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THE GIFT OF

ALFRED CLAGHORN POTTER

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### TOBACCO AND SNUFF,

L. S. D.,

POTATOS,

AND OTHER POEMS.

BY AMASA ARMSTRONG.

#### LONDON:

LONGMAN, ORME, BROWN, GREEN, AND LONGMANS.
WILLIAM WALKER, OTLEY.

1840.





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GIFT OF
ALFRED CLAGHORN POTTER
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#### TO

#### ALL SMOKERS OF TOBACCO,

TAKERS OF SNUFF,

#### AND

LOVERS OF MONEY AND POTATOS,

THIS LITTLE WORK

IS .

MOST RESPECTFULLY INSCRIBED,

BY THE AUTHOR.

#### PREFACE.

The hackneyed apology—that they were published at the solicitations of numerous friends, is the only one which the author of the following attempts has to offer for appearing before the public. The simple fact is, that on looking over, and destroying, a number of papers, these were preserved and handed over to a few literary friends, for their amusement. These gentlemen particularly desired that they might be published; and therefore, after looking them over again, and by that means ascertaining that they were not likely to do any harm; it being also suggested that the ground was new, and the subjects not of merely local interest,—the author gave his consent. And he hopes, that to the person wearied with mental or manual toil, this little book will neither be unpleasant nor unprofitable, but will afford innocent amusement, and lead to reflection. He trusts there will be nothing found here that will tend to debase the morals of young or old, nothing that will engender any kind of bad feeling, or malevolence-not any thing but what will promote meditation and cheerfulness

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## TOBACCO AND SNUFF;

A SIMPLE, DOMESTIC DRAMA.

PERSONS OF THE DRAMA:
SIMON DUST, ESQ., AND JONAS WEED, ESQ.

SCENE,—A ROOM IN THE HOUSE OF JONAS WEED, ESQ.
WEED SMOKING.

Enter,-Simon Dust, Esq.

WEED. "This is the question:"—I invoke Your counsel; shall I cease to smoke? Say, as an honest neighbour should, Do you think smoking does me good? If not, a reas'ner close and warm Would hence infer it does me harm.

Dust. Respected neighbour, Mr. Weed, I've no objection, sir, indeed,
To enter an investigation
Upon the smoking operation.
But first, before the field we take,
I beg just one remark to make:
I know you are a man of wit,
But still I cannot, sir, admit

The logic with which you set out,—
Your inference I rather doubt.
Your reas'ner, be he close and warm,
Might prove that smoking does you harm,
Or good—perhaps he might prove either;
But I contend it may do neither.
As you indulge in no excess,
It may do neither more nor less
Than just amuse, like as a ring,
Or any other trifling thing
A man may wear, and which is meant
As plaything or as ornament.

Weed. I quite perceive what you object;
I see your hint is quite correct,
And give you joy for having found
Sir, such convenient neutral ground,
In which both you and I may find
A pleasant ramble for the mind,
Whenever we, with sapience ripe,
Reflect upon our snuff and pipe.

Dust. Our *snuff* and pipe! pray do not make An insult serve for a mistake! I would, sir, have you understand, I am not on the neutral land! I take my snuff because I'm sure
Without it I could not endure:
It is not like the pipe or ring,
Or any such a silly thing,
Which I can take or leave at leisure—
It is the soul, sir, of my pleasure!
And that is more than you can say,
Sir, of your filthy piece of clay!
When filled and lighted fit to puff,
It cannot be compared to snuff:
I hope you will not say one word
Of pleasure that it can afford.—

WEED. Hold, my dear sir! I meant no harm;
I fear you're getting rather warm;
Pray give me leave, my worthy friend,
To try my smoking to defend.

Dust. Surely—I only meant to say,
That sucking at a tube of clay
Could not give pleasure—if you can
Disprove it, you're a clever man,—
A man of first-rate sterling sense;
And now, sir, speak in its defence.

WEED. You're rather keenish, Mr. Dust; However, my good sir, I must,

#### TOBACCO AND SNUFF.

In order to escape your gripe, Say something to defend my pipe. I tell you, then, I often find My pipe to tranquillize my mind; And as I raise the vapoury cloud, The good, the great, the base, the proud, Pass on before me, and I see A sketch of moral scenery: And as I'm thus in thoughtful mood, It seems like intellectual food. On history's pages oft I pore, And look each art and science o'er; The Sacred Book with reverence scan, And view the chequer'd life of man: I smile—then sigh—to see the strife, The goods and ills of human life! Dust. O, bravo! bravo! Mr. Weed, It is a bold defence indeed! The pipe which you have lately taken, Has made you wise as Roger Bacon! I do believe there is no man, However wise and witty, can Say more as a defence than you, Good Mr. Weed, have said just now:

Well, really on my word, to see
A sketch of moral scenery;
To have the mind made calm and sage,
And deeply fix'd on history's page;
To dive in scientific lore,
And gather such abundant store
From Scripture, and the life of man,
And feel such pleasure—really, can
All this be true?

Weed. It is, I trust—
You don't dispute me, Mr. Dust!
Dust. Oh no! but in my reverie
I wonder'd how the thing could be—
That is—I wish to know the fact,
Is it tobacco, or the act
Of smoking, that has such effect
Upon you?

Weed. Both, sir, I expect;
For when my pipe is empty, then
I want it filling, sir; and when
My box with good tobacco teems,
I want my pipe to help my dreams:
Together, sir, they sweeten life;
But parted, then like man and wife

Asunder put, they will not act;

And that, sir, is the simple fact.

