



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>

Princeton University Library



32101 063579344



897

Library of



Princeton University.

Friends of the
Princeton Library

The gift of

Francis H. Payne, '91



439

93

THE
TEMPLAR.

London:
PRINTED BY J. MOYES, GREVILLE STREET.



“ Pennis fugax Pegasus.” — OVID.

“ Pegasus veloces agitat pennas, et sidere gaudet.”

GERM. CÆS.



Now, if my Pegasus should not be shod ill,
This poem will become a modern model.

Don Juan, Canto V. p. 136, stanza ii.

THE
TEMPLAR.



“ Intereà ad Templum — ibant.” — VIRGIL.

“ The solemn Temples!” — SHAKESPEARE.

LONDON :
PRINTED FOR T. AND G. UNDERWOOD,
32, FLEET STREET.

1822.

5-17-34 Friends of the Lib (Francis H. Payne '91) D. Bell. 60

To readers disliking any other preamble to poetry than a glass or two of wine, I confess a fellow-feeling;—let them and me always pass on to the text. “Boire comme un Templier,” is, indeed, a French proverb still in use. It was invented 500 years ago; and might then have served as a goodly preface, when hunting, gallantry, and the pleasures of the table, were the fashionable amusements of the Knights Templars. But “Tempora mutantur, et nos mutamur in illis.” Our modern student is remarkably abstemious; and, in order to dissi-

b

3600
8001
827
755943
ECAP)

pate the gloomy prejudices that may cloud his censorian sensorium, or incite him to the exercise of severe animadversion upon the appearance of such a publication as this, I would have him, in moderation, “make haste to taste the generous wine,” ere he unbend his sober brow over my production.

To such of my readers as are in their habits formal—I offer what will alone prove satisfactory—a regular INTRODUCTION—in the words and figures following (that is to say):

Left in my little cage (up three pair), like a lonely bird at the top of a tree, I found myself in the last long vacation with my usual stock of buoyant spirits. These, whenever I balance accounts, generally kick the beam, although my money, or a more or less weighty article, be placed in the opposite scale. Prudence

(my occasional attendant) assured me, that notwithstanding my light and airy disposition, I could not remain in town free from the intrusion of divers blue devils, unless I invented some amusement in the absence of those excellent *bons vivants* (my boon companions), who were then shooting their way through the thickest of the thickets, or traversing the beautiful scenery of the principality of Wales. Turning my thoughts "indore," as Hudibras has it, and looking into my library, Spenser presented me with this passage :

" ————— those bricky tow'rs,
 The which on Themmes brode aged backe doth ride,
 Where now the studious lawyers have their bow'rs;
 There whylome wont the Templer Knights to bide,
 Till they decay'd thro' pride."

I thought I had never been supplied with such a flock of ideas in so few words. Pursuing the

theme in the prose writers upon the same interesting subject, each page afforded something for the antiquary, and still more for the admiration of an inhabitant of this (to some persons, litigious and disagreeable resort) to me, peaceful and delightful residence. I felt a slight tingling of a dangerous complaint—the *cacoethes scribendi*! Alarmed for my character as a lawyer, I resolved manfully to resist what I knew would be considered by pundits of well-affected gravity a piece of deplorable impropriety. In vain my efforts! All things seemed to conspire to place me among “the jealous, waspish, wrong-head, rhyming race;” for, in the hope to avert the threatening mischief, I took a turn in the gardens. Alas! I had better have contented myself with the more charming prospect from

my windows! The "genus irritabile vatum" had scratched their confounded nonsense on the walls of the summer-houses. After pettishly replying to (what the reader will suppose impossible) the production of a worse poet than myself, I returned to my chamber, and wrote five stanzas of more arrant plagiarism than the world had then seen; save and except what has not yet satiated the popular rage for literary old news. It was beyond my power to recede. I gradually became worse and worse; till my progressive effusions relieved my sad complaint, and dispersed the fear of ennui. My friends returned, and I have made them promise never to expose me to a similar dilemma.

They have decided that some punishment

shall be inflicted, and nothing short of publication will satisfy them. Perhaps an enemy would not have been so severe in his judgment. If, however, these stanzas, written in moments of relaxation, shall lighten the weight of a tedious hour,—or if the perusal, like the composition of them, shall in some measure afford amusement in the absence of a friend,—I shall be more gratified than to be lauded for harrowing up the soul by descriptions at once horrible and unnatural,—descriptions which, by their frequency and their extravagance, steel the mind against the *real* miseries of our fellow-creatures, and tend but little to alleviate our own. The remainder of the preface will be found in the Notes, after the manner and form of the nineteenth century. I have,

therefore, only to add here, with Junius, to my reader, “ *stat nominis umbra* ;” and, with the aforesaid Spenser, to my book :

“ Goe, little booke, thyself present,
As child whose parent is unkent ;
And when thou art past jeopardie,
Come tell mee what was said of mee.”

THE TEMPLAR.

CANTO I.

B

THE TEMPLAR.

CANTO I.

I.

WHAT poet would it not rejoice, to find

A Deity to invoke, whose constant statue

Would ever be presented to his mind!

Mixing itself with all his verse, so pat, you

Must think indeed a poet would be blind; —

At any rate you'd say he was infatu-
-ated, — if he did not, in a minute,

Transfuse the hint into his verse, and thus, like me,
begin it.

II.

Bold Pegasus! what horse was ever bolder? ⁽¹⁾

No horse at Tattersall's is like to thee;

Stuck (to the astonishment of each beholder)

Hic et ubique, on our walls, we see;

In iron and stone, thy several winged shoulder

Is represented, in the act to flee,

As erst, when mounted by Bellerophon,

Who slew three mighty animals in one.

III.

Thy gazers then, with something, not like mirth,

Saw thee, with great Bellerophon, take flight

Upwards, without a saddle, bridle, girth,

Till thou and he were fairly out of sight;

When the rash rebel was struck blind to earth

By Jupiter. I think, by Jove, I'm right:

Though others say, that thy rough-rider sank

Because a fly had stung thee on the flank.

IV.

Howbeit, thyself (favour'd 'midst seraphim)

Pursuedst thy course to happier dominions ;
And now thou daily through the air dost skim,
With fair Aurora seated 'tween thy pinions ;
Who dissipates thick darkness, dull and dim,
And, according to the very best opinions,
She, borne by thee, each morn, with rosy hands,
And scattering pearly dew, the gates of light
expands.

V.

Yes, — thou art plac'd in every direction

Around our Inn ; — for when we look about,
We must needs see thee ; — and I've no objection
To tell the reason, when I find it out ;
For I will make a curious inspection

In a street near St. Paul's — where I've no doubt
Some one will always trace the pedigree,
And arms, of those applying with a fee.

VI.

Inspire me, if thou canst, thou wondrous nag,
To write, in stanzas somewhat like old Spenser ;
But not so grave and solemn let me lag ;
And oh ! protect me from Lord Byron's censure,
Lest he should strip my Muse of every rag,
And leave her to each critical dispenser,
Beneath abuse, — because so unassuming
And poor, as not to merit their acumen.

VII.

But for my verse, let it be systematical,
Although I fear no dagger made of lath ;
'Tis true, I have not hands aristocratical ; (2)
Yet I'll not wed a milliner of Bath ; (3)
Such qualities to me seem problematical,
I do not know what either of them hath
To do with the formation of a poet ;
But when I travel, I will try to know it.

VIII.

