



The dice are false	mountain creature	He's like me - the boy - the image of his father	I love Molly and she loves me	Another victim	Ill give you a toast Gentlemen - The King God bless him - bring another bottle and never mind the Bill	I do so love Hamphrey & he loves a sop in the pan	Jack's Jack's to him	The map's a fool - I said so Devote
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MR. RAYNER'S
"UP TO TOWN AND BACK AGAIN."

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN,

It will, perhaps, be considered necessary to apologise or explain the reason of my appearing before you *solus*, on the present occasion, not merely on account of the entertainment itself, but also as to the motive. The manager of this house conceiving that to shut up his theatre, if he could by any possibility open it, would be a great injury to his treasury, and a breach of politeness to you, particularly when other theatres are endeavouring to *conjure* you within their walls ; though I can assure you I am no *conjuror*, yet it is all fair competition, so long as fair dealing only is resorted to. Lent being a season of abstinence and spare diet, we shall not be enabled to present you a dish quite so high-seasoned as usual; but presuming on the old proverb, "that half a loaf is better than none at all," the manager has commissioned me to serve up the entertainment. Emboldened, I am proud to say, by your former liberal patronage, I will endeavour to do my best, (however indifferent that best may be) and the best can do no better. Being a new road, if I should stumble in my path, I feel confident you will stretch forth the hand of liberality to help me up me again ; that is if I *should* fall, as my friend, Jack Qualify, used to observe—"but you might, you know, if it hadn't been otherwise." Jack always qualified everything he said with "aye, aye! but it might have been so ;" however, I will give you a specimen of his manner in rhyme, on the subject of Guy Fawkes, supposing his renowned exploits to have taken place in the year 18—.

GUY FAWKES,

OR, IT MIGHT HAVE BEEN, IF IT HADN'T BEEN OTHERWISE.

AIR : " *Bow wow wow.* "

I sing a doleful tragedy: Guy Fawkes, the prince of
sinisters,
Who once blew up the House of Lords, the king, and all his
ministers:

UP TO TOWN AND BACK AGAIN. 3

That is, he would have blown 'em up, and folks will ne'er
forget him!
His will was good to do the deed ; that is, if they'd have
let him !

Bow wow wow, &c.

He straight came from the Surrey side, and wish'd the
State was undone,
And crossing over Lambeth-bridge, that way com'd into
London;
That is, he would have come that way to perpetrate his
guilt, sirs,
But a little thing prevented him; the bridge it was not
built, sirs.

Bow wow wow, &c.

Then searching through the dreary vaults, with portable
gas-light, sirs,
About to touch the powder train, at 'witching hour of night,
sirs :
That is, he would have used the gas, only was pre-
vented,
'Cause gas, you see, in James's time it had not been in-
vented.

Bow wow wow, &c.

And when they caught him in the fact, so very near the
crown's end,
They straightway sent to Bow-street for that brave old
runner, Townshend;
That is, they would have sent for him, for fear he was no
starter at,
But Townshend wasn't living then, he wasn't born till a'ter
that.

Bow wow wow, &c.

So then they put poor Guy to death, for ages to remember,
And boys 'now kill him once a year, in dreary dark
November;
That is, I mean, his effigy, for truth is strong and steady ;
Poor Guy they cannot kill again, because he's dead already.

Bow wow wow, &c.

Then bless the Queen, the Prince of Wales, also her royal
son, sirs,
And may he never get blown up, that is, if he gets one,
sirs;

And if he does, I'm sure he'll reign, so prophecies my song,
sirs,
And if he don't, why then he won't, and so I can't be wrong,
sirs.

Bow wow wow, &c.

In my younger days having had a desire to visit that place now famed for pickpockets, peers, parliament, cabs, music-halls, and omnibusses, I took my place in the old York Highflyer, and as the recollections of a bye-gone style of travelling may not be without its interest to the present railroad generation, I will, for their benefit give you some reminiscences of my four-horse journey. On the morning of starting I was rather behind time, and on reaching the inn, I found the guard upon the look out. " Now, sir, you have kept the coach ; been waiting for you five minutes." I suffered myself to be boxed up inside, the guard blew his horn, crack went the whip, and away we went, rattling over the stones of York. Although the guard was in a violent hurry to start to time from York, we had scarcely proceeded more than a quarter of a mile, before we stopped to regale on rum and milk, for no other earthly reason than it was the regular house of call; this stoppage, however, was not lost upon me, as it gave me an opportunity of noting down a character. A lady-killer, one of the lords of the creation. Nature had buckled beauty on his back, in the shape of a hump; and as he was otherwise grotesquely ornamented, that if he had tried, he would have won all the horse-collars in the kingdom. Killing Jemmy thought no woman could look on him a moment and live. " I know thousands are dying for me, I know that, so I won't marry at all; what can I do, I can't have 'em all, some must die." The coachman began what is termed the *rigging* system, getting him in a line. " Come, come, squire, I see what you are at; there's no keeping a woman for you ; you have put on a new coat, no occasion for that, I am sure." " Yes, do you like my coat ? fits beautiful about the shoulders, don't it ? I say, did you see Jane last journey ? tell her I've got her love-letter safe, and the present too ; well, good bye, Robinson, I shall see you when you come back ; Peter Trot, the postman, is going away, he says I broke his back last Valentine's day in bringing my letters." I had now leisure to look at my fellow-passengers; they consisted of a visiting Frenchman, with a visiting knowledge of English; a ranter from London, who had been down to York to open

a new camp, and a female devotee, who had been so charmed with his oratory, that she had run away from her aunt, and taken all the cash in the house, and was now following the holy man to London. Thinking all the passengers asleep, he first gave the fair devotee a holy kiss, and then joined in the following hymn:

