly on they go.

When feeble age, wending the downhill road,
 Doth find a shelter in your warm abode,
 He then shall say, while starts the grateful tear,

" Thank Heaven, I am no parish pauper here !
 To kindly comp's I owe this place of rest ;
 'Tis friendship's alms, and I am truly blest."
 The aged widow of some valued friend
 May there her latter days in quiet end,
 And morn and night her thanks she 'll offer up
 To those who 've sweetened thus her parting cup.
 And you, my brother typos, each of you
 Shall with just pride the Printers' Almshouse view,
 And say, " I too assisted with my weekly pence
 To raise these blest abodes of indigence."
 And is this fancy only? Shall there not—
 I ask you, friends—be some such quiet spot,
 Where, when the eyesight fails, and shakes the hand—
 Unfit at *case* or at the *press* to stand—
 Shall there be not some refuge, where they may,
 With toil exhausted, rest at close of day?
 Shall every trade but our's their Almshouse boast?
 Shall we, who of all trades should have it most,
 No Almshouse have? Say, comp's, shall this be so?
 For one and all I boldly answer—No!
 Then each subscribe at once your willing mite;
 Join heart and hand—with right good-will unite;
 And, mark my words, not meant as idle vaunting,
 The Printers' Almshouse will not long be wanting.
 A word at parting—Friends, 'tis my desire
 That none of you this Almshouse may require.
 I wish you health, wealth, happiness, and that
 Whose'er the *lean* of life, be your's the *fat*.

MR. LATEY.

AN ADDRESS

FOR THE BENEFIT OF THE PRINTER'S PENSION SOCIETY.

ASSEMBLED patrons of the glorious Press,
 Whose beams of mental light our country bless,
 Endure to-night, from one unknown to fame,
 The worn and aged Printer's humble claim;

The blessings of the Press still plead for him,
 When his hand falters, and his eye grows dim.
 To all that's loved and valued in our land
 Of freedom, he affords a helping hand—
 The faithful agent of the radiant Press,
 That lights the erring world to happiness ;
 Illumes this life, and gives the golden Text
 That guides to bliss immortal in the next.

What if some reckless miscreants be found,
 To send the cup of mental poison round ?
 The faces of the good, pale not with fear—
 The virtuous antidote is ever near.
 There may be sickness in the fair sun's heat,
 Worms in the bud, and tares among the wheat ;
 Still hail we the bright sun, and bless his power,
 Prize the ripe corn, and love the blooming flower.

Whate'er adorns the world of letters fair,
 The Printer's toiling eyes and hands prepare ;
 Foregoing oft sweet sleep's restoring power,
 At early morn, or midnight's weary hour,
 He aids the sons of genius and of lore
 To send rich merchandise from shore to shore.
 Our Milton and our Shakspeare, ever new,
 With later bards, are loved and prized by you ;
 And 'tis the Printer's task to multiply
 A million-fold their pearls of poesy.

The Press, with ever-varying treasure, finds
 Its ready way to myriads of minds ;
 It brings a talisman for young and old,
 The gay, the sad, the gentle, and the bold ;
 The rich review, the racy magazine,
 And tome on tome for sixty or sixteen ;
 Nor lacks it pleasing and improving powers
 For childhood's innocent and happy hours.

Say, politicians, who, in warm debate,
 In coffee or in wine room, rule the state—
 What would you be without the Press—your Sun ?
 Why, like the planets without theirs—undone !

Fair ones, whom Fancy's pen doth oft entrance
 With tender tragedy and sweet romance,
 You the rare pleasures of the Press can tell,
 When poets paint the things you love so well !
 And you, young Romeos on the world's wide stage,
 Enjoy the bright imaginative page ;
 Such as where Scott's immortal pen hath drawn
 Scenes for the living, and for worlds unborn ;
 Such as where Byron, Moore, and Campbell give
 Things destin'd with the universe to live !
 These, and a thousand more from kindred hearts,
 The mighty magic of the Press imparts.

And ye, whom old Time mellows and matures,
 You know each pure delight the Press insures ;
 Your tuneful rhymer will not sing of them,
 But strive his flood of melody to stem ;
 A world of words may not make one of wit,
 Whate'er the speaker fondly thinks of it ;
 So I'll no more usurp the drama's throne,
 But condescend to let the play go on. W. R.

AN ADDRESS.*

IN times gone by, ere England's honour'd name
 Re-echoed far and wide with loud acclaim,
 Tyranny usurp'd the throne of power,
 And check'd the rising virtues hour by hour.
 The cruel deeds old chronicles rehearse
 Shall not pollute the subject of my verse ;
 Enough to know that history's fair page
 Is sullied o'er by haughty bigots' rage.

A happier task devolves on us to-night—
 To trace the source of intellectual light :

* Written for and delivered at the Third Annual Trade-Subscribers' Dinner, held at the White Conduit House, on Monday, October 20th, 1845, to celebrate the formation and successful progress of the PRINTERS' PENSION SOCIETY.—See *Appendix*.