Now, if ye will, ye critics, without number,
Or rather, in the Numbers of your works,
Tell all the world my writings are mere lumber,
And treat me less like Christians, than like Turks ;
Your noise — not silence — shall promote my
slumber :—

The world now knows the strain of all your quirks
Since the rattling tune on the Edin organ
That has recently been play'd by Lady Morgan.

IX.

Yet still — if you can for me say a word,
In kindness do it, for a young beginner ;
Consider, I'm not, like some poets, stor'd
With riches — tho' I may not want a dinner ;
Then do not hack me with your two-edg'd sword
So keen — for true it is, as I'm a sinner,
If you do so, — why I may come off best, if
I make my fiery Pegasus run restive.

X.

I'd write what you like best — (except a sonnet,
 Or any thing in rhyme, solemn and prosey ;)
 I prefer cheerful verse : — I dote upon it :
 Especially if 'tis a little cosey ;
 A poet grave, to me, is like a monit-
 -or, and makes me very, very dozey ; —
 I'll not say whom I dislike : — but I'm sure
 I like what's brisk, in Byron, Colman, Moore,

XI.

Butler, and Wolcott, when they do not shock
 The modest Muse — nor throw dirt at their kings ;
 Campbell, and Rogers, should be in my stock ;
 With select beauties from the choicest things
 Of many more. I'd not have the whole flock
 Of bards, and all the lays each minstrel sings,
 Unless, indeed, as ornamental dummies.
 A tinsell'd show ! — that scarcely worth a crum is.

XII.

I fear, much more than critics, all the tribe
Of practical barristers, and sharp attorneys,
Who wage a wordy warfare for a bribe,
And talk so fast, I'm sure no pen of Gurney's
Could keep their pace : — and yet they'd not imbibe
A word of mine : — their eyeing me so stern is,
I chat to few of them, unless of fees,
Or the best wine, after our bread and cheese.

XIII.

My own profession are a curious set : —
The plodding men I mean ; — they do not like
Working for nought — and therefore they affect (4)
Disgust at verse. Thus have I seen a pike
Sly, in the dark deeps, sullenly reject
The bait when proffer'd — on a sudden strike
Upon it, if the glutton deem'd the prey
Might yield him gain. So lawyers for their pay.

XIV.

I would not have a harsh expression hurl'd
At any body — corp'rate — sole — politic ;
But when a truth by Honesty's unfurl'd,
'Tis pleasant to reveal what's hypocritic : —
There's, then, a deal of nonsense in the world,
And quackery in Law, as well as Physic ;
“ A seeming-wise,” as once 'twas said by Bacon,
Which often for real wisdom is mistaken.

XV.

To wit: I know that many men would go —
(But they are lawyers, partial to their fees),
I say, they'd rather go to Jericho
Than be found guilty of such lines as these ;
But then these men are sombre : you must know,
And do not do as I do — what I please. —
These men are monstrous grave — and make a query
Whether a lawyer can be wise, if merry.

XVI.

Now what is this but trumpery and stuff?

Oh! I could quote them cases by and by,
Till each should cry, "well! this is quantum suff. :—

"Ohe! jam satis—satisfied am I :"—

Cases that would,—however grave and gruff

My adversaries, or however sly :—

Cases, that would by all be deemed in point,
And put their learned noses out of joint.

XVII.

In this, I will not please them to th' extent

I can ;— for which I will not give my reason ;

But Coke advises how our time be spent,

So that we should not be for ever teasing

Ourselves with Law :—and as to that—he meant

Six hours a day's enough, in every season ; ⁽⁵⁾

And six for sleep :—and four for pray'r and
fasting :—

And two for feasts :—Best precept of long lasting !

XVIII.

So six are left to have a bit of fun in ;
 'Tis Coke's advice, it plainly to be seen is,
 That we should daily sink our legal cunning,
 And "*ultrò sacris largire camænis.*"
 I've many other cases—but this one in
 My opinion's right, in class, and genus ;
 If you must have some other case beside,
 I know no better than the "**PLEADER'S GUIDE.**"⁽⁶⁾

XIX.

The **PLEADER'S GUIDE** delights me, for 'tis funny,
 And makes me laugh. What boots it to be dull?
 For lack of joy is worse than lack of money,
 And I of laughter like to have my full ;
 If we chose gloomy days, instead of sunny,
 Surely it would be quite unnatural. —
 To laugh belongs but to the human race ;
 Hail then, contentment — and a smiling face !

XX.

But, be it known, I choose not grin hyenic,
Nor dote I much upon a smile that's ghastly ;
I like not aught hyenic, or obscenic ;
But lovely beauty's smile :— I love that vastly.
There's not a worldly scene, however scenic,
That I prefer to what I mention'd lastly ;
It cheers my heart, which in my bosom dances,
Beating quick time to all my amorous fancies.

XXI.

But, oh !— The Pleader's Guide !— Had I the vein
Of Hudibrastic Butler, I'd indite
Till of my thread of verse I'd spun the skein
In eight feet lines, in which I much delight ;
But Byron chooses the Spenserian strain,
And who'd not wish like noblemen to write ?
Since all the world, you know, are now admiring
The literary issue of Lord Byron.

XXII.

“ How musical” his Lordship sings his say!
“ How melancholy” too, as nightingale!
How great, and noble, the baronial way
Which makes his poetry command a sale!
Yet horrible and dreadful is his lay;
So shocking, though ridiculous, his tale,
That oft I’ve queried—whether it were fitter
To whimper— at his Lordship’s lines, — or — titter.

XXIII.

I’m now alluding to Don Juan’s metre,
Or Beppo’s—which you will—I care not which:—
Perhaps Childe Harold may strike you as greater;
But Juan is the one on which I pitch;
Than parts of him, sure nothing can be neater;
But all such verse is made as women stitch:—
No doubt it is, with just as much facility,
By men with less than Byron’s fam’d ability.

XXIV.

But as to the Don Juan of Lord Byron —

'Tis nothing like the Don of Madame Vestris.⁽⁷⁾

Ye Gods! the voice of that bewitching siren —

Her eyes, “ that speak the soul ” — have crown'd
my distress,

That I could merely sit aloof admiring —

Wishing she was my master, or my mistress,
Just as the sweet enchanting creature chose
To dress in gentleman's or lady's clothes.

XXV.

I've wish'd myself her servant Leporello : —

(Of whom we find his Lordship makes no mention)

'Tis play'd by Harley — a dev'lish clever fellow —

For as to that I believe there's no dissension.

I like him, when with Snip and Co. he's mellow ;

But be assur'd it is not my intention

To tell you all about it : — No' — I could not

Do that which Elliston would say I should not.

XXVI.

Indeed I've seen it many and many a time ; —
Not less than five and thirty times, I'm sure ;
It caught me, as a bird is caught by lime ;
'Tis one of the few things that is my lure.
To lose a word, or air, would be a crime
I'd not forgive : — and I could ne'er endure
To miss of the dear Don, a single note, a
Strain — a step — a look — or an iota.

XXVII.

And then, there's Mrs. Bland's " kind, constant"
note : —
Povey, or Cubitt — warbling, and running
To Don : — and stretching each her little throat,
To make his cruel duns forget their dunning.
Indeed the piece is altogether wrote
So well — I envy much the writer's cunning
Who brought Giovanni back to our metropolis
From Pluto's court, to please an English populace.

XXVIII.

But great Lord Byron is a marv'llous genius,
And cares as much for us, as we for him ;
Still 'tis admitted to be very heinous
To tear a man by piece-meal, limb by limb —
As he tears Coleridge — Bowles :— he full of spleen is
And “ mocks,” who can such harmless poets
trim :⁽⁸⁾

But 'tis quite inexcusable in Lords
Out of this country, and the reach of words.