Dust. Well done again—a witty joke!

You almost tempt me, sir, to smoke;

Only, in spite of your reflections,

I have so many strong objections

Against this odious trade of puffing;

I must content myself with snuffing.

WEED. Just as you think, sir, that must be;

It matters not at all to me;

Only I should much like to hear

Your strong objections-

Dust.

But I fear

That you perhaps may be offended

With my remarks-

WEED. If not intended

To give, I will not take, offence,

And your good breeding and good sense

Will mean no insult.

Dust.

No, not I.

WEED. Then let me have the chance to try

To answer all you have to say

Against this simple pipe of clay.

Dust. And the tobacco-

WEED.

Right, sir, right!

Pipe, and tobacco, sir, and light!

Dust. And heat!

WEED. And, to complete the joke,

Tobacco, pipe, light, heat, and smoke!

Dust. Of course—I think now all are in.

WEED. I think so too-well, now begin.

Dust. The first objection I prefer,

Alludes unto the action, sir.

To see a man of judgment sound,
Assume his pipe with pomp profound,
And fill it to his heart's desire,
Then reach it forth towards the fire,
And then as gravely draw it out—
Lighted sufficiently no doubt;
To see him fill his mouth with reek,
And blow it past the other cheek,
And then do just the same again,
Makes one suppose the man insane!
It really is unique enough,
To see him sit, and suck, and puff,
And seem so happy and contented;
But yet it is to be lamented,
That man should so far lose the sight

Of what in decency is right,
As to debase himself so low,
By letting such a habit grow.
Excuse me, sir, I'm frank and free;
But after all I cannot see
This in-and-out work ever can
Become the modest mouth of man.

Weed. Your argument is strong and true,
And I have thought, as well as you,
Upon the puffing in and out,
And all that you object about;
But then the self-same observations
Apply to all the operations
That we perform from day to day;
And if we have a mind we may
Make every thing we do appear
As low as smoking, and as queer.
The same objection, you will find,
Will strike as forcibly your mind,
With plausibility enough,
Against the act of taking snuff.
Behold the man of talents good

Take out his box of gold or wood, Or silver, or some other metal,— What it is made of matters little! Just see him open—take his pinch— Then shut—and then within an inch Of his two nostrils raise his hand, And snuff it up—is not that grand! Might one not ask, Pray, is he sane? Will be not incommode his brain? "O no," says Dr. A.\* "not he; If he take snuff, no brains has he!"-I beg your pardon—Dr. A. Oft spoke, sir, in a careless way. However, it seems clear to me, That it was never meant to be In the designs of Providence, That any man of common sense Should snuff—it is against the laws Of nature—and against the nose! Had snuff by nature been intended For man, those laws had been amended! The nose would have been wrong side up, And thus made something like a cup, Or dish, or bowl, or pan, or copper, Or what the miller calls a hopper!

\*Abernethy.

But, as it is, 'tis plain enough, The nose was never made to snuff!

Dust. Your answer, sir, is rather long;
And, on my honour, it is strong:
But since you my objection smother,
What can I do but raise another?
I therefore beg your close attention
To what I next beg leave to mention.

Of temperance, and self-denial,
You long have made successful trial:
In all things—such as eating, drinking,
Sleeping, talking, smoking, thinking,
Reading, writing, recreation,
You are a man of moderation.
Yet still this pipe has such effect
Upon your system—to correct
The habit may become a task
Hereafter—therefore let me ask,
Would it not be the wiser scheme,
Sir, to avoid this last extreme?

It seems your pipe, sir, is of use,
But then 'tis subject to abuse.
You say, as soon as night comes on,
You take your pipe, and take but one;

But 'tis a fact that habits grow;
In time, perhaps, you may take two,
And thus destroy your health and powers,
Harm your digestion, waste your hours,
Spoil your complexion—then, alas,
To pipe may add the fatal glass!

Weed. But, pray, good sir, in all your talking, Does this apply to nought but smoking?

The caution is well-timed, I grant,
Because I know this witching plant
In quality is so narcotic,
Its power is fit to be despotic:
But still all other habits do,
Without good resolution, grow;
And all extremes destroy our health,
Our time, our talents, and our wealth,
And therefore should be shunn'd by those
Who would avoid their moral foes,—
Bad habits, customs, maxims, fashions,
Unguarded words, and wrecked passions.

And really, sir, I can't help thinking.

And really, sir, I can't help thinking, Eating disposes us to drinking As much as smoking, and indeed Much more, for smokers have no need To drink, tobacco is so sweet To us-it is both drink and meat! But when we sit us down to dine, We must have porter, ale, or wine, Or water, or some other stuff, And then-perchance a pinch of snuff! For I observe you snuff consumers Have got some curious sort of humours-Such is the force of habit's power: At every meal, at every hour, At every place, in all societies, You must display your fine varieties Of snuffs, of different names and flavours,-I think you ought to call them savours! Before you eat, before you drink, Before you speak, and as you think, At home, abroad, at church or meeting, You must hold out your snuff-box greeting, At every turn, on all occasions; Are these not habits and temptations? And may not snuffing habits grow As well as smoking habits? You DUST.

Resolve, in spite of all persuasion,

To have your wonted fumigation; And therefore it is all in vain For me to try to rack my brain, And bring forth reasons to object What you're determin'd to protect. You shuffle and evade the question, And always find some new suggestion, To turn the argument away, Or make it seem a foolish play. All reason that can be employ'd, Is thus at once made null and void; And you, I now begin to fear, Are like those deaf who will not hear. You asked counsel, yet your mind To smoking, sir, was so inclin'd, You meant to smoke without restriction. In spite of reason and conviction; And that is nothing, sir, to me: Only it was a mockery To ask advice of me, your neighbour, And give me all this needless labour, When you had made your resolution, As strong, sir, as your constitution;

Your "question" one may well compare To counsel in a love affair!

Weed. By no means—I appreciate
Your reasons, and will calmly wait
To hear them all; but then, you know,
You ought in conscience to allow
Me just to make an observation,
By way, sir, of extenuation
Of this my crime, for this is all
You can my shuffling answers call.

I meant, sir, only just to show,
That habit is as apt to grow
The same on him who feeds his nose,
And him who his tobacco blows:
There is a sort of parallel
Exists between the taste and smell.
To prove this fact, was my intent,

And now, another argument.—

Dust. Well,—smoking makes, as doctors say, Before its time, the hair turn gray!

WEED. And snuff abundantly applied, Will make the nostrils full too wide!

Dust. Again—to smoke, is rather mean; For, lo! the habit is not clean!

A spitting-box is a disgrace, A loathsome sight, in any place! And then the filthy pipe's offence Is felt too by another's sense. The pipe at night may please you well, But then, next morning, there's the smell Upon one's clothes, and in the room, Which we, however, may presume, On rising from her sweet repose, Is nauseous to a lady's nose! WEED. A spitting-box, I must agree, Is no delightful sight to me: Your epithet is just and right, It really is a loathsome sight; And therefore, as you now observe, I use none; but the ashes serve For me when I have need to spit; A box I never do admit! So every smoker does not use A spitting-box; and pray excuse Me when I say, that I have seen Spittoons where smokers have not been. Sometimes, you know, indisposition May call them into requisition;

And sometimes they are called out
By habit—for there is no doubt,
At least I think, and so will you,
That spitting is a habit too,
Which does disgrace, I have heard say,
The states of North-America.
But you will think me too pedantic
In glancing over the Atlantic;
There is no need so far to roam,
When we can spit so much at home;
But those who smoke in moderation,
To spit so much have no occasion.

And now, sir, for the high offence
The pipe gives to the smelling sense:
There is some truth in't, I'll allow,
But then, good sir, I also know
That there are spots whose nauseous fumes
Are worse than those of smoking-rooms,
And that my lady knows as well,
But where they are—I need not tell:
However, I will just refer
To one place—and appeal to her.
Behold those working-rooms behind
The public shops, where are confin'd,

From early morn till late at night,
Shut out from air, and oft from light,
(A shame such sights are ever seen!)
A dozen girls of sweet nineteen.
Is not that closeness more oppressive
Than smoking fumes the most excessive!
I wish our ladies' condescension
Would give this subject due attention,
And let it be their future care,
To get these victims more fresh air;
For it is not too great assumption,
That one in three dies of consumption.

And now I pray, sir, in conclusion,
You will allow one more allusion:
To mention all things we intended,
And therefore do not be offended:
Of nuisances, the very chief,
Sir, is—a snuffer's handkerchief!

Dust. Nay, nay, sir, that is too severe;
It is enough to shock one's ear;
Yet though your answer be but rough,
And though you thus attack my snuff,
I really cannot help but smile,—
You are so honest all the while.

And thus, my much esteemed friend,
Our lengthen'd argument must end;
Swift-passing time calls me away,
As it will call, some other day,
On you and me to cross the sea
Of death—into Eternity!
Come, let me have your hand and heart:
Friends, sir, we met, and friends we'll part.

Weed. My heart, my house, sir, and my hand, Shall ever be at your command!

No smoking, snuffing argument,

Shall in our friendship make a rent!

And though our converse has not been
About the nation and the Queen;
Yet we, sir, have this consolation,—
It has not been on defamation:
But it has been of such a kind
As will, no doubt, supply the mind
With matter for new meditation,
On habit, and on moderation;
On what is wrong—and what is right—
Good night, good Mr. Dust!—
Dust.
Good night!

### L. S. D.

"I wish I had a thousand pounds," says one;
"I only want five hundred," says another:
"I want a shilling," said my little John:
"Oh that I had but sixpence!" said his brother:
Their sister said—"How foolish, boys, are you!—
I'm sure if I had twopence I could do!"

Ten thousand ten-pound notes the great require—
An idiot wants nothing of the kind;
But he would throw the bills into the fire,
Without the least disquietude of mind;
Of ten-pound notes the fellow wants not any,
He only wishes for a single penny!

Thus, if the child be young, the man be old, Or whether he have much or little sense, It is the wish of all men to have gold:

Bank-notes or silver, sovereigns or pence, Are always held in highest estimation

By every man and woman in the nation.

O, £. s. d! thou evermore hast been,
Of human magnum bonums, first in number;
And still thou art as pleasant to the Queen,
As the rich rivers Mersey, Thames, or Humber!
And thou art pleasing to her subjects all—
Whether they wield the sword, or use the awl!

Thou hast more lovers than the lovely fair,
And more admirers than the sweetest beauty;
Thy suitors do no pains nor praises spare;
Their courtship is their pleasure, and their duty:
And if they can but with thee be united,
Their very soul within them is delighted!

And yet thy lovers are sometimes deceived,
When they have got thee into full possession;
For they are troubled still, and teaz'd, and
griev'd,

Beyond endurance, and beyond expression:
And this, of course, they never thought to be,
When first they got united unto thee.

Besides, thou art inconstant and unstable, And subject to take flights, and pass away; And then thy votaries are seldom able,
With all their plans and schemes, to make thee
stay:

Or ever they're aware, thou hast departed, And left them—all forlorn and broken-hearted!

Thou canst give happiness—and thou destroy:

Thou canst give pleasure—and thou canst give
sorrow:

To-day thou fillest up our cup of joy,
And makest it o'erflow with grief to-morrow!
Such is the power thou dost exercise
Over the worldly great, and worldly wise!

Sometimes thy devotees rejoice and sing
Before their god—anticipated pleasure!
And then thou piercest with thy serpent's sting;
Then leavest them to mourn and weep at leisure:
And oft, alas! thou makest them to feel
The power of poison, water, hemp, or steel!

The love of money is the root of evil;
Then why is it the object of pursuit!
Why, just to be at once both plain and civil,—
The fact is settled far beyond dispute,

That, human minds are so infatuated, Evil is lov'd, and good is often hated!

Most men love money more than they love God,—Prefer the present world before another!

Not at their Maker's, but at Mammon's, nod,

They will forsake their father and their mother!

But though they may amass a stock of wealth,

It cannot purchase life, content, nor health!

Still money answers all things, it is said,
And said with much propriety and reason;
For it can purchase all things live or dead,
Including every luxury in season;
But yet a lump of cork in storm at sea
Is better metal far than £. s. d.!

Yet I beg leave to say, with due respect, I know that money has its proper use, And to despise it I would not affect; I only guard against the vile abuse, By pointing out the danger or mistake Of loving money for its own dear sake.

For many crave it, not that they have need;
They have already more than is sufficient;
But then they may hereafter want; indeed,
It would not do at all to be deficient!
They fear, or want, or love—one of the three—
At all events they must have £. s. d.

Such is the power of £. s. d.'s attraction,
That those who have a little, wish for more;
They get it—and their next succeeding action,
Is an attempt to renovate the store.
And, oh! the pleasures of accumulation,
They are above all human calculation!

It is indeed a pleasant contemplation,
To minds thus anxious, eager, and intent,
To lay the money out on speculation,
And get it back with fifty-five per cent:
The owner smiles, and makes new propositions
To lay it out again—on those conditions!

Great is the power of water, steam, and gas,
Of fire, and gunpowder, and electricity:
But they are nothing when compared with brass,

Not in compression, nor in elasticity:

Those have their use,—but none, O £. s. d.,

Can draw, and pump, and work, and force like

thee!

What art thou? for thou must be more than cash; Thou must be more than silver, gold, or paper:
There must about thee be some magic trash,
That makes the sons of men before thee caper!
Art thou but lucre?—I begin to doubt thee,
And must forthwith enquire more about thee!

Some call thee currency—but what is that?

A sort of something flying here and there—

A most indefinite I know not what—

'Tis like a meteor floating in the air:

It is a kind of a commercial scullion,

Better than nothing, but far worse than bullion.

Grammarians declare thou art a noun—
They say that thou art of the neuter gender,
The number various, as thou art grown,—
The singular, when only young and tender:

But every man, in all the letter'd race, Admires thee most in the possessive case!

Mathematicians say thou art a point,
That moves about a most attractive centre;
And if the circle chance to have a joint,
The man of lines himself will try to enter:
And this is right enough; why should not he,
Like other men, arrive at £. s. d.?

Merchants and manufacturers declare

Thou art their heart's desire, their milk and honey;

For they can go to every mart and fair,

And purchase what they like,—if they have money;

And they can send abroad, or keep at leisure,

If they have only thee to use at pleasure!

In law thou art the substance of the suit,
The very mark at which the lawyer aims;
With thee, it is not easy to dispute,
And much less easy to deny, his claims:
Whatever is, is right as it can be,
If rightly followed up with £. s. d.!

D

And now that I am speaking of the law,
I will, just for the sake of variation,
Give some account of what I heard and saw
Upon a certain case of litigation:
The narrative will not be very long,—
And yet the argument is rather strong!

Luxuriant spring had clad my native vale,
And variegated it with many a hue;
The trees were rustled by the western gale,
That o'er the distant mountains gently blew;
And all was full of life and animation,
When I went forth in search of recreation!

The glorious canopy, the fine blue sky,
Just like a molten looking-glass was seen,
And gave that grateful prospect to the eye,
That pleasing contrast with the lovely green,
And all the little warblers were in glee,
But not a word sung they of £. s. d.!

Forgive me, reader, for this short digression, And I will hurry on, or else I see I shall perhaps be losing the impression I had to tell of Law and £. s. d.

As I was saying, I went out in quest

Of recreation,—now then for the rest!

It being on that day our Quarter Session,
In passing I was led to step aside,
And hear the gentlemen of the profession
The points of Law and Equity divide:
It seems a sort of curious separation,
But still it can be done upon occasion.

I soon perceiv'd the subject of debate:

The plaintiff and his friend could not agree

About the proceeds of a small estate,

That is—I mean—about the £. s. d.!

So after using many harsh expressions,

At length they brought it to the Quarter Sessions.

The plaintiff's counsellor was Mr. D.,
A gentleman of high respectability;
And very noted everywhere is he,
For what they call professional ability:
I will assure you, my gentle reader,
He is indeed a very able pleader!

For he can prove, with ease, that Black is white;\*
That Green is black,†—that blue is sometimes
yellow;‡

And he can prove that day resembles night! §
And that Miss Goldy is a clever fellow.  $\parallel$ He makes it clear that one and one are three,  $\P$ To gain his point—and that is £. s. d.!

I mean, when he has gain'd his point of law,
Then afterwards comes in the £. s. d.;
Or else before—I don't exactly know—
However, first or last comes in the fee!
No matter which; it no doubt was obtain'd
In this case, and the suit was clearly gain'd.

The plaintiff's plaint was right, and straight and strong,

And clear and evident, without a doubt; It seem'd that he, good man! had suffer'd long,—

<sup>•</sup> Namely, Black the corn-miller. + That is, Green the sweep.

<sup>‡</sup> This is no difficult thing to prove amongst those who have good places under men of opposite politics.

<sup>&</sup>amp; At the Equinox, when day and night are of equal length.

<sup>||</sup> The initials of Michael I. S. S. Goldy.

 $<sup>\</sup>P$  E. gr. A penny piece and a halfpenny piece are three halfpence.

That he had been an injur'd man throughout:
And he was rich, completely independent;
Why should he stoop to Mr. the defendant?

An office, confidential and official,

O £. s. d., thou hast in every place

Political, religious and judicial;

In each thou must display thy brazen face!

For thou art public, private and domestic,

Polite and vulgar, rustic and majestic!

In politics, they say thou art a Whig,—
A downright, pompous, ranting, driving yellow!
In parliament thou always art as big,
And oft as good, as any other fellow:
And if one may believe the flying stories,
Thou art in part belov'd by all the Tories!

Physicians say—for talk the doctors will— Why should they not? What set of men are wiser? They say, then, that thou art the surest pill That ever they can give unto a miser: If any thing will bring the patient round, It is the prospect of an extra pound! The clergy call thee "necessary evil"!

And this is just precisely what thou art;

For though thou often leadest to the devil,

Without thy aid we cannot act our part;

At least we cannot give the satisfaction

That thou conveyest into every action.

You may have wit,—but wit is but a bore; Know science, arts, or letters,—all the three; You may have wisdom like the men of yore; But then, if destitute of £. s. d., Nor wit, nor wisdom, excellence nor spirit, Will make a man of sterling worth or merit!

Have money, and you need not dread defects,
Nor need you fear the want of education;
It can produce astonishing effects,
And make a most amazing alteration:
Like charity, it the affections wins;
Like that, it hides a multitude of sins!

And yet it does but *hide* them; they are there, And often cause an inward perturbation: Thus, after all, 'tis frequently a snare, To lead us into danger and temptation.

Those who have much, are often grieved about it;

Those who have none, are troubled oft without it.

I little thought, when I began to rhyme,
That I should ever versify so much;
But now I really think, if I had time,
And if my muse had but an extra touch,
We should be qualified to make our way
Through strait or river, channel, gulf, or bay!

But in what haven we should land at last, No living man on earth can understand; For having sailed forth so far and fast, It would be difficult for us to stand; We might be stupified with the *sublime*, And so it will be wise to stop in time.

But to be rather more sedate and steady,
I think my Muse and I had better rest;
For having done so very much already,
The quality will not be of the best,
If we spin out our subject beyond measure;
And so at present we will take our leisure!

And having come at length toward the end Of this my lengthened tale of £. s. d.; Allow me now, my most respected friend And reader, just to say a word to thee: About to leave my rhyming situation, Now suffer me to give an exhortation.

Observe, I do not say that it is wrong
To look in reason after £. s. d.;
But when I sat me down to write my song,
Or poem—whether think you must it be?—
I had three objects full in my intention,
Which in conclusion I will briefly mention.

And first, my reader, it was my design
To shew the power of lucre's fascinations:
The sons of men, of Jew and Gentile line,
Can here agree, and form confederations;
And all are drawn with greater force or less,
And feel a corresponding restlessness.

Also, a salutary caution I
Intended in the second place to give:
Raise not your expectations over high,

Or you will not be happy while you live: I mean, be not too keen of £. s. d., Or it will keenly bite you if you be!

If you have money, pray for grace to use it—
To use it as a talent sent from heaven:
And do not waste nor wickedly abuse it,
For God can take away what he has given:
Waste not, nor hoard it up, but let it be
Laid out with care, or spent in charity.

I am instructed "in whatever state
I am, therewith to be content," said he,
The Gentile minister, St. Paul the Great;
And be that lesson learnt to you and me.
It is a task which every man requires,
To regulate the heart's extreme desires.

And, lastly, I intended you should see That £. s. d. is, after all, too vile To satisfy a soul designed to be Blest with Jehovah's everlasting smile: There is a better portion for my friend, And that is what I wish to recommend.

Seek, first of all, religion; that will be
The sweetest comfort in the hour of sorrow:
It is not like our subject £. s. d.,
Oft here to-day and gone again to-morrow;
But it will cheer your heart, and raise your head,
When health and friends, and £. s. d., are fled.

In life, it will preserve you in temptation;
For still there are the baits of pleasing ill:
Of happiness, it is the sure foundation;
It gives a proper bias to the will;
Which, acquiescing with the will of Heaven,
Is grateful for what Providence has given.

In death, it is the *only* consolation; In death, religion is the friend in need! No human hand can then afford salvation, And £. s. d. itself is poor indeed! But pure religion points the way to bliss, And opens to a better world than this!

# POTATOS.

THERE is a sentiment, but not of Plato's,
And yet I think it is a very good one;
It is, that human minds are like potatos,—
Just as a marble bust is like a wood one:
I only mean,—excuse my singularity,—
There does exist a kind of similarity.

The semblance is, of course, in things external,
Not in the essence, nor in the duration;
For minds are immaterial, and eternal;
The plant, a substance for our mastication:
Here the comparison can not be found,
So we must seek it in some other ground.

I should know something of potatos; I
Have dug them in abundance in the season;
And therefore have a right, I think, to try
Upon the roots to exercise my reason,
To shew at once their use and nutriment,
And what they signify and represent.

This\* year the crop is good, although of late†
There has been a most pitiful complaint,
That though so many had been set, their fate
Had been to suffer by a kind of taint,
Which caus'd the set to perish ere the root
Through the rich soil had made its passage out.

And there are many minds that have a sprout That would admit of further germination;
But then, alas! it cannot be brought out,
But dies away for want of education;
For having not this moisture at the root,
Of course the young idea cannot shoot.

The fibres of the tender plant I've seen
Display a hue as fine as it could be,
But afterwards it took a darker green,
And curl'd its leaf like any blasted tree;
And then the roots were valued not at all,
They were so very few, and bad, and small!

And like potatos, minds are often curl'd By poverty, and hardship, and anxiety;

• 1837.

† 1836.

For having hard to struggle with the world, They cannot shew their beauty and variety; The man has education and ability, But he has rather too much sensibility!

And so the beauty fades, it dies away;
No eye is there to pity, none to save;
But transient is his life's beclouded day,
And he is taken to the lonely grave:
And if his end be peaceful, he is blest;
For in the grave the weary are at rest!

I have oft known a fine potato field

Become a wilderness with noxious weed—

Shame on the farmer! then it cannot yield

The quantity it should do from the seed;

The land gets poor for want of cultivation,

And disappoints the farmer's expectation!

And there are men of sterling common sense, Who would no doubt be clever men indeed; But then, by giving way to indolence, The mind is overgrown with moral weed; For what is common or uncommon sense, Without the steady hand of diligence?

A man may have a judgment good and sound,—A memory, and understanding too;
But if he does not cultivate his ground,
These excellent endowments will not do:
He will not have a *crop* of information,
Without habitual, steady application.

But the philosopher of thoughtful mind,
Who studies nature with so much anxiety,
Should see potatos dug, and he would find
A very rich and wonderful variety,
In colour, quality, and shape, and size;
It would indeed be matter of surprise!

A single crab contains the whole varieties
Of roots, some people say, and I believe it;
Although some scientifical societies
May have their reasons why not to receive it:
However, I have known some people try it
And prove it true, and how can I deny it?

One may defy a moralist to find,
With all his store of ethical sagacity,
Whether potatos or the human mind
Do vary most in grade, and in capacity:
Potatos vary much in shape and size,
And so do minds, from vacant up to wise!

But I am not exactly competent

To trace the line of mental demarcation,

And shew the utmost bound of its extent;

It is, I own, above my calculation:

The line is too oblique—I cannot draw it—

And therefore leave it for some other poet.

Nor dare I carry on the parallel
Between potatos and the mind of man;
But I must leave one line behind, and tell
About potatos only, what I can;
And leave the reader, as he sees occasion,
To make his own or other's application!

There is a monument to Dr. Paley,

For he attain'd to very high promotion;

And there should be one for Sir Walter Raleigh,

For bringing over the Atlantic ocean This most delightful esculent; but he Fell by an odious and vile decree.

Potatos are at present much in use, Although physicians tell us at some length, That they contain not much nutritious juice, And add but little to our stock of strength; However, if we live upon the root, We shall not be afflicted with the gout!

But, though potatos are not so nutritious,
They are a standing favourite at dinner;
There is no vegetable so delicious,
And Pat declares they never made him thinner;
But Pat is very apt to make a blunder,
And he may err in this—I should not wonder.

However, between Pat and the physician, We now will leave the matter in dispute, That is, as to the question of nutrition, But not our right and title to the root. With this decision, it is very clear, They neither of them ought to interfere! For having (but we speak it with humility)
A tolerable share of common sense;
As much, at least, as gives us the ability
To speak a sentence in our own defence,
We do declare that we intend to eat
Potatos, every day that we have meat!

And so much for potatos: if there be

Not much nutrition, there is much instruction;

So much, I think, that any man may see

They are a very wonderful production,

And well deserve the farmer's cultivation,

And the philosopher's investigation.

For having said so much about the plant, I hope my gentle reader will excuse me:
For having said so little—now I want
To ask of him, that he will not refuse me
His pardon—and that he himself will try
To write some more about it bye and bye.

And I will read with very great attention, Whatever he may next discover more;

E 3

Meantime, the *dumb*, I think, will never mention What I have said upon the plant before:
And whether you, my friend, write more or less,
I wish you very excellent success!

# NINEVEH versus BRITAIN.

"The men of Nineveh shall rise up in the judgment with this generation and shall condemn it: for they repented at the preaching of Jonah."

To Amittai's son the mandate came—
The word of God Most High!

"Go—tell Nineveh in my Name,
"Her boasted fame must die;
"Her sins aloud for vengeance call,
"And mighty Nineveh shall fall!"

But from his duty, and his Lord,

The prophet strove to flee;

But the ship no shelter could afford,

For into the foaming sea

Was Jonah cast: but his God did save

The faithless man from the briny grave!

And then he went to the threat'ned place,
And rais'd the awful cry:
"Within the space of forty days

### 44 NINEVEH VERSUS BRITAIN.

"And Nineveh shall lie
"In ruins—this shall surely be
"Thy fate, O wicked Nineveh!"

The king and his nobles went in state

To hear what the prophet said;

But when they heard their destin'd fate,

Their pomp and splendour fled,

And all the city soon was found

In sackcloth seated on the ground!

For the king sent forth his high decree, With the royal signet sign'd:

- "Let every man in the city see
  - "That he straightway set his mind
- "To hear the prophet's dreadful word,
- "And humble himself before the Lord!"
  - "Let all observe a solemn fast:
    - "Man, and woman, and child,
  - "And herd, and flock-let none of them taste,
    - "Till Heaven be reconcil'd;
- "For who can tell, if the Lord will turn,
- "Nor suffer his vengeful wrath to burn?"

- "Let sackcloth be on every loin,
  - "And each your crimes confess;
- "And unto your contrition join
  - "The cry of deep distress;
- "And, oh! may the Lord in Heaven hear,
- "For I do his dreadful anger fear!"

And all was done as the king had said,
Not any thing did fail;
For mirth from every bosom fled,
And all began to wail,
In broken accents, sighs, and tears,
Expressive of their hopes and fears.

The air was fill'd with their piercing cries,
For they loudly wept and pray'd;
And God beheld the tearful eyes
Of those his hands had made;
He saw their humbled hearts prepar'd
For grace—and Nineveh was spar'd!

But, Britain, when I think of thee, It grieves my very soul; For wicked thou resolv'st to be,

#### NINEVEH VERSUS BRITAIN.

And stain'd with deeds most foul; Though Jonahs preach in all thy coasts, And warn thee from the Lord of Hosts!

46

In vain thy boast of liberty,

Thy cry about reform,

If crime upon thee suddenly

Bring Heaven's sweeping storm;

'Twill deeply sink thee in distress,

And turn thee to a wilderness!

What means that madd'ning din and strife,
That peace-destroying cry,
When brother threatens brother's life,
Declaring he shall die!
And doth not the Almighty see
Such contemplated cruelty?

That mock-word 'Sociality,'
Pray where has that its rise?
Is it not Infidelity
In somewhat of disguise?
But God beholds it every day,
And judgment will not long delay.

No! if thou still wilt disobey,
And yet despise the light;
The plague may waste thy sons by day,
The pestilence by night!
Thy commerce too may be destroy'd,
And leave thy spacious havens void!

Then turn thee from thy wicked way,
From all thy sins withdraw,
Observe the holy sabbath-day,
And keep the sacred Law;
Or else thy God may do to thee
As once he threat'ned Nineveh!

# ON A FRIEND.

"A friend loveth at all times, and a brother is born for adversity."

"Iron sharpeneth iron, so a man sharpeneth the countenance of his friend."—SOLOMON.

Come, heavenly Muse, and assist me to sing,
And over my soul thy sweet influence send;
O let it come down like the showers in spring,
And measures of rustic simplicity bring,
While I try to descant on the worth of a friend!

We oft hear the world talk of honour and fame, And some to much learning and wisdom pretend; But friendless, such boasting is idle and tame; For, ah! what avails an immortaliz'd name, Or wisdom or learning, without an old friend?

How oft, when we feel our minds harass'd and griev'd

With anguish that cannot be spoken nor penn'd, Are our spirits reviv'd, and refresh'd, and reliev'd,— We feel better by far than we could have conceiv'd, When we run from our woes to converse with a friend!

Two heads, we are told, are much better than one,
To counsel, to act, to consult or defend;
Our victories are not so perfectly won,
Our actions in life are not half so well done,
If we have not consulted a faithful old friend!

A friend to possess! what a bliss to the mind!

He will tell us our faults, and exhort us to mend:

Whenever to intercourse we are inclin'd,

Both profit and pleasure we always shall find,

In hearing the words of a trusty old friend.

It is true, in the world such are rarities quite, Though so many to love and affection pretend; If we need them, they often consider it right, And prudent, at once, to get out of our sight, And seem as a stranger, and not as a friend.

Yet there are a few in the world to be found, On whose firm attachment we still may depend; Whose conduct is upright, and principles sound; Who swerve not, but stand like an anvil their ground, In the time when we stand most in need of a friend!

Then hail, such a friend! may grace, mercy and peace,

Be thy portion through life, and thy crown in the end;

May the stream that conveys thee thy good never cease;

May thy comforts and pleasures for ever increase!
'Tis the wish of my heart—fare thee well, my old
friend!

### EPISTLE TO A SPORTSMAN.

Mr. B—— sent Mr. Green a couple of hares, and Mr. Green, in return, sent Mr. B—— two white night-caps, and a pair of red muffatees, of his own knitting, and requested me to write some lines to accompany them. I therefore wrote as follows.

My very dear Sir, I sincerely present
You my thanks for all favours you ever have sent;
And as it is right between brother and brother,
That one act of kindness should follow another,
I send you a brace, Sir,—but they are not game—
They are easily caught, being perfectly tame:

And yet, Sir, their use is most certainly great,

For warming that spring of all wisdom—the pate.

You will find, without using your guns, dogs, or

snares,

If employ'd they'll inclose you abundance of hairs
Of various colours—brown, gray, black, and
white;

But observe—they enclose them the best in the night!

### EPISTLE TO A SPORTSMAN.

**52** 

Other two I have sent you—and were I to reason, I could prove them high-crested, like game in full season.

They are always the best and the fittest together, And are often the warmest in coldwinter weather. You will find them to do you abundance of good, In warming your wrists as you traverse the wood.

And now of my rhyme, Sir, I must make an end;
Only, just let me tell you, my excellent friend,
That, though my small presents are not worth much
pelf,

They are home-manufactur'd—I made them my-self;

They're the oddest production that ever was seen, Fair white and deep red are produced from *Green!* 

## THE ABSENT WIFE.

Oh! tell me not of misery,
Of sorrows, care, and strife;
The greatest ill that comes to me
Is the absence of my wife:
All others take but each their part,
But this absorbs my total heart!

What is my house without my wife?

A perfect wilderness;

And what the comforts all of life?

A poor and scanty ness,

Without the presence of that guest—

Of all my comforts far the best!

Let slanderers take my good name—

If I sustain but such;

And thieves with substance do the same—

Heav'n knows it is not much;

F 3

Let me but have my wife—with her I've both estate and character!

How oft, when care has borne me down,
And sunk my spirits low,
Has she dispers'd the anxious frown
From my oppressed brow!

It was a balm to hear her say—
"Cheer up, you'll see a brighter day."

The storms of life resemble calms,

They cannot overwhelm,

But sooth the mind, like David's Psalms,

If she be at the helm.

Let me have Mary at my side—

I fear no weather, wind, nor tide.

## TO AN INFANT DAUGHTER.

I never shall forget, my dear,

The sweet and joyous eve
On which thou cam'st, a stranger here—
I scarcely could believe
The tidings that were brought me true,
Such was my fond delight;
It seemed like something passing through
The pleasant dream of night.

And now I often smile at thee,

To see thy pleasing sleep;
And when I look a while at thee,
I turn me round to weep:
I think of this world's grief and care,
The pang, the tear, the sigh,—
May these thy bosom never tear,
Nor dim thy speaking eye!

To God I here commend thee, love, His Providence is best, May Heaven still befriend thee, love,
When I am gone to rest!
May thy path clearer, brighter shine
Unto the perfect day,
And may a joyous peace divine
Enliven all thy way!

Come, let me have another kiss,
Another sweet embrace,
For 'tis my height of earthly bliss
To view thy lovely face:
And now, love, rest thy head upon
This anxious breast of mine;
Hereafter, my delightful one,
My head may rest on thine!

## MY OWN ROOM.

WHERE is it I at times can raise

My soul to God in songs of praise,

And feel devotion swell my lays

And banish 'gloom,

And cause my wond'ring soul to gaze!

In my own room.

Where is it I would bow the knee,
Almighty Parent, unto thee,
And pray for grace and constancy
To do thy will?
In my own room I wish to be,
Retire and still.

Where are my words most free and rife?
In chat with family and wife,
Where I enjoy domestic life
As it should be,
In my own room, from din and strife
Shut out and free.

Where, when my daily toil is o'er,
In Literary's richest store,
Do I delight for hours to pore,
At my desire?
Why, just in my own room, before
A good large fire.

Where is it that I love to spend
A social hour with an old friend?
In my own room, where we can blend
Our thoughts at leisure,
About life's journey, or its end,
As suits our pleasure.

Where is it I could like to fly,

When sickness comes to dim my eye,

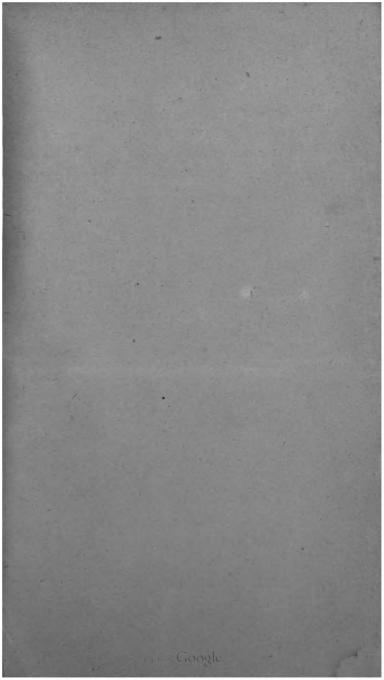
And death with his cold hand draws nigh,

To seal my doom,

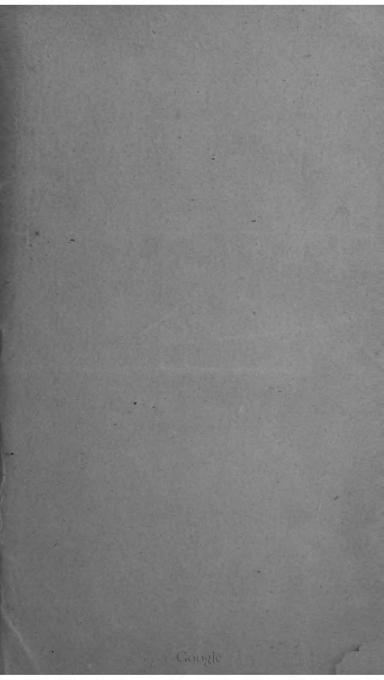
Where is it I would wish to die?

In my own room.

WILLIAM WALKER, PRINTER, OTLEY.









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