Oh! almighty king, who taught the little birds to sing,
 And gave the hips and haw?, to fill their little hungry craws;
 And as I'm for my breakfast faint, O! grant me one fit for a saint;
 And if it seemeth good to thee, I'll take six cups of Congou tea,
 And when the great account is cast, and each must pay for his
 repast,

O! let my brethren pay the bill

"Och ! " said the Irishman, stretching open his eyes, and rubbing his right eye. with his left leg, " by the mother of Moses, do you call that singing ; I have a dun cow at home would sing as well. Are you fond of music, Monsieur ? " " Oui ! very mush Monsieur; I like de music of your country—vhat you call de Irish howl, when your countrymen die, and he is valk away. You play so sweet on de pipe in de bag; begar it sing in my head till it make all de eye in my water. Very extraordinary people ; you learn de h to shoot; for I read in de papier, de shooting pony to h Very extraordinaire people." "Why Monsieur, do you know I am very musical myself," said the lady ; " before I was nine years old I could sing ' four-and-twenty black birds ' so well that people thought I had been born with a trumpet in my mouth. Pray sir," said she to Cynical, who sat and listened to all, but said nothing. " No ma'am, thankee, I am in the militia already." " No, sir, I don't mean that; I mean will you favour us with a song ? " " No, ma'am, I must be excused ; for if I was, you would not like it. I never sing now, because I think all the singing that ought to be listened to in England is done away with ; we've nothing but fine Italian singing now." "Sir, I'm sure we should be most happy if you would favour us." " Well ma'am, as you are so pressing, I have no further objection; and I'll give you a song that used to be sung in my days:

WE SHALL NEVER SEE THE LIKE AGAIN.

Our ancient English melody
 Is banish'd out of doors,
 And there is nothing to be heard
 But signoras and signors :
 Their strains I hate like a pig in a gate,

Give me the good old strain
 'O tis merry in the hall when the beards wag all :'
 We shall never see the like again,
 We shall never, &c.

On beds of down our dandies lie,
 And slumber out the morn,
 While their sires of old they wak'd the day
 With the sound of the bugle horn ;
 And their wives took care to provide good fare
 When they had left the plain.
 O 'twas merry in the hall, &c.

O then the merry tale went round
 Of goblin, ghost, or fairy,
 While they cheer'd the hearts of their tenants all
 With a cup of good canary ;
 Or each took a smack of the coal-black jack,
 While the fire burnt in their brain.
 O 'twas merry in the hall, &c.

Great heroes in the field we've had,
 And heroes on the wave,
 Blake, Marlboro' Wellington, and Moore,
 The bravest of the brave ;
 But Nelson's name stands first in fame,
 And claims the grateful strain
 Look where we will, old England still
 Can never see his like again.

William the Third, whose gallant name
 Each Briton still reveres,
 'Twas only when he left the world
 He caus'd his subjects tears :
 But now he's gone, we've Victoria won,
 And grant her long to reign;
 At duty's call, shout one and all
 We shall never see her like again.

" Vera good, indeed," said the Frenchman. "Good!"
 cried the lady. " With all due respect to you, sir, I don't
 think there can be any good song without some love in it."
 " Och ! by the powers," said the Irishman, "that's my
 opinion; nothing without love, except there is a small
 taste of murder in it. What do *you* think, sir ? " " Why,"
 said I, "I know little of love ; but a friend of mine has

written a Treatise on it. Man makes love widely different at twenty to thirty; and at forty to fifty. At twenty we are all passion; woman is a beautiful vision; heart-rending sighs ; thumb twiddling, &c. A friend of mine, who had reached his twentieth year, and was reckoned particularly bashful, endeavoured to make love in the following way :

" If you will allow me just to keep your company; you don't know what I feel; I have got a ticket for the play in my pocket; if you would but go ; I shall be soon out of my time ; if your mamma would consent, it would be all right; heigho ! good bye ! heigho ! " At thirty, the case is very different; doing well in business ; he has confidence, he enters his policy in love's insurance office, and carries his wishes by a *coup de main*; flings himself at his charmer's feet; my life hangs on your consent, my existence is a burden without you; take pity on me my angel! Silence gives consent; Cupid's torch shall light our path; see Hymen is waiting for us; say but the word, and I'll order a chaise and four, and off we go; what are parents to us; though to be sure love often makes fathers and mothers of us; you shall be mine; haste, haste ! thus it is at thirty. At forty, matrimony becomes a *matter-of-money* Cupid is nailed down to the counter, and Hymen minds the main chance ; he begins to think of his words, and weighs them before he utters them. Tom Cocken is a specimen of love at forty; when he courted Miss Maytop, the coppersmith's daughter, who besides good expectations, had a small independence of her own.

" If so be some people are not agreeable to it, there is no harm done. I have a sincere affection for you; you are very accomplished, and you have got 1000*l*. in the bank ; I have an excellent house, well furnished, with a good ready-money trade, so if you will be mine, I shall make you a good husband; if we are too late to have any children, that is not our fault; say the word, and I'll bespeak the wedding dinner, and settle where we shall spend the honeymoon I shall make you as comfortable as I can." At fifty, the marriage articles always begin with " know all men by these presents," and makes up for the dimness of his sight, by the brilliancy of his diamonds; and for the feebleness of his limbs, by keeping a carriage for his charmer. At sixty, a man readily goes into leading strings, like a child, his *flame* only makes the match, on the certainty of its soon going *out*; he doats and carries every thing to excess. I love you to distraction ; take compassion on an old man's passion, and I'll make a lady of you, my

little darling ; say you'll have me, you little rogue, and I'll disinherit my nephew, and make you heir to my estates, you little pet, I will indeed." So are the stages of love from twenty to sixty. But I must go back to twenty, which was the age of a young countryman, who had sat quiet in the coach till now, and said he was afraid to venture on matrimony, for his cousin, Peter Roppy, had been so cruelly jilted ; there had been a song made upon him, which, for our amusement, he would now sing.

CRUEL COURTSHIP.—"AIR : *Calder Fair*."

Oh ! cruel was my sweetheart, that first I went to woo,
And cruel was her *black* eye, that at me look'd so *blue* ;
And cruel was her hard heart, that couldn't for me feel,
And cruel was the rival that from me her did steal.

Fol de lol, &c.

Oh ! cruel was my first wife, who said she'd marry me,
Who, when I ask'd her for her hand, gave me her foot,
d'ye see ;
Cruel they that rang the bells, when I did wed the sex,
I wish the cruel ropes were round their cruel necks.

Fol de lol, &c.

Oh! cruel was my next wife, that I did make mine,
And cruel was the parson that did us together join;
And cruel was her hard fist that used me oft to whop,
And cruel was the liquor, that to her put a stop.

Fol de lol, &c

Oh! cruel was my third wife, that I did marry next,
And cruel was her cruel tongue, that every hour me vext;
And cruel was the doctor that came in at the death,
And cruel was the laudanum that stopp'd her sweet
breath.

Fol de lol, &c.

Oh ! cruel was my fourth wife, that I next did wed,
And cruel was the cruel fate, to prompt the " yes " I
said;

And cruel was the libertine, that off with her soon went,
But crueller my cruel wife, that could to it consent.

Fol de lol, &c.

Oh! cruel was my fifth wife, that I did take, d'ye see,
And cruel was the boat that upset her in the sea;

And cruel was the water, that my love soon drown'd,
 And cruel was the sexton, that put her under ground,
 Fol de dol, &c,

"That's a very excellent description of love," said I. ' Just at this moment the coachman opened the door, and the guard proclaimed this to be the breakfast hour ; I was just seated, as I thought, quite ready to do justice to the eatables, when a man of many capes entered the room, and walking deliberately up to the bell, gave it a tremendous pull, and called *tor a, flash of lightning*; the astonished parson raised up his hands in dismay, and in such an abrupt manner, that he spilt a cup of hot coffee upon the legs of the Frenchman. "Oh, sacra! vat de diable you do?" said he, rubbing his leg. " You should wear boots," said Cynical. " What for I wear boots ? begar, if he had spill it down in my boot I should have my leg like de lobster, ma foi !" A dandy who had just come in and sat his back most deliberately in the face of the company, called "Waiter ! a cup of coffee and a cigar." "What, smoke in a breakfast room," said the lady. "Aye," said Cynical, "if the gentleman wants to smoke, he should adjourn to the parlour; but every dog has his day, and so has every puppy ! I think the rage for smoking will end in smoke ; then ladies will partonize snuff-taking ; they must then take blackguard as they find it; love and Lundyfoot will go hand in hand, as it is now all smoke. The critic smokes short cut; the sailor smokes pigtail; the player Oroonoko ; the gardener smokes herb; puff, puff, away they all go to the divan together. Talking of smoking, I'll sing you my song of the smokers.

THE GALLIMAUFRY.

There were four-and-twenty smokers all in a row,
 Four-and-twenty smokers all in a row.
 There was Sawney Simons, Jemmy Jumps, and little
 Dicky Gossip; and there was nothing but puff, puff, puff!
 give me another jorum ; here's success to our army and
 navy, and success attend them whether up, up, up, or
 down below,
 Then " Bravo, bravissimo, our army and our navy,
 We'll drink, through whose exertions we this moment see;
 So, gentlemen, you're glasses fill and never cry pecavi,
 Like Britons nobly scorn to flinch, and join with me."
 There were four-and-twenty auctioneers all in a row,
 Four-and-twenty auctioneers all of a row,
 There was going! going ! going! nobody say more for

this most beautiful villa ? what a heavenly residence for a new married couple. Come, Mr. Younghusband, what shall I say for you ? (*gruffly*) Why, my dear sir, I'd give ye an offer, but you see it's surrounded with such a deal of puff! puff! puff ! Give us another jorum—so here's to our army and navy ; may they long maintain their superiority, as hitherto, with honour to themselves' and country, whether up, up, up, or down below.

"For oh, it's a snug little island,
A nice little, tight little island,
May its commerce increase, and the blessings of peace
Make glad every heart in the island."

There was oh, my dear (pardon me for calling you *dear*) Miss Frump, you look heavenly; let me paint a seraph. Ah, Mr. Buckram, I hear you are going to be married, (*languidly*). Oh, 'pon my honour, madam, (*conceitedly*) ; but here's Sir Toby; Mr. Buckram, Sir Toby. Sir Toby, the world's talking of your intended espousal. Sir T. Ah! but then it's—Six blanks to a prize, &c. Give us another jorum—here's a scarcity of bachelors—old maids at seventeen ; a speedy reverse of trade, with more *billet deux* and fewer *bills due*. There was rat, tat, tat, tat, tat. (*spoken in different voices*) Is Mr. Owen within ? N—O, (*shrilly*) he's out. Is Mrs. Owen at home ? No she's out. Are the little Owens in ? No, they are out. Well, I'll come in to warm my hands, its very cold. Sir, the fire's out. Well, my dear, light it up with the candle. The candle's out. Bless my soul, nothing to warm or comfort a fellow ? Why don t you get married ? Why, my dear, sol would, but it's—six blanks to a prize &c. whether up, up, up, or down below.

"Then ladies and gents, if to wedlock inclined.
May deceit and ill humour ne'er trap ye ;
May those who are single have wives to their mind
And those who are married live happy."

There were four-and-twenty show folks all in a row,
Four-and-twenty show folks all in a row.

(*Spoken in different voices.*) Here is the terrible timber tiger ; the Hottentot idol, who devoured more men, women, and children, than *wouldn't* stand between here and St. Paul's ; although he's not alive, he still keeps *growing* every day. Here is the *vonderful vonder*, the Cambridge giant, lights his pipe at a second floor window, and plays at leap-frog over the lamp *postess*. The *murder* of Pizarro, by Mr. Richardson's *comic troop of ladies, and gentlemen, for*

that night only. The Panorama of Waterloo *alive*: there you see the ever-to-be-regretted *dead* immortal Duke of Brunswick, and the *living* Walter Scott in the rear; only threepence for you, sir; clear the steps, you boys. Mr. O—N at home ? N—O he's out. My name is Sylvester Daggerwood, whose benefit is fixed for the 11th of June. Why don't you get married? Why, so I would, but "burnt children dread the fire," and in choosing a wife it is not quite—six blanks to a prize &c. Give us another jorum. Ladies and gents, I hope you'll do honour to this toast; off hats, here's the United Kingdom of England, Ireland, Scotland, and Wales, and may they always succeed, whether up, up, or down below.

" Then let us be frisky, and tipple the whiskey,
 Long life to the land of shelalah, my boys,
 No country whatever has power to sever
 The Shamrock, the Rose, and the Thistle, my boys."

Retires, and end of Part I.

PART THE SECOND.

After breakfast we were all safely stowed in the coach again, but, had scarcely got four miles on our journey before we met with an accident that had nearly been fatal to the whole of us. Our dandy cigar friend had persuaded the coachman, by the force of a silver argument, in the shape of two half crowns, to let him handle the ribbons for the next stage : and being an amateur whip, and to show his dexterity by exactly dividing the road with one of Pickford's vans, he managed to take off one of our wheels, and to upset the coach, distributing the passengers in different directions. " Och, blood an' ouns !" said the Irishman, from the top of a fine quickset hedge, "are these the feather beds you provide for your friends ?" The Ranter fell into a ditch, while delicacy forbids any description of the lady's situation, who declared that she did not know whether she stood on her head or her heels. From the condition of the coach all thoughts of proceeding were out of the question, and as we were full six miles from any place where we could change horses, we walked across to the village inn, for the purpose of stopping the night; rustic enough it was, but as one of our outsiders, a jolly Jack Tar said, any port in a storm. We had scarcely been seated, when the landlord opened the door, and said if we liked

fun he could introduce us to some choice spirits, and no doubt we should be amused it was the monthly meeting night of the Village Club. We took him at his word, and followed him into the Club-room, just as Mr. Kitchenstuff was called to the chair; he addressed the company as follows

" Gentlemen, I feel proud, and shall not attempt to disguise my feelings on this occasion. I have been twenty-four years in the village, and have always done the best I could for myself and my customers, and I shall proceed to give you a toast, which I think always ought to be the first toast given in all public meetings. Here'sth the Queen and bless her." After this toast had been drank with enthusiasm, a Scotchman rose, and said, " Gentlemen, much as I admire the toast of our worthy chairman, I shall venture to give you one that I think every man ought to suscribe to—' May the king of a Christian country never want loving subjects to drink his health, and give the enemies of humanity a drubbing.' "I say, Kitchenstuff you'll excuse me, but your wife has been arter you; and if you stop late all *the fat* will be in *the fire*." " Come, clap an extinguisher on your wit, will you ; you have travelled to *Greece* for that pun." " There is Cabbage, the tailor ; I thought he was gone." " No, he is not above *half* gone yet." Cabbage sat at a side-table by himself, completely fuddled, but, like most persons in a similar situation, he considered himself perfectly sober. He had just taken up the paper, and from the unsteadiness of his optics he went from one subject to another, making an amusing cross-reading, which, as it made nobody cross I will attempt to give in imitation (*drunken man*): "I'll lay you half a crown of it, I'll read the paper as well as you. Hallo! what's this?—a mad bull—the right honourable the lord mayor was sworn into office and afterwards tossed and gored several old women—no cure no pay—an English frigate fell in with a fifty-gun ship of the enemy, and finally captured it and carried it into port—this remedy was never known to fail. Last Tuesday, a poor woman returning from Staines market, where she had been to sell her eggs and butter, had her pockets rifled of their valuable contents; upon examination, they were found to contain a double chest of drawers, a chaldron of coals, and a fine milch cow."

A Dutch medley was now called for, a custom of long standing in this club. I have heard of a pewterer's shop ; I have heard of Bag Fair on a Saturday night; all which

sounds their singing partook of : but as it is impossible to describe them *all* at one time, I will endeavour to do so as they occurred, one after the other:

ENGLISH, IRISH, AND SCOTCH MEDLEY.

'Twas at the town of nate Clogheen,
 That Serjeant Snap met Paddy Carey;
 A claner boy was never seen,
 Brisk as a bee, light as a fairy:
 His brawny shoulders four feet square.
 His cheeks like thumping red potatoes,
 His legs would make any chairman stare,
 And Pat was lov'd by all the ladies—
 Then hey dance to the pipe and the tabor,
 With mirth and good humour our days we'll prolong—
 Roy's wife of Aldivallock,
 Roy's wife of Aldivallock,
 Wot ye how she cheated me.
 As I came o'er the braes of Ballock—
 Merrily danced the Quaker's wife,
 And merrily danc'd the Quaker—
 Then hoity, toity, whisking, frisking,
 Green was her gown upon the grass;
 Such were the joys of our dancing days—
 Four and twenty maids, there were,
 Poor old maids,
 Four and twenty maids, there were,
 Poor old maids—
 For the full new moon is old, my love,
 You've got plenty of money I'm told, my love;
 Meet me in the dark
 In Saint James's Park—
 For lady Go-nimble was lame of a leg,
 Hey diddle, ho diddle dee,
 So lady Go-nimble had barely one peg,
 For—
 Little Jack Horner, sat in the corner,
 Eating a Christmas pie;
 He put in his thumb, and pulled out a plum,
 And said—
 I was the boy for bewitching 'em,
 Whether good humour'd or coy;
 All cried, while I was beseeching 'em —
 Barney leave the girls alone,
 Barney leave the girls alone,
 Why don't you leave the girls alone—for
 There's nae luck about the house,
 There's nae luck at a",

There's nae luck about the house—for
 My wife's dead, there let her lie,
 She's at peace, and so am I—where
 Green grows the rushes, O,
 Green grows the rushes, O,
 What signifies the life of man,
 An' 'twere not for the lasses, O !—then
 God save our noble queen,
 Long live, &c.

The next morning, the coach having been sufficiently repaired, we proceeded onwards; but as it is my wish to render the journey as short as possible, I shall at once come to London, where we arrived at the George and Blue Boar exactly at half-past four in the afternoon. Next morning I commenced my journey through London. I first began with the West-end, but here I found such magical alterations, since I was last in town, that I was quite bewildered. I found Hyde-park Corner had gone into Sloane-street, Regent-street had swallowed up Swallow-street, Dyot-street had entirely removed from St. Giles's, and Fleet-market gone into Shoe-lane; look where I would, I saw nothing but new chapels, new churches, circusses, quadrants, iron bridges, stone bridges, railway bridges, and chapels and charities, and beggars asking charity with a double knock. At the end of threadays, " I'll give it up," said I; "for if London goes on progressing in this manner, we shall not only be enabled to travel to the Land's-end by steam, but we can go by gas-light also. Can such things be," said I, " without our special wonder ? " " Be ! " said old Jeremiah, a friend of mine, of the old school, " I have lived in London fourteen years, and I can relate such things that, however strange, no one can deny :

UNDENIABLE S.

AIR :—" *Nobody can deny.*"

Since I was a boy they have wrought in the nation,
 In country and town, and in every station,
 Such wonders indeed, beyond imagination,
 Which nobody can deny, deny,
 Which nobody can deny.

Lusty London of late has so corpulent grown,
 Such new streets run up, and such old streets run down,
 That London is getting, indeed, out of town,
 Which nobody can deny.

Once to underrate horses would any man nettle,
 But such wonders each day are now done by the kettle,
 That raises our wonder, all own, not a little,
 Which nobody can deny.

Once learning was left to the pulpit and bench,
 But "intellect's march" moves on inch by inch,
 So every one now learns Latin and French,
 Which nobody can deny.

Once songs were so simple a man sung with ease,
 But now, if he try e'er so hard, he does teaze,
 Tho' sure he sings best who endeavours to please,
 Which nobody can deny.

The next day I was invited to a party, among which was a gentleman who took nothing stronger than water; being, as he conceived, nothing but poison in anything else. I tried to persuade him to take a glass of wine, feeling convinced, however we may disguise the facts, that we all love a little drop, although in different ways, as was the case in my friend Beeswing the other evening, he had made free with the exhilarating draughts of Cliquot's Champagne, and it had acted generously on him, thus— "Bravo! I'll give you a toast my boy here's "merry lads to loving lasses," my boys, that's the sort of thing; let's have another magnum: I'll drink the landlord's health: hang the bill; I'll never go home again; my wife never grumbles, go home when I will, my boy; I'll give you another toast, my boys, in a bumper : here's " the ladies," we can do nothing without the ladies, my boy : hurrah ! I feel as if I could do anything in the world, I could bore a hole through the tunnel with my walking stick, pick my teeth with the monument; put St. Paul's in my pocket, and light my pipe at Vesuvius !" Brandy heats and inflames, and taken to excess, makes a man a brute ; as a specimen, take Capsicum, the drysalter, who had just taken his fifteenth glass of brandy and water, warm *with*. " Care for no man, damme ! I am an Englishman, and hate slavery ; what are you laughing at, sir ? any man that laughs at me is a rascal; I'll suffer no man to look at me without my consent; I'll fight any man for a sovereign, and stake the money ; if my wife comes after me, I'll throw her in the horse-pond, damme ; I hate slavery, and I'll fight any man in England, sir." Porter stupefies the senses, as was shown in old Buzzard, the patten-maker, who had just returned from his monthly

club, where he had been making a vat of his stomach, for the especial benefit of Barclay and Perkins, "Hiccup! I've only had twelve pots of beer, and now I'll go home ; bring another pot; 'fraid of Johnson, are you ? damn Johnson: you say my wife sent for me; the chops are done for supper, and the child's crying ; tell her (hiccup !) to put the child on the gridiron, and put the chops to bed; now I'll go home ; thank'ee sir, for your support; damme! why it's a post! give me your arm, if you please, sir; thank'ee, sir, for letting me lean on you; give us your hand : damme ! if it is not at the pump-handle; oh! here's my door; wife ! why don't you stand still; what do you dance about so for ; now I'll go to bed." That a man may get drunk on small beer, I know by Hezekial Doleman. He had obtained permission from his landlord to retire into his cellar, to his private devotions, where happened to be a barrel of small-beer, when the outpourings of the spirit were not finished till he had poured into his body all the small-beer, and got most piously drunk. I'll give you an imitation of his manner: "Miserable mortal that I am, I've got drunk with small-beer ; I've bartered my soul, for small-beer, and my poor wife has not had a drop ; we are all mortals, grass and hay, here *to-morrow*, and gone *to-day*. I'll just ring another lamentation, and then empty the pot and go to chapel." He fell on his knees, where I left him to pray himself sober.

CHAPTER OF TOPING.

AIR: " *Chapter of Kings.* "

Of all sorts of spirits, drooping in spirits to cure,
 A drop of good comfort's the spirit I'm sure;
 Some take it open, and some take it sly,
 But the drop I like best, is a drop in my eye.
 For barring all bother,
 The one or the other,
 We all love a drop in our turn

The Turks who live in the *Port* sublime,
 On drunkenness look as a terrible crime;
 And though they take no wine, on opium they funk,
 So they're just as bad, for they get quite as drunk.
 So barring all bother, etc.

Your parsons preach against all who drink,
 And says that we will soon to hell's pit sink

Unless we leave off; but that's all my eye,
 For he drinks most of all, d'ye see, on the sly.
 So barring all bother, etc.

Your delicate ladies, pretend you know,
 As how they never get muggy or so ;
 But they're all in their *cups*, when their *tea* they touch,
 And they now and then get a *cup* too much.
 So barring all bother, etc.

My granny, because I'd bad eyes, d'ye see,
 The genuine eye-water gave to me;
 But my hand shook so, north, east, west, south.
 That I never could get it behind my mouth.
 So barring all bother, etc.

I'm a very *dry* fellow the people say,
 So of course I must drink to moisten my *day*;
 And when it's too moist, drink again you know,
 For the more you drink, the drier you grow.
 So barring all bother, etc.

The next day I was present at the hearing of a curious law case, not at Westminster Hall, Scraggin against the High Sheriff, for the non-performance of a whipping to be performed on the body of the said Scraggin. Mr. Mealy-mouth began,— "Gentlemen of the Jury, I am counsel for Mr. Scraggin, a most respectable man; my client, when in the heyday of youth suffered himself to be overcome by the blandishments of beauty, and we stole two pewter pots,— why should I deny the fact, gentlemen—yes, we stole two pewter pots, for which we were duly tried and sentenced to a whipping; and, gentlemen, if we had been whipped all would have been right, and we should have come forth free without any future stain on our character, and which the High Sheriff, in his own proper person, ought to have seen duly performed upon our back ; and, gentlemen, which of you would have received this whipping for less than 100*l.*, and that sum is the verdict we require at your hands." To prove this statement he called Mr. Darbyrons, a friend of the plaintiff, who deposed to having come up from the country, near 200 miles, for the purpose of seeing the whipping inflicted upon the back of his friend; he stated that certainly a public whipping was expected to have taken place, and he knew the plaintiff felt much disappointed that he was not whipped, pursuant to his sentence. Mr. Totherside addressed the Jury for the Sheriff, "Gentlemen, you have heard the elaborate statement of

my learned friend, who appears *sore* that we have not whipped him, but we can tell him he would have been much *sorer* if we had; he complains that he is a marked man, but I contend, from our forbearance he is *unmarked*; but, gentlemen, we are ready to tend the whipping in court, either to the plaintiff or to my learned friend, for it was only postponed, being convinced it would be unavailing: and that the line intended for his back ought to have been for his neck! for, according to the old adage, "give him line enough and he will hang himself," which ought to have been his reward prior to this action being brought. I shall now sit down, gentlemen, perfectly convinced, from your judicious view of the case, that we shall have your verdict with costs." The jury and the judge not agreeing, it was thrown into Chancery, where we will leave it to get out again how it may.

"Is it possible," said I, "that lawsuits take place for such trifles?" "Indeed," said a friend of mine, "it is a very common occurrence," nor is this the only oddity you will meet with in London: listen to my list:—

SONG, (by MR. PLANCHE, from "The Seven Champions of Christendom"): AIR—"Oh such a day."

Oh such a town, such a wonderful metropolis,
 With mysteries and miracles all London teems;
 Humbug has there got the snuggest of monopolies,
 Everything is anything, but what it seems.
 You sleep upon an iron bed and fancy it a feather one,
 You think your ceiling carved in oak—why, bless you, it's
 a leather one;
 Your marble mantle-piece turns out of slate, if your a
 scrubber, sir,
 And paving stones are made of wood, or else of india
 rubber, sir. Oh such a town, &c.

Oh such a town, such a classical metropolis,
 Tradesmen common English scorn to write or speak;
 Bond-street's a forum—Cornhill is an acropolis,
 For everything's in Latin now, but what's in Greek.
 Here is a Pantehnicon, and there is an Emporium,
 Your shoes are "antigropelos," your boots of pannus-
 corium;
 "Fumi-porte chimney-pots," "Eureka shirts" to cover
 throats,
 Idrotobolic hats, and patent aqua-scutum over coats.
 O such a town, &c.

O such a town, such a picturesque metropolis,
 Taste is polychromical for painting wild ;
 Fresco's for peers and art-unions for the populace.
 Schools where young designers learn to draw it mild.
 Dioramas, Cosmoramas, Cycloramas, charming ones,
 Mississippi Panoramas, four miles long—alarming ones !
 A national collection, where they never ask a fee at all.
 Besides the Vernon Gallery, a sight no one can see at all.
 O such a town, &c.

O such a town, such a musical metropolis,
 'Mid so many bubbles surely some must squeak ;
 Two Italian Operas—one, over safe to topple is,
 Shilling concerts—shilling balls, and Poses Plastiques.
 Ethiopian Serenaders, Infantine Precocities,
 Samuel Halls in Cyder Cellars, growling black atrocities ;
 Every public-house allowed to clatter keys and twiddle
 strings
 Whilst the poor old English drama sits and frets herself
 to fiddle strings. O such a town, &c.

I had by this time got heartily tired. I found my face
 more than three shades darker from the effects of the
 smoke, and my brain more than three degrees stupified by
 the eternal noise and confusion in the streets. "I shall
 therefore take my leave of the Metropolis," said I, as I
 now do of you ; and as I shall shortly be before you again,
 I hope to see you on my return.

COMIC FINALE.

Air—Merrily danc'd the Quaker's Wife.

My journey's o'er, perchance you're glad;
 To please the thing was fain meant:
 I've tried my best, however bad,
 To furnish entertainment:
 To please you more, with all my might
 I'll try, if by you granted,
 So hope you'll whisper, another night,
 " Mr. York, you're wanted." Tol lol, etc.

For your indulgence now I plead,
 Applaud my situation,
 For I will, that I may succeed,
 Court your kind approbation:

Reluctantly I take my leave,
 May every joy you bless, sir,
 And now I drink, to one and all,
 Health, happiness and success, sir. Tol lol, etc.

THE YORKSHIRE GAMESTER.

A MONOLOGUE.

TOBIAS STACKFIELD, *an old farmer.*
 DICK, *his son, a sportsman.*
 BETTY BOUNCES, *a country girl.*
 HUMPHREY, *a farm labourer.*
 JASPER JELLYBAGS, *an old miser.*
 BEN BINDLE, *a keeper.*

SCENE—*Country View, with Fox Chase, Dogs, &c., &c.—*
Hunting Music—Farm House, L.

Enter TOBIAS STACKFIELD, *from the house, L.*

THERE they go ! there they are! there's Dicky, my boy, over hedges, over ditches, and stiles—aye, I remember when I was a boy, I was just the same—he is his old father to a hair— I was always fond of a frolic when I was nine years of age. I remember I went to school to old Barnaby Blottingpage, who one day went fast asleep at his desk—and my old brother came to me and said, (for he wore a wig and a pigtail) tie his pigtail fast to the chair, and I'll give the desk such a hard slap—no sooner said than done—slap went the desk, and up went old Barnaby the school-master, with a head as bald as a bladder of lard, ah, ah ! I remember, too, getting a pumpkin and scooping out the inside, and we stuck it up in a dark lane, with a rushlight in it—presently the sexton came along—ba! said I—down went the sexton as flat as a pancake, ah, ah! When I was a young man, I remember I was as jolly as Dicky, always riding just to go after the hounds—but I must send him to York to-morrow with the 2.000L to pay for the farm, and when he comes back—(*dogs*) ah ! there they are again—Dicky my boy—he's his father's son to a hair.—*Exit L.*
 —(*hunt seen at a distance.*)

Enter DICKY, smacking his hunting whip, L. u. E.

Yoicks ! yoicks ! halloo ! yoicks! there they go, there they go ! aye, this reminds me of old days—this is something like a day's hunt, yoicks ! never seen such a day since old furze-bush went over the quarry, grey mare and all—hold hard, says he, as he was going down—hold your tongue, says the pitnian, we shall have a quarry full presently. Yoicks! yo! yo! dang it says I this morning, I'll see who's in the bush—all at fault—looking round, I sees Reynard coming round the furzebush, gave the view halloo, yoicks! yo ! yo ! away they went down furze-bush lane, crossed the common to the upland farm, I was close to his brush—shot away down the lane, made for the ground—it was stopped—old Robin had been there before him—close upon him, called up the dogs; down upon him, yoicks ! I had the brush in a minute ; yoicks ! But I must go into the house ; to-morrow I start for York with 2.000*l.* in my pocket; but where's my Kitty, my dear Kitty Clover—my feyther is against it, and so is my uncle, but I love Kitty, and I will marry her; a fig for all relations, I say—arn't I got the money, and when I return from York, hie for Kitty and matrimony.

(Exit into house, L. 

Enter BETTY BOUNCER, from the house, with a ladle in her hand, and adjusting her dress.

O lord, O lord ! that young rogue Dicky, how he has rumped and tumbled me about—he always does when in his fox-hunting tantrums; ah, ah ! if Humphrey should gee me now, ha, ha ! what would he say, eh ? I loves Humphrey, Humphrey loves me ; ha, ha ! Humphrey is so tall, ha, ha ! he likes a sop in the pan. Humphrey has spoken to the parson, ha, ha! I must have patience; what do I care when I'm married to Humphrey, ha, ha! I will go in and get Humphrey a sop in the pan, ha, ha! when I'm married—oh, the thoughts of it makes me—ha, ha; *(goes into house and appears at the window.)* Oh, here comes Humphrey. *(Retires from window.)*

Enter HUMPHREY, L. U. E.

Ha, ha, ha! there be Dolly—I love Dolly, ha, ha ! Dolly loves me, ha, ha ! I likes a sop in the pan—so does Dolly. I've got the ring in my pocket for Dolly, ha, ha! We shall be married on Monday, ha, ha ! I hope master won't be at

home, he looks so at I, and if I gets drunk he wallups I, ha, ha! I don't care for old master—I don't care for nobody but Dolly. Ha, ha! I be as bold as a bull now ; and if we marry and have little Humphreys they shall be as bold as a bull too ; ha! I loves Dolly—I'll go in and have a sop in the pan, ha, ha! I have made a song about Dolly, ha, ha!

THE LOVES OF HUMPHREY SUCKIT
AND BETTY BOUNCER.

I'll sing you a song, but it's all on the sly !
It's a bit of a song about Betty and I;
And while she is making a sop in the pan,
I'll try to remember it all if I can,
Ri, tu ral, loo ral, loo, &c.

When Betty wur born, no feyther she had ;
'Twas the same wi' me, for I had no dad;
For my mother she said, she said, said she,
If I had a father he didn't know me,
Ri tu ral loo, &c.

When Betty and I, we grew up together,
Began billing and cooing like birds of a feather;
And then nurse, the old woman, she prophesied, she,
We should take one another for better or wee,
Ri tu ral loo, &c.

When Betty's a roasting a joint by the fire,
I gets in the kitchen, and sits me down by her;
Then I cast up my eyes, and I smacks my chops,
While she in the gravy is making the sops,
Ri tu ral loo, &c.

We ha' been ask'd in church, and ha' gotten the ring,
So I'll speak to the parson to do the thing ;
So in nine months' time no doubt you'll see
Some sweet little babes, like Betty and me,
Ri tu ral loo, &c.

(Exit R.)

Enter JASPER, JENKINS, R. U. E.

I said so all along—I know the man's a fool—I said so.
Send his son Dicky to York with 2,000*l.* in his pocket!
Psha! he'd better send him to Bedlam ; better send him

among the Yankees, they'll take care of his money. The man's a fool; I said so. I am the only man that knows anything here; Moore was wrong in his prediction of an eclipse last year; the man's a fool; I said so. Gage the exciseman said the whiskered chaps abroad had licked us ; I knew he was wrong ; when the news came, they said we had licked them ; the man's a fool—I said so. No matter, I'll go up to my brother Toby and blow him up ; send the boy to York; marry him—psha! can't get blood out of a stone; a cow arn't a calf; a molehill arn't a mountain; the man's a fool : I said so. *(Exit into house, L)*

Scene changes to inside of a gambling house; DICKY discovered throwing the dice.

Seven's the main—throw ! scarlet for ever! the colour of my coat; I'll lay a thousand—double or quits. Seven's the main—*(throws)* aces! Well, never mind, I have lost nothing yet; there, there's another thousand ; I'll double the stakes—I'm sure to win; I had 2,000*l* when I came in : seven's the main,—*(throws)*—aces again ! what can be the meaning of it ? Never mind. I've another thousand yet; where is my pocket-book ? ah! what! no! yes! all gone ! gone !! The dice must have been loaded! the box must have been-----damnation! lost! I have lost all my money! Lost, did I say—what ? Villains, give me back my money; I have been robbed—I have not lost my money! and if I have, it was not my money: it was my poor old feyther's, and if he is robbed----- Oh, do give me my money: and I'll kneel and bless you. My poor old feyther gave me 2,000*l* to pay for the farm, and I've lost it! I'm ruined! and my dear Kitty Clover too. I have lost her! Oh ! distraction ! my brain's on fire ! give me my money ! thieves! *(Exit.)*

Scene changes to exterior of mad-house.—BEN BIND'EM appears at the window—A knocking at the gate is heard.

Well, well don't be in such a hurry, and I'll open the door—what! another victim—well, what have I to do with it—but the worst of it is I hear it was all the poor old man had in the world—a pretty thing for me to witness, the meeting of the feyther and son—well, well! *(Exit.)*

Enter TOBIAS STACKFIELD, R.

My poor boy—well, well! poor Dicky, my poor boy—

they tell me he has lost his money, but I won't believe it my poor boy. They say they have dragged him home—never mind if you have lost it, we can work and get more—poor Dicky, don't be down-hearted, you're my child still—my old heart is nearly broken, but don't be down-hearted—my poor boy—poor Dicky. *(Exit at d*

Scene changes to interior of Mad House. DICKY discovered, in a patient's dress, sitting playing dice upon a stool.

There ! I've won again—I knew I should—I'll win all before me—seven's the main—(throws) six to seven—won again; yoicks ! my pocket's full of money ; I'll go to feyther—I'll make the old boy joyful again when I get home—I have it all—2.000/ here, here ! all safe in my pocket, ah, ah! Oh! my head, it aches—I feel it here—it shoots—I feel the pains shooting—oh ! Ah! Kitty, how do ? I'm glad to see thee—what are you crying for—is it kind to cry on our wedding day ? oh! I'm ashamed of you Kitty—ah ! what Bessy, my poor old mare, are you come to see me too, that have carried me like a queen, after the hounds these ten long years—poor Bessy—why, what's the matter with the mare ? crying! why the tears run down your poor old nose like streams of water. Oh, I feel, I feel—ah ! now I remember it all, all! the gaming-house—the dice—the money. My poor old feyther, I see him too—I kill'd my feyther—my poor old feyther—my Kitty, my dear Kitty—don't die feyther! yes, yes! I've kill'd him—forgive me, do forgive me, before you die, feyther ? you can't—I see you can't—I see you shake—I see you fall. Oh! my head, my eyes—I feel my heart-strings bursting—my brain—my feyther—oh !

(Falls, and scene closes

Enter DICKY, as the fox-hunter.

The dire effects that e'er from gaming flow,
By this example I have tried to show.
Oh! shun the dangrous path—be warn'd in time,
That leads from virtue soon to endless crime;
If I've saved *one*, the attempt in vain's not made,
My task is happily done, my toil is well repaid.

Curtain,