XXIX.

And, peradventure, it is more absurd
Than noble, to abuse Wordsworth and Southey ;
If Southey and Wordsworth are not worth a word,
Is't “ fair and thoroughbred ” to be so mouthy ?⁽⁹⁾
I think that many subjects, by the Lord
Byron, are such, that when first read, or now, they
(After considerable seeing and inquiring)
Can never equal lovely Vestris — firing.

XXX.

We must allow, his Lordship is provoking,
 When he begins his stories all so queer ;
 He has indeed a jocular way of joking,
 That makes some people laugh from ear to ear ;
 But when he keeps us for the sequel poking,
 He puts us sometimes terribly in fear
 He will not tell us what he said he would ;
 I'd give you an example, if I could.

XXXI.

Thus

“ 'Twas said by Buonaparte — and I believe it —
 But hold! — some people call him Buonaparté.
 'Twas said : — I give it out, as I receive it
 From Edinburgh Reviews ; — as to the part, I
 've quite forgot ; — and therefore I must leave it : —
 'Twas said, or sung : — no matter which — 'twas
 hearty —
 And Boney was a great — tho' little spark —
 And serv'd to illustrate his own remark.

XXXII.

“ I haven’t told you what he said or sung ;
His own exploits the fond idea bred :—
The thought which found expression from his tongue,
His wav’ring fortune popp’d into his head :—
Whilst on his lips the brilliant sentence hung,
He thought on other things than what he said, —
But now I really cannot tell you more ;
You’ll find it in a note to Canto IV.

XXXIII.

“ But stay ! — I do not know about the note —
I may as well go on, now I’ve begun —
Besides, I have not the fourth Canto wrote —
And as to notes — I haven’t written one.
Well then — the very words I’ll forthwith quote,
Or you’ll suppose that I am making fun :—
‘ Tis but one step ’ (for now I’ve hit the rhyme)
‘ From things ridiculous, to things sublime.’

XXXIV.

“ This Boney said, and many a time did hum,
When he was gravely bent on Russia's ruin : —
Tattooing with his fingers did he drum,
To show how easy 'twas what he was doing;
It seem'd as if he didn't care a crum
For all the dreadful mischief he was brewing.”
So Byron, — and we poets of the day, —
Can smirk at serious subjects, and be gay.

XXXV.

Now, as I find these stanzas very easy,
Suiting the tragical, or the comical;
I'm not fastidious, squeamish, sick, or queasy,
Lest any of you readers prove ironical.
I've two designs : — to please myself — and please
ye;
And for myverse — don't christen it “ B ” ironical —
Not that I fear my works could raise a clatter.
Like greater bards' — that's quite another matter.

XXXVI.

Yet, hold!—The Pleader's Guide!— I must go back,
 (Lest you should tell me that I don't go on)
Was read, and grinn'd at, by each lawyer's hack-
 -nied clerk, and each attorney, and his son ;
Clerks articled, and barristers, would crack
 Their sides with laughter : — judges fond of pun
Like Norbury, were pleas'd. Oh ! that the Templar
Was of the Pleader's Guide, a rich Exemplar.

XXXVII.

When men do choose an independent life,
 Resolv'd with legal lore to sate the mind,
Free from the inquisitions of a wife,
 Or if to gaiety they're more inclin'd,
Chambers are suitable, and free from strife,
 And are not always to the law confin'd ;
Save and except in our old Inn of Court,
Where jurisprudence is our only sport.

XXXVIII.

This being so : — it does behove me, first
To assure the student, that the student, he
Should be a member here, — if he do thirst
For law, whilst all his chastity will be
Secure from harm ; — altho' he almost burst
With thoughts illegal, — or would give a free
License to passionate licentious hope,
With which his struggling virtues have to cope.

XXXIX.

The generous youth will now demand to know
A separate answer to each separate question ;
And I, so happy, with delight will show
My readiness to meet each shrewd suggestion
That he may make. — I'll instantly bestow
Whate'er I can : — But, for his mind's digestion,
Here will I pause — a little breath to fetch, —
When Canto II. shall trace a faithful sketch —

XL.

Sketch of our Inn — its qualities, and beauty : —

Antiquity — its old and modern motions : —

Because I do consider it a duty

That I, as guide, should give my reader notions
About these things. Besides, 'twill save us oceans

Of botheration, hardly worth a shoe-tie :

And to cut short this Canto, *alias* Proem,

I now proceed, like Virgil — with my Poem.

END OF CANTO I.

NOTES TO CANTO I.

Note 1, page 4, stanza ii.

Bold Pegasus.

It may be unnecessary to remind my London reader, that Pegasus is well known to be the crest, ensign, or standard of our Inn. The heraldic manuscript observes, that "before the order of Knights Templars assumed to themselves arms of the coat armour, they did embrace, as to them appropriate, this ensign, an horse galloping, whereon two men did sit. The Society of the Inner Temple, or House of Court, have lately assumed to themselves Pegasus; whereof I relate no more, for that the same is vulgarly known to all."

He has been variously defined, at various times. The fables of the heathen deities furnish ample details of his extraordinary qualities and exploits. The Chimæra, having the heads of a lion, a goat, and a dragon, was killed as stated in the second stanza, if we believe the stories of the ancients, to which I refer the curious lawyer who may require authorities.

Note 2, page 6, stanza vii.

'Tis true, I have not hands aristocratical.

In Lord Byron's Don Juan, Canto V. p. 188, there is this

line, "Tho' on more *thorough-bred* or fairer fingers;" and a reference to this note, "There is perhaps nothing more distinctive of birth than the hand: it is almost the only sign of blood which aristocracy can generate." Another Lord, (Orford) was more of a Lavater; and could distinguish the noble *look*, without proceeding to extremities.

Note 3, page 6, stanza vii.

Yet I'll not wed a milliner of Bath.

See Canto III., stanza xciii. of Don Juan, to which the quotation in the title-page of that amusing poem does not seem to apply.

Note 4, p. 9, stanza xiii.

————— *they affect*
Disgust at verse.

In a legal company I once heard it moved, discussed, and determined, that a certain brother *in law*, a popular poet, who had written successfully, must therefore be incompetent to earn six-and-eight-pence in a business-like manner. Having myself, once upon a time, committed a secret act of poesy, I felt an inward satisfaction at my obscurity, and ventured to ask, with a commiserating shrug, if the publisher had been liberal to the poorlawyer? "Very!" was the immediate reply from all sides. The sum was mentioned, with not so much ecstasy, as I felt when I heard it; "Oh! it came o'er my ear like the sweet south." I thought how happy must the poet be, who pleases himself, amuses others, and takes a whacking sum into the bargain! How much better is this, than to sour his own temper, to please

nobody, and to take next to nothing for his pains, which he must too frequently do as a mere lawyer. The doctrine that the study of the law cannot be permitted to be relieved by any other study, has, with some persons, obtained the force of a penal act of parliament. Many matters in the law require no very commanding powers of intellect; and industry and assiduity, tempered by method, may leave "time for all things." There are some facts illustrative of these remarks. In relating them, I begin by getting rid of Lord Coke, who was of a malignant and spiteful disposition, particularly towards his magnanimous contemporary, Lord Bacon, whose vast intellectual powers made him a fit object for the hatred of a man like Coke; who, when he received from Bacon, as a present, the celebrated Treatise "De Instauratione Scientiarum," wrote on a blank leaf (malevolently enough),

