

And now for his Legend, which, if the facts took place rather beyond “the memory of the oldest inhabitant,” are yet well known to have occurred in the neighbourhood “once on a time;” and the scene of them will be readily pointed out by any one of the fifty intelligent fly drivers who ply upon the pier, and who will convey you safely to the spot for a guerdon which they term “three bob.”

THE SMUGGLER’S LEAP: A LEGEND OF THANET

“Near this hamlet (Acol) is a long-disused chalk pit of formidable depth, known by the name of “The Smuggler’s leap.” The tradition of the parish runs, that a riding officer from Sandwich, called Anthony Gill, lost his life here in the early part of the present (last) century, while in pursuit of a smuggler. A fog coming on, both parties went over the precipice. The smuggler’s horse *only*, it is said, was found crushed beneath its rider. The spot has, of course, been haunted ever since.”

See “Supplement to Lewis’s History of Thanet, by the Rev. Samuel Pegge, A.M., Vicar of Gomersham.” W. Bristow, Canterbury, 1796, p. 127.

The fire-flash shines from Reculver cliff,
And the answering light burns blue in the skiff,
And there they stand
That smuggling band,
Some in the water, and some on the sand,
Ready those contraband goods to land;
The night is dark, they are silent and still,
— At the head of the party is Smuggler Bill!

“Now lower away! come, lower away!
We must be far ere the dawn of the day.
If Exciseman Gill should get scent of the prey,
And should come, and should catch us here, what would he say?
Come, lower away, lads — once on the hill,
We’ll laugh, ho! ho! at Exciseman Gill!”

The cargo’s lower’d from the dark skiff’s side,
And the tow-line drags the tubs through the tide,
No trick nor flam,
But your real Schiedam.
“Now mount, my merry men, mount and ride!”
Three on the crupper and one before,
And the led-horse laden with five tubs more;
But the rich point-lace,
In the oil-skin case
Of proof to guard its contents from ill,
The “prime of the swag,” is with Smuggler Bill!

Merrily now, in a goodly row,
Away, and away, those smugglers go,
And they laugh at Exciseman Gill, ho! ho!
When out from the turn
Of the road to Herne,
Comes Gill, wide awake to the whole concern!
Exciseman Gill, in all his pride,
With his Custom-house officers all at his side;
— They were called Custom-house officers then;
There were no such things as “Preventive men.”

Sauve qui peut! That lawless crew,
Away, and away, and away they flew!
Some dropping one tub, some dropping two:—
Some gallop this way, and some gallop that,
Through Fordwich Level — o’er Sandwich Flat,
Some fly that way, and some fly this,
Like a covey of birds when the sportsmen miss;
These in their hurry
Make for Sturry,
With Custom-house officers close in their rear,
Down Rushbourne Lane, and so by Westbere,
None of them stopping,
But shooting and popping,
And many a Custom-house bullet goes slap
Through many a three-gallon tub like a tap,
And the gin spirits out,
And squirts all about,
And many a heart grew sad that day
That so much good liquor was so thrown away.

Sauve qui peut! That lawless crew,
Away, and away, and away they flew!
Some seek Whitstable — some Grove Ferry,
Spurring and whipping like madmen — very —
For the life! for the life! they ride! they ride!
And the Custom-house officers all divide,
And they gallop on after them far and wide!
All, all, save one — Exciseman Gill, —
He sticks to the skirts of Smuggler Bill!

Smuggler Bill is six feet high,
He has curling locks, and a roving eye,
He has a tongue, and he has a smile
Train’d the female heart to beguile,
And there is not a farmer’s wife in the Isle,
From St. Nicholas quite
To the Foreland Light,
But that eye, and that tongue, and that smile will wheedle her

To have done with the Grocer, and make *him* her Tea-dealer;
There is not a farmer there but he still
Buys gin and tobacco from Smuggler Bill.

Smuggler Bill rides gallant and gay
On his dapple-grey mare, away, and away,
And he pats her neck, and he seems to say,
“Follow who will, ride after who may,
In sooth he had need
Fodder his steed,
In lieu of Lent-corn, with a Quicksilver feed;
— Nor oats, nor beans, nor the best of old hay,
Will make him a match for my own dapple-grey!
Ho! ho! — ho! ho!” says Smuggler Bill —
He draws out his flask, and he sips his fill,
And he laughs “Ho! ho!” at Exciseman Gill.

