

THE
JUBILEE;
OR,
JOHN BULL IN HIS DOTAGE.

A Grand National Pantomime ;
AS IT WAS TO HAVE BEEN ACTED
BY HIS MAJESTY'S SUBJECTS,
ON THE TWENTY-FIFTH OF OCTOBER, 1809.

*Nil admirari ! Domine :
Totus Mundus agit histrionem.*

Oh ! 'tis a day of jubilee ! *cajolery* !
Who the deuce has seen a day so full of fun and drollery ?
Our Lord Mayor says, the Sov'reign may boast of it ;
And since 'twill never come again, 'tis fit we make the most of it.

BY THE AUTHOR OF
" OPERATIONS OF THE BRITISH ARMY IN SPAIN. "

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ADVERTISEMENT.

IT will be evident to the Reader, that the following miserable rhapsody is the result of a Vision, and of course not cognizable by the sober judgment of Critics. It will be perceived also, that the Dreamer has been somewhat tinctured with the vile prejudices of Jacobinism; for, notwithstanding that he decidedly subscribes to the virtues of the Sovereign—thinks that the heart of the Prince of Wales is composed of noble materials; has even smiled at the over-righteousness of those men who composed the memorable York Hunt; and has studied policy from Junius, and Dramatic Criticism from the Morning Herald, yet his cloven foot is palpable! He hath presumed to throw an atmosphere of doubt over the patriotism of the Coal Owners of the North, and their worthy coadjutors in public good, the Philanthropic Society of Corn Contractors, who meet thrice a week (under God's providence) on their Exchange, in Mark Lane!

Whoever yawns at the prolixity and dullness of this small Historian, or rather Dramatist, should be informed that he was educated under a Metaphysician and Special Pleader!—A dubious Disputant, who would rather have been wet to the skin, and have gone to bed without his supper, than have consented to walk home by any other than a circuitous route!—From the somnific and tedious propensities of his Mentor, our Authorling imbibed that method, which has drawn upon him the reproach of

Ne quid nimis :

Thus happily gallicised by Voltaire—

Le secret d'ennuyer est celui de tout dire.

Or in English paraphrase,

The happy knack of forcing the Reader to call for his night-gown and slippers.

But, Allons! Messieurs—The bell is rung, and they will begin the Farce incontinently!

THE
JUBILEE.

A NATIONAL PANTOMIME.

Scene the top of the Monument.—Time, 25th of October, 1809, at the dawn of day.—Bells ringing.

[*Enter ASMODEUS and a COMMIS OF FAME from the clouds; they alight on the bowl of this massy, but lying column.*]

COMMIS.—Where in the Devil's name are we? For I must take the proceedings in short-hand for my noisy mistress.

ASMODEUS.—In the *proud* City of London, as the well-fed denizens call it.—This is the day appointed by all ranks, degrees, ages, and sexes, to celebrate an event which would never have been forgotten by posterity without this manifestation of delight; namely, that the good and pious George the Third hath entered the fiftieth year of his reign!—*annus mirabilis!*

COMMIS.—It must be a very pious and loyal nation.

ASMODEUS.—Beyond any parallel on record; but the ethics and allegiance of this happy empire differ somewhat from the former practice, as it is now pretty generally understood that no man can be systematically moral without a priest, or loyal without a

bribe. But we must descend, and mingle with the mob, as I perceive that the actors and actresses are preparing to celebrate this famous jubilee.—*Allons !*

Scene Downing Street, with a vast number of characters in masquerade—Contractors, Courtiers, Minstrels, Pick-pockets, and sturdy Beggars.

SERENADE. *(Music, Dibdin.)*

Ye Placemen, from your beds arise,
 To Fortune tribute pay ;
 With silken smiles, and leering eyes,
 Pray usher in this day.
 When Reason gives the cue to laugh,
 What face shall dare to frown ?
 E'en democrats shall bumpers quaff,
 And wash their treason down.

[Exeunt omnes.]

Scene changes to a View of Saint James's Palace.

[Enter a stout handsome man, with an oak switch in his hand, and a shamrock in his hat.]

ASMODEUS.—That is Mr. Patrick, a very honest Irish gentleman, and a foster-brother of Mr. Bull. He is naturally high-minded and generous, and somewhat choleric. He is now ruffled in his temper, under a supposition that Mr. Bull has not treated him with becoming candour in some recent transactions of importance.

MR. PATRICK, *(in soliloquy.)*—Well, upon my conscience, but this is a pretty sort of a journey I

have made, from Dublin itself, to see a jubilee.—
And what is a jubilee?

ASMODEUS.—Hark! the gentleman from Ireland
is going to ruminate.—He is now pondering upon the
merits and demerits of the Imperial Divan.

MR. PATRICK, (*holding his shilelagh to his nose.*)

C——g hath wit, and E——n sense,
W——d's bold and brave,
P——l's cant's a mere pretence,
(With D——g——n's matchless impudence,)
To dig our Glory's grave!
Now C——gh in shade recedes,
(The scape-Goat of the Eleven,)
The doer must announce his deeds,
And meet the face of Heaven!
M——e must run to flatt'ring Hope;
C——n recount his gains:
And L——l get *Windsor* soap
To wash out Frailty's stains.
P——d may take a leading place
In the nursery of Saint Luke's!
While Ch——m runs t'elude disgrace,
And George their master—pukes!
What would these puny Madmen have?
First, they would bribe us—without pence!
Then snare us—without common sense!
And, without power, enslave!

[*Enter Major C—TW—T, TIM. B——N, and others,
habited as Minstrels.—They sing to MR. PATRICK.*]

THE T——Y THIEVES.

(*A New Song to an Old Tune.*)

Bob Walpole they've prais'd to the skies, sir,
With Frank North, who made sinister pies, sir,
And some say C——l——ne was of sharpers the chief,
But the thief of all thieves is a T——y thief.

CHORUS.

T——y thief,
He's the chief—
Oh! the thief of all thieves is a T——y thief.

When the Whigs realiz'd all their wishes,
 How they gobbl'd the loaves and the fishes !
 W——m ate his "cheese-parings," and laugh'd at our grief—
 Oh ! the thief of all thieves is a T——y thief, &c.

T——y once swore, in Southwark, all place-men
 Were knaves, or at least, they were base men ;
 Yet he's twice turn'd his coat, though 'tis past all belief—
 Oh ! the thief of all thieves is a T——y thief, &c.

Lo ! the Catholics, F——x cried, P——tt has shot them !
 Yet when he got in, he—forgot them,
 And sat down with *sang froid*, to his claret and beef—
 Oh ! the thief of all thieves is a T——y thief.

T——y thief,
 He's the chief—

Oh ! the thief of all thieves is a T——y thief.

MR. PATRICK, (*flourishing his cudgel.*)—Get out,
 ye Spalpeens.—[*Exeunt Minstrels.*] By the hill of
 Howth, I believe you are all a parcel of thieves. [*Exit.*]

Scene changes to the Piazza in Covent-Garden.