"Instaurare paras veterum documenta sopherum,

"Instaura leges justitiamque prius :"

implying that the law would be more profitable to the author than philosophy. But "Lex est tutissima cassis," was the motto of Lord Coke, who "foredesigned to misery and poverty chymists and rythming poets." Littleton, however, was fond of citing, and (doubtless) of reading the poets; for in reference to his last line "Lex plus laudatur quando ratione probatur," Lord Coke saith "this is the fourth time that our author hath cited verses." Now Lord Coke kept a pretty accurate account of every " &c." that his author used, implying thereby, that more was meant than met the eye. Finch says, that "the sparks of all the sciences in the world are raked up in the ashes of the law." Grotius was a very good poet in Greek and Latin. He was, besides, a profound

lawyer, and an excellent historian, and had read all the good books that had ever been published. The great Lord Somers was also a poet. Blackstone was an admirable poet, and obtained Mr. Benson's gold prize medal for some verses on Milton. Blackstone quoted from Horace "Nec luisse pudet, sed non incidere ludum," which he placed as a motto to his beautiful collection of juvenile poems. His "Lawyer's Farewell to his Muse," in Dodsley's collection, is esteemed for its taste, its elegance of sense and of language, and its harmony of versification. Lord Halifax, late in life, took up the study of polite literature. Lord Chancellor Yorke (his son) always called himself a fugitive from the Muses, and amidst his vast variety of occupations, still found time to converse with them. The Chancellor D'Aguesseau used to say "le changement d'étude est toujours un délassement pour moi."

Mr. Seward, in his Anecdotes, from whence some of these facts are extracted (alluding to the illiberal doctrine that ought to be totally exploded), presents us with the following sensible observations. "There is a notion entertained by many, that the study of the polite arts is incompatible with a profound knowledge of the law; not recollecting, that the human mind necessarily requires some recreation, and that a change of study is the greatest and most natural of all relaxations, to a mind engaged in professional pursuits. Besides, the *commune vinculum* between all branches of learning, preserves the habits of application, of thinking, and of judging; which are lost in the modes of dissipation usually resorted to for relaxation."

I cannot forbear inserting the following passage from the life of Mr. Curran, by another hand. "Of all the opinions which have

obtained a general currency, *without being either founded in truth, or sanctioned by experience*, there are none perhaps which have been so widely circulated, as those by which we are taught to believe, that the study of law is adverse to the operations of genius, and that a lively imagination cannot be fettered to professional pursuits; that to be learned, a man must be dull; and that wit cannot be possessed but to the exclusion of industry. There are many examples which might be adduced from antiquity, or exhibited in modern times, to prove the futility of this dangerous conceit."

Lord Ellenborough (at the bar) had not forgotten his Virgil; when, after a very violent speech, containing personalities which he felt compelled to notice, his lordship opened his reply with

"Dicta ferox non me tua fervida terrent,

"Dii me terrent, et Jupiter Hostis."

And, as Mr. Seward justly observes, "Each of these great men might have said with Cicero—*Quis tandem me reprehendat, aut quis mihi jure succenseat, si quantum cæteri, ad suas res obeundas, quantum ad festos dies ludorum celebrandos, quantum ad alias voluptates, et ad ipsam requiem animi et corporis conceditur temporis; quantum alii tribuunt tempestivis conviviis, quantum denique aleæ, quantum pilæ, tantum mihi egomet, ad hæc studia recollenda sumpsero.*"

Note 5, p. 11, stanza xvii.

Six hours a day's enough in every season.

And so says Sir Matthew Hale. But see in Co. Litt. 64. b. some excellent moral advice to lawyers. Under the title "Homage," his lordship has "Nunquam prosperè succedunt

res humanæ, ubi negliguntur divinæ;" adding, "Wherein I would have our student follow the advice given in these ancient verses for the good spending of the day :

" Sex horas somno, totidem des legibus æquis,

" Quatuor orabis, des epulisque duas,

" Quod superest, ultrò sacris largire camœnis."

Note 6, p. 12, stanza xviii.

" *The Pleader's Guide.*"

An ingenious publication, affording amusement and information of no ordinary kind.

Note 7, p. 15, stanza xxiv.

'Tis nothing like the *Don of Madame Vestris.*

Maugre the opinion that I have lately seen expressed in print, that Mr. Moncrieff (the supposed author of *Giovanni* in London) committed a sin in producing this piece, for which a political writer of the present day cannot forgive him; and notwithstanding the same writer is equally angry with the fascinating *Vestris*, for making it so popular; I confess that my morality has not felt any cause of alarm from the performance, or the performers. The humorous incidents with which *Giovanni* abounds, succeed each other so rapidly, that I never had time to be angry with any thing, but with the occasional absence of the elegant and genuine *Don*, the bustling *Harley*, either of the inimitable group of 'three jolly widowers,' (especially the hen-pecked *Taylor*), *Mrs. Bland*, *Miss Povey*, or the original brace of exquisite specimens of dandyism, killed by a single shot. The musical parodies would make me satisfied with even an inferior list of

dramatis personæ; and to enjoy the representation as I do, it must be seen very frequently; of which the manager seems fully aware.

Note 8, page 17, stanza xxviii.

“ *Mocks*”

Is a word used by Shakspeare in *Love's Labour's lost*:—

“ Oft have I heard of you, my Lord Biron,
Before I saw you; and the world's large tongue
Proclaims you for a man replete with mocks,
Full of comparisons and wounding flouts,
Which you on all estates will execute,
That lie within the mercy of your wit.”

Note 9, page 17, stanza xxix.

See Note 2, *ante*.

THE TEMPLAR.

CANTO II.

D

THE TEMPLAR.

CANTO II.

I. (1)

ARMS, and the valiant men, who, forc'd by fate,

And superstition, and one Hugh Paganus,

Geoffrey Saint Audomare, and seven or eight

Others, to quite renounce whatever vain is,

And to religious service consecrate

Themselves, — I sing; (as well we know the
saying is).

Hail, Templar Knights! Jerusalem Crusaders!

Ye pilgrims' friends, who bang'd their rash invaders.

II.

Ye who, to keep your chastity from rusting,
Swore that "you never to your wills would yield;"
Ye disciplin'd disciples of Augustine,
Who built your creed upon the sword and shield;
On alms subsisting, and your bodies trusting
Two on one horse, you rush'd into the field,
A vagrant crew — without a habitation, —
A name, or fame, or fortune, rank, or station.

III.

But, like an enterprising race, ye grew,
By gallant actions, and by your devotion,
So very popular, that very few
Great men there were, who did not make a motion
To join your order; for 'tis said they knew,
Or what's near tantamount, — they had a notion
The Red-cross knights had weight, and pow'r, and
riches,
Though they commenc'd with scarce a pair of breeches.

IV.

But pride, whene'er with indigence he's born,
Each good in life he almost sure to mar is ;
And all ye knights, of pride were not forlorn,
If I may pin my faith on Matthew Paris ;
Of stately grandeur you by pride were shorn,
Or truth in Chronicles I'm sure there ne'er is : —
Upset, and tumbled down by your own doing ;
For what had prov'd your pride produc'd your ruin.

V.

Despis'd, neglected, and, at length, suppress'd,
The only vestige of you that appears
Is yon fair church, by buildings sore oppress'd ; (2)
There has she stood for full six hundred years,
A model of that sepulchre confess'd,
Where zealous pilgrims dropp'd fanatic tears.
The tombs of cross-legg'd knights, guarding their
dust,
Are mingled here with monument and bust ;

VI.