Down Chistlett Lane, so free and so fleet
Rides Smuggler Bill, and away to Up-street;—
Sarre Bridge is won —
Bill thinks it fun;
“Ho! ho! the old tub-gauging son of a gun —
His wind will be thick, and his breeks be thin,
Ere a race like this he may hope to win!”

Away, away Goes the fleet dapple-grey,
Fresh as the breeze, and free as the wind,
And Exciseman Gill lags far behind.
“*I would give my soul,*” quoth Exciseman Gill,
“For a nag that would catch that Smuggler Bill! —
No matter for blood, no matter for bone,
No matter for colour, bay, brown, or roan,
So I had but one!” — A voice cried “Done!”
“Ay, dun,” said Exciseman Gill, — and he spied
custom-house officer close by his side,
On a high-trotting horse with a dun-coloured hide. —
“*Devil take me,*” again quoth Exciseman Gill,
“If I had but that horse, I’d have Smuggler Bill!”

From his using such shocking expressions, it’s plain
That Exciseman Gill was rather profane.
He was, it is true,
As bad as a Jew,
A sad old scoundrel as ever you knew,
And he rode in his stirrups sixteen stone two.
— He’d just utter’d the words which I’ve mention’d to you,
When his horse, coming slap on his knees with him, threw
Him head over heels, and away he flew,
And Exciseman Gill was bruised black and blue.

When he arose,
His hands and his clothes
Were as filthy as could be, — he'd pitch'd on his nose,
And roll'd over and over again in the mud,
And his nose and his chin were all covered with blood;
Yet he scream'd with passion, "I'd rather *grill*
Than not come up with that Smuggler Bill!"
— "Mount! Mount!" quoth the Custom-house officer, "get
On the back of my Dun, you'll bother him yet.
Your words are plain, though they're somewhat rough,
'Done and Done' between gentlemen's always enough! —
I'll lend you a lift — there — you're up on him — so, —
He's a rum one to look at — *a devil to go!*"
Exciseman Gill
Dash'd up the hill,
And mark'd not, so eager was he in pursuit,
The queer Custom-house officer's queer-looking boot.

Smuggler Bill rides on amain,
He slacks not girth — and he draws not rein,
Yet the dapple-grey mare bounds on in vain,
For nearer now — and he hears it plain —
Sounds the tramp of a horse — "'Tis the Gauger again!"
Smuggler Bill
Dashes round by the mill
That stands near the road upon Monkton Hill, —
"Now speed, — now speed,
My dapple-grey steed,
Thou ever, my dapple, wert good at need!
O'er Monkton Mead, and through Minster Level,
We'll baffle him yet, be he gauger or devil!
For Manston Cave, away! away!
Now speed thee, now speed thee, my good dapple-grey!
It shall never be said that Smuggler Bill
Was run down like a hare by Exciseman Gill!"

Manston Cave was Bill's abode;
A mile to the north of the Ramsgate Road,
(Of late they say
It's been taken away,
That is, levell'd, and filled up with chalk and clay,
By a gentleman there of the name of Day,)
Thither he urges his good dapple-grey;
And the dapple-grey steed,
Still good at need,
Though her chest it pants, and her flanks they bleed,
Dashes along at the top of her speed;
But nearer and nearer Exciseman Gill

Cries "Yield thee! now yield thee, thou Smuggler Bill!"

Smuggler Bill, he looks behind,
And he sees a Dun horse come swift as the wind,
And his nostrils smoke, and his eyes they blaze
Like a couple of lamps on a yellow post-chaise!
Every shoe he has got
Appears red-hot!
And sparks round his ears snap, crackle, and play,
And his tail cocks up in a very odd way,
Every hair in his mane seems a porcupine's quill,
And there on his back sits Exciseman Gill,
Crying "Yield thee! now yield thee, thou Smuggler Bill!"

Smuggler Bill from his holster drew
A large horse-pistol, of which he had two,
Made by Nock;
He pull'd back the cock
As far as he could to the back of the lock;
The trigger he touch'd, and the welkin rang
To the sound of the weapon, it made such a bang;
Smuggler Bill ne'er miss'd his aim,
The shot told true on the Dun — but there came
From the hole where it enter'd, — not blood, — but flame!
— He changed his plan,
And fired at the man;
But his second horse-pistol flashed in the pan!
And Exciseman Gill, with a hearty good will,
Made a grab at the collar of Smuggler Bill.

The dapple-grey mare made a desperate bound
When that queer Dun horse on her flank she found,
Alack! and alas! on what dangerous ground!
It's enough to make one's flesh to creep
To stand on that fearful verge, and peep
Down the rugged sides so dreadfully steep,
Where the chalk-hole yawns full sixty feet deep,
O'er which that steed took that desperate leap!
It was so dark then under the trees,
No horse in the world could tell chalk from cheese —
Down they went — o'er that terrible fall, —
Horses, Exciseman, Smuggler, and all!!

Below were found
Next day on the ground,
By an elderly Gentleman walking his round,
(I wouldn't have seen such a sight for a pound,)
All smash'd and dash'd, three mangled corses,
Two of them human, — the third was a horse's, —

That good dapple-grey, — and Exciseman Gill
Yet grasping the collar of Smuggler Bill!

But where was the Dun? that terrible Dun? —
From that terrible night he was seen by none!—
There are some people think, though I am not one,
That part of the story all nonsense and fun,
But the country-folks there,
One and all, declare,
When the “Crowner’s ‘Quest” came to sit on the pair,
They heard a loud Horse-laugh up in the air!—
— If in one of the trips
Of the steam-boat Eclipse
You should go down to Margate to look at the ships,
Or to take what the bathing-room people call “Dips,”
You may hear old folks talk
Of that quarry of chalk;
Or go over — it’s rather too far for a walk,
But a three shilling drive will give you a peep
At that fearful chalk-pit — so awfully deep,
Which is call’d to this moment “The Smuggler’s Leap!”
Nay more, I am told, on a moonshiny night,
If you’re “plucky,” and not over-subject to fright,
And go and look over that chalk-pit white,
You may see, if you will,
The Ghost of Old Gill
Grappling the Ghost of Smuggler Bill,
And the Ghost of the dapple-grey lying between ‘em. —
I’m told so — I can’t say I know one who’s seen ‘em!

MORAL

And now, gentle Reader, one word ere we part,
Just take a friend’s counsel, and lay it to heart.
Imprimis, don’t smuggle! — if, bent to please Beauty,
You *must* buy French lace, — purchase what has paid duty!
Don’t use naughty words, in the next place, — and ne’er in
Your language adopt a bad habit of swearing!
Never say “Devil take me!” —
Or, “shake me!” — or, “bake me!”
Or such-like expressions. — Remember Old Nick
To take folks at their word is remarkably quick.
Another sound maxim I’d wish you to keep,
Is, “Mind what you are after, and — Look ere you Leap!”

Above all, to my last gravest caution attend —
NEVER BORROW A HORSE YOU DON’T KNOW OF A FRIEND!!!

* * * * *

For the story which succeeds I am indebted to Mrs. Botherby. She is a Shropshire Lady by birth, and I overheard her, a few weeks since, in the nursery, chaunting the following, one of the Legends peculiar to her native County, for the amusement and information of Seaforth's little boy, who was indeed "all ears." As Ralph de Diceto, who alludes to the main facts, was Dean of St. Paul's in 1183, about the time that the Temple Church was consecrated, the history is evidently as ancient as it is authentic, though the author of the present paraphrase has introduced many unauthorized, as well as "anachronismatical interpolations." — For the interesting note on the ancient family of Ketch, I need scarcely say, I am obliged to *the* Simpkinson.

BLOUDIE JACKE OF SHREWSBERRIE, THE SHROPSHIRE BLUEBEARD: A LEGEND OF "THE PROUD SALOPIANS"

Hisce ferè temporibus, in agro Salopiensi, Quidam, cui nomen Johannes, LE SANGLAUNT deinde nuncupatus, uxores quamplurimas ducit, enecat et (ita referunt) manducat; ossa solùm cani miræ magnitudinis relinquens. Tùm demùm in flagrante delicto, vel "manu rubrà," ut dicunt Jurisconsulti, depensus, carnifice vix opprimitur. — RADULPHUS DE DICETO

Oh! why doth thine eye gleam so bright,
BLOUDIE JACKE?
Oh! why doth thine eye gleam so bright? —
The Mother's at home,
The Maid may not roam,
She never will meet thee to-night!
By the light
Of the moon — it's impossible — quite!