Hail, PRINTING, hail ! thy powerful aid dispers'd
 Those clouds which baneful Superstition nurs'd,
 The Sun of Knowledge rose upon the world,
 And Freedom's banner was at length unfurl'd ;
 Not Freedom vaunting in an empty name,
 But free in word, in deed, in thought the same.
 Then learning flourish'd in our favour'd land,
 And science beam'd around on every hand ;
 While works of charity, divinely sent,
 The pangs of age and poverty prevent ;
 For houseless poor behold the Asylum rise,
 Its humble roof a peaceful home supplies ;
 And all the ills to which " this flesh is heir "
 Receive the kindest—nay, the tenderest care.
 Thus PRINTING came, with heaven-sent blessings fraught,
 And thus the glorious Reformation wrought.
 Then, shall the Art so bounteous to mankind
 No sympathetic friends to learning find,
 On whose benevolence, as his days decline,
 The worthy PRINTER may in peace recline ?
 When we around so many patrons see,
 Their presence tells us—" This shall never be ! "
 To YOU, with confidence, we now appeal,
 For your increased exertion—fervent zeal.

Methinks I see some aged friend distress'd,
 By your benev'lence already bless'd ;
 His uprais'd hands express how much he feels,
 His tearful eye his gratitude reveals.
 The hapless widow meets with your regard,
 Her prayers are yours—an exquisite reward !
 For charity, like mercy, ever lives,
 " It blesseth him that takes, and him that gives ; "
 And, be assured, no incense e'er transcends
 In fragrance *that* which now to heaven ascends ;
 Your heart the altar—'tis a hallowed shrine,
 The means are mortal, but the end divine !

G. RYMER.

THE PRESS.

A FRAGMENT.

How great this fact all men must now confess,
 A power exists which reigns supreme—THE PRESS!
 A power for ages to the world unknown:
 A tyrant now—to despotism grown—
 It swallows up all others in its own.
 A wonderful embodiment of mind—
 Monstrous—intangible—and undefined:—
 A modern hydra—which, with countless heads,
 O'er the whole earth its voice in whirlwind spreads;
 Rousing men's angry passions at its will:—
 Who shall foretell its course—for good or ill?
 No. 21. *Hood's Magazine.**

SONG.—THE PRESS.

Tune.—The Sea.

THE Press! the Press! the glorious Press!
 The deep, the fresh, the ever free,
 Without a mark, without a bound,
 It searcheth the earth's wide regions round.
 It plays with despots, it mocks their spleen,
 Or like a flaming rod is seen.
 I'm on the press! I'm on the press!
 I am where I would ever be,
 With the ink above, and the paper below,
 And the *devil* to pay wherever I go.
 If the O's† should storm, and threaten my fall,
 What matter?—what matter?—I can *beat* them all.

It loves, oh! how it loves to ride
 On the lordly voice of the popular tide,
 When every madcap speaks his mind,
 Or thumps his knuckles for want of wind.

* * Thomas Hood, the distinguished writer, and editor of the above magazine, died May 6, 1845. His works will be long remembered, and, amongst their class, may well be described as unrivalled.

† Overseers.

And tells how goeth the national debt,
 And why at taxes the people fret.
 I never reported for one short hour,
 But I love the free press more and more,
 And backwards flew to my *devils* and *type*,
 Like a bear-cub that loveth its mother's gripe;
 And kinder and kinder it is to me,
 For the press was born to be useful and free!

The world was changed, and the pope looked round
 When the hydra head of the press was unbound,
 And the eyes of oppression and hatred rolled,
 And tyrants offered their bars of gold;
 And never was heard such an outcry wild,
 As strove to smother the free-born child.
 It has stood since then with great strength and weight,
 In spite of prisons and engines great,
 With truth to guide, and power to range,
 And never may England see its change;
 And life,—whenever it loves me less,
 Shall see me bound to the glorious Press!

ON THE LIBERTY OF THE PRESS.*

IN good Queen Anna's days, when tories reign'd,
 And the just liberty of the press restrain'd,
 Sad whigs complain'd, in doleful notes and sundry,
 O LIBERTY! O VIRTUE! O MY COUNTRY!
 But when themselves had reach'd the days of grace,
 They chang'd their principles as well as place;
 From messengers secure no printer lies,
 They take compositors, pressmen, devils, flies:
 What means this change? the sum of all the stories,
 Tories deprest are whigs, and whigs in power are tories.

* The above epigram appeared upon the conduct of the Whig government towards the press. On the 19th June, 1729, Robert Knell, compositor, and John Clark, pressman, of *Mist's Weekly Journal*, were set in the pillory for working that paper, of the 24th of August, 1728.

THE POET'S ANATHEMA.

ON A PRINTER WHO HAD DISPLEASED HIM.

MAY all your *columns* fall in *pie*,
 Each *chase* be gnawed by rust ;
 Weak, weak as water be your *lye*,
 Your *cases* filled with dust.

May all your *sticks* untrue be made,
 Your *frames* too high or low ;
 No *page* upon the *stone* be laid
 Where it should rightly go.

May all your *rules* be short and rough,
 Your *bodkin* but a nail ;
 Your *balls* be like a barber's puff,
 And rats your *pelts* assail.

May crooked stand of *type* each kind,
 Your *press* run hard for oil ;
 Your *gallies* ten degrees inclined,
 Your *paste* be vermin's spoil.

May all your *devils* idle be,
 Yet look to you for bread ;
 And may you ne'er from duns be free,
 Until you 're dead—dead—dead—

R S. COFFIN.