And tombs of modern date! — The wise and sage
With Ross and Pembroke, and with Essex, sleep!
Men famous in their day! — but past 's the age;
And those who wept for them have ceas'd to weep!
They too are number'd in the silent page
Of death, whilst o'er their frames the cold worms
 creep!
Here Selden, Barrington, and Plowden lie;
Born to instruct the world; — but born to die!

VII.

Yet this is melancholy — ill according
With my intention to produce a smile.
It ever is my aim to be affording
A pleasantry that shall old Time beguile:
I love not miserable, lengthy wording,
And spinning out our sorrows by the mile.
So let us leave our churches to churchwardens,
And take a walk into the Temple gardens.

VIII.

The Temple gardens are a pretty spot, ⁽³⁾
And many a time I've pac'd them o'er and o'er,
Thanking kind fortune that it was my lot
To dwell so near a place that I adore;
For I some chambers luckily have got,
Whence when I look, I'm charmed more and
more :—

Sky-parlour is my happy lodging christen'd,
Where to the City's distant din I've listen'd :—

IX.

And listen'd to the dusky sparrows near me, ⁽⁴⁾
Whose chirping notes amid the trees that bend
With age, before my windows, more endear me
To mine own attic, where much time I spend.
So rural 'tis,—town pleasures scarce can tear me
Away from what I'm sure I cannot mend :—
Besides — a garret suits a poet best,
Who recks not how he eats, or how he's drest.

X.

Here, with my morning tea, I sip the news
Which Master Perry sends me every day ;
And learn that many Perry-Whigs ⁽⁵⁾ abuse
The Ministry, for travelling in the way
That they themselves would tread, ere they'd refuse
A pension, sinecure, or place of pay ;
And then I smile, and bear my friends' attacks
In politics, and throw them on their backs.

XI.

Unknown, unheeded by the gnats below,
Free as the air, I scan the moving throng ;
Whether, like Indians, in canoes they row,
Or on the bridge in jarvies jog along ;
Or jostling those of whom they do not know
If prince or peasant ; — caring not a song,
So that themselves accomplish their own job,
“ By hook or crook ” — of bustling through the mob.

XII.

The intermediate view that I have got

Is more distinct, and lies along the shore,
With walks, and shrubs, and painted seats, and
grot :—

The gardens that I told you of before ;
Where nursery maids, and children, and what not—
(For none but members should get in before)
From six to nine, in summer eves, are seen
Sporting their figures on our garden green.

XIII.

Here shopman, shopboy, hackney clerk, and scribe,

With milliners and mantua-makers meet ;
Maids who ne'er " soil'd their fingers with a bribe," (6)
And naughty women who do walk the street ;
Circumcis'd masculines of Levi's tribe,

With feminines, whose circumambulating feet
Trample the verdant grass, and tread it down,
Rend'ring it like themselves,—a dingy brown. (7)

XIV.

Members may be admitted with a friend,
 Extra the open hours of the *οι πολλοι* —
 And members' wives their hopeful infants send
 To tumble on the grass, with virgin Polly.
 To joys like these, she'll freely condescend ;
 For pleasures infantile make nursemaids jolly.
 This may be prov'd! — and in our law it wrote is —
Id certum est quod certum reddi potest.

XV.

Here idlers waste the day, and here is seen
 The briefless youth, well read, though young in
 age ;
 Contemplating his fate with cheerless mien,
 And venting to the winds his windy rage ;
 And here the pedant sily strolls the green,
 With book expos'd—perusing not a page—
 Esteeming his spectators fools—or prudent—
 Just as they seem to think of him as student.

XVI.

But what are these to ancient Father Themys,
Who skirts with glassy face our gravell'd ways;
Where I've oft ponder'd that he still the same is —
The public admiration, and the praise
He was in former ages; for his fame is
Older than aught he serves in these our days.
He for whole centuries from year to year
Hath flow'd as now: — and kept his grand career.

XVII.

Yes, Father Thames, thou art a beauteous sight!
Bus'ness and pleasure o'er thy bosom glide;
Thy hues, depending on the varied light
Of Heav'n, are chang'd more frequent than thy
tide —
Now bright, now dark, now azure blue, now white,
Now black, now lovely brown, now every tint beside.
But most I'm charm'd to view thee, late, and soon,
Or with the rising sun, or with the midnight moon: —

XVIII.

For then the storms thy calmness that molest,
The troublous crafts that shock thy silent deep
Are all appeas'd, and tranquil is thy rest ;
For then the greedy merchant is asleep.
No tempests, like the tempests in man's breast,
Ambition — avarice — which thither creep,
And nestle there, disturb in such degrees
Thy quiet slumbers — and prevent thine ease.

XIX.

Oft on thy pebbled Terrace, to my view
The splendid monument before me's laid —
Memento of the day of Waterloo —
The day on which a vanquish'd hero fled :
Heroes like him, I think, are very few ;
But, hero as he was, that hero's dead : —
Terror of sovereigns and of great commanders !
For Buonapartes are rare as Alexanders.

XX.

That Bridge — oh! 'tis so grandly, nobly plac'd
Across thy bosom, Father Thames, that thou
Who now art by its lovely self embrac'd,
Would'st look without it — I will not say how :—
Couch'd on thy bed, and spanning thy full waist,
Long may it rest, as hitherto and now,
Rest as first rais'd — when clamorous war did cease,
And Europe was with Europe's-self at peace.

XXI.

Then Wellington laid down his puissant sword,
And neighbouring nations felt nor fears nor dreads;
And peace and plenty seem'd but as one word,
And thousands once more slept in their own beds;
Thousands who'd not for years within them snor'd,
Thousands who'd little left except their heads;
Thousands came home—to children—friends—
and wives—
Glad—though they'd lost all else—they'd sav'd
their lives.

XXII.

Such thoughts as these come *nolens volens* in
The heads of poets, making them unfit
For story; — Well! I'll not much longer lin-
ger on the banks of Thames, though loth to quit
London, Blackfriars, Southwark, and Westmin-
ster bridges; which all furnish for a wit
Greater than mine, sweet reveries arising
From sights like these — delightful and surprising.

XXIII.

And, now that to my chamber I have crope,
I just discern the distant Surrey hills;
And, but for fuming factories of sope,
Which sometimes I have wish'd at the Brazils —
I'm sure if I'd a Dollond telescope,
(A large one!) though I could n't see the rills
That murmur and meander in the dells,
I could plainly hear the Surrey parish bells.

XXIV.

But I did say, I'd tell you ancient news

About our worn-out customs, and all that:—

And where is there a poet who'll refuse

To tell a story that may come in, pat

To his purpose?— and if the reader choose,

Poets will write enough — but *verbum sat* :

And I shall presently begin to think

That you will fancy that I waste my ink.

XXV.

Some curious circumstances are recorded,

Descriptive of the times when they took place:—

I've found my industry has been rewarded,

By hunting down each old forgotten case;

Albeit some of them are so oddly worded,

They do not with our modern style keep pace;

I'll give you one or two, by way of sample,

And one or two is liberal, and ample.

XXVI.

Once on a time, King Edward went his rounds, ⁽⁸⁾
Obtaining money. — *Quare clausum fregit*,
And *vi et armis* came upon our grounds,
Sine extendi facias, or *elegit* ;
And robb'd our treasurer of a thousand pounds,
Without a *jus in re* : — and *nihil debet*
The treasurer might have pleaded, o'er and o'er,
To an action brought upon the same score.