Yet thine eye is still brilliant and bright,
BLOUDIE JACKE!
It gleams with a fiendish delight—
"Tis done — She is won!
Nothing under the sun
Can loose the charm'd ring, though it's slight!
Ho! ho! It fits so remarkably tight!" —

The wire is as thin as a thread,
BLOUDIE JACKE!
The wire is as thin as a thread! —
"Though slight be the chain,
Again might and main
Cannot rend it in twain —
She is wed!
She is wed!
She is mine, be she living or dead!
Haw! haw!"—

Nay, laugh not, I pray thee, so loud,
BLOUDIE JACKIE!
Oh! laugh not so loud and so clear!
Though sweet is thy smile
The heart to beguile,
Yet thy laugh is quite shocking to hear,
O dear!
It makes the blood curdle with fear!

The Maiden is gone by the glen,
BLOUDIE JACKIE!
She is gone by the glen and the wood —
It's a very odd thing
She should wear such a ring,
While her tresses are bound with a snood.
By the rood!
It's a thing that's not well understood!

The Maiden is stately and tall,
BLOUDIE JACKIE!
And stately she walks in her pride;
But the Young Mary-Anne
Runs as fast as she can,
To o'ertake her, and walk by her side:
Though she chide—
She deems not her sister a bride!

But the Maiden is gone by the glen,
BLOUDIE JACKIE!
Mary-Anne she is gone by the lea;
She o'ertakes not her sister,
It's clear she has miss'd her,
And cannot think where she can be!
Dear me!
“Ho! ho! — We shall see — we shall see!”

Mary-Anne is gone over the lea,
BLOUDIE JACKIE!
Mary-Anne, she is come to the Tower;
But it makes her heart quail,
For it looks like a jail,
A deal more than a fair Lady's bower,
So sour
Its ugly grey walls seem to lour.

For the Barbican's massy and high,
BLOUDIE JACKIE!
And the oak-door is heavy and brown,
And with iron it's plated

And machecollated,
To pour boiling oil and lead down;
How you'd frown
Should a ladle-full fall on your crown!

The rock that it stands on is steep,
BLOUDIE JACKIE!
To gain it one's forced for to creep;
The Portcullis is strong,
And the Drawbridge is long,
And the water runs all round the Keep;
At a peep
You can see that the Moat's very deep!

The Drawbridge is long, but it's down,
BLOUDIE JACKIE!
And the Portcullis hangs in the air;
And no Warder is near
With his horn and his spear,
To give notice when people come there. —
I declare
Mary-Anne has run into the square!

The oak-door is heavy and brown,
BLOUDIE JACKIE!
But the oak-door is standing ajar,
And no one is there
To say, "Pray take a chair,
You seem tired, Miss, with running so far —
So you are —
With grown people you're scarce on a par!"

But the young Mary-Anne is *not* tired,
BLOUDIE JACKIE!
She roams o'er your
Tower by herself;
She runs through, very soon,
Each boudoir and saloon,
And examines each closet and shelf,
Your pelf,
All your plate, and your china — and delf.

She looks at your Arras so fine,
BLOUDIE JACKIE!
So rich, all description it mocks;
And she now and then pauses
To gaze at the vases,
Your pictures, and or-molu clocks;
Every box,

Every cupboard, and drawer she unlocks.

She looks at the paintings so rare,
BLOUDIE JACKIE!
That adorn every wall in your house;
Your *impayable* pieces,
Your Paul Veroneses,
Your Rembrandts, your Guidos, and Dows,
Moreland's Cows,
Claude's Landscapes, — and Landseer's Bow-wows.

She looks at your Statues so fine,
BLOUDIE JACKIE!
And mighty great notice she takes
Of your Niobe crying,
Your Mirmillo dying,
Your Hercules strangling the snakes, —
How he shakes
The nasty great things as he wakes!

Your Laocoon, his serpents and boys,
BLOUDIE JACKIE!
She views with some little dismay;
A copy of that I can
See in the Vatican,
Unless the Pope's sent it away,
As they say,
In the Globe, he intended last May.

There's your Belvidere Phœbus, with which,
BLOUDIE JACKIE!
Mr. Milman says none other vies.
(His lines on Apollo
Beat all the rest hollow,
And gained him the Newdigate prize.)
How the eyes
Seem watching the shaft as it flies!

There's a room full of satins and silks,
BLOUDIE JACKIE!
There's a room full of velvets and lace,
There are drawers full of rings,
And a thousand fine things,
And a splendid gold watch with a case
O'er its face,
Is in every room in the place.

There are forty fine rooms on a floor,
BLOUDIE JACKIE!

And every room fit for a Ball,
It's so gorgeous and rich,
With so lofty a pitch,
And so long, and so broad, and so tall;
Yes, all,
Save the last one — and that's very small!

It boasts not stool, table, or chair,
BLOUDIE JACKIE!
But *one* Cabinet, costly and grand,
Which has little gold figures
Of little gold Niggers,
With fishing-rods stuck in each hand .—
It's jappan'd,
And it's placed on a splendid buhl stand.

It's hinges and clasps are of gold,
BLOUDIE JACKIE!
And of gold are its keyhole and key,
And the drawers within
Have each a gold pin,
And they're number'd with 1, 2, and 3,
You may see
All the figures in gold filigree!

Number 1's full of emeralds green,
BLOUDIE JACKIE!
Number 2's full of diamond and pearl;
But what does she see
In drawer Number 3
That makes all her senses to whirl,
Poor Girl!
And each lock of her hair to uncurl?—

Wedding Fingers are sweet pretty things,
BLOUDIE JACKIE!
To salute them one eagerly strives,
When one kneels to "propose" —
It's another *quelque chose*
When cut off at the knuckles with knives
From our wives,
They are tied up in bunches of fives.

Yet there they lie, one, two, three, four!
BLOUDIE JACKIE!
There lie they, five, six, seven, eight!
And by them, in rows,
Like eight little Great-Toes,
To match in size, colour, and weight!

From their state,
It would seem they'd been sever'd of late.

Beside them are eight Wedding-rings,
BLOUDIE JACKE!
And the gold is as thin as a thread —
“Ho! ho! — She is mine —
This will make up the Nine!” —
Dear me! who those shocking words said? —
— She fled
To hide herself under the bed.

But, alas! there's no bed in the room,
BLOUDIE JACKE!
And she peeps from the window on high;
Only fancy her fright
And the terrible sight
Down below, which at once meets her eye!
“Oh My!!”
She half utter'd, — but stifled her cry.

For she saw it was You and your Man,
BLOUDIE JACKE!
And she heard your unpleasant “Haw! haw!”
While her sister, stone dead,
By the hair of her head,
O'er the bridge you were trying to draw,
As she saw —
A thing quite contra-ry to law!

Your man has got hold of her heels,
BLOUDIE JACKE!
BLOUDIE JACKE! you've got hold of her hair! —
But nor JACKE nor his Man
Can see young Mary-Anne,
She has hid herself under the stair,
And there
Is a horrid great Dog, I declare!

His eyeballs are bloodshot and blear,
BLOUDIE JACKE!
He's a sad ugly cur for a pet;
He seems of the breed
Of that “Billy,” indeed,
Who used to kill rats for a bet;
— I forget
How many one morning he ate.

He has skulls, ribs, and vertebræ there,

BLOUDIE JACKE!
And thigh-bones; — and, though it's so dim,
Yet it's plain to be seen
He has pick'd them quite clean, —
She expects to be torn limb from limb,
So grim
He looks at her — and she looks at him!

She has given him a bun and a roll,
BLOUDIE JACKE!
She has given him a roll and a bun,
And a Shrewsbury cake,
Of PAILIN'S[†] own make,
Which she happened to take ere her run
She begun —
She'd been used to a luncheon at One.

It's "a pretty particular Fix,"
Bloudie Jacke!
Above, — there's the Maiden that's dead;
Below — growling at her —
There's that Cannibal Cur,
Who at present is munching her bread,
Instead
Of her leg, — or her arm, — or her head.

It's "a pretty particular Fix,"
BLOUDIE JACKE!
She is caught like a mouse in a trap; —
Stay! there's something, I think,
That has slipp'd through a chink,
And fall'n, by a singular hap,
Slap,
Into poor little Mary-Anne's lap!

It's a very fine little gold ring,
BLOUDIE JACKE!
Yet, though slight, it's remarkably stout,
But it's made a sad stain,
Which will always remain
On her frock —f or Blood will not wash out;
I doubt
Salts of Lemon won't bring it about!

She has grasp'd that gold ring in her hand,
BLOUDIE JACKE!
In an instant she stands on the floor,

[†] Oh, Pailin! Prince of cake-compounders! the mouth liquefies at thy very name — but there!

She makes but one bound
O'er the back of the hound,
And a hop, skip, and jump to the door,
And she's o'er
The drawbridge she'd traversed before!

Her hair's floating loose in the breeze,
BLOUDIE JACKIE!
For gone is her "bonnet of blue."
— Now the Barbican's past! —
Her legs "go it" as fast
As two drumsticks a-beating tattoo,
As they do
At Réveillie, Parade, or Review!

She has run into Shrewsbury town,
BLOUDIE JACKIE!
She has called out the Beadle and May'r,
And the Justice of Peace,
And the Rural Police,
Till "Battle Field" swarms like a Fair, —
And see there! —
E'en the Parson's beginning to swear!!

There's a pretty to-do in your Tower,
BLOUDIE JACKIE!
In your Tower there's a pretty to-do!
All the people of Shrewsbury
Playing old gooseberry
With your choice bits of taste and *virtù*;
Each bijou
Is upset in their search after you!

They are playing the deuce with your things,
BLOUDIE JACKIE!
There's your Cupid is broken in two,
And so too, between us, is
Each of your Venuses,
The "Antique" ones you bought of the Jew,
And the new
One, George Robins swears came from St. Cloud.

The CALLIPYGE'S injured behind,
BLOUDIE JACKIE!
The DE MEDICI'S injured before;
And the ANADYOMENE 's injured in so many
Places, I think there's a score,
If not more,
Of her fingers and toes on the floor.

They are hunting you up stairs and down,
BLOUDIE JACKIE!
Every person to pass is forbid,
While they turn out the closets
And all their deposits—
“There’s the dust-hole — come lift up the lid!” —
So they did —
But they could not find where you were hid!

Ah! Ah! — they will have you at last,
BLOUDIE JACKIE!
The chimneys to search they begin; —
They have found you at last!—
There you are, sticking fast,
With your knees doubled up to your chin,
Though you’re thin!
— Dear me! what a mess you are in! —

What a terrible pickle you’re in,
BLOUDIE JACKIE!
Why, your face is as black as your hat!
Your fine Holland shirt
Is all over dirt!
And so is your point-lace cravat!
What a Flat
To seek such an asylum as that!

They can scarcely help laughing, I vow,
BLOUDIE JACKIE!
In the midst of their turmoil and strife;
You’re not fit to be seen! —
You look like Mr. Kean
In the play, where he murders his wife! —
On my life
You ought to be scraped with a knife!

They have pull’d you down flat on your back,
BLOUDIE JACKIE!
They have pull’d you down flat on your back!
And they smack, and they thwack,
Till your “funny bones” crack,
As if you were stretched on the rack,
At each thwack! —
Good lack! what a savage attack!

They call for the Parliament Man,
BLOUDIE JACKIE!
And the Hangman, the matter to clinch,

And they call for the Judge,
But others cry "Fudge! —
Don't budge Mr. Calcraft, an inch!
Mr. Lynch!
Will do very well at a pinch!"

It is useless to scuffle and cuff,
BLOUDIE JACKIE!
It is useless to struggle and bite!
And to kick and to scratch!
You have met with your match,
And the Shrewsbury Boys hold you tight,
Despite
Your determined attempts "to shew fight."

They are pulling you all sorts of ways,
BLOUDIE JACKIE!
They are twisting your right leg Nor-West,
And your left leg due South,
And your knee's in your mouth,
And your head is poked down on your breast,
And it's prest,
I protest, almost into your chest!

They have pulled off your arms and your legs,
BLOUDIE JACKIE!
As the naughty boys serve the blue flies;
And they've torn from their sockets,
And put in their pockets
Your fingers and thumbs for a prize!
And your eyes
A Doctor has bottled — from Guy's.†

Your trunk, thus dismember'd and torn,
BLOUDIE JACKIE!
They hew, and they hack, and they chop;
And, to finish the whole,
They stick up a pole
In the place that's still called the "WYLDE COPPE,"
And they pop
Your grim gory head on the top!

They have buried the fingers and toes,
BLOUDIE JACKIE!
Of the victims so lately your prey.
From those fingers and eight toes

† A similar appropriation is said to have been made, by an eminent practitioner, of those of the late Monsieur Courvoisier.

Sprang early potatoes,
“LADYES’ FYNGERS” they’re called to this day;
— So they say, —
And you usually dig them in May.

What became of the dear little girl?
BLOUDIE JACKIE!
What became of the young Mary-Anne?
Why, I’m sadly afraid
That she died an Old Maid,
For she fancied that every Young Man
Had a plan
To trepan her like “poor Sister Fan!”

So they say she is now leading apes,
BLOUDIE JACKIE!
And mends Bachelors’ small-clothes below;
The story is old,
And has often been told,
But I cannot believe it is so —
No! No!
Depend on’t the tale is “No Go!”

MORAL

And now for the moral I’d fain,
BLOUDIE JACKIE!
That young Ladies should draw from my pen, —
It’s — “Don’t take these flights
Upon moon-shiny nights,
With gay, *harum-scarum* young men,
Down a glen! —
You really can’t trust one in ten!”

Let them think of your terrible Tower,
BLOUDIE JACKIE;
And don’t let them liberties take,
Whether Maidens or Spouses, In Bachelors’ houses;
Or, some time or another, they’ll make
A Mistake!
And lose — more than a SHREWSBERRIE CAKE!!

* * * * *

Her niece, of whom I have before made honourable mention, is not a whit behind Mrs. Botherby in furnishing entertainment for the young folks. If little Charles has the aunt to *solfa* him into slumber, Miss Jenny is equally fortunate in the possession of a Sappho of her own. It is to the air of "Drops of Brandy" that Patty has adapted her version of a venerable ditty, which we have all listened to with respect and affection under its old title of

THE BABES IN THE WOOD, OR THE NORFOLK TRAGEDY:
AN OLD SONG TO A NEW TUNE

When we were all little and good, —
A long time ago, I'm afraid, Miss —
We were told of the Babes in the Wood
By their false, cruel Uncle betray'd, Miss;
Their Pa was a Squire, or a Knight;
In Norfolk I think his estate lay —
That is, if I recollect right,
For I've not read the history lately.

Their Pa and their Ma being seized
With a tiresome complaint, which, in some seasons,
People are apt to be seized
With, who're not on their guard against plum-seasons,
Their medical man shook his head
As he could not get well to the root of it;
And the Babes stood on each side the bed,
While their Uncle, he stood at the foot of it.

"Oh, Brother!" their Ma whisper'd, faint
And low, for breath seeming to labour, "Who'd
Think that this horrid complaint,
That's been going about in the neighbourhood,
Thus should attack me, — nay, more,
My poor husband besides, — and so fall on him!
Bringing us so near to Death's door
That we can't avoid making a call on him!

"Now think, 'tis your Sister invokes
Your aid, and the last word she says is,
Be kind to those dear little folks
When our toes are turned up to the daisies! —
By the servants don't let them be snubb'd, —
— Let Jane have her fruit and her custard, —
And mind Johnny's chilblains are rubb'd
Well with Whitehead's best essence of mustard.

"You know they'll be pretty well off in
Respect to what's called 'worldly gear,'

For John, when his Pa's in his coffin,
Comes in to three hundred a-year;
And Jane's to have five hundred pound
On her marriage paid down, ev'ry penny,
So you'll own a worse match might be found,
Any day in the week, than our Jenny!"

Here the Uncle pretended to cry,
And, like an old thorough-paced rogue, he
Put his handkerchief up to his eye,
And devoted himself to Old Bogey
If he did not make matters all right,
And said, should he covet their riches,
He "wished the old Gentleman might
Fly away with him, body and breeches!"

No sooner, however, were they
Put to bed with a spade by the sexton,
Than he carried the darlings away
Out of that parish into the next one,
Giving out he should take them to town,
And select the best school in the nation,
That John might not grow up a clown,
But receive a genteel education.

"Greek and Latin old twaddle I call!"
Says he, "While his mind's ductile and plastic,
I'll place him at Dotheboys Hall,
Where he'll learn all that's new and gymnastic.
While Jane, as, when girls have the dumps,
Fortune-hunters, by scores, to entrap 'em rise,
Shall go to those worthy old frumps,
The two Misses Tickler of Clapham Rise!"

Having thought on the How and the When
To get rid of his nephew and niece,
He sent for two ill-looking men,
And he gave them five guineas a-piece. —
Says he, "Each of you take up a child
On the crupper, and when you have trotted
Some miles through that wood lone and wild,
Take your knife out, and cut its carotid!" —

"Done" and "done" is pronounced on each side,
While the poor little dears are delighted
To think they a-cock-horse shall ride,
And are not in the least degree frightened;
They say their "Ta! Ta!" as they start,
And they prattle so nice on their journey,

That the rogues themselves wish to their heart
They could finish the job by attorney.

Nay, one was so taken aback
By seeing such spirit and life in them,
That he fairly exclaim'd, "I say, Jack,
I'm blowed if I *can* put a knife in them!" —
"Pooh!" says his pal, "you great dunce!
You've pouched the good gentleman's money,
So out with your whinger at once,
And scrag Jane, while I spiflicate Johnny!"

He refused, and harsh language ensued,
Which ended at length in a duel,
When he that was mildest in mood
Gave the truculent rascal his gruel;
The Babes quake with hunger and fear,
While the ruffian his dead comrade, Jack, buries;
Then he cries, "Loves, amuse yourselves here
With the hips, and the haws, and the blackberries!

"I'll be back in a couple of shakes;
So don't, dears, be quivering and quaking:
I'm going to get you some cakes,
And a nice butter'd roll that's a-baking!"
He rode off with a tear in his eye,
Which ran down his rough cheek, and wet it,
As he said to himself with a sigh,
"Pretty souls! — don't they wish they may get it!!"

From that moment the Babes ne'er caught sight
Of the wretch who thus wrought their undoing,
But passed all that day and that night
In wandering about and "boo-hoo"-ing.
The night proved cold, dreary, and dark,
So that, worn out with sighings and sobbings,
Next morn they were found stiff and stark,
And stone-dead, by two little Cock-Robins.

These two little birds it sore grieves
To see what so cruel a dodge I call,—
They cover the bodies with leaves,
An interment quite ornithological;
It might more expensive have been,
But I doubt, though I've not been to see 'em,
If among those in all Kensal Green
You could find a more neat Mausoleum.

Now, whatever your rogues may suppose,

Conscience always makes restless their pillows,
And Justice, though blind, has a nose
That sniffs out all conceal'd peccadilloes.
The wicked old Uncle, they say,
In spite of his riot and revel,
Was hippish and qualmish all day,
And dreamt all night long of the d—l.

He grew gouty, dyspeptic, and sour,
And his brow, once so smooth and so placid,
Fresh wrinkles acquired every hour,
And whatever he swallow'd turn'd acid.
The neighbours thought all was not right,
Scarcely one with him ventured to parley,
And Captain Swing came in the night,
And burnt all his beans and his barley.

There was hardly a day but some fox
Ran away with his geese and his ganders;
His wheat had the mildew, his flocks
Took the rot, and his horses the glanders;
His daughters drank rum in their tea,
His son, who had gone for a sailor,
Went down in a steamer at sea,
And his wife ran away with a tailor!

It was clear he lay under a curse,
None would hold with him any communion;
Every day matters grew worse and worse,
Till they ended at length in The Union;
While his man being caught in some fact,
(The particular crime I've forgotten,)
When he came to be hanged for the act,
Split, and told the whole story to Cotton.

Understanding the matter was blown,
His employer became apprehensive
Of what, when 'twas more fully known,
Might ensue — he grew thoughtful and pensive;
He purchased some sugar-of-lead,
Took it home, popp'd it into his porridge,
Ate it up, and then took to his bed,
And so died in the workhouse at Norwich.

MORAL

Ponder well now, dear Parents, each word
That I've wrote, and when Sirius rages

In the dog-days, don't be so absurd
As to blow yourself out with Green-gages!
Of stone-fruits in general be shy,
And reflect it's a fact beyond question
That Grapes, when they're spelt with an *i*
Promote anything else but digestion. —

— When you set about making your will,
Which is commonly done when a body's ill,
Mind, and word it with caution and skill,
And avoid, if you can, any codicil!
When once you've appointed an heir
To the fortune you've made, or obtained, ere
You leave a reversion, beware
Whom you place in contingent remainder!

Executors, Guardians, and all
Who have children to mind, don't ill treat them,
Nor think that, because they are small
And weak, you may beat them, and cheat them!
Remember that "ill-gotten goods
Never thrive;" their possession's but cursory;
So never turn out in the woods
Little folks you should keep in the nursery.

Be sure he who does such base things
Will ne'er stifle Conscience's clamour;
His "riches will make themselves wings,"
And his property come to the hammer!
Then He, — and not those he bereaves, —
Will have most cause for sighings and sobbings,
When he finds *himself* smother'd with leaves
(Of fat catalogues) heaped up by Robins!

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