LANGUAGES.

THE ancient Hebrew clad with mysteries,
 The learned Greeke, rich in fit epithetes,
 Blest in the lovely marriage of pure words ;
 The Chaldea wise, the Arabian physicall,
 The Roman eloquent, the Tuscan grave,
 The braving Spanish, and the smooth-tongued French.

1617.

ANDREW BREWER.

THE PRESS.

Now reigns Apollo, earth hath told
 Its brazen and its iron ages ;
 The Press brings on the " Age of Gold,"
 Foretold by inspiration's pages.*

Sing, earth, thou wilderness of time ;
 Creation's desert, rise and sing ;
 Thy wastes shall glow with summer prime,
 And with eternal concord ring.

Ye tyrants, tremble on your thrones !
 Despot ! the hand upon the wall
 Has writ thy doom, I hear thy groans ;
 I see thy helpless—hopeless fall.

The sky of liberty ne'er shone
 In ages past so fair and bright ;
 The Press we hail, the Press alone,
 Brings freedom, power, and life, and light.

PAUL RODGERS. †

ON THE WORLD.

THE world's a *printing-house*, our words are thoughts,
 Our deeds are *characters* of several sizes ;
 Each soul's a *compositor*, of whose faults
 The *Levites* are *correctors* and Heaven *revises* ;
 Earth is the common *press*, from which being driven.
 We're gather'd, sheet by sheet, and *bound* for heaven.

THE world's a book, writ by th' eternal art
 Of the great Author ; printed in man's heart ;
 'Tis falsely printed, though divinely penn'd,
 And all the *errata* will appear at th' *end*.

QUARLES.

* Isaiah, chap. lx. &c. &c.

† From " Poems, or Amusements in Rhyme," Sheffield, July, 1845. Mr. Rodgers was born in that class of society which has produced a Bamford, an Elliot, a Prince, and a Cooper ; and, from the humble capacity of a working shoemaker in a country village, has by his talents and good conduct obtained a responsible public situation at Sheffield, where he now resides.

AN AUTHOR.

AN author ! 'tis a venerable name !
 How few deserve it, and what numbers claim !
 Unblest with sense above their peers refin'd,
 Who shall stand up, dictators to mankind ?
 Nay, who dare shine, if not in virtue's cause ?
 That sole proprietor of just applause.

DR. YOUNG.

SONG.—THE ALBION PRESS *

Air.—Roast Beef of Old England.

WHEN a nation's right or glory calls,
 'Tis Albion's sons and wooden walls ;
 But here, my friends, let 's make a pause,
 The ALBION PRESS claims our applause.
 From year to year three hearty good cheers,
 For the Albion factory, huzza, boys,
 For the Albion factory, huzza !

Proudly on high it takes its stand,
 'Tis known in every foreign land ;
 The trump of fame its praise sends forth
 From east to west, from south to north.
 From year to year, &c.

Its enemies spring up apace,
 But soon they fall into disgrace ;
 The more they try to pull it down,
 Their malice speaks its great renown.
 From year to year, &c.

The time, my friends, you see has come,
 That a thousand improved ones are done,

* In the month of April, 1839, Mr. J. Hopkinson, of Finsbury, London, had completed one thousand of his "IMPROVED ALBION PRESS," upon which occasion he entertained his workmen at a supper ; and, during the hilarity of the evening, William Hawkins, an operative engineer, almost extempore, composed and sang the above song ; therefore, his desire to please will, it is hoped, disarm criticism.

Its showers of breaking life around distils,
And with a burst of song all Nature fills !
Thou faithful chronicler, since time began,
Of food for seraphs, and of bliss for man !
Of life the panorama thou shalt be,
Its dearest relic through eternity !
The infant catches thine inspiring ray,
And trembling on his eye awakes the day !
In pride, and majesty, the man of might
Basks in thy living plenitude of light !
The aged strews his path with thy sweet flowers,
To glad, of life, his few remaining hours ;
And down the frigid walks of death among,
Thy smile transforms his anguish to a song !
Genius, all-glowing from his Maker's breast,
Springs on our view, at thy sublime behest ;—
Strewing his affluence o'er every land,
'Till scarce a wretch laments an empty hand !
Thou sovereign agent of Omnific Will,
At thy command strange elements are still ;
Light o'er chaotic intellect is hurl'd,
And joy and order rule a wondering world !
Thine is the spirit of eternal Right !
And thy broad hand the dwelling place of Might !
Fate frames thy brow !—heaven gave the inspiring breath—
Life fills thy smile, and in thy frown is death !
The golden chain that links society,
Is forg'd, in all its amplitude, by thee !
And the rich trump holds thy deep-graven name,
That owns the breath of Honour and of Fame !
The dens of infamy ope' at thy call,
And their huge pillars at thy bidding fall !
The hags of sulphur quit their hideous cells,
When all their secrets thy deep echo tells !
The Law and Justice laud thy mystic hand,
That lashes Crime and Folly from the land !
Thou art the friend to virtue in distress !
Th' avenger of the wrongs of wretchedness !