XXVII.

Again : — you'd think our lawyers funny devils, ⁽⁹⁾
Had you but seen them when they used to dance,
Smoke and drink healths — commit all kinds of evils,
Knocking and bawling out for games of chance —
And pantomimically acting revels,
At certain seasons when they used to prance —
Judges and benchers jigging round our hall —
Serjeants and barristers, both great and small.

XXVIII.

But, what's most extraordinary, no ladies
Were there — which I call greatest of all faults ;
Nor do I find that any where it said is,
If French cotillon, minuet, or waltz,
Was danc'd : but certainly a grave parade is
More suited to a man who often halts,
Like lawyer now, with gout in his ten toes,
Who growling swears at every step he goes.

XXIX.

But to resume. The master of the rout,
Whom we now term the M. C. at a ball —
After the dinner and the play were out,
Made on some junior counsellor a call
To sing a song ; — and if he would not shout,
Under amerciament he 'd straightway fall.
This custom doubtless drew forth many a “ Damn it ! ”
From pettish students who'd not learnt the gamut.

XXX.

But he who had, by nature or by art,
 Music's melodious notes on the tongue's tip,
 And who in a duet could take a part,
 Or send sweet solos quivering from the lip,
 Rejoic'd to hear the M. C. call athwart
 The hall, to Mr. Such-a-one, to tip
 The benchers with a ditty, such as this —
 Which, if ne'er sung, it might have been, I wis:—

Song.

Air " *Pease upon a Trencher.* "

[A chorus is introduced (to each verse) of *Rum ti, &c.* in which all the company should join, beating the tune at, and to, the same time on the table with their knuckles. This favourite old air is graced with the words of Mr. Thomas Moore, in his Irish melodies, where the music may be seen.]

1.

The tyme I've loste in rueinge
 The lawe — whilst it pursueinge
 From daye to daye,
 With meagre paye —
 Hath been my purse's ruin.

Though vice, the wretch ! hath soughte mee,
And thus hath often taughte mee —

“ Reade woman’s lookes ! ” —

I read my bookes

Till poore enough they’ve brought mee.

CHORUS.

Sing rum ti diddle dum di,

Sing rum ti diddle dum di,

Sing rum ti dum,

Sing rum ti di,

Sing rum ti diddle dum di.

2.

When firste a fee was granted

To me — I felte enchanted —

Gazed at the sighte

With greate delighte —

For gladnesse how I panted !

’Twould make one whyne and dryvill

When attornies cheate the dyvill,

Chouse us of fees —
Our bread and cheese!
O! 'tis cruelly uncyvill!

Sing rum ti, &c.

3.

But some of them are wyllinge
To bylke us of each shyllinge. ⁽¹⁰⁾
They should be kick'd,
And soundly lick'd,
By lawyers learn'd in milling.
Now longe life to oure sov'raigne!
And since wee've all beene hov'ringe
And jigginge aboute,
Pray don't you goe oute
Till you've wrapte yourselves up in warme
cov'ringe.

Sing rum ti, &c.

XXXI.

One story more I here must interlace,
To close the whole (though passing strange, 'tis true).
A fox and cat were started for the chase,
And hunted round the hall with wild halloo!
(But this I think 's a Middle Temple case)
The cases like it in the books are few!
Methinks I see you shake your head — but zounds!
I quite forgot the ten couple of hounds. ⁽¹¹⁾

XXXII.

But, howsoe'er 'twas then, lawyers now lead,
In murky, solitary chambers pent,
A slavish life — and much they write and read —
And the dull, tedious hours, are lonely spent —
Ere they can taste the sweets of being fee'd,
Or earn sufficient to discharge their rent.
They play their parts in works of cogitation,
To the same tune, with little variation.

XXXIII.

The London merry cries we never hear —

No screeching milk-maid—and no “Dustbelow”—

Flow'r-girls, and gard'ners, dare not to appear —

Nor little sweep—nor humorous punch's show.—

No human voice with us can interfere —

Save that of men, who won't confess they know
That they're unwelcome guests, who discompose
Our nerves, by repetition of “Old clothes.”

XXXIV.

For study much conduces to destroy

The various functions of the nervous system ;

And little minds may oft great minds annoy

Until the latter to the deuce have wish'd 'em.

Such interrupters are a great alloy

In studies ; — and they never can assist 'em.

But Jews are useful animals, to those men

Who “raise the wind” by bartering with old clothes-
men.

XXXV.

The Jews — a wand'ring host! — who will confine?

Who's he that would an Israelite restrain?

No regulations, human or divine;

Can circumvent their feverish lust of gain: —

But I excuse the tribe eight times in nine:

I can't in Christian charity complain,

When they, in every week, can play their tricks

In five short days and nights, whilst we take six.

XXXVI.

Of instrumental music quite forlorn, —

Except, indeed, at half-past four or five,

When the blithe panyer-man doth wind his horn (12)

In cheerful mood, the students to revive;

Who quit their books, and close the tedious morn,

Which they've hard spent, till they're half dead

alive —

Resolv'd to smack of mutton or of beef,

To pond'rous hum-drum thoughts a sure relief.

XXXVII.

Bold panyer's trump a joyful sound doth make,
 When to his lips the merry horn he places ;
 The students, to relieve the stomach-ache,
 Assemble then, O dear ! with smirking faces ;
 Giving each other's hands the friendly shake,
 (The mode in which an Englishman embraces).
 Alone—in pairs—and arm in arm—like cousins,—
 You'll see them scrambling to the hall by dozens.

XXXVIII.

The law for lack of appetitè's a cure ;
 I never knew a lawyer in my life —
 " Upon my life 'tis true " — but he was sure
 To be an adept at the fork and knife.
 A lawyer now and then's an epicure ;
 And the said tools he handleth so rife
 In skill — that seeing him in active bustle,
 I've oft exclaim'd, with Matthews, " Zounds, what
 muscle !" (13)

XXXIX.

We'll leave these gentry to their undertaking —
Namely, "to eat their way up to the bar" — (14)
And those who've done it : — tho' no merry-making
Is us'd, as formerly — lest it should mar
The studies of the young ; or be the means of shaking
The dignity of gentlemen, who're far
From anxious, after they've themselves been filling,
To stir their stumps in waltzing and quadrilling.

XL.

I said we've little music — but forgot —
See, see that vessel how it back recoils ! —
That packet of steam and pleasure smoking hot ! —
" Like a hell broth, it bubbles and it boils : " (15)
Hear, hear the fiddlers ! — now they think they've got
Some passengers in sight — who furnish all the oils
That set the wheels in motion, to poison our olfactories,
And cause more stinking smoke than forty manufactories.

XLI.

And we have discord, when some stupid fellow,
Half clerk, half scrub, (who always should be mute,)
Left to himself, does not forget to bellow —
Practising, moreover, the violin and flute —
Perpetual, hopeless learner! — Punchinello
I'd rather hear, and little sweep to boot,
Than be annoy'd with whining, piping, scraping —
The efforts of a monkey, music aping.

XLII.

Reader, prepare! The muse is going to be
Brimful of sorrow and of deploration.
The tears now shedding do not drop for me,
But are the effects of others' lamentation.
The crest of Pegasus is lower'd — and see,
He droops his tail in mournful contristation!
Alack! — ah! — well-a-day! — and oh! — alas!
That such vexatious things should come to pass!

XLIII.