[*Enter COLONEL W—D—E, habited as a Piedmontese
 Show-Man.*]

Here you shall see how 50,000 men land in the
 bogs of Holland. Den they stick up to their chins
 in mud, with a hot sun broiling their brains !—Now
 they take Flushing, where no animal can breathe
 for a month in security, but frogs and Dutchmen !—
 Now they take umbrage !—Now they take a fever !
 —Now they take their deaths, and then they take
 themselves off !—All as natural as the life !

A brave galantie show—

A very pretty fancy, *tout nouveau* !

Now you see 30,000 men in Spain, horse and foot.
 Now they fight one decisive battle at T——a, and
 beat the grand Enemy !—Now the Conqueror writes a

letter to the vandal and inexorable Foe, recommending 4000 of his wounded conquerors to the mercy of the vanquished!—Now the guns fire for this singular victory!—Now they make the extraordinary Victor a lord!—All as natural as the life!

A brave galantie show—

A very pretty fancy, *tout nouveau*!

Now you shall see Johnny Bull turned into a milch cow, with an udder as big as the cupola of Saint Peter's!—Now the Prussian suck, bygar! Now the Austrian suck! Now the Neapolitan suck! Now the Sardinian suck! Now the Portuguese suck! Now the Russian suck! Now the Swede suck! And now, parblieu, they suck her dry, while her own Calves are looking on, in wonder!—All as natural as the life!

A brave galantie show—

A very pretty fancy, *tout nouveau*!

Then you see the Frenchman's *Hell*, in Piccadilly, where Fraud and Rapine are plucking a devoted Pigeon (Lord C——r), while the Magistrates and Black-legs, in the back ground, are playing at Blind Man's Buff!—There's JOHNNY BULL busily begriming the portrait of MADAME CATALANI with the essence of invective; while some loyal Contractors from Mark Lane, and Northumberland, are slyly robbing him of his loaf and coals!—All as natural as the life!

A brave galantie show—

A very pretty fancy, *tout nouveau*!

Scene changes to the corner of Turn-again Lane.

[Enter AL——N S——W, and MR. S. D——N, dressed as Ballad-singers, and followed by an immense crowd of Tax-gatherers, Excise Officers, Methodist Preachers, &c.]

The two Principals alternately sing the following animated Ballad, to the tune of "Sweet Willy, oh!"

The pride of the sainthood is sweet Spencer, oh!
 With a true gospel sponge,
 In pure ardour he'll plunge,
 To absorb the mind's sins!—What a sweet Spencer, oh!
 How the periods flow from the sweet Spencer, oh!
 Soft as down on the thrush,
 Or the best velvet plush,
 Even Jews became converts to sweet Spencer, oh!
 When he's grappling with giants, the sweet Spencer, oh!
 Or hit hard on the ribs:
 His friend VICARY G—BS,
 Beplaisters the wounds of the sweet Spencer, oh!
 He's a new second-sight!—What a sweet Spencer, oh!
 Like a mouser, this spark
 Can see best—in the dark!
 What a wonderful creature is sweet Spencer, oh!
 When he speaks in debate, oh! the sweet Spencer, oh!
 With modesty cramm'd,
 He would rather be d——d
 Than wiggle from truth!—What a sweet Spencer, oh!
 Mark the apostles round Paul's towards the sweet Spencer, oh!
 How they turn up their eyes,
 Like sick ducks to the skies,
 When he's propping the church!—What a sweet Spencer, oh!

[*Exeunt omnes.*]

Scene changes to the Grand Panorama.

ASMODEUS.—Now I will give you a peep behind the curtain, and you shall see some of the principal performers divested of disguise.

COMMIS.—What heterogeneous mob is this?

ASMODEUS.—A great man and his satraps. That is Lord G——, with the Wh—s, or Club of Odd Fellows chained to his chariot wheels. He is now going to drag them through the dirt in Little Britain.

COMMIS.—What old ladies are those, who look as demure as a bawd at a christening?

ASMODEUS.—Old ladies, quotha! Heaven correct your presumption!—This is a deputation from the College of Physicians. Don't you see *Medicus sum*, stamped in large letters, upon their foreheads, lest the vulgar should not be able to discover their profession by their practice?

COMMIS.—I observe a broad line of distinction yonder, with a few *Muscadins* on one side, and many artizans on the other.

ASMODEUS.—That is a necessary boundary in all well-regulated governments, called *The hedge of privilege*. On the dexter part, there is a constable dragging a miserable Troubadour to jail, because he had the audacity to play “Bobbing Joan” at a country fair, to the manifest injury of moral honor. On the sinister part, there are two prodigious Grantees fighting a duel for the good of the empire! The two small specks you may descry on the south-east of the horizon, is BONAPARTE on a Bohemian hill, laughing immoderately at the diversions of Putney. The other personage *beneath him* is the Emperor FRANCIS, who is shedding tears, in silence, for the infirmity of human nature!

COMMIS.—What awe-inspiring Ladies are those who seem as if disencumbering themselves from the robes of office?

ASMODEUS.—It is TRUTH and JUSTICE, who are now preparing to return to Heaven, from whence they came, as their ascendancy on earth is nearly at an end. The lesser personages who attend at a respectful distance, are GENEROSITY and GOOD MANNERS; they are preparing for terrestrial emigration; the former is going to Ireland, and the latter to Caledonia, as their agency in England becomes more contracted and despised every hour!

COMMIS.—I see a boundless mob yonder, in a state of hostility and uproar!

ASMODEUS.—That is composed of one thousand and one sects of Christians, who are now scolding and scratching each other for the honor of the Deity! while moral Philosophy is endeavouring, in vain, to explain the ethics of the New Testament!

COMMIS.—What is that little man about with the Marmozets in the grocer's scale?

ASMODEUS.—Hush! that is Napoleon: he is now weighing his generals and ministers in the balance of merit, before he will entrust them with the baton of command, or the port-folios of office!

COMMIS.—What melancholy looking man is that who is tying on his *bonnet de nuit*, while a little vagabond is adroitly putting out his rush-light?

ASMODEUS.—That is Hymen, who is going to bed from *ennui* and want of business; and the boy you see, is Cupid, who, in his wantonness, is extinguishing the torch of matrimony.

COMMIS.—What gloomy building is that in the dirty avenue?

ASMODEUS.—That is Doctor's Commons; and the

clamorous multitude who are pressing so violently into its porches, are husbands and wives of distinction, in the boisterous act of mutual recrimination.

COMMIS.—What batch of half-baked cakes are those which the baker is putting into the oven yonder?

ASMODEUS.—*Soyez tranquil mon ami!* For Heaven's sake, correct your expression.—Cakes indeed! Why that is a batch of new B——ts, which the immaculate M——r is now thrusting into the over-clogged oven of national dignity. They will all make their miraculous egress shortly, like independent butchers, with increased importance, and *bloody hands!*—Let us fall back, and change our position, for I hear a band of jubilee minstrels, brim-full of loyalty, festivity, poetry, and anti-jacobinism.

Scene changes to Temple-Bar.