The scorpion-scourge of every foul desire !
 Th' Herculean cleanser of Augean mire !
 The fount whence Liberty's blest river springs !
 The dread of tyrants, and the hope of kings !
 The palace where the noblest spirits reign,
 Youthful for ever in thy proud domain !
 The high insignia of the Poet's dream,
 That seals for immortality his theme !
 The hovering inspiration of the brave !
 The soothing matron to the wounded slave !
 The solace to the smitten heart of Love !
 The sigh that lures compassion from above !
 The lightning's wing, to bear the vivid thought !
 The thunder's tone, with mystic vengeance fraught !
 Th' obsequious Benefactor of mankind !
 The idol, and the worshipper of Mind !
 The sun, th' imperial spring of pregnant light !
 The moon, that silvers o'er the arch of night !
 The pathless ocean,—clear, and broad, and free !
 The noblest image of Divinity !.....
 Pardon the line, light from thy poet's heart !
 No metaphors well picture what thou art !
 No language holds a glimmer to thy rays !
 No thoughts embrace thy glory's boundless blaze !
 Wonder, with deep'ning lines, o'ershades the eye,—
 And leaves the blest fruition—'till we die !

Hadst thou ne'er sought us from the plains of light,
 Our sages were but savages of night !
 Then had base demons walk'd this baser earth,
 And sacrificed her sons to spleen and mirth ;—
 All that was good or lovely sought the skies,
 Like the sweet Graces when Apollo dies !
 Did angels then our grovelling spirits scan,
 They'd burnt with mere contempt for brutal man !
 Methinks the sun had hurried on his way,
 Displeased to waste upon our world his day !—
 Yawn'd had the rocks, to drink such "liquids" in,
 And glut them with the spoils of woe and sin !

Then had no monuments of grateful earth
 Liv'd to forget the skill that gave them birth ;—
 When Alfred perish'd, had expir'd his name ;
 A Shakspeare miss'd eternity of fame ;
 A Newton's soul been lost the stars among ;
 A Milton's found oblivion, with his song ;—
 A Howard's flown, but untranscribed, to heaven ;
 Nor to the urn of Worth one tear been given !
 Go ! and great Jove shall patronize thy reign !
 Ride brilliantly o'er air, and land, and main !
 Bid Genius smile—like Morning—o'er the grave !
 Bind down Disorder, and unchain the slave !
 Twist to thy spear Oppression's brazen rod !
 Take thy bright buckler from the arm of God !
 Drink from the goblet of eternal Truth !
 And gird thy loins with everlasting Youth !
 The guardian wing of Heaven thy helmet be !
 Thy song—" the Good, the Valiant, and the Free ! "

Plymouth.

EDWARD COCK.

THE POET'S FAREWELL TO HIS MANUSCRIPT.

FAREWELL, dear task ! thou often hast beguiled
 Pain from my heart, and sickness from my brow—
 For other eyes than those which wept or smiled
 O'er thy progressing page will meet thee now !
 Farewell—Farewell ! my weak and friendless child !
 Thy parent's love can no assistance lend
 To thy young dawn upon a waste so wild,
 As this gay world may be without a friend !
 Yet will I crave for thee where'er may lead
 Thy timid footsteps through its wintry waste,
 That this hard lot (if hard betide thee) end
 In thy first day—that thou shalt not be traced
 With the slow slime of sorrow from the hour
 Thou'st dared, like me, at things beyond thy power.

Illuminated Magazine, Vol. 3.

W.

THE BOOKSELLERS' CHARTER SONG.*

Air.—"The fine Old English Gentleman."

I'LL sing the praise of our proud trade, since *Fourteen sixty-nine*,

The glorious freedom of the press, which never lay supine ;
And call to mind the noble souls of other days long past,
Whose actions glow like beacon lights, to guide us to the last :
In solemn silence drink to those, all of the olden time.

Why not remember Britain's sons, who lent, by art and pen,
Their aid, to snatch from Ignorance, worlds of unlettered
men ? [guess,

Who smote that demon to the earth ?—I'm sure you all can
It was renowned **Will Cotton**, with his fine old wooden
press :

In silence drink his memory, his of the olden time.

Wynken de Worde, and Pynson, first printer to Harry Eight,
Lettow, Julian Notary and Machlinia, still more great ;
Will Faques, and Henry Papwell, first Bookseller of those
times, [tered climes :

And Bretton, who first imported books from Europe's let-
In solemn silence drink to those, all of the olden time.

Skott, Godfrey, Rastell, Butler, the Copelands, and old Wyre,
Redman, Banks, and Andrew, who transfused the living fire ;
Reynes, Ryddle, Gibson, Grafton, and the famed Miles
Coverdale, [weal :

Whose name shall stand recorded through England's woe or
In solemn silence drink to those, all of the olden time.

Petit, Weyland, Hester, Lant, Middleton, Reyland, Wight,
Wolf, Powell, Lynne, and Norton, who tore from darkness,
light ;

* Written by Mr. John Feagan, Bookseller, Dublin; and sung at Mr. John Cumming's Annual Trade Sale, on Wednesday Evening, 11th November, 1840.

And flung its rays o'er all the earth, which smote the power
of hell,
That now shall sleep for ever, 'neath old Caxton's, wooden
knell :

In solemn silence drink to those, a large and fond fare-
[well.

Besides some thousand noble souls, whose names I can't
recall,

Yet shine in **Old Black Letter**, as the writing on the wall ;
But come we to a class of men, who shone beyond our seas,
Who took from death his sable lock, and melted down his
keys,

And opened wide the gates of life, for ages and for days.

Faust, Guttemberg, Manutius, Aldus, Baynard, Froben too,
The Elzevirs, and Stephens, Bürman, Plantin, and Barbou ;
And next the Bibliographers Harless, Renouard, Marsh,
De Bure,

Harwood, Maittoire, and Panzar, with all the rest, I'm sure
You'll drink in solemn silence, those of the olden time.

And next, our great historians, Stow, Grafton, Hollinshed,
The dramatists, Will Shakspere, Fletcher, all the illustrious
dead ; [King,

Our antiquarians, Britain's stars. Grose, Carter, Strutt, and
With Dugdale, Ware, and Weever, of whom I love to sing :

In solemn silence drink to those, all of the olden time.

Once more I claim your special grace, let every glass be
drained, [reigned,

In sweet remembrance of the men who o'er our Press long
First Bensley, Boydell, Baskerville, Reeves, Foulis, Kincaid,
Bowyer, [dreds more :

George Falkner, Chambers, Ewing, White, with many hun-
You'll drink in solemn silence, these of the modern time.

If we have drunk with ecstasy, the memories of those gone,
Come let us give a bumper to Bentley, Murray, Bohn,

To Longman, Cadell, Colburn, to Pickering, Priestly, Sharpe,
 Who give to trade its varied tones as strings upon our harp :
 In rapture drink their honoured healths, these of the
 present time.

And now with proud enthusiasm, we 'll give the noble souls,
 Who guide the Press of Britain, whilst with lightning's speed
 it rolls,
 The pilots, Boyd and Oliver, Black, Simpkins, Ballantyne,
 Our Dublin Folds, and Belfast Simms, in sparkling cham-
 pagne wine, [present time.
 With cheering rapture drink their healths, these of the

I'm now at home, fill up each glass, we 'll drink our noble
 selves, [our shelves ;
 And first, JOHN CUMMING'S honest health, long may he fill
 Smith, Curry, Tyrrell, Webb, Keene, Tims, Grant, Milliken,
 and Coyne, [the Boyne,
 And our own SHARPE, whose knock is felt, from London to
 With cheering rapture drink their healths, these of the
 present time. J. FEAGAN.

THE TRUE CRITIC.*

TASTE is to sense, as charity to soul,
 A bias less to censure than to praise ;
 A quick perception of the arduous whole,
 Where the dull eye some careless flaw surveys,
 Every true critic—from the Stagirite
 To Schlegel and to Addison—hath won

* "I take upon me absolutely to condemn the fashionable and prevailing custom of inveighing against *critics* as the common enemies, the pests, and incendiaries of the commonwealth of wit and letters. I assert, on the contrary, that they are the *props* and *pillars* of the building; and that without the encouragement and propagation of such a race, we should remain as *Gothic architects* as ever."—LORD SHAFTESBURY.

"From the consideration of ancient as well as modern time, it appears that the cause of the *critics* is the same with that of wit, learning, and good sense."

His fame by serving a reflected light,
 And clearing vapour from a clouded sun.
 Who envies him whose microscopic eyes
 See but the canker in the glorious rose?
 Not much I ween the Zoilus we prize,
 Though even Homer may at moments doze.
 Praise not me the sharp sarcastic sneer,
 Mocking the Fane which Genius builds to Time.
 High works are Sabbaths to the soul! Revere
 Ev'n some rare discord in the solemn chime,
 When on the gaze the Venus dawns divine,
 The cobbler comes the slipper to condemn;
 The slave alone descends into the mine
 To work the dross—the monarch wears the gem.

SIR E. G. E. L. BULWER.*

THE GENUINE TYPOGRAPHER.

Air—"The Fine Old English Gentleman."

I'LL sing you an old ballad, made by a *Typo's* pate,
 Of an olden-time Typographer, who never would create
 A feeling of unpleasantness, and always lov'd to state
 His pure good-will to all the "craft"—the small as well as great:
 Like a genuine Typographer—one of the olden time!

His kindness and good-heartedness (as we may well suppose)
 Begot to him no enemies—nor had he any foes
 To *batter* on his *tympan*, or to *drive-out* at his nose; [shows
 But through the *section* of his life was well-beloved, which
 He was a genuine Typographer—one of the olden time!

* A poet, dramatic writer, and novelist, whose language and imagery are often exquisite, and his power of delineating certain classes of character and manners superior to that of any of his contemporaries. He is the youngest son of the late General William Earle Bulwer, of Heydon Hall, Norfolk. Born, 1805; married, 1827; created a baronet, 1838; represented St. Ives in 1831; and Lincoln from 1832 to 1841.

When Winter cold brought Christmas old, he crack'd the
 joke to all,
 And (as *rollers* were not then in use) he oft *knock'd-up* a ball,
 Where *tramps*, or *sups*, as well as *stabs*, whene'er they made
 a call, [as small.
 Might dance, or eat, and drink their fill—the great as well
 He was a genuine Typographer—one of the olden time!

But Time, when *matter spins out* well, will often fly too fast,—
 The poor old *Typo* heav'd a sigh—for he must die at last!
 He laid his *stick* and *galley* down, when soon his cares were past,
 And all his friends and relatives with gloom were overcast
 For this genuine Typographer—one of the olden time!

Now surely this is better far than all the rows we've had of
 late— [“bear-bait!”
 The *breaks* and *squabbles*, which some one has term'd a true
 And when we meet, let's meet as friends, and try to emulate
 The virtues of this *Typo*, which you've just now heard me state.
 He was a genuine Typographer—one of the olden time!

Manchester, July, 1837.

A. S. R.

A SONG FOR THE PRINTER.

Who will deny the dignity of that enduring toil
 That penetrates earth's treasure-glooms, and ploughs her
 sunny soil? [wheel,
 That flings the shuttle, plies the hammer, guides the spinning-
 Moulds into shape the rugged ore, and bends the stubborn
 steel? [dome,
 That hews the mountain's rocky heart, piles the patrician
 Leans to some lone and lowly craft beneath a lowlier home?
 And who will say that my employ hath not the power to
 bless, [Press?
 Or scorn the humble hand that wields the wonder-working

Virgilian grace, Horatian wit, it keeps for us in store
 And every classic dream is young, and lovely as of yore :
 How had these treasures been consigned to "dumb forget-
 fulness,"

But for the mirror of great things, the recreating Press !

[long,

The Press ! 'tis Freedom's myriad voice reechoed loud and
 The poet's world-wide utterance of high and hopeful song ;
 A trump that blows the barriers down where fear and false-
 hood lie ;

A lever lifting yearning hearts still nearer to the sky.

In good men's hands, it multiplies God's oracles of grace,
 And puts them in a thousand tongues to glad the human race ;
 Oh Christian truth ! oh Christian love ! twin-fires that burn
 to bless !

What higher spirit than your own to purify the Press ?

And yet it is an evil thing when wicked men combine,
 To use it for some selfish end, some fierce or dark design ;
 Who through it pour their poison-creeds, their principles of
 strife,

To cripple, darken, and degrade the social forms of life.

Oh ! ye of strong and upright souls, from such unhallowed
 things, [springs !

Defend the mighty instrument whence peaceful knowledge
 Make it the bulwark of our rights, the engine of redress,
 The altar of the nation's hope, the stainless, chainless Press !

Ashton-under-Lyne, Oct. 1845.

J. C. PRINCE.

FROM THE PRAGMATIC SANCTION.

MAY this volume continue in motion,
 And its pages each day be unfurl'd,
 Till an ant has drunk up the ocean,
 Or a tortoise has crawl'd round the world.

Paris, 1507.

APPENDIX.

THE PRINTERS' PENSION SOCIETY.

It is at all times a pleasing duty to render honour to whom honour is due, and in no instance can homage be more truly deserved, than when philanthropy and the relief of the aged and distressed are the objects sought to be accomplished. To those who are unacquainted with the origin, progress, and present state of the PRINTERS' PENSION SOCIETY, of London, the following brief statement will, it is hoped, not be uninteresting. Its establishment is to be dated from December, 1827; and to the indefatigable and untiring zeal of Mr. John King, printer, of College Hill, the palm is to be awarded for maturing and bringing to its present state this truly valuable Society. To Mr. I. S. Hodgson, bookseller, of Fleet Street, Secretary to the Society, the greatest praise is due; for to his energy and perseverance may be attributed the foundation of the annual dinners at the London Tavern, from which important benefits accrue; both as producing a handsome subscription, and extending the knowledge of the Society's existence. Nor should those gentlemen who have formed the several committees be overlooked, for to their exertions, and by their example, a great number have been induced to become members, thereby assisting the aged typo in his hour of need. Originating with the employed, it was wisely encouraged by the employer; and though contemplating only the relief of 50 pensioners in the whole, yet in the course of the first year 20 were admitted. The full number was soon completed, and 50 pensioners, on an average, have always been relieved from the funds. The total number admitted has been upwards of 150.

Printers and the Widows of Printers are the legitimate objects for relief—the former receiving £12. 12s. a year; and the latter £8. 8s.

The funds are raised by annual subscriptions of 5s. and upwards, the subscriber being entitled to one vote for every 5s. ; by life subscriptions of £2. 2s. and upwards, entitling the subscriber to one vote for £2. 2s., and three votes for £5. 5s. During its existence two Legacies have been received by the Society—one of £50, by the late John Murcott, Esq. ; and one of £200, by the late C. Whittingham, Esq. With the latter, the committee has established a distinct pension, called the Whittingham Pension, amounting to £7. 12s. per annum, and which is introductory to the full pension at the end of twelve months.

The following is a list of the Chairmen who have presided at the several Anniversaries :—

- 1828 Rt. Hon. LORD JOHN RUSSELL, M.P.
- 1830 Rt. Hon. VISCOUNT MORPETH.
- 1831 Rt. Hon. THE LORD MAYOR, (SIR JOHN KEY, Bart.)
- 1832 Rt. Hon. VISCOUNT MAHON, M.P.
- 1833 SIR EDWARD GEORGE EARLE LYTTON BULWER, Bart., M.P.
- 1835 Rt. Hon. THE LORD MAYOR, (H. WINCHESTER, Esq.)
- 1836 Rt. Hon. EARL STANHOPE.
- 1837 Rt. Hon. SIR LANCELOT SHADWELL, Vice Chancellor.
- 1838 Rt. Hon. VISCOUNT SANDON, M.P.
- 1839 Rt. Hon. THE EARL OF DURHAM.
- 1840 H. R. H. THE DUKE OF CAMBRIDGE.
- 1841 SIR JOHN EASTHOPE, Bart., M.P.
- 1842 RICHARD TAYLOR, Esq., F.L.S., in the absence of
Rt. Hon. THE EARL OF RIPON.
- 1843 CHARLES DICKENS, Esq.
- 1844 Rt. Hon. LORD ROBERT GROSVENOR, M.P.
- 1845 BENJAMIN D'ISRAELI, Esq., M.P.

On the 20th of October, 1845, the third Annual Dinner of the members and friends of the Society took place at the White Conduit House, when upwards of 180 persons were present—Mr. John King in the chair. Every liberal mind will rejoice in the success of this Institution, and invite those who feel the momentous value of the Press to extend their contributions to its useful operatives.

THE BOOKSELLERS' PROVIDENT INSTITUTION.*

THIS very laudable Institution was established on the 20th of December, 1836, by several of the most influential members of the trade, having for its object the temporary assist-

* See page 111-12.

ance of its members, their widows, and children, when in necessitous circumstances, and the permanent relief of its members and their widows, in the season of old age and infirmity.—An annual subscription of one guinea constitutes a member of this Institution, and a donation of ten guineas at one time, or in two yearly payments, a member for life.

The object sought to be accomplished by the erection of the BOOKSELLERS' PROVIDENT RETREAT, at Abbot's Langley, is, to provide those aged and infirm persons who are members, or the widows of members, of the Booksellers' Provident Institution, with a comfortable habitation, in addition to the annuity which they may already possess.

BOOKBINDERS' PENSION SOCIETY.

THE Bookbinders' Pension Society of London was established in April, 1830, under the patronage of His Royal Highness the late Duke of Sussex; and in May, 1839, the Bookbinders' Provident Asylum Society was established, having for its object to afford an asylum for decayed bookbinders, their widows, and females who have worked at the business. In 1843, the Asylum (situated at Balls' Pond Road, Islington) being finished, the first election of three inmates took place, on the 25th of March, 1844.

THE TEGG SCHOLARSHIP.

THOMAS TEGG, Esq., the eminent bookseller and publisher of Cheapside, London, in the year 1836 paid the sum of £400 to be excused from serving the office of sheriff of London and Middlesex; the corporation of the city of London devoted the money towards the establishment of an exhibition to one of the universities, for the benefit of pupils of the City of London School. Mr. Tegg not only manifested his approval of such an appropriation, but made the important addition of £100, and accompanied his gift with a number of valuable books for the library of the school; and, in return for so distinguished an act of liberality, the committee of the school agreed that the exhibition shall in future be designated "The Tegg Scholarship, or Exhibition." Mr.

Tegg has the honour of being the founder of his own fortune ; by exemplary conduct in youth, and probity and diligence in business, he has raised himself to the rank of one of the most eminent booksellers in London.

THE TIMES TESTIMONIAL.

THE following Testimonial had its origin from *The Times* newspaper having been instrumental, at an expense of some thousands of pounds, in bringing to light the most enormous superstructure of fraud ever raised ; by which it was intended, by forged letters of credit, to have robbed the bankers of Europe of £1,000,000, and which so far succeeded in obtaining from various bankers on the continent the sum of £10,700.* The sum of £2,625. 6s. was subscribed by the mercantile, banking, and commercial world, in testimony of their high admiration, and of raising a monument of their gratitude to the proprietors of *The Times* newspaper, who generously refused to take to themselves any of the money. At a meeting of the committee, specially summoned "for the purpose of considering the application of the amount subscribed, and the Testimonial to be adopted," held at the Mansion House, London, on Wednesday, Feb. 9th, 1842, The Right Hon. John Pirie, Lord Mayor, in the chair, the following resolutions were unanimously agreed to :

1. "That, with permission of the Gresham Committee, a Tablet, not exceeding one hundred guineas in value, with a suitable inscription, be placed in the New Royal Exchange ; and that a similar Tablet, not exceeding fifty guineas in value, be placed in some conspicuous part of 'The Times' printing establishment.


2. "That the surplus of the fund raised be invested in Government securities, in the names of the following Trustees—The Lord Mayor of London, the Lord Bishop of London, the Governor of the Bank of England, and the Chamberlain of London—all for the time being ; the dividends to be applied to the support of Two Scholarships, to be called 'The Times Scholarships.'

3. "That 'The Times Scholarships' be established in connection with Christ's Hospital and the City of London School, for the benefit of pupils proceeding from those Institutions respectively to the Universities of Oxford or Cambridge.

4. "That Christ's Hospital and the City of London School be required to place in their respective Institutions a Tablet, commemorative of the establishment of such Scholarships."

* See report of the action, *Bogle versus Lawson*, tried at Croydon, August 16, 1841, edited by W. Hughes Hughes, Esq., barrister-at-law.

TECHNICAL TERMS MADE USE OF IN THE WORK.

- Bank*.—A stage about four feet high, placed near the press.
- Batter*.—When any part of a form is injured or broken, it is said to be battered. Printers neglecting their work, and being intoxicated, are on the batter.
- Bearer*.—A piece of riglet to bear the impression off a blank page.
- Bite*.—Is when the entire impression of the page is prevented by the frisket's not being sufficiently cut out.
- Body*.—The shank of the letter.
- Bienvenue*.—The fee paid on admittance into a chapel.
- Brace*.—Is a character cast in metal, marked thus  of several breadths.
- Break*.—A piece of a line.
- Broadside*.—A form of one full page, printed on one side of a whole sheet of paper.
- Clean proof*.—When a proof has but a few faults in it, it is called a clean proof; and when a proof is to be sent to an author, the pressmen are ordered to pull a clean proof.
- Close matter*.—Matter with few breaks or whites.
- Companion*.—Journeymen working on the same job.
- Correct*.—When the corrector reads the proof, or the compositor mends the faults marked in the proof, they are both said to correct: the corrector the proof, the compositor the form.
- Corrections*.—The letters marked in the proof are called corrections.
- Devil*.—The errand boy of a printing-office.
- Direction*.—The word that stands alone on the right hand, in the bottom line of a page.
- Double*.—Among compositors, a repetition of words; also, among pressmen a sheet that is twice pulled.
- Drive out*.—When a compositor sets wide.
- Fat work*.—Is when there are many white-lines or break-lines in a work.
- Fly*.—The person that takes off the sheet from the press in cases of expedition.
- Follow*.—That is, see if it follows; is a term used as well by the corrector as by the compositor and pressman.
- Form*.—The pages when fitted into a chase.
- Foul proof*.—When a proof has many faults marked in it.
- Fount*.—The whole number of letters that are cast of the same body and face.
- Friar*.—When the balls do not take, the un-taking part of the balls that touches the form will be left white; or if the pressmen skip over any part of the form, and touch it not with the balls, though they do take, yet in both these cases the white places are called friars.
- Fudge*.—To contrive without necessary materials, or do work in a bungling manner.
- Get-in*.—Matter is got in in a line, page, sheet, or book, if letter be thinner cast than the printed copy the compositor sets from; or matter is got in if the compositor sets closer.
- Good colour*.—Sheets printed neither too black nor too white.
- Good of the Chapel*.—Forfeitures and other chapel dues collected for the good of the chapel, to be spent as the chapel approves.
- Good work*.—Is so called in a two-fold sense. the master-printer calls it good work when the compositors and pressmen have done their duty; and the workmen call it good work if it be light, easy work, and they have a good price for it.

- Heap*.—So many reams or quires as are given to the pressman to wet.
- Horse*.—If any journeyman set down in his bill on Saturday night more work than he has done, that surplus is called horse; also, the stage on which the pressmen set the heaps of paper on their banks.
- Insertion*.—If the compositor has left out words or lines, the corrector inserts it, and makes this mark Δ where it is left out.
- Keep in*.—Is a caution either given to, or resolved on, by the compositor, when there may be doubt of driving out his matter beyond his counting off, wherefore he sets close to keep in.
- Keep out*.—The practice opposite to the preceding.
- Light*.—To obtain credit for anything.
- Long pull*.—Is when the bar of the press requires to be brought close to the cheek to make a good impression.
- Low case*.—When the compositor has composed almost all the letters out of his case.
- Mackle*.—When part of the impression on a page appears double, owing to the plattin's dragging on the frisket.
- Matter*.—The series of the discourse of the compositor's copy; also the letter, when composed, is called matter.
- Measure*.—The width of a page.
- Mike, or Shammock*.—When a person neglects his duty for his own recreation, or through sheer idleness.
- Monk*.—When the pressman has not distributed his balls, and the ink lies in blotches, it is called a monk.
- Off*.—Pressmen are said to be off when they have worked off the designed number from a form.
- Out*.—A compositor is said to be out when he has composed all his copy.
- Pie*.—When a page is broken, and the letters confused.
- Qui (Quiætis)*.—A discharge from employment.
- Register*.—When the pages of a book perfectly back each other.
- Reiteration*.—The second form, or the form printed on the back side of the white paper.
- Rise*.—A form is said to rise, when in rearing it off the correcting-stone no letter or furniture, &c. drop out.
- Set off*.—Sheets that are newly worked off at the press often set off, and more particularly so when beaten with soft ink.
- Smout*.—When either compositors or pressmen are employed for a short time, and not engaged for a constancy.
- Sorts*.—The letters that lie in every box of the case are separately called sorts in printers' and founders' language.
- Squabble*.—A page or form is squabbled when the letter of one or more lines are got into any of the adjacent lines; or that the letter or letters are twisted about out of their square position.
- Underhand*.—A phrase used by pressmen for the light and easy, or heavy and hard running in of the carriage. Thus they say, the press goes light and easy under hand, or it goes heavy or hard under hand.
- Upper hand*.—When the spindle goes soft and easy, the pressmen say, it goes well upper hand or above hand. But the contrary if it goes hard and heavy.
- White paper*.—Although the first form be printed off, yet pressmen call that heap white paper, till the reiteration be printed.

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ERRATA.

Note—Page 111, for "June 13, 1840," read "June 13, 1839."

Note—Page 113, for "June 7, 1842," read "June 7, 1840."