The muse and I bemoan there was occasion

For Alfred Clifford's letter, that I've seen ; ⁽¹⁶⁾

He grievously complains of an invasion

Of privileges — that has never been

Made on solicitors of this free nation,

Since Philip and Mary were king and queen :

As Lincoln's men serv'd " gemmen of the press,"

Excluding them from dining at their mess.

XLIV.

Then Sheridan declar'd, it was a shame

That a great body had so small a spirit ;

Thus shutting up the avenue to fame,

And blocking up the great high road for merit

To travel fairly in, to gain a name :

'Twas shocking cruelty ! — he could not bear it !—

And so this spirit — littler than a woman's —

Rais'd the great spirits of the House of Commons.

XLV.

And all the reverend bench of Lincoln's Inn,
Then present, blush'd, sore vex'd at this exposure;
Each man, on being ask'd if in this sin
He'd had a hand, he quickly answer'd, "No, sure!"
To wit, Anstruther, Martin, and Erskine:
Then follow'd such an unexpected closure,
Pronounc'd with dignity, by Master Stephen,
That made all matters (odd before) quite even.

XLVI.

He hail'd the poverty whence lawyers spring —
Ah! sometimes sager than have sprung from
riches! —
In unison with him, their wants I sing
Whom love of legal eminence bewitches.
Methinks I see them all — a glorious string!
In marble busts and statues, plac'd in niches —
Each pointing to, or actually touching
With stone fore-finger, his respective scutcheon.

XLVII.

Oh! is there not a Sheridan — a Stephen —
A Commons' member — or a Chancery master —
To teach the world that seeing is believing,
And extricate the "ones" from this disaster?⁽¹⁾
Mayhap some chubby boy is now receiving
His seeds of after-fame from such a pastor
As the particular attorney Clifford
Talks of, who taught attorney-general Gifford;

XLVIII.

Or Saunders, C. J., skill'd at a report —
Chancellor Hardwicke, who pronounc'd decrees
Like wisdom's self, (this Mansfield spoke, in short,) —
Strange, Kenyon, Willes, (erst lord chief justices) —
Chief baron Stay, of the Exchequer Court —
Two of their lordships of the Common Pleas —
Of whom 'tis said, they once were dashing sparks,
And serv'd their clerkships as attorneys' clerks.

XLIX.

In fact judge Saunders was a beggar lad, ⁽¹⁸⁾
And afterwards he scribbled for his food ;
And then he was with some attorney sad,
And I've no doubt on earth it did him good.
About his frame he bore some issues bad,
Of which he bragg'd ; — but be it understood
He was no gentleman, as I suppose,
Having ale or brandy always at his nose.

L.

But then you know he was a child of spirit,
And rose from nought—his poorness notwithstanding.
I like a man rising alone from merit —
It shows a genius powerful and commanding.
Unmarried he — that is, he had no ferret-
ing wife, continually reprimanding ; —
And as to issue — why, he said ; “ Good lack !
“ I want not them — I've two upon my back !”

LI.

Och! he was very offensive on the bench
To all the judges, who with finger and thumb
Squeeze'd their nice nostrils—he made such a stench
Whenever he did near his brethren come.
Yet he could write and talk Latin and French;
And for his law, he own'd a weighty sum;
He chang'd not oft his clothes or residence,
And like a beggar liv'd, at no expense.

LII.

Hardwicke! a generous and a noble youth, ⁽¹⁹⁾
The first of chancellors! — almost a Selden!
Has had no equal since — and that's the truth—
Except our present chancellor, Earl Eldon.
Good unexpected springs from things uncouth:—
Hardwicke uprose by virtue of a Beldam —
His master's wife — a termagant! — a novice! —
Who ill-us'd all her husband's clerks in office.

LIII.

Much given she to hauteur and contention!
She little dreamt that this poor little fellow
Would one day thank her for her vile intention
Of sending him for cauliflowers yellow.
His angry gills reddened at the bare mention;—
He tossed his head; — with indignation mellow,
He said (said he), “ Though I’m my master’s clerk, it
“ Follows not, therefore, that I go to market,

LIV.

“ Am I to take about your wicker basket
“ Under my arm? I vow it makes me savage.
“ I am surpris’d how you can think to ask it,
“ Or expect me to run after your cabbage!
“ Being full of wrath and ire, I will not mask it;
“ Immediately I’ll pack up all my baggage.”—
“ All! (quoth the lady) that surely never much shall
“ Be, which will rest in the compass of a nut-shell.”

LV.

Then follow'd from the dame the usual volley —

Such as had often fallen on her mate ;

The little chancellor grew melancholy,

And forthwith meditated change of state :

He could not do the office of a Molly —

A manliness that rul'd his future fate.

Thus sings the Pope, of poets call'd the king,

What great effects from trivial causes spring !

LVI.

Thompson was different ; — he made stays in court ;

Staymaker hight ! — so nam'd by jesting Jekyll,

Who always lov'd a bit of joke and sport,

Not caring about whom a single shekel ;

That is to say — he made it on the spurt

Of the occasion : — for which few were equal

To him ; who, after all his fine pleasancery,

Has a comfortable place, as Master in Chancery.

F

LVII.

How many times I've mark'd his serious phiz,
When at the bar examining a witness !
His shafts of wit were rapid as the whiz
Of arrow shot from bow. A certain fitness
Of words and look, peculiarly his,
Brighten'd each case ; — and though, in point of
strictness,
Judges should be grave—he'd take them unawares,
And shake their sober sides in their judicial chairs.

LVIII.

My muse is bashful when with great men flirting,
(Such as, for instance, Topping, Hart, Heald,
Marriott).
But one thing's clear, and evident, and certain, —
The truth's a very awkward thing to parry at.
Thus Dunning, afterwards my Lord Ashburton,
Who rode, like his inferiors, in a chariot,
(If not the fam'd criss-cross-examiner — Garrow,)
Scoop'd with his pen from law the pith and marrow.

LIX.

And there's no harm in that, that I can see, —

The only harm is, how the story's told ;

For tho' we much respect the powers that be,

When people think the truth, they may be bold
To speak it, if they do it modestly.

A gossip is so like unto a scold,

I've begged my muse, so wanton, to desist ;

I'll speak once more, she cries ; so, list ! oh, list !—

LX.

I'm not dispos'd to leave off yet — and sha'nt,

Whilst I have some authority to rest on.

Gibbs, and Lord Redesdale, and Sir William Grant,

And some few more who've had a judge's vest on,
King's counsel in each court, knights litigant,

Colmer, and Tidd, and Phillips, Sugden, Preston,
Ne'er call'd a rule (like Clifford) an anomaly,
Or Samuel never would have been Sir Samuel Romilly.

LXI.

If so, go blot the order from your books!
 (Cries Alfred) burn the pen with which 'twas written!
 Your servants then will jump for joy — your cooks
 Will sing your praises, whilst your meats they're
 spitting.
 Tear out the leaf, nor let it meet the looks
 Of future antiquaries. 'Tis unfitting!
 So shall myself, *ac etiam* each attorney,
 Laud you, from 'squire Welch to 'squire Gurney. (20)

LXII.

A member says, you fear no law society;
 Nor all the members of the Metropolitan;
 Nor men who prosing write, or versify at ye: —
 In fact, that you are each a cosmopolitan.
 Then let no busy fault-finder cry fie at ye!
 Since no one can complain you've wrong or folly
 done,
 But he who sees your order retrospective,
 Point to himself, as to the case objective.

LXIII.

Now to my student : — I his pardon crave ;
My desultory muse has him in view. —
I'll now proceed, in manner somewhat grave,
To give the ardent youth the faithful clue,
By which, *sans doute*, he may black letters brave,
And to the ancient types prefer the new ;
For law is now, by process academical,
Extracted in a way that's truly chemical.

LXIV.

Treatises, essays, epitomes, — are potions
In common use ; — but some as pills do take 'em,
According to their several whims and notions.
The last are pack'd in cases, — not to be shaken ;
But these produce not always pleasant motions : —
If stale — they do the patients harm, and rake 'em ;
Digesting poorly : — A bolus of this sort
Vapidly passes, in a dull report. —

LXV.

Conveniently they're pack'd!— Bravissimo!—

Huzza! for him,— and many and many a bravo
Who chang'd our folio for a duodecimo,

And eke who first invented an octavo! —
As to the folio, why, it is, I know,

A heavy job to handle it — and you save, — oh!
Much time in small books : —and for my part— oh!
To the huge folio, I prefer the quarto.

LXVI.

My friend! methinks I see thee up three pair,
Mounted aloft, in chambers warm and snug;
Now let improvement be thy hourly care
In health and wisdom. Learning's not a drug
Except to him who, less like man than bear,
Throughout his life the chain does ever hug —
Distasting that to which by fate he's tied;
Like a disgusted bridegroom to his bride.

LXVII.

Pursue thy studies not too fast at first ;
By gentle, but by steady action, gain
The method to allay thy noble thirst :—
Knowledge by system thou wilt best attain.
Those men in theory are the best vers'd
Who classify the learning they obtain
In distinct parcels, placing the whole quantum
Ready for use, according as they want 'em.

LXVIII.

Let not unhappiness thy soul assail,
(Of thine imprudence the sad consequence);
Study but ill accords with thoughts of jail ; —
Successful study needs not great expense.
But all thine efforts little will avail,
If thou must barricade thy door, and fence
Thyself from duns, pacing thy narrow room
“ With short, uneasy motion” ⁽²¹⁾ — in a fume.

LXIX.

Why, I am never merry without cash;
 For then I am most miserably glum;—
 E'en then I'd smile, did it not seem so rash;—
 I'd talk, but that you know "great grief is dumb:"
 I'd read, write, walk, stand, sit — I'd cut a dash —
 I'd sleep—I'd dance—an op'ra tune I'd hum;—
 But can't—'t won't do — 'tis up with me — I'm dull
 Or joyous, — as of cash I'm void, or full.

LXX.

'Tis pity! — ah! 'tis worth a world of pity! —
 That want of money should have this effect; —
 Were 't not for that, we should go on so pretty: —
 Gentlemen might wed, and not be so henpeck'd—
 Misers be liberal — writers more witty. —
 Our hopes would not be then so often wreck'd,
 As now, — when lack of ready rhino ferrets
 Our hearts and souls, and steals away our spirits.

LXXI.

Oh! from sun-rise to setting of the sun,
Rather hear thou the setting of a saw,
Than the harsh knocking of a dunning dun,
When he upon thy knocker claps his paw;
Nay, deem not that I merely joke, or pun,
Or that my case, or thine, I here would draw, —
I know of nothing that would cease my funning,
Half so effectually as a dun a-dunning.

LXXII.

“Thou to thyself be true” as destiny,
(Saith the great bard ⁽²²⁾ whose verse I cannot
mend);
“Neither a borrower nor a lender be;
For loan oft loses both itself and friend,
And borrowing dulls the edge of husbandry;
Bear well a quarrel — but ne’er thou offend —
Give all thine ear, but few thy voice:” — this, certes,
Polonius said unto his son Laertes.

LXXIII.

Beware thy laundress, with her pockets spacious,
The ware-rooms of thy victuals, drink, and coal :—
Beware—but don't suspect, for that's vexatious —
“ And he that's robb'd, not knowing what is stole,
“ He is not robb'd,” 'tis said : ⁽²³⁾ but farinaceous
Food, and ham, and tongue, and beef, by whole-
sale and retail, will march off, in short,
Cum multis aliis : — and depart the court,

LXXIV.

And *sine die*, too, her prittle-prattle,
And dusting broom, and brush with which she
scours,
Will daily in thy ears produce a rattle,
And interrupt the stillness of thy hours,
Unless thou cutt'st her short : — for noise and tattle,
And clattering cackle, constitute her flow'rs
Of rhet'ric — similar to geese, and ganders :—
But I've a very different sort of laundress !

LXXV.

For legal studies daily set some hours —

First one, then two, then three, four, five, then six—

And let no other schemes perplex thy pow'rs ;

Sacred and secret, be what thou dost fix ;

For, spite of Chesterfield, an idler sours

The sweetest temper — if he often mix

In what he mars : — but if thy time be broke

Thus in upon — I'd have thee “ sport the oak.” —⁽²⁴⁾

LXXVI.

But do not to thyself, or friends, deny

The pleasures which arise from conversation ;

Nor, most pedantically, decry

The gaieties suiting thy situation :

Varied amusements thou shouldst sometimes try,

Nor seek too much the pressing invitation : —

Society is natural to man ;

Then fly it not — merely because you can.

LXXVII.

If harass'd and vex'd, — and any lawful pleasure,
Within thy lawful means, thou canst obtain,
That will remove from off thy mind the pressure,
And weight which study has upon the brain : —
At once enjoy it — and adopt the measure,
Rather than coldly fly it in disdain : —
For we for work should be reviv'd by play
Sometimes ; — and give our brains a holiday.

LXXVIII.

Lastly, my son, my student, or my friend, —
Or whatsoever name thou dost desire, —
Be thou most sure, I do not recommend
Aught that thy mental weal may not require ;
Mayst thou have all that's wish'd thee at the end
Of Coke on Littleton ! — I can't soar higher
In any wish of mine. — But shun disasters : —
“ And learne thy law of all our learned masters.”⁽²⁵⁾

LXXIX.

I did intend to give young jurists
A list of Books—all for their grave inspections :—
But much I fear, old men, as well as students,
Would not approve of some of my directions :—
I promise nothing that will raise turbulence ;
I'll write no more, in cantos, stanzas, sections,
Until I see, what I cannot see yet,
My work, not name, appear in the Gazette —

LXXX.

I mean “ the Literary ” — which comes out
Each Saturday — and which I always read —
Because I ever like to know, about
As early as I can — I do indeed—
What's publish'd ;—and I've very little doubt
The gents who write in it are never fee'd.
If I thought otherwise, (it mayn't be civil !)
Rather than read it, I'd see them at — old Nick.

LXXXI.

'Tis said, 'tis far more difficult to end

A tedious poem, than begin a new one ;

Vide Fourth Canto of J. Murray's friend

's amazing long, but never ending Juan.

'Tis fortunate for bards no stamps attend

Poor poets' writings. That would be their ruin !

But though to them a duty most alarming,

To idle readers 'twould be wondrous charming.

LXXXII.

Thus end two Cantos, which have ta'en six weeks

To write. I did it at odd times—to show

Myself if easy 'twas for him who seeks

To manufacture verses, to do so

In humble guise. But when a poet speaks

Touching himself, why, he should gently go

Over the stones — lest critics with a “ damn” blow

Him up, and haul him o'er the coals, and swear he
scribbles crambo.

LXXXIII.

So — now God save His Gracious Majesty
King George the Fourth! and happy may he reign!
And may he some day have a ministry
Such as ne'er was — nor e'er would be again,
In any government or dynasty —
Produc'd by magic or legerdemain! —
One that will suit — *O tempora! O mores!* —
My readers, — be they Radicals, or be they Whