

Father John Ingoldsby, to whose papers I am largely indebted for the Saintly records which follow, was brought up by his father, a cadet of the family, in the Romish faith, and was educated at Douai for the church. Besides the manuscripts now at Tappington, he was the author of two controversial treatises on the connection between the Papal Hierarchy and the Nine of Diamonds.

From his well-known loyalty, evinced by secret services to the Royal cause during the Protectorate, he was excepted by name out of the acts against the Papists, became superintendent of the Queen Dowager's chapel at Somerset House, and enjoyed a small pension until his death, which took place in the third year of Queen Anne (1704), at the mature age of ninety six. He was an ecclesiastic of great learning and piety, but from the stiff and antiquated phraseology which he adopted, I have thought it necessary to modernise it a little: this will account for certain anachronisms that have unavoidably crept in; the substance of his narratives has, however, throughout been strictly adhered to.

His hair-shirt, almost as good as new, is still preserved at Tappington — but nobody ever wears it.

#### A LAY OF ST. DUNSTAN

“This holy childe Dunstan was borne in y<sup>e</sup> yere of our Lorde ix. hondred & xxv. that tyme regnyng in this londe Ringe Athelston. \* \* \*

“Whan it so was that Saynt Dunstan was wery of prayer than used he to werke in goldsmythes werke with his owne handes for to eschewe ydelnes.”

#### *Golden Legend.*

St. Dunstan stood in his ivied tower,  
Alembic, crucible, all were there;  
When in came Nick to play him a trick,  
In guise of a damsel passing fair.  
Every one knows  
How the story goes:  
He took up the tongs and caught hold of his nose.  
But I beg that you won't for a moment suppose  
That I mean to go through, in detail, to you  
A story at least as trite as it's true;  
Nor do I intend  
An instant to spend  
On the tale, how he treated his monarch and friend,  
When, bolting away to a chamber remote,

Inconceivably bored by his Witen-gemote,  
Edwy left them all joking,  
And drinking, and smoking,  
So tipsily grand, they'd stand nonsense from no King,  
But sent the Archbishop  
Their Sovereign to fish up,  
With a hint that perchance on his crown he might feel taps,  
Unless he came back straight and took off his heel-taps.  
You must not be plagued with the same story twice,  
And perhaps have seen this one, by W. DYCE,  
At the Royal Academy, very well done,  
And mark'd in the catalogue Four, seven, one.

You might there view the Saint, who in sable array'd is,  
Coercing the Monarch away from the Ladies;  
His right hand has hold of his Majesty's jerkin,  
His left shows the door, and he seems to say, "Sir King,  
Your most faithful Commons won't hear of your shirking!  
Quit your tea, and return to your Barclai and Perkyn,  
Or, by Jingo, ere morning, no longer alive, a  
Sad victim you'll lie to your love for Elgiva!"

No farther to treat  
Of this ungallant feat,  
What I mean to do now is succinctly to paint  
One particular fact in the life of the Saint,  
Which somehow, for want of due care, I presume,  
Has escaped the researches of Rapin and Hume,  
In recounting a miracle, both of them men, who a  
Great deal fall short of Jaques Bishop of Genoa,  
An Historian who likes deeds like these to record —  
See his *Aurea Legenda*, by WYNKYN DE WORDE.

St. Dunstan stood again in his tower,  
Alembic, crucible, all complete;  
He had been standing a good half hour,  
And now he utter'd the words of power,  
And call'd to his Broomstick to bring him a seat.

The words of power! — and what be they  
To which e'en Broomsticks bow and obey? —  
Why, — 'twere uncommonly hard to say,  
As the prelate I named has recorded none of them,  
What they may be,  
But I know they are three,  
And ABRACADABRA, I take it, is one of them:  
For I'm told that most Cabalists use that identical  
Word, written thus in what they call "a Pentacle."



However that be,  
 You'll doubtless agree  
 It signifies little to you or to me,  
 As not being dabblers in Grammarye;  
 Still, it must be confess'd, for a Saint to repeat  
 Such language aloud is scarcely discreet;  
 For, as Solomon hints to folks given to chatter,  
 "A bird of the air may carry the matter;"  
 And in sooth,  
 From my youth  
 I remember a truth  
 Insisted on much in my earlier years,  
 To wit, "Little Pitchers have very long ears!"  
 Now, just such a "Pitcher" as those I allude to  
 Was outside the door, which his "ears" appeared glued to.

Peter, the Lay-brother, meagre and thin,  
 Five feet one in his sandal-shoon,  
 While the saint thought him sleeping,  
 Was listening and peeping,  
 And watching his master the whole afternoon.

This Peter the Saint had pick'd out from his fellows,  
 To look to his fire, and to blow with the bellows,  
 To put on the Wall's-Ends and Lambtons whenever he  
 Chose to indulge in a little *orfeverie*;  
 — Of course you have read,  
 That St. Dunstan was bred  
 A Goldsmith, and never quite gave up the trade!  
 The Company — richest in London, 'tis said —  
 Acknowledge him still as their Patron and Head;  
 Nor is it so long Since a capital song  
 In his praise — now recorded their archives among —  
 Delighted the noble and dignified throng

Of their guests, who, the newspapers told the whole town,  
With cheers “pledged the wine-cup to Dunstan’s renown,”  
When Lord Lyndhurst, THE DUKE, and Sir Robert, were dining  
At the Hall some time since with the Prime Warden Twining. —  
— I am sadly digressing—a fault which sometimes  
One can hardly avoid in these gossiping rhymes —  
A slight deviation’s forgiven! but then this is  
Too long, I fear, for a decent parenthesis,  
So I’ll rein up my Pegasus sharp, and retreat, or  
You’ll think I’ve forgotten the Lay-brother Peter,  
Whom the Saint, as I said,  
Kept to turn down his bed,  
Dress his palfreys and cobs,  
And do other odd jobs, —  
As reducing to writing  
Whatever he might, in  
The course of the day or the night, be inditing,  
And cleaning the plate of his mitre with whiting;  
Performing, in short, all those duties and offices  
Abbots exact from Lay-brothers and Novices.

It occurs to me here You’ll perhaps think it queer  
That St. Dunstan should have such a personage near,  
When he’d only to say Those words,—be what they may, —  
And his Broomstick at once his commands would obey. —  
That’s true — but the fact is  
’Twas rarely his practice  
Such aid to resort to, or such means apply,  
Unless he’d some “dignified knot” to untie,  
Adopting, though sometimes, as now, he’d reverse it,  
Old Horace’s maxim “*nec Broomstick intersit.*” —  
— Peter, the Lay-brother, meagre and thin,  
Heard all the Saint was saying within;  
Peter, the Lay-brother, sallow and spare,  
Peep’d through the key-hole, and —what saw he there? —  
Why, —A BROOMSTICK BRINGING A RUSH-BOTTOM’D CHAIR.

What Shakspeare observes, in his play of King John,  
Is undoubtedly right,  
That “ofttimes the sight  
Of means to do ill deeds will make ill deeds done.”  
Here’s Peter, the Lay-brother, pale-faced and meagre,  
A good sort of man, only rather too eager  
To listen to what other people are saying,  
When he ought to be minding his business or praying,  
Gets into a scrape, — and an awkward one too, —  
As you’ll find, if you’ve patience enough to go through  
The whole of the story  
I’m laying before ye,—

Entirely from having “the means” in his view  
Of doing a thing which he ought not to do!

Still rings in his ear, Distinct and clear,  
Abracadabra! that word of fear!  
And the two which I never yet happen’d to hear.  
Still doth he spy,  
With Fancy’s eye,  
The Broomstick at work, and the Saint standing by;  
And he chuckles, and says to himself with glee,  
“Aha! that Broomstick shall work for *me!*”

Hark! — t hat swell  
O’er flood and o’er fell,  
Mountain, and dingle, and moss-cover’d dell!  
List! — ’tis the sound of the Compline bell,  
And St. Dunstan is quitting his ivied cell;  
Peter, I wot,  
Is off like a shot,  
Or a little dog scalded by something that’s hot,  
For he hears his Master approaching the spot  
Where he’d listened so long, though he knew he ought not:  
Peter remember’d his Master’s frown —  
He trembled — he’d not have been caught for a crown;  
Howe’er you may laugh,  
He had rather, by half,  
Have run up to the top of the tower and jump’d down.

\* \* \* \* \*

The Compline hour is past and gone,  
Evening service is over and done;  
The monks repair  
To their frugal fare,  
A snug little supper of something light  
And digestible, ere they retire for the night.  
For, in Saxon times, in respect to their cheer,  
St. Austin’s Rule was by no means severe,  
But allowed, from the Beverley Roll ’twould appear,  
Bread and cheese, and spring onions, and sound table-beer,  
And even green peas, when they were not too dear;  
Not like the rule of La Trappe, whose chief merit is  
Said to consist in its greater austerities;  
And whose monks, if I rightly remember their laws,  
Ne’er are suffer’d to speak,  
Think only in Greek,  
And subsist, as the Bears do, by sucking their paws.  
Astonish’d I am  
The gay Baron Geramb,

With his head sav'ring more of the Lion than Lamb,  
Could e'er be persuaded to join such a set — I  
Extend the remark to Signor Ambrogetti. —  
For a monk of La Trappe is as thin as a rat,  
While an Austin Friar was jolly and fat;  
Though, of course, the fare to which I allude,  
With as good table-beer as ever was brew'd,  
Was all "caviare to the multitude,"  
Extending alone to the clergy, together in  
Hall assembled, — and not to Lay-brethren.  
St. Dunstan himself sits there at his post,  
On what they say is  
Called a Dais,  
O'erlooking the whole of his clerical host,  
And eating poach'd eggs with spinach and toast;  
Five Lay-brothers stand behind his chair,  
But where is the sixth? — Where's Peter! — Ay, WHERE?

'Tis an evening in June, And a little half moon,  
A brighter no fond lover ever set eyes on,  
Gleaming and beaming,  
And dancing the stream in,  
Has made her appearance above the horizon;  
Just such a half moon as you see, in a play,  
On the turban of Mustapha Muley Bey,  
Or the fair Turk who weds with the "Noble Lord Bateman;"  
— *Vide* plate in George Cruickshank's memoirs of that great man.

She shines on a turret remote and lone,  
A turret with ivy and moss overgrown,  
And lichens that thrive on the cold dank stone;  
Such a tower as a poet of no mean *calibre*  
I once knew and loved, poor, dear Reginald Heber,  
Assigns to oblivion — a den for a She bear;  
Within it are found,  
Strew'd above and around,  
On the hearth, on the table, the shelves, and the ground,  
All sorts of instruments, all sorts of tools,  
To name which, and their uses, would puzzle the Schools,  
And make very wise people look very like fools;  
Pincers and hooks,  
And black-letter books,  
All sorts of pokers, and all sorts of tongs,  
And all sorts of hammers, and all that belongs  
To Goldsmith's work, chemistry, alchymy, — all,  
In short that a Sage,  
In that erudite age,  
Could require, was at hand, or at least within call.  
In the midst of the room lies a Broomstick! — and there

A Lay-brother sits in a rush-bottom'd chair!

Abracadabra, that fearful word,  
 And the two which, I said, I have never yet heard,  
 Are utter'd. — 'Tis done! Peter, full of his fun,  
 Cries, "Broomstick! you lubberly son of a gun!  
 Bring ale! — bring a flagon — a hogshead — a tun!  
 'Tis the same thing to you;  
 I have nothing to do;  
 And, 'fore George, I'll sit here, and I'll drink till all's blue!"

No doubt you've remark'd how uncommonly quick  
 A Newfoundland puppy runs after a stick,  
 Brings it back to his master, and gives it him — Well,  
 So potent the spell,  
 The Broomstick perceived it was vain to rebel,  
 So ran off like that puppy; — some cellar was near,  
 For in less than ten seconds 'twas back with the beer!  
 Peter seizes the flagon; but ere he can suck  
 Its contents, or enjoy what he thinks his good luck,  
 The Broomstick comes in with a tub in a truck;  
 Continues to run  
 At the rate it begun,  
 And, *au pied de lettre*, next brings in a tun!  
 A fresh one succeeds, then a third, then another,  
 Discomfiting much the astounded Lay-brother;  
 Who, had he possess'd fifty pitchers or stoups,  
 They all had been too few; for, arranging in groups  
 The barrels, the Broomstick next *started the hoops*;  
 The ale deluged the floor,  
 But, still, through the door,  
 Said Broomstick kept bolting, and bringing in more.  
 E'en Macbeth to Macduff  
*Would* have cried "Hold! enough!"  
 If half as well drench'd with such "perilous stuff,"  
 And, Peter, who did not expect such a rough visit,  
 Cried lustily, "Stop! — That will do, Broomstick! — *Sufficit!*"

But ah, well-a-day!  
 The Devil, they say,  
 'Tis easier at all times to raise than to lay.  
 Again and again Peter roar'd out in vain  
 His Abracadabra, and t'other words twain:—  
 As well might one try  
 A pack in full cry  
 To check, and call off from their headlong career,  
 By bawling out, "Yoicks!" with one's hand at one's ear.  
 The longer he roar'd, and the louder and quicker,  
 The faster the Broomstick was bringing in liquor.

The poor Lay-brother knew  
Not on earth what to do—  
He caught hold of the Broomstick and snapt it in two .—  
Worse and worse! — Like a dart  
Each part made a start,  
And he found he'd been adding more fuel to fire,  
For *both* now came loaded with Meux's entire;  
Combe's, Delafield's, Hanbury's, Truman's —no stopping g—  
Goding's, Charenton's, Whitbread's continued to drop in,  
With Hodson's pale ale, from the Sun Brewhouse, Wapping.  
The firms differ'd then, but I can't put a tax on  
My memory to say what their names were in Saxon.  
To be sure the best beer  
Of all did not appear;  
For I've said 'twas in June, and so late in the year  
The "Trinity Audit Ale" is not come-at-able,  
— As I've found to my great grief when dining at that table.

Now extremely alarm'd, Peter scream'd without ceasing,  
For a flood of brown-stout he was up to his knees in,  
Which, thanks to the Broomstick, continued increasing;  
He fear'd he'd be drown'd,  
And he yell'd till the sound  
Of his voice, wing'd by terror, at last reach'd the ear  
Of St. Dunstan himself, who had finish'd *his* beer,  
And had put off his mitre, dalmatic, and shoes,  
And was just stepping into his bed for a snooze.

His Holiness paused when he heard such a clatter;  
He could not conceive what on earth was the matter.  
Slipping on a few things, for the sake of decorum,  
He issued forthwith from his *Sanctum sanctorum*.  
And calling a few of the Lay-brothers near him,  
Who were not yet in bed, and who happen'd to hear him,  
At once led the way,  
Without further delay,  
To the tower where he'd been in the course of the day.  
Poor Peter! — alas! — though St. Dunstan was quick,  
There were two there before him—Grim Death, and Old Nick!—  
When they open'd the door out the malt-liquor flow'd,  
Just as when the great Vat burst in Tot'n'am Court Road;  
The Lay-brothers nearest were up to their necks  
In an instant, and swimming in strong double X;  
While Peter, who, spite of himself now had drank hard,  
After floating awhile, like a toast in a tankard,  
To the bottom had sunk,  
And was spied by a monk,  
Stone-dead, like poor Clarence, half drown'd and half drunk.

In vain did St. Dunstan exclaim, "*Vade retro  
Strongbeerum!* — *discede a Lay-fratre Petro!*" —  
 Queer Latin, you'll say, That præfix of "*Lay,*"  
 And *Strongbeerum!* — I own they'd have call'd me a blockhead if  
 At school I had ventured to use such a Vocative;  
 'Tis a barbarous word, and to me it's a query  
 If you'll find it in Patrick, Morell, or Moreri;  
 But, the fact is, the Saint was uncommonly flurried,  
 And apt to be loose in his Latin when hurried;  
 The Brown-stout, however, obeys to the letter,  
 Quite as well as if talk'd to, in Latin much better,  
 By a grave Cambridge Johnian,  
 Or graver Oxonian,  
 Whose language, we all know, is quite Ciceronian.  
 It retires from the corpse, which is left high and dry;  
 But, in vain do they snuff and hot towels apply,  
 And other means used by the faculty try.  
 When once a man's dead There's no more to be said;  
 Peter's "Beer with an e" was his "Bier with an ï!"

#### MORAL

By way of a moral, permit me to pop in  
 The following maxims:— Beware of eaves-dropping! —  
 Don't make use of language that isn't well scann'd! —  
 Don't meddle with matters you don't understand! —  
 Above all, what I'd wish to impress on both sexes  
 Is, — Keep clear of Broomsticks, Old Nick, and three XXXs.

#### L'ENVOYE

In Goldsmith's Hall there's a handsome glass-case,  
 And in it a stone figure, found on the place,  
 When, thinking the old Hall no longer a pleasant one,  
 They pull'd it all down, and erected the present one.  
 If you look, you'll perceive that this stone figure twists  
 A thing like a broomstick in one of its fists.  
 It's so injured by time, you can't make out a feature;  
 But it is not St. Dunstan, — so doubtless it's Peter.

\* \* \* \* \*

Gengulphus, or, as he is usually styled in this country, "Jingo," was perhaps more in the mouths of the "general" than any other Saint, on occasions of adjuration. Mr. Simpkinson from Bath had kindly transmitted me a portion of a primitive ballad, which has escaped the researches of Ritson and Ellis, but is yet replete with beauties of no common order. I am happy to say that, since these Legends first appeared, I have recovered the whole of it. — *Vide infra.*

"A Franklyn's dogge leped over a style,  
And hys name was littel Byngo.  
B wyth a Y — Y wyth an N, —  
N wyth a G — G wyth an O, —  
They call'd hym littel Byngo!

Thys Franklyn, Syrs, he brewed goode ayle,  
And he called it Rare goode Styngo!  
S, T, Y, N, G, O!  
He call'd it Rare goode Styngo!

Nowe is notte thys a prettie song?  
I thinke it is bye Jyngo!  
J wythe a Y — N, G, O —  
I swear yt is by Jyngo!"

\* \* \* \* \*

#### A LAY OF ST. GENGULPHUS.

"Non multò post, Gengulphus, in domo suâ dormiens, occisus est à quodam clerico qui cum uxore suâ adulterare solebat. Cujus corpus dum, in fereto, in sepulturam portaretur, multi infirmi de tactu sanati sunt."

\* \* \* \* \*

"Cum hoc illius uxori referretur ab ancillâ sua, scilicet dominum suum, quam martyrem sanctum, miracula facere, irridens illa, et subsurrans, ait, 'Ita Gengulphus miracula faciat ut pulvinarium meum cantat,'" &c. &c.

WOLFII MEMORAB.

Gengulphus comes from the Holy Land,  
With his scrip, and his bottle, and sandal shoon,  
Full many a day hath he been away,  
Yet his lady deems him return'd full soon

Full many a day hath he been away,  
Yet scarce had he crossed ayont the sea,  
Ere a spruce young spark of a Learned Clerk  
Had called on his Lady, and stopp'd to tea.  
This spruce young guest, so trimly drest,

Stay'd with that Lady, her revels to crown;  
They laugh'd, and they ate and they drank of the best,  
And they turn'd the old castle quite upside down.

They would walk in the park, that spruce young Clerk,  
With that frolicsome Lady so frank and free,  
Trying balls and plays, and all manner of ways,  
To get rid of what French people called *Ennui*.

\* \* \* \* \*

Now the festive board with viands is stored,  
Savoury dishes be there, I ween,  
Rich puddings and big, and a barbecued pig,  
And oxtail soup in a China tureen.

There's a flagon of ale as large as a pail —  
When, cockle on hat, and staff in hand,  
While on nought they are thinking save eating and drinking,  
Gengulphus walks in from the Holy Land!

“You must be pretty deep to catch weazels asleep,”  
Says the proverb: that is “take the Fair unawares;”  
A maid o'er the banisters chancing to peep,  
Whispers, “Ma'am, here's Gengulphus a-coming up-stairs.”

Pig, pudding, and soup, the electrified group,  
With the flagon, pop under the sofa in haste,  
And contrive to deposit the Clerk in the closet,  
As the dish least of all to Gengulphus's taste.

Then oh! what rapture, what joy was exprest,  
When “poor dear Gengulphus” at last appear'd!  
She kiss'd and she press'd “the dear man” to her breast,  
In spite of his great, long, frizzly beard.

Such hugging and squeezing! 'twas almost unpleasing,  
A smile on her lip, and a tear in her eye;  
She was so very glad, that she seem'd half mad,  
And did not know whether to laugh or to cry.

Then she calls up the maid and the table-cloth's laid,  
And she sends for a pint of the best Brown Stout;  
On the fire, too, she pops some nice mutton-chops,  
And she mixes a stiff glass of “Cold Without.”

Then again she began at the “poor dear” man;  
She press'd him to drink, and she press'd him to eat,  
And she brought a foot-pan, with hot water and bran,

To comfort his “poor dear” travel-worn feet.

“Nor night nor day since he’d been away,  
Had she had any rest,” she “vow’d and declared.”  
She “never could eat one morsel of meat,  
For thinking how ‘poor dear’ Gengulphus fared.”

She “really did think she had not slept a wink  
Since he left her, although he’d been absent so long;”  
He here shook his head, — right little he said,  
But he thought she was “coming it rather too strong.”

Now his palate she tickles with the chops and the pickles,  
Till, so great the effect of that stiff gin grog,  
His weaken’d body, subdued by the toddy,  
Falls out of the chair, and he lies like a log.

Then out comes the Clerk from his secret lair;  
He lifts up the legs, and she lifts up the head,  
And, between them, this most reprehensible pair  
Undress poor Gengulphus and put him to bed.

Then the bolster they place athwart his face,  
And his night-cap into his mouth they cram;  
And she pinches his nose underneath the clothes,  
Till the “poor dear soul” goes off like a lamb.

\* \* \* \* \*

And now they tried the deed to hide;  
For a little bird whisper’d, “Perchance you may swing;  
Here’s a corpse in the case with a sad swell’d face,  
And a Medical Crowner’s a queer sort of thing!”

So the Clerk and the wife, they each took a knife,  
And the nippers that nipp’d the loaf-sugar for tea;  
With the edges and points they sever’d the joints  
At the clavicle, elbow, hip, ankle, and knee.

Thus, limb from limb, they dismember’d him  
So entirely, that e’en when they came to his wrists,  
With those great sugar-nippers they nipped off his “flippers,”  
As the Clerk, very flippantly, termed his fists.

When they’d cut off his head, entertaining a dread  
Lest folks should remember Gengulphus’s face,  
They determined to throw it where no one could know it,  
Down the well, — and the limbs in some different place.

But first the long beard from the chin they shear'd,  
And managed to stuff that sanctified hair,  
With a good deal of pushing, all into the cushion  
That filled up the seat of a large arm-chair.

They contriv'd to pack up the trunk in a sack,  
Which they hid in an osier-bed outside the town,  
The Clerk bearing arms, legs and all on his back,  
As that vile Mr. Greenacre served Mrs. Brown.

But to see now how strangely things sometimes turn out,  
And that in a manner the least expected!  
Who could surmise a man ever could rise  
Who'd been thus carbonado'd, cut up, and dissected?

No doubt 'twould surprise the pupils at Guy's;  
I am no unbeliever — no man can say that o' me —  
But St. Thomas himself would scarce trust his own eyes  
If he saw such a thing in his School of Anatomy.

You may deal as you please with Hindoos and Chinese,  
Or a Mussulman making his heathen *salaam*, or  
A Jew or a Turk, but it's other guess work  
When a man has to do with a Pilgrim or Palmer.

\* \* \* \* \*

By chance the Prince Bishop, a Royal Divine,  
Sends his cards round the neighbourhood next day, and urges his  
Wish to receive a snug party to dine,  
Of the resident clergy, the gentry, and burgesses.

At a quarter past five they are all alive,  
At the palace, for coaches are fast rolling in;  
And to every guest his card had express'd  
"Half-past" as the hour for "a greasy chin."

Some thirty are seated, and handsomely treated  
With the choicest Rhine wines in his Highness's stock;  
When a Count of the Empire, who felt himself heated,  
Requested some water to mix with his Hock.

The Butler, who saw it, sent a maid out to draw it,  
But scarce had she given the windlass a twirl,  
Ere Gengulphus's head, from the well's bottom, said  
In mild accents, "Do help us out, that's good girl!"

Only fancy her dread when she saw a great head  
In her bucket; — with fright she was ready to drop:—

Conceive, if you can, how she roar'd and she ran,  
With the head rolling after her, bawling out "Stop!"

She ran and she roar'd, till she came to the board  
Where the Prince Bishop sat with his party around,  
When Gengulphus's poll, which continued to roll  
At her heels, on the table bounced up with a bound.

Never touching the cates, or the dishes or plates,  
The decanters or glasses, the sweetmeats or fruits,  
The head smiles, and begs them to bring him his legs,  
As a well-spoken gentleman asks for his boots.

Kicking open the casement, to each one's amazement,  
Straight a right leg steps in, all impediment scorns,  
And near the head stopping, a left follows hopping  
Behind,— for the left leg was troubled with corns.

Next, before the beholders, two great brawny shoulders,  
And arms on their bent elbows dance through the throng,  
While two hands assist, though nipp'd off at the wrist,  
The said shoulders in bearing a body along.

They march up to the head, not one syllable said,  
For the thirty guests all stare in wonder and doubt,  
As the limbs in their sight arrange and unite,  
Till Gengulphus, though dead, looks as sound as a trout.

I will venture to say, from that hour to this day,  
Ne'er did such an assembly behold such a scene;  
Or a table divide fifteen guests of a side  
With a dead body placed in the centre between.

Yes, they stared — well they might at so novel a sight:  
No one utter'd whisper, a sneeze, or a hem,  
But sat all bolt upright, and pale with affright;  
And they gazed at the dead man, the dead man at them.

The Prince Bishop's Jester, on punning intent,  
As he view'd the whole thirty, in jocular terms  
Said, "They put him in mind of a Council of *Trente*  
Engaged in reviewing the Diet of Worms."

But what should they do? — Oh! nobody knew  
What was best to be done, either stranger or resident;  
The Chancellor's self read his Puffendorf through  
In vain, for his books could not furnish a precedent.

The Prince Bishop mutter'd a curse, and a prayer,

Which his double capacity hit to a nicety:  
His Princely, or Lay, half induced him to swear,  
His Episcopal moiety said "*Benedicite!*"

The Coroner sat on the body that night,  
And the jury agreed, — not a doubt could they harbour, —  
"That the chin of the corpse — the sole thing brought to light —  
Had been recently shaved by a very bad barber."

They sent out Von Taünsend, Von Bürnie, Von Roe,  
Von Maine, and Von Rowant — through châteaux and châteaux,  
Towns, villages, hamlets, they told them to go,  
And they stuck up placards on the walls of the Stadthaus.

"MURDER!!

"WHEREAS, a dead gentleman, surname unknown,  
Has been recently found at his Highness's banquet,  
Rather shabbily dressed in an Amice, or gown  
In appearance resembling a second-hand blanket;

"And WHEREAS, there's great reason indeed to suspect  
That some ill-disposed person, or persons, with malice  
Aforethought, have kill'd, and begun to dissect  
The said Gentleman, not very far from the palace;

"THIS IS TO GIVE NOTICE! — Whoever shall seize,  
And such person, or persons, to justice surrender,  
Shall receive — such REWARD — as his Highness shall please,  
On conviction of him, the aforesaid offender.

"And, in order the matter more clearly to trace  
To the bottom, his Highness, the Prince Bishop, further,  
Of his clemency, offers free PARDON and Grace  
To all such as have *not* been concern'd in the murder.

Done this day, at our palace, — July twenty-five, —  
By Command,  
(Signed)  
Johann Von Rüssel,

N.B.

Deceased rather in years — had a squint when alive;  
And smells slightly of gin — linen mark'd with a "G."

The Newspapers, too, made no little ado,  
Though a different version each managed to dish up;  
Some said "The Prince Bishop had run a man through,"  
Others said "an assassin has kill'd the Prince Bishop."

The "Ghent Herald" fell foul of the "Bruxelles Gazette,"  
The "Bruxelles Gazette," with much sneering ironical,  
Scorned to remain in the "Ghent Herald's" debt,  
And the "Amsterdam Times" quizz'd the "Nuremberg Chronicle."

In one thing, indeed, all the journals agreed,  
Spite of "politics," "bias," or "party collision;"  
Viz.: to "give," when they'd "further accounts" of the deed,  
"Full particulars" soon, in "a later Edition."

But now, while on all sides they rode and they ran,  
Trying all sorts of means to discover the caitiffs,  
Losing patience, the holy Gengulphus began  
To think it high time to "astonish the natives."

First, a Rittmeister's Frau, who was weak in both eyes,  
And supposed the most short-sighted woman in Holland,  
Found greater relief, to her joy and surprise,  
From one glimpse of his "squint" than from glasses by Dollond.

By the slightest approach to the tip of his Nose,  
Megrimms, headache, and vapours were put to the rout;  
And one single touch of his precious Great Toes  
Was a certain specific for chilblains and gout.

Rheumatics, — sciatica, — tic-doloureux!  
Apply to his shin-bones — not one of them lingers; —  
All bilious complaints in an instant withdrew,  
If the patient was tickled with one of his fingers.

Much virtue was found to reside in his thumbs;  
When applied to the chest, they cured scantness of breathing,  
Sea-sickness, and cholic; or, rubb'd on the gums,  
Were "A blessing to Mothers," for infants in teething.

Whoever saluted the nape of his neck,  
Where the mark remain'd visible still of the knife,  
Notwithstanding east winds perspiration might check,  
Was safe from sore-throat for the rest of his life.

Thus, while each acute and each chronic complaint  
Giving way, proved an influence clearly divine,  
They perceived the dead Gentleman must be a Saint,  
So they lock'd him up, body and bones, in a shrine.

Through country and town his new Saintship's renown  
As a first-rate physician kept daily increasing,  
Till, as Alderman Curtis told Alderman Brown,  
It seem'd as if "Wonders had never *done ceasing*."

The Three Kings of Cologne began, it was known,  
A sad falling off in their offerings to find,  
His feats were so many — still the greatest of any, —  
In every sense of the word, was — behind;

For the German Police were beginning to cease  
From exertions which each day more fruitless appear'd,  
When Gengulphus himself, his fame still to increase,  
Unravell'd the whole by the help of—his beard!

If you look back you'll see the aforesaid *\_barbe gris\_*,  
When divorced from the chin of its murder'd proprietor,  
Had been stuff'd in the seat of a kind of settee,  
Or double-arm'd chair, to keep the thing quieter.

It may seem rather strange, that it did not arrange  
Itself in its place when the limbs join'd together;  
P'rhaps it could not get out, for the cushion was stout,  
And constructed of good, strong, maroon-colour'd leather.

Or, what is more likely, Gengulphus might choose,  
For Saints, e'en when dead, still retain their volition,  
It should rest there, to aid some particular views,  
Produced by his very peculiar position.

Be that as it may, on the very first day  
That the widow Gengulphus sat down on that settee,  
What occur'd almost frighten'd her senses away,  
Beside scaring her hand-maidens, Gertrude and Betty.

They were telling their mistress the wonderful deeds  
Of the new Saint, to whom all the Town said their orisons:  
And especially how, as regards invalids,  
His miraculous cures far outrivall'd Von Morison's.

"The cripples," said they, "fling their crutches away,  
And people born blind now can easily see us!" —  
But she, (we presume, a disciple of Hume,)  
Shook her head, and said angrily, "*Credat Judæus!*"

"Those rascally liars, the Monks and the Friars,  
To bring grist to their mill, these devices have hit on. —  
He works miracles! — pooh! — I'd believe it of you  
Just as soon, you great Geese, — or the Chair that I sit on!"

The Chair, — at that word — it seems really absurd,  
But the truth must be told, — what contortions and grins  
Distorted her face! — She sprang up from her place

Just as though she'd been sitting on needles and pins!

For, as if the Saint's beard the rash challenge had heard  
Which she uttered, of what was beneath her forgetful,  
Each particular hair stood on end in the chair,  
Like a porcupine's quills when the animal's fretful.

That stout maroon leather, they pierced altogether,  
Like tenter-hooks holding when clench'd from within,  
And the maids cried "Good gracious! how very tenacious!"  
— They as well might endeavour to pull off her skin! —

She shriek'd with the pain, but all efforts were vain;  
In vain did they strain every sinew and muscle, —  
The cushion stuck fast! — From that hour to her last  
She could never get rid of that comfortless "Bustle!"

And e'en as Macbeth, when devising the death  
Of his King, heard "the very stones prate of his whereabouts;"  
So this shocking bad wife heard a voice all her life  
Crying "Murder!" resound from the cushion, — or thereabouts.

With regard to the Clerk, we are left in the dark  
As to what his fate was; but I cannot imagine he  
Got off scot-free, though unnoticed it be  
Both by Ribadaneira and Jacques de Voragine:

For cut-throats, we're sure, can be never secure,  
And "History's Muse" still to prove it her pen holds,  
As you'll see, if you look in a rather scarce book,  
"*God's Revenge against Murder*," by one Mr. Reynolds.

#### MORAL

Now, you grave married Pilgrims, who wander away,  
Like Ulysses of old, [ *vide* Homer and Naso, ]  
Don't lengthen your stay to three years and a day,  
And when you *are* coming home, just write and say so!

And you, learned Clerks, who're *not* given to roam,  
Stick close to your books, nor lose sight of decorum;  
Don't visit a house when the Master's from home!  
Shun drinking, — and study the "*Vitæ Sanctorum!*"

Above all, you gay ladies, who fancy neglect  
In your spouses, allow not your patience to fail;  
But remember Gengulphus's wife! — and reflect  
On the moral enforced by her terrible tale!

Mr. Barney Maguire has laid claim to the next Saint as a country-woman; and “Why wouldn’t he?” when all the world knows the O’Dells were a fine ould, ancient family, sated in Tipperary

“Ere the Lord Mayor stole his collar of gowld,  
And sowld it away to a trader?”[13]

He is manifestly wrong; but, as he very rationally observes, “No matter for that,—she’s a Saint any way!”

#### THE LAY OF ST. ODILLE.

Odille was a maid of a dignified race;  
Her father, Count Otto, was lord of Alsace;  
Such an air, such a grace,  
Such a form, such a face,  
All agreed, ‘twere a fruitless endeavour to trace  
In the Court, or within fifty miles of the place.  
Many ladies in Strasburg were beautiful, still  
They were beat all to sticks by the lovely Odille.

But Odille was devout, and, before she was nine,  
Had “experienced a call” she consider’d divine,  
To put on the veil at St. Ermengarde’s shrine. —  
Lords, Dukes, and Electors, and Counts Palatine  
Came to seek her in marriage from both sides the Rhine;  
But vain their design,  
They are all left to pine,  
Their oglings and smiles are all useless; in fine,  
Not one of these gentlefolks, try as they will,  
Can draw “Ask my papa” from the cruel Odille.

At length one of her suitors, a certain Count Herman,  
A highly respectable man as a German,  
Who smoked like a chimney, and drank like a Merman,  
Paid his court to her father, conceiving his firman  
Would soon make her bend,  
And induce her to lend  
An ear to a love-tale in lieu of a sermon.  
He gain’d the old Count, who said, “Come, Mynheer, fill!  
Here’s luck to yourself and my daughter Odille!”

The Lady Odille was quite nervous with fear,  
When a little bird whisper’d that toast in her ear;  
She murmur’d “O, dear!  
My Papa has got queer,  
I am sadly afraid, with that nasty strong beer!  
He’s so very austere, and severe, that it’s clear,

If he gets in his ‘tantrums,’ I can’t remain here;  
But St. Ermengarde’s convent is luckily near;  
It were folly to stay  
*Pour prendre congé,*  
I shall put on my bonnet, and e’en run away!”  
— She unlock’d the back door and descended the hill,  
On whose crest stood the towers of the sire of Odille.

— When he found she’d levanted, the Count of Alsace  
At first turn’d remarkably red in the face;  
He anathematised, with much unction and grace,  
Every soul who came near, and consign’d the whole race  
Of runaway girls to a very warm place;  
With a frightful grimace  
He gave orders for chase;  
His vassals set off at a deuce of a pace,  
And of all whom they met, high or low, Jack or Jill,  
Ask’d, “Pray have you seen anything of Odille?” —

Now I think I’ve been told, — for I’m no sporting man, —  
That the “knowing-ones” call this by far the best plan,  
“Take the lead and then keep it!” — that is if you can. —  
Odille thought so too, so she set off and ran,  
Put her best leg before,  
Starting at score,  
As I said some lines since, from that little back door,  
And not being miss’d until half after four,  
Had what hunters call “law” for a good hour and more;  
Doing her best,  
Without stopping to rest,  
Like “young Lochinvar who came out of the West.”  
“Tis done! — I am gone! — o ver briar, brook, and rill!  
They’ll be sharp lads who catch me!” said young Miss Odille.

But you’ve all read in Æsop, or Phædrus, or Gay,  
How a tortoise and hare ran together one day;  
How the hare, making play, “Progress’d right slick away,”  
As “them tarnation chaps” the Americans say;  
While the tortoise, whose figure is rather *outré*  
For racing, crawl’d straight on, without let or stay,  
Having no post-horse duty or turnpikes to pay,  
Till, ere noon’s ruddy ray  
Changed to eve’s sober grey,  
Though her form and obesity caused some delay,  
Perseverance and patience brought up her lee-way,  
And she chased her fleet-footed “praycursor” until  
She o’ertook her at last; — so it fared with Odille!

For although, as I said, she ran gaily at first,

And showed no inclination to pause, if she durst;  
 She at length felt opprest with the heat, and with thirst,  
 Its usual attendant; nor was that the worst,  
 Her shoes went down at heel; at last one of them burst.  
 Now a gentleman smiles  
 At a trot of ten miles;  
 But not so the Fair; then consider the stiles,  
 And as then ladies seldom wore things with a frill  
 Round the ankle, these stiles sadly bother'd Odille.

Still, despite all the obstacles placed in her track,  
 She kept steadily on, though the terrible crack  
 In her shoe made of course her progression more slack,  
 Till she reach'd the Swartz Forest (in English the Black);  
 I cannot divine  
 How the boundary line  
 Was pass'd which is somewhere there form'd by the Rhine—  
 Perhaps she'd the knack  
 To float o'er on her back—  
 Or, perhaps, cross'd the old bridge of boats at Brisach,  
 (Which Vauban, some years after, secured from attack  
 By a bastion of stone which the Germans call "Wacke,")  
 All I know is, she took not so much as a snack,  
 Till, hungry and worn, feeling wretchedly ill,  
 On a mountain's brow sank down the weary Odille.

I said on its "brow," but I should have said "crown,"  
 For 'twas quite on the summit, bleak, barren, and brown,  
 And so high that 'twas frightful indeed to look down  
 Upon Friburg, a place of some little renown,  
 That lay at its foot; but imagine the frown  
 That contracted her brow, when full many a clown  
 She perceived coming up from that horrid post-town.  
 They had follow'd her trail,  
 And now thought without fail,  
 As little boys say, to "lay salt on her tail,"  
 While the Count, who knew no other law but his will,  
 Swore that Herman that evening should marry Odille.

Alas, for Odille! poor dear! what could she do?  
 Her father's retainers now had her in view,  
 As she found from their raising a joyous halloo;  
 While the Count, riding on at the head of his crew,  
 In their snuff-colour'd doublets and breeches of blue,  
 Was huzzaing and urging them on to pursue.—  
 What, indeed, *could* she do?  
 She very well knew  
 If they caught her how much she should have to go through;  
 But then — she'd so shocking a hole in her shoe!

And to go further on was impossible; — true,  
She might jump o'er the precipice;—still there are few  
In her place, who could manage their courage to screw  
Up to bidding the world such a sudden adieu:—  
Alack! how she envied the birds as they flew;  
No Nassau balloon, with its wicker canoe,  
Came to bear her from him she loath'd worse than a Jew;  
So she fell on her knees in a terrible stew,  
Crying "Holy St. Ermengarde!  
Oh, from these vermin guard  
Her whose last hope rests entirely on you; —  
Don't let papa catch me, dear Saint! — rather kill  
At once, *sur-le-champ*, your devoted Odille!"

It's delightful to see those who strive to oppress  
Get baulk'd when they think themselves sure of success.  
The Saint came to the rescue! — I fairly confess  
I don't see, as a Saint, how she well could do less  
Than to get such a votary out of her mess.  
Odille had scarce closed her pathetic address,  
When the rock, gaping wide as the Thames at Sheerness,  
Closed again, and secured her within its recess,  
In a natural grotto,  
Which puzzled Count Otto,  
Who could not conceive where the deuce she had got to.  
'Twas her voice! — but 'twas *Vox et præterea Nil!*  
Nor could any one guess what was gone with Odille!

Then burst from the mountain a splendour that quite  
Eclipsed, in its brilliance, the finest Bude light,  
And there stood St. Ermengarde, drest all in white,  
A palm-branch in her left hand, her beads in her right;  
While, with faces fresh gilt, and with wings burnish'd bright,  
A great many little boys' heads took their flight  
Above and around to a very great height,  
And seem'd pretty lively considering their plight,  
Since every one saw,  
With amazement and awe,  
They could never sit down, for they hadn't *de quoi*. —  
All at the sight,  
From the knave to the knight,  
Felt a very unpleasant sensation, call'd fright;  
While the Saint, looking down,  
With a terrible frown,  
Said, "My Lords, you are done most remarkably brown! —  
I am really ashamed of you both; — my nerves thrill  
At your scandalous conduct to poor, dear Odille!

"Come, make yourselves scarce! — it is useless to say,

You will gain nothing here by a longer delay.  
 'Quick! Presto! Begone!' as the conjurors say;  
 For as to the Lady, I've stow'd her away  
 In this hill, in a stratum of London blue clay;  
 And I shan't, I assure you, restore her to-day  
 Till you faithfully promise no more to say 'Nay,'  
 But declare, 'If she will be a nun, why she may.'  
 For this you've my word, and I never yet broke it,  
 So put that in your pipe, my Lord Otto, and smoke it! —  
 One hint to your vassals, — a month at 'the Mill'  
 Shall be nuts to what they'll get who worry Odille!"

The Saint disappear'd as she ended, and so  
 Did the little boys' heads, which, above and below,  
 As I told you a very few stanzas ago,  
 Had been flying about her, and jumping Jem Crow;  
 Though, without any body, or leg, foot, or toe,  
 How they managed such antics, I really don't know;  
 Be that as it may, they all "melted like snow  
 Off a dyke," as the Scotch say in sweet Edinbro'.  
 And there stood the Count,  
 With his men on the mount,  
 Just like "twenty-four jackasses all on a row."  
 What was best to be done — 'twas a sad bitter pill —  
 But gulp it he must, or else lose his Odille.

The lord of Alsace therefore alter'd his plan,  
 And said to himself, like a sensible man,  
 "I can't do as I would, — I must do as I can;  
 It will not do to lie under any Saint's ban,  
 For your hide, when you do, they all manage to tan,  
 So Count Herman must pick up some Betsy or Nan,  
 Instead of my girl, — some Sue, Polly, or Fan; —  
 If he can't get the corn he must do with the bran,  
 And make shift with the pot if he can't have the pan."  
 With such proverbs as these  
 He went down on his knees,  
 And said, "Blessed St. Ermengarde, just as you please —  
 They shall build a new convent, — I'll pay the whole bill,  
 (Taking discount,) its Abbess shall be my Odille!"

There are some of my readers, I'll venture to say,  
 Who have never seen Friburg, though some of them may,  
 And others, 'tis likely may go there some day.  
 Now, if ever you happen to travel that way,  
 I do beg and pray, 'twill your pains well repay,—  
 That you'll take what the Cockney folks calls a "po-shay,"  
 (Though in Germany these things are more like a dray,)  
 You may reach this same hill with a single relay, —

And do look how the rock,  
Through the whole of its block,  
Is split open, as though by some violent shock  
From an earthquake, or lightning, or horrid hard knock  
From the club-bearing fist of some jolly old cock  
Of a Germanised giant, Thor, Woden, or Lok:  
And see how it rears  
Its two monstrous great ears,  
For when once you're between them such each side appears;  
And list to the sound of the water one hears  
Drip, drip, from the fissures, like rain-drops or tears,  
— Odille's, I believe, — which have flowed all these years;  
— I think they account for them so; — but the rill  
I am sure is connected some way with Odille.

MORAL

Now then, for a moral, which always arrives  
At the end, like the honey bees take to their hives,  
And the more one observes it the better one thrives, —  
We have all heard it said in the course of our lives,  
“Needs must when a certain old gentleman drives;”  
’Tis the same with a lady, — if once she contrives  
To get hold of the ribands, how vainly one strives  
To escape from her lash, or to shake off her gyves!  
Then let's act like Count Otto, and while one survives,  
Succumb to *our* She-Saints — videlicet wives!

(*Aside.*)

That is if one has not a “good bunch of fives.” —  
(I can't think how that last line escaped from my quill,  
For I am sure it has nothing to do with Odille.)  
Now, young ladies, to you! — Don't put on the shrew!  
And don't be surprised if your father looks blue  
When you're pert, and won't act as he wants you to do!  
Be sure that you never elope; — there are few, —  
Believe me, you'll find what I say to be true, —  
Who run restive, but find as they bake they must brew,  
And come off at last with “a hole in their shoe;”  
Since not even Clapham, that sanctified ville,  
Can produce enough saints to save *every* Odille.

\* \* \* \* \*