[Enter R——T D——s, (who looks up for the heads,) Mr. JOHN B—LES, Mr. D—DS—N, Mr. C—E SC—T, with other disinterested and loyal patriots. They sing a stanza alternately, each kissing the cup with devotion.

Tune—"Mulberry Tree."

Behold this vast goblet was carv'd from the tree
Which, oh! sweet Corruption, was planted by thee;
Whose fruit falls like manna from Heaven's blest stores,
And enables the wretch to keep *tandems* and w——!

CHORUS.

All shall yield to thy supremacy—
Machiavelli was he,
Who planted thee;
And thou, like his text, ever potent shall be!

C.

The Whigs and the Tories, all children of Sin,
 Who talk finely—*when out*, but do little—*when in*!
 Who torment their good master with vehement broils,
 With one eye on the virtues, both hands on the spoils!
 Chorus, &c.

The lofty patricians, in station so high,
 With souls so diminish'd—whose heads touch the sky!
 Who have treated poor Nature with insolent scorn,
 Whose estates are untimber'd—whose wives are forlorn!
 Chorus, &c.

The city contractors who p— on the mob,
 Who crawl towards the churches—who hunt for a job;
 Whose loyalty's kindled at every loan,
 And who take Downing Street in their way to the throne.
 Chorus, &c.

Those Prelates who doze while the sectaries thrive!
 And the horde who'd have Catholics buried alive!
 The miscreants who grapple their guinea-fraught bags,
 While noble Integrity's shiv'ring in rags!
 Chorus, &c.

[*Exeunt, arm in arm, and capering
 like mad Bacchanals.*]

*Scene changes to a View of Lambeth Palace, with an
 innumerable crowd of men, women, and children.*

COMMIS.—What are the purposes of that lank,
 pallid, cadaverous man who is now mounted upon a
 stool, in the centre of this motley congregation?

ASMODEUS.—That is a crazy pharmacopolist—an
 apostle from error, who disseminates the seeds of
 lunacy, under the authority of an act of P——.
Ecoutez! He is going to speak for himself.

Brethren, brethren, here you are in Vanity Fair! (No
 allusion to the jubilee.) You come here to delight
 the senses, not to scour the heart; but I will admi-
 nister a grain of corrective acid, with an ounce of
 sulphurated apothegms, and drive the demons of abo-
 mination from your mental system, though you were

as foul as Lazarus, and as filthy as the Vatican; I will pulverize your follies in the mortar of the gospel, and make you amalgamate with the elements of regeneration. You are all stuck deep in the slough of despondency, and yet you have too much arrogance to call for help! Stretch forth your arms, and I will drag you from the mire of reprobation, as clean and unsullied as a candle from a patent mould! I will brace ye with the chalybeate waters of grace, and cleanse your ideas with the saline draughts of repentance, to prepare ye for the new-birth; when the old man shall be cast away, like a tattered garment; while the handmaids of regeneration shall rub and scrub your anatomy till you are as bright as my best pestle! You call for wax-lights, spermacæti-lights, and gas-lights, but what are they to the new lights? Answer me that.—What is man but a forked radish, which Satan plucketh up by the roots, when he wants a *bonne bouche*, or a cardiac? What is beauty, but a frail flower, which that leveller Time, cutteth down like a daffy-down-dilly in the meadows of ecstasy?—Then come with me, and I will lead you from the harlotry of Babylon to the true Zion, where the daughters of Salem shall sing a lullaby to the fatigues of humanity, before you become a spotless pensioner upon the establishment of the Millennium in 1811!

[*Exit with the crowd.*]

COMMIS.—What rubicund, fat man in black, is that, with a book in his hand, who is snoring in the corner, wholly undisturbed by the raving of the Fannatic?

ASMODEUS.—Hush! That is the erudite and pious Bishop of —: the suspended volume, is the first part of the Orthodox Watchman, or an illustration of the Thirty-nine Articles of the Lutheran faith.

Scene changes to the Royal Exchange.

[Enter Sir C——s P——, Mr. M——H, Mr. A——N, Mr. G——D——TH, Mr. B——Q——T, and Mr. W——T——E, habited as Masqueraders, and assisted by a patriotic Committee from Lloyds.—They sing the following silly and pointless composition to the Gazers and Passengers.]

THE JUBILEE.

A New Song to an Old Tune.

Now Reason's groan a sin is, sir,
We've coffers without guineas, sir,
And Pensioners who're ninnies, sir.

CHORUS.

That's a jubilee!
Thus Democrats will say, sir,
We hope that you will stay, sir,
And see our jubilee.
Wives who've scoff'd the Graces, sir;
Patriots hunting places, sir,
And putting on two faces, sir,
That's a jubilee, &c.
Man's duty taught by Fobbers, sir,
Great loyalty in Jobbers, sir,
Morality from Robbers, sir,
That's a jubilee, &c.
Victories gain'd—by running, sir!
Sound Logic pos'd by punning, sir;
Poor Virtue hoax'd by Cunning, sir,
That's a jubilee, &c.
To prop the Inquisition, sir,
Yet when the PARS petition, sir,
To sneer at their condition, sir,
That's a jubilee, &c.
In shabby measures fertile, sir!
To quit sweet Venus' myrtle, sir!
To gorge three pounds of turtle, sir!
That's a jubilee!
Thus Democrats will say, sir,
We hope that you will stay, sir,
And see our jubilee.

[*Exeunt in hirality, and holding each other together by—a rope of sand.*]

Scene changes to the Interior of Guildhall, with Beekford's Statue in the dumps!—The two Giants maintain a pithy colloquy, a la Thurlowe.

GOG.—What is all this bustle about?

MAGOG.—I'll be d——d if I know!

Scene changes to Saint Paul's Church-Yard; while the bells of Bow and Saint Bride's Churches are rung in high discordance with each other.—Mr. S——R P——L discovered astride the Sign of the Crown and Bible, with a wand of office in his hand, directing the grand Procession.

COMMIS.—Who is that elevated gentleman?

ASMODEUS.—He is the successor, in the second degree, to Mr. P——t, who was (with the exception of *Mirabeau*) the greatest legislative orator that has existed during the last forty years!

COMMIS.—As man is a rational being, what difficulty can there be in making him obedient to reason?

ASMODEUS.—You are right in the presumption, but wrong in the inference; as the question, with the *Magi*, is, not as to who can govern him the best, but how he is governed at all!

COMMIS.—I observe that the people here are always calling themselves a proud people—Is there any merit in being proud?

ASMODEUS.—It is with nations, as with individuals,

who, in proportion as they become contemptible, become arrogant; and draw upon themselves for that eulogium, which, to be valuable, should flow from the world.

But hark ! they are firing the cannon, which announces the grand Procession. It will be arranged in theatrical order ; and as the Master of the Ceremonies is Mr. Alderman B—ch, who has dabbled with the drama, as well as puffs, there can be no doubt but the performers will be adequate to their parts.—Here they come, by Jove ! Let us mount, and hold by the iron rails of Saint Paul's Church-Yard, and we shall see the Cavalcade in fine style. I will be your Example—your Coryphæus—your Chorus !

That man who is habited like the Knave of Clubs, and who walks with cautious importance, like a Lord Chamberlain, with a *tenesmus*, on the Birth-Day, is the civic Herald. The banners which he displays so vauntingly to the general sight, appertain to this great and eating City ! In the centre is a goose quartered, with a carving-knife in the corner.—The motto is happily conceived—

Eamus quo ducit Gula !

That beetle-brow'd Gentleman who follows, is their worthy R——r : he is pondering upon the glorious uncertainty of the Law.—Hush ! he is going to moralize.

SOLILOQUY BY THE R——R.

Erasmus, thou reasonest well,
Else why this pleasing hope, this longing
After fees ?—The legal avenues and ways
Are dark and intricate—puzzled with mazes,
And perplex'd with flaws !—The honest Client
Traceth them in vain ! nor knows with how much
Art their windings run, nor where
The damnable confusion ends !

The bloated figure which is marked by repletion and not health, is

PUBLIC CREDIT.

She is treading the mines of Peru and Mexico under her feet with contempt, and rests for support upon the arm of Credulity and the Conductor of *a paper-mill* ! The immense crowd in her train, more numerous than the sands on the Tyrrhene shore, or bees swarming round the toilette of Flora, are Bankers.—The rustic portion of them will be shortly metamorphosed by the Spirit of Retribution into Locusts, for having devoured all the butter, and cheese, and eggs of the provinces from the Sons and Daughters of Industry.—She is now going on a political pilgrimage to the Exchequer, to indorse the drafts of a profligate and ignorant Commissariat.

That grave man in sable, who seems to have an antipathy to retrospection, is the

ATTORNEY-GENERAL OF GOTHAM !

Expedience stalks before him with his arms emblazoned ; which are a sheaf of corn blighted, on a field gules, with two porcupines as supporters, and a mouse-trap for his crest. His motto is

Noli me tangere.

That seeming bauble which is stuck in his belt, is a pair of compasses, which were bequeathed to him by an alarmist, to measure the length and breadth of a modern libel !

That pompous and austere man who is getting upon stilts, by the aid of his colleagues, is Earl B—— ! He is thus suddenly elevated, because it is absolutely necessary that every man in office should appear to

the Public of higher dimensions than Nature or Truth would authorize.

Ministers are like tricks by sleight of hand,
Which, to admire, you must not—understand !

But now the sports are going to begin, for the trumpet and drum bespeak the approach of the Dramatic Characters : *Doucement mon ami !* There they are.

The first group are illustrative of the *Two Gentlemen of Verona* ; with Lord M——e, Mr. L——g, and old G——e R——e, in the characters of *Parolles*, *Launcelot*, and *Crab !*

This is *All for Love* ; or, *The World well lost*.—The part of *Mark Anthony*, by the Hon. Sir A——P——t, and that of *Cleopatra*, by the *ci-devant* Lady B——n.

This is the grand Drama of the *Tempest*, which has been decorated at an immense expence.—Mr. W——th——n walks as *Prospero* ; he is armed with a necromantic wand, with which he, ever and anon, touches and paralyzes the brains of the Common Council !

That is the renowned City Infant who walks as *Caliban*, with a large chest of Souchong under his arm, in lieu of sticks !—Look at the majesty of his deportment, and see how difficult it is for a gentleman of his refined talents to assume the Savage, *pro tempore !*

That accomplished Chevalier who walks as *Ferdinand*, is Colonel G——e ; a *Sçavoir Vivre*, arbiter elegantiarum, and mirror for the Dilettanti !

The Lady who personates *Miranda*, with so much *naïveté*, is the Princess —— . Mark, how she sur-

veys his proportions, while she fondly sings Handel's favorite air—

“ Lord ! what is man ? ”

That little Charmer, who fascinates all parties, as *Ariel*, is the Duchess of Y——.

But here comes an actor of measureless celebrity ; that is no other than Sir W——m C——s, Baronet, Baker, Alderman, Rhetorician, Commodore, and M.P. ! He hath condescended to walk, on the present brilliant occasion, as *Stephano* ; therefore you must not attribute his reeling to inebriety, as he hates a bottle as much as a contract. The truth is, that he has not recovered the right use of his legs since his famous naval expedition to Holland.—*Nemo me impune lacessit*, is inscribed on the streamers of his barge, and the escutcheon of his family.—A vagrant flea had the temerity to vault upon his *proboscis* in the Downs, and was burnt to cinders in a second !—He once fainted, after a classical and patriotic harangue at Guildhall, and his friends were inconsolable, as he lay motionless for several minutes ; at length one of Birch's *aides-de-camp* traversed the chamber with a hot tureen of turtle-soup, the circling fumes of which, coming in contact with his olfactories, he instantly rose in ecstasy, and followed the Cook, by instinct, into the grand refectory—What a Cur—tis ! Hark ! he is going to favor the mob with a song which he composed on board his own yacht, when he lay moored out of the precincts of mischief, off the shores of Walcheren.—Now for it : *Ecouchez mon ami* : I have heard a high character of the ditty, which combines the sublime, the descriptive, the attenuating, and the pathetic.

A SONG, BY SIR W——M C——S.

Cease, old Boreas, jacobin Railer,
 List, ye Bankers, all to me ;
 Ye Bakers, hear a new fledg'd Sailor
 Sing the dangers of the sea.
 While you are with your spouses rushing
 To some gay route, in civic pride,
 Ah ! think of WILL, who's now at Flushing,
 Cascading o'er the vessel's side !

While you are at the London Tavern,
 All gorging with your callipash,
 Bellona issues from her cavern,
 Across my eyes her lightnings flash !
 If one d—d shot should tear my belly,
 And let out all the stores below,
 Give my respects to Doctor Kelly,
 And bid him come and soothe my woe.

What happy Smouches, who can call cloaths
 Secure and snug through Bishopsgate !—
 Bid Lady C——s search my small cloaths,
 And send my cork-screw to me strait.—
 What noise is that ?—Another volley !
 By Jingo I shall sink with fear—
 What's martial ardour but a folly !
 What dev'lish impulse drove me here !

Weigh all the guineas ere you buy 'em,
 Especially when G—ds—th sends :
 Here, Cookey, take these cods, and fry 'em,
 And use the sauce that BURGESS vends !
 What a queer place is this to stay in,
 If C——m does the thing by halves !
 I hope my Bailiff's got the hay in,
 And given fodder to my Calves.

Good Christians who are now debating,
 Lord Mayor and Cits in Common Hall ;
 When WAITHMAN comes too soon, though late in,
 With Truth's great club to drub ye all.
 Pray think of me a ponderous sinner,
 Who's dribbling through his breeches knees :
 The cursed French have spoil'd my dinner !
 I've got no wine ! I've lost my keys !

When I am dead, but live in story,
 Let me be buried in Paul's Church,
 Among the Heroes ; so that Glory
 May find me *when* she makes her search :

She'll cry, God bless his paunch, he fed it
 With double loads of dainties rare !
 He's quitted this *here* world with credit,
 And gone, in clover, to that *there* !

ASMODEUS.—This is the *Second Part* of HENRY the FOURTH.

SIR JOHN FALSTAFF by Sir JOHN E——r !—D'ye mark his portly susquepedality of belly ?—Hark ! the gallant Commander is going to illustrate : we shall now have a military opinion, equalled only by a *Marlborough* or a *Vauban*—

Falstaff, (looking behind him, and laughing immoderately.)—"If I am not ashamed of my Soldiers, I am a soused Gurnet—I won't march them through Wood Street, that's flat."

Other Characters—viz. Hotspur - - by Lord G——y.
 Justice Shallow - Lord H——by.
 Bardolph - - - Mr. C—t—s.
 Doll Tearsheet - Lady H——d.
 Carriers - - - Messrs. Will—n and R—ss—l .

ASMODEUS.—Now for HENRY the FIFTH ! The part of Henry is sustained by the P—— of W——s ! Look how proudly Nature walks before him, to shew his large heart to the British empire ! ..

Flewellin - - - - by Mr. Manners.
 Pistol (eating the leek) - Sir Richard P——.

KING LEAR.

King Lear - - - by His M——.
 Kent - - - - Lord St. V——t.
 Mad Tom - - - - Mr. F—ll—r.
 Gloucester - - - - Lord C——y.

ASMODEUS.—Be silent as the grave ! The Majesty of Britain is proceeding to disburthen his thoughts—we shall now have a slight glimpse into the royal understanding.

KING LEAR, (*looking up to the skies.*)

"Here am I, ye gods! a poor old man,
More sinn'd against, than sinning!—
Oh! how sharper than a serpent's tooth
It is, to have—a *stupid Ministry!*

ROMEO AND JULIET.

Romeo - - - - - by The Duke of Q——y.
Mercutio - - - - - Lord G—b—r.
Starved Apothecary - - - Mr. H—k—n.
Friar - - - - - Colonel M'M——n.
Juliet - - - - - The M——e of A——h.
Nurse - - - - - The Duke of P——d.

TWELFTH NIGHT.

Sir Toby Belch - - - - by Sir F——k St——sh.
Sir Andrew Ague Cheek - - Mr. Sk—ff—n.
The Fool - - - - - Lord Ch—t—r.
Malvolio - - - - - Mr. F——e.
The Lady - - - - - The Duchess of L—ds.

TAMING OF THE SHREW.

Petruchio - - - - - by Lord E——.
Catherine - - - - - Lady E——.
Grumio - - - - - Mr. W——n.

AS YOU LIKE IT.

Touchstone - - - - - by Mr. Sh——n.
Jacques - - - - - Lord A—ck—d.
Old Shepherd - - - - - Mr. Thomas C—ke.
Banished Duke - - - - - An illustrious Stranger.
Rosalind and Celia - - - Misses P—n—by and B—tl—r.
Audrey - - - - - Mrs. Sh——n.

THE COMEDY OF ERRORS.

Antipholis of Cumberland by The Duke of *****.
Antipholis of Gotham - - - Lord W——d.
Dromio of Cumberland - - - Lord L——l.
Dromio of Gotham - - - Lord M——e.
The Secondary Parts by Mr. L—g, Mr. W—y P—e, Mr. C—e, Mr. A—t,
&c. &c.

MEASURE FOR MEASURE.

The Duke - - - - - by Sir Samuel R——y.
Lord Angelo - - - - - The Marquis of H—d—t.
Claudio - - - - - Lord P——t.
Isabella - - - - - The Marchioness of E——r.

WINTER'S TALE.

Florizel - - - - by The Duke of S——.
 Perdita - - - - - Mrs. B——n.
 Autolycus - - - - - Mr. Thomas Sh——n.

JULIUS CÆSAR.

Cæsar - - - - - by Marquis W——y.
 Brutus - - - - - Sir Francis B——t.
 Cassius - - - - - Mr. H——e T——e.

MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING.

Benedict - - - - by Lord C——n.
 Beatrice - - - - - Lady C——n.
 Don John - - - - - Monsieur Ch——m——ly.
 Town Clerk - - - - - Mr. L——wt——n.
 Verges - - - - - Mr. Carpenter S——th.
 Dogberry - - - - - Mr. John B——s.

ASMODEUS.—Dogberry is disposed to be communicative ; he will amuse us with a ditty as he passes, as Clowns whistle to keep up their courage !

DOGBERRY (*sings.*)

Though I have toil'd for public ends,
 And subdivided sins, sir,
 The Jacobins will pester me,
 And kick me on the shins, sir !
 They snivel when I hit them hard—
 What democratic lubbers !
 Forgetting they who play at B——
 Should then look out for rubbers !
 Yet ev'ry saucy Echo'll cry,
 As I myself pass by,
 There goes the Dutch Commissioner !
 The little Dutch Commissioner !
 And birds and boys,
 With stunning noise,
 All quiz the Dutch Commissioner !
 Though Wh——t——d taunts me with his sneers,
 I'll tell Lord G——y, who's his Chief,
 To make the Brewer stick to beer,
 And not for me, brew mischief.
 On Sabbath, as I take my ride,
 To visit Madam Dorrall,
 And hear the naughty sparrows coo,
 I flog them till they're moral !
 Yet ev'ry saucy Echo'll cry, &c.

MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM.

Robin Good-Fellow (*squatting on a fungus*) by Sir Arthur P—g—tt.
 Bottom, the Weaver - - - - - Sir Robert P—le.
 King of the Fairies - - - - - Mr. Simmonds.
 Queen of the Fairies - - - - - Mrs. Liston.
 Fays and Fairies by Lord Wh—t—th, Deputy K—b—e, Miss V—nn—k,
 Miss Leserve, &c.

ASMODEUS.—Here comes that fubby boy who has been so notorious for mischief in both hemispheres. That is Cupid in Cheapside !

COMMIS.—Cupid ! quotha, why he is breeched !

ASMODEUS.—To be sure ! Why you would not have him go naked, and shew his —— to the Spinners, as he did in Cyprus ! Where's your morality, Mr. Secretary ?

COMMIS.—Has he lost his arrows and bow ? What, in the name of common sense, has he got in either hand ?

ASMODEUS.—In one he holds a transfer in the Consols, and in the other, a frying-pan ; being properly indicative of the two material things with which a sagacious Citizen should be eternally in love ; namely, money and a good dinner !

This brilliant character is sustained by no common personage. It is Mr. T—ds—d, who has long been celebrated for the *captivation* of his manners, that has undertaken to fill the part ! He learned the graces and costume of the tender Tyrant, from his friend Mr. John K—b—e !

MACBETH.

Macbeth - - - - - by Mr. H—m F—e.
 Banquo - - - - - The Spirit of Sir John M—.
 Hecate - - - - - Joanna Southcote.

The Three Weir Sisters, by Count R—f—d ; Walking S—t, and Martin Von B—l.

HENRY THE EIGHTH.

King Henry - - - - by Lord Ch——y.
 Cardinal Wolsey - - - - Mr. H——d.
 Bishop Gardiner - - - - Mr. Cr——y.
 Cranmer - - - - The Bishop of L——ff.
 Lady Anne Bullen - - - The Princess of ——.
 The Infant Elizabeth - - The Princess C—— of W——s.

OTHELLO.

Othello - - - - by Lord C——m.
 Iago - - - - Mr. W——m.
 Cassio - - - - Lord K——db——t.
 Desdemona - - - - Mrs. G——ds——th.

ASMODEUS.—*Tenez!* The noble Moor is troubled in spirit. He looks grave and grand, as a Cabinet Minister ought!—He has got his night-cap on, it is true, but it is only three o'clock P. M. and that is the early part of the morning with the *haut ton*!—Zounds! he is preparing for utterance!—Recollect, in his eloquence, that this is not the *late* Lord C——m.

OTHELLO (*solus.*)

“Farewell, ye spavin'd steeds, and fever'd hosts!”
 Ye dykes and bogs of Beveland, all farewell!
 Where croaking bull-frogs bay the laughing moon;
 And Congreve's rockets too, whose fiery tails
 Would ignify and burn another Troy!
 Farewell, ye tents, and couches, and parade,
 Sentries, and salutations, and all that
 Pride, pomp, and patronage of glorious war,
 With all those *bonusses*, Commander's snack,
 That make ambition—virtue!
 Unhappy Ch——m's occupation's gone!

MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR.

Sir John Falstaff - - - by The Duke of N——k.
 Doctor Caius - - - - Sir Walter F——r.
 Sir Hugh Evans - - - - Sir Watkin W. W——e.
 Master Slender - - - - The Duke of G——r.
 Mr. Ford - - - - The Duke of D——e.
 Mr. Page - - - - Lord C——e.
 Mrs. Ford - - - - The Duchess of G——d——n.
 Mrs. Page - - - - The Marchioness of H——rt——d.
 Anne Page - - - - The Hon. Miss Ed——n.

LOVE'S LABOUR LOST.

ASMODEUS.—The principal parts in this Piece are represented by Lord and Lady B—ym—e, Sir John and Lady L—e, Mr. and Mrs. B—g, Sir James M—y P—y, &c. &c. &c.

MERCHANT OF VENICE.

Shylock - - - - by John K——.
 Tubal - - - - - Lord E—dl—y.
 Bassanio - - - - - Earl O—r—d.
 Anthonio - - - - - Sir Francis B—g.
 Launcelot - - - - - Lord S—d—th.
 Gobbo - - - - - The Duke of M——h.
 Portia - - - - - The Countess of O——d.
 Jessica - - - - - Miss G—d—th.

TIMON OF ATHENS.

Timon - - - - - by Lord C——gh.
 Alcibiades - - - - - Lord H—tch——n.
 Courtezan - - - - - Mrs. Clarke.

ASMODEUS.—Be quiet, the misanthropic Politician is in profound agitation.—He has been the scape-Goat of his party, and is now ruminating upon the ingrates in policy.

TIMON (*in soliloquy.*)

To be, or not to be a Minister's
 The question! Whether 'tis better nobly
 To resign, and eat my mutton cold,
 Or live the elastic slave of party!
 To die, to be politically dead,
 Perchance to dream! But in that dream
 To trace and figure with my mental eye,
 Myriads of sacrifices, all "kill'd off."
 Men, women, children, horses, scamp'ring o'er
 The craggy heights of foul Iberian roads,
 Or faint and hopeless, coiling 'neath the rocks,
 Waiting their death, by famine or the sword—
 Or spectres gaunt, in terrible array,
 From Walcheren's direful, clammy, dammy Isle,
 Pressing upon me, (as blest Israel's sons
 Crowd to the Theatre when BRAHAM sings,)

Advancing, rank and file, in countless rows,
 Cover'd with gashes, slashes, blood, and mud,
 And crying, "Curse your soul, 'twas you did it!"
(Il n'y a point de crime sans chatiment!)
 Ah! there's the rub!—For who would bear
 The Whigs' harsh contumely—*Erin's* groans;
 And all those arrows tipp'd with attic salt,
 Which ruthless W—b—d throws in sport around,
 Until he sticks my official jerkin full,
 Whene'er we meet in verbose noisy war—
 Or C——g's poisonous, sarcastic sneer!
 Or P——l's cold friendship, that's held forth,
 Like pliant osiers to a drowning man,
 But that the dread of something after death,
 Some deep responsibility to man,
(Which even Lordlings sometimes must obey),
 Puzzles the will, and makes us rather bear
 The ills of office, with immense *douceurs*,
 Than fly to other ills, without a groat!
 I'll go and live on Londonderry's skirts,
 Far from th'ungrateful, grumbling, swinish crew,
 And leave Ambition's slipp'ry, thorny course
 To those who've hearts of oak, and nerves of steel:
 There let me cultivate my Sabine fields,
 And see no company but—civil friends.

ASMODEUS.—Here comes Lord M——a, riding as
 the man in armour! They have selected this noble-
 man, as being the most unassailable subject in the
 British realm.

COMMIS.—What designation have those seven fe-
 males, whom the Vulgar seem to treat with studied
 disdain?

ASMODEUS.—The Muses!—The poorer lady, with
 dishevelled tresses, frenzied eyes, and damaged linen,
 is the poetic Muse: she formerly lodged in an attic
 apartment in Grub Street; but as she could not pay
 the taxes, or prove the place of her nativity, she was
 turned out of civil society, to wander as a luminous
 vagabond upon the face of the earth!

COMMIS.—Poor creature! But where are Thalia
 and Melpomene?

ASMODEUS.—They have been recently confined in two niches of Covent-Garden Theatre, to amuse the Public *without* the walls, as they had long lost their due influence *within* !

COMMIS.—Are the daughters of Mnemosyne pleased with this inclement arrangement ?

ASMODEUS.—No ! Comedy seems sulky, and Tragedy is in the hysterics. But I will shew you the building when this mummary is past.

COMMIS.—Who comes here ? Some Grecian Vestal surely, warming herself by the eternal fire.

ASMODEUS.—Not exactly a Vestal. That is the delectable Dolly, from Paternoster Row ; she is now in the act of broiling beef-steaks for the Corporate Bodies, lest they should be starved in the passage from the church to Guildhall.

COMMIS.—What enormous Beast is this ? Forfend us Heaven ! Is it the Theban Serpent, or the Dragon of Wantley ?

ASMODEUS.—Neither. That is the Monster CORRUPTION, who devours the aliment from the ghastly Manufacturer !—Snatches the laurel from the brave Sailor and Soldier who have bled for their King and country !—Let us keep to the windward, as the breath of its nostrils is more foetid and direful, than the steam of Averno, or the Siroc gale !

COMMIS.—What are those little creatures on its back ?

ASMODEUS.—Those who thus bestride the Behemoth with *ephemeral* rapture, are Patent Placemen, Reversionists, Contractors, Tax-men, and Pluralists. The ornamented gentleman who is adhering to its

rump, is Alderman Pattypan; and that Protean Drawcansir, who is holding so tenaciously by its tail, is the immortal Author of "A Vigor beyond the Law."

COMMIS.—Bless us! here is a cadaverous wench, with a large pair of Taylor's shears in her hand! Some Draper's Rib, perhaps, who has left her magazine to see the show.

ASMODEUS.—For the love of life be easy!—That is *Atropos*, the Chief of the *Parcæ*! She is now taking measure of Aldermanic existence, and marking her victims for death, as Game-keepers serve deer.—Whenever the Lord Mayor gives a feast, the Fates dance the hey, in a black cloud, over Bucklersbury!

COMMIS.—What fond twain is this advancing upon us like another Pylades or Orestes, or the Shepherds of the Golden Age?

ASMODEUS.—Prodigies of merit and modesty! *Arcades ambo*!—You perceive that they are smelling at the same nosegay, like the two Kings of Brentford. They have each kept the Ledger of Mars, and have each burnt their fingers with gunpowder.—I perceive by the simpering of the Baronet, that he is going to solicit an incalculable favor. Be silent, there is harmony afloat.

A DUETTO. (*The Music by Michael Arne.*)

Sir James.—Here, take my office, blushing youth—

Mr. Y—e.—And you, Sir James, take mine:

I feel, ye gods, as scor'd with knouts,
And then wash'd o'er with brine!

What shall I do, when W——m roars,
And every project hinders?

Sir James.—Tell him, no Loon should e'er throw stones
Whose house is full of windows!

[*Exeunt, waddling, with their heads inverted over their shoulders, like love-sick drakes; as each had left his official heart among the canvas-bagged ducklings at Whitehall.*]

COMMIS.—What is tied up in that pocket-handkerchief which the Honorable Baronet is giving to his Honorable Successor?

ASMODEUS.—Field Officers in *embryo*.

COMMIS.—Zounds! they never can have seen service!

ASMODEUS.—The Duke of **** once said a pleasant thing at the Coldstream dinner:—"One brilliant campaign at the drawing room, is better than seventeen in the field."—Fortune is a female, and no friend to slow marches: you must take her by a *coup de main*, if you'd wear a rich feather in your *chapeau*! Women endure those they esteem, but exalt those they love.

COMMIS.—*Ventre gris*! What grotesque, limitless, non-descript have we here? Why it has more mouths than the Mississippi, as many ears as Obloquy, and a wider swallow than the Atlantic Ocean; it gobbles Gazettes faster than Nebuchadnezzar ate grass!

ASMODEUS.—That is PUBLIC CREDULITY: the Hag at its elbow, who is continually feeding its convulsive maw with a shovel, is Rumour: and the stately Gentleman who is walking, or rather stalking before, as an *avant Courier*, is

AL———•N PSHA!

He carries the portrait of Lord G——e within his *tabatiere*, and the effigy of Mr. P——l without: it was from him that he learned the rare secret of breathing a fog over the land-marks of Ratiocination!—Look! he proceeds in perpendicular dignity, with his countenance wreathed in smiles, and his eyes issue lambent fire! Oh! he's a great actor, and feels and applies the dogma of the critical *Riccobini*, which may

be effectual in the street, but would not do on the vast plain of a London Theatre, where the Audience are fortunate in being enabled to descry the person of the performer, without attempting to analyze his lineaments.

*Oh! se agli occhi di tutte le persone
Fosse appicato un filo, e sì portasse
Al punto ove lo sguardo si dispone?
Ai quai dè membri credi sì attaccasse,
La gomina formata? solo al viso
Ne altrove pensar già che terminasse.*

COMMIS.—The Procession halts!

ASMODEUS.—Yes, his Lordship has stopped to taste some cheese of the last dairy, at a Cheshire-factor's in Gutter Lane.—But the cavalcade is over, as Folly is proudly waving her banner in the rear, on which is written, in large characters,

HÆC MEA SUNT!

Now I will convey you to the new Temple of the Muses, in Bow Street, which has been the theme of ceaseless panegyric—a tissue of praise, involving nearly every point but what was true!

Scene changes to the Exterior View of Covent-Garden Theatre.

[*Enter ASMODEUS and COMMIS.*]

ASMODEUS.—That is the massy pile which the inhabitants of London have been taught to call magnificent!

COMMIS.—You surely mistake in calling it a The-

atre ; it must be some solemn temple dedicated to the gods.

ASMODEUS.—Your supposition is fully justified, as the principal front is borrowed from an Athenian Temple, and bears no more analogy to the other sides, than the portico of Saint Martin's Church does to the heavy walls of Bedlam !

One *basso-relievo* is presumed to be illustrative of the Ancient Drama.—Aristophanes and Menander are anxiously looking towards the entrance, to implore some Counsellor, who understands Greek, to favor them with a *Habeas Corpus*, that they may be carried back to Lacedæmon without delay !

The other is an attempt to illustrate the Modern Drama.—That is the inimitable Shakespeare, who had the singular privilege from Jove to unlock the human bosom, and examine its tenantry !

Now we will enter the *vestibule* !—This is the grand stair-case (as they phrase it), flanked and gloomily lighted with antique lamps, as if we were ascending the tomb of the Scipios, or a Roman Council, at midnight, and not the mart of public pleasure !

We are now in the auditory, and the *coup d'œil* is not unexceptionable.—The drop-scene yonder, is supremely whimsical. There are Eschylus, Plautus, Lope de Vega, and other Poets, looking glumly at each other, like strangers suddenly flanking a *Table d'Hôte* ; while the Bard of Avon, in the centre, looks as if he had become so splenetic at the abominations practised upon his genius by modern arrogance, that he was retiring and fading into oblivion, like the aerial puppet of a phantasmagoria !

As for the King's arms in the front, it is so placed,

that were I not convinced of the unadulterated loyalty of the Proprietors, I should believe them utterly jacobinical. The Lion and Unicorn, *couchant*, appear as if they were fatigued, or sick of supporting the royal emblems: rather than as the vigilant, invincible, and proud guardians of the rights and honors of the House of Hanover!

The private Boxes are not only an encroachment upon popular right, but so constructed that the Subscribers may even economise in the prosecution of voluptuousness, with an adequate security against the danger and impertinence of witnesses.

The dome is too sacerdotal in its character, and the isolated instrument in the middle, which the painter intended for a lyre, looks, at a distance, like a Cremona fiddle in purgatory!

That Gallery, which is so elevated that it strains the optic nerve to perceive it, is the appropriated receptacle for the *ci-devant* gods! But they are no longer of the true Olympian breed; they have been metamorphosed into *Pigeons*, who are allowed to peep from their holes in small battalions, as Volunteers fire; and their power of thundering is abridged for ever!

That gloomy recess yonder, where the human visages appear as through the medium of a mist, is called the *Basket*; but it is so abominably contrived, that it looks like a continuity of bail-docks, where the vile and the vicious are huddled together to await trial for their misdemeanors, and spit, foam, stew, and melt in adverse contact, like Antipathies dissolving in a crucible!

The avenues to the Pit are frightfully intricate, and remind me of the Catacombs near Naples.—I am im-

pressed, on passing them, with the chilling idea of entering the damp and horrible dungeon of an Inquisition; or the vaults of a cemetery, to mingle with the dust of martyrs, and be locked up, in silent seclusion, from the light of the blessed sun!

Scene changes to Guildhall.

When the Procession arrived at Guildhall, the parties alighted in due order; and as they entered the great gate, they sang the following classical invitation to dinner, in choral harmony.

Minions of the venal train
From Palace Yard, and Birchin Lane :
'Tis Folly calls, come follow me,
And celebrate our jubilee !

Chorus, Minions of, &c.

Each Countess, with her flimsy Peer,
Be seen, for once, *together*, here :
And, if you can, this night agree
To celebrate our jubilee.

Chorus, &c.

Nor be Master Y—ke forgot,
With his harmless, merry plot :
George R—e, and *bifrons* W——m, he,
To celebrate our jubilee !

Chorus, &c.

From Flushing and Talavera's fields,
Bring French standards—bring their shields !
With ghosts, who moan in symphony,
To celebrate our jubilee !

Chorus, &c.

In mournful numbers now relate
Poor gallant MOORE's untimely fate ;
While H—kh—m grins with Ch—m—y !
To celebrate our jubilee !

Chorus, &c.

Pray, Mistress Fame, put up your book,
 Nor write a word—nor give a look !
 But let Oblivion Regent be,
 T'absorb this wond'rous jubilee !

Chorus, &c.

As the fur-edged Grandees entered the vast refectory, in full chorus, their festivity suffered a short interregnum by the supernatural appearance of the following illuminated words upon the eastern end of the hall :

THINK OF THE PRISONERS !

THINK OF THE POOR !

THINK OF YOURSELVES !

Which Alderman PSHA explained to those Magistrates who wanted spectacles.—After a brief exorcism from Alderman B—H, who first pointed (in his significant way) to the table, and then towards Ludgate Prison, the shocking characters disappeared ; when the Right Honorable Mr. C—s F—R, throwing himself, with a sort of perturbed rapture, into the official chair, loudly exclaimed,

“ The Mayor is himself again ! ”

The C—y R—br—r was now called upon to register the text of the sermon they had heard ; which was from Ezra—

“ So that the people could not discern the noise of the shout of joy, from the noise of the weeping of the people.” Chap. iii. ver. 13.

Here Mr. Alderman W—d suggested the propriety of having the toasts for the day, entered, in order to avoid the national disgrace which was incurred at a recent public dinner, where the Chief Magistrate of a foreign empire was madly insulted, in the presence of his M—y's M—s ! who were

afterwards compelled to send an embassy to the offended Personage to solicit forgetfulness for the past, and security for the future !

As the Lord Mayor nodded assent, the parties rose in preparation.—The first who presented himself was

SIR J—— S——.

My Lord, and Gentlemen, said he, I am not *au fait* at an extemporaneous speech, so I will e'en give you the butt-end of a canzonette.

From hills far nor'rard JAMIE came,
A spruce elastic blade, sir :
His public aim was private good,
And loyalty—his trade, sir.
Our King's the best of earthly Kings,
So will be George his son, sir,
And so will be the rest, till Death
Shall bid them cut and run, sir.

THE MORAL.

Now this is law, I will maintain,
Until my dying day, sir :
Let whatsoever Premier rule,
I'll still be Vicar of Bray, sir.

The high note of preparation for dinner being given, each tumbled over the other to occupy the nearest seat ! The napkins were neatly insinuated under the chins ; the knives dextrously sharpened upon the forks, and every belly was felt by its feeder to ascertain if it was *in recto decus* !

In that moment, when the host of Cooks had served up the first course, and the Chaplain had said grace—when every hand grasped the spoon, and every lip smacked with anticipated pleasure, a subterraneous noise was heard ! The statue of Lord Chatham pushed the wig from his right ear to listen !—The Giants leaned forward to reconnoitre !—and all the Lawyers looked as pale as Chloe's *chemise* : when suddenly a reverend

shade arose in the semblance of the ever-to-be-regretted Father O'L——y! A general silence ensued, when the Spirit chaunted the following poetic damper to the Civic Body, with due pathos, and in slow time.

What, eating again! why you'd eat 'till it's past day;
Don't you know 'tis a sin to eat meat on a fast day?
But you'd gorge, by my soul, though you knew 'twas the last day.
Now an't you all pretty *Spalpeens*?

Were you call'd to Saint Peter, by Faith, you'd not win her;
For, arrang'd by his side, like a corpulent sinner,
The first question would be—"Have you got a good dinner?"
Were old Nick, but well larded, you'd *ate* him!

Ye beef-eating crew, don't you know how frail life is,
And that all must remove from this stage where the strife is?
Let each man then go home now, and ask where his wife is,
And then try if his forehead is smooth.

When you all should be Beckfords, and Greshams, and Catos,
You monopolize butter, and cheese, and *puratos*!
Which in waggons and vans, ev'ry Monday are cramm'd to you!
Now where will you go, when you die, and be d——d to you?
Ah! think of the poor, I beseech you!

Petition his Majesty to sign AN ACT OF GRACE, sir;
Let Justice sheathe her sword, and Resentment wash her face, sir:
Go and open the dungeons in every county,
And the less they deserve, why—the more's in your bounty:
And that will be pleasing to Heaven!

All that swagger must die, even Kate that you kiss'd to-day!
And that corner must rot where you Aldermen —— to day!
We're all here to-morrow, or else we're gone yesterday!
Sic transit Gloria! okhone!

I would *spake* to yourself, my Lord Mayor, Mister Flow'r:
(*Cock crows.*)—By my troth, there's the Watchman, 'tis sure a late hour:
Repent, my good friends, while it's yet in your pow'r.
So nae *bocklish*, I'm off like a shot!

[*Ghost disappears.*]

During the supreme consternation which ensued, and while all the guests were shaking with terror, like ague patients in an hospital, the two Giants descended in ire; one seized the City Infant by the waistband of his pantaloons, and then hooked him over the

steps, like the sign of a Common Councilman!—While the other kicked the company into King Street, where he threw them, with disdain, upon each other, in heaps, as the Daughters of Eloquence reject sprats at Billingsgate!

When they returned from the labour of ejection, Magog sat down, and combed his black locks with the remains of some ribs of beef; while Gog reclined on the hustings, and sang “God save the King,” with such stentorian energy that every stanza resounded in Calais harbour!

By this act of solemn anger, a material point is settled which had long agitated the polemical world: namely, as to the theological prejudices of the Giants, whom some supposed to be *great men*, and *above all prejudices*.

I was so terrified by this adventure, and the ferocious aspect of Magog, while disentangling his hair, which had not apparently been combed before during a century, that I stretched forth my leg, as in the act of plunging into the street; but unluckily plumped it, in my dormant exertions, sousé into a delft sarcophagus that remained by the side of my pallet, and smashed it into a thousand fragments. I instantly awoke by the sudden immersion, and found the whole tissue of this figurative nonsense to be nothing but the fruit of a distracted imagination!—Gentle reader,

Pardon the errors of his frantic song,
Who cannot clearly see the right from wrong.

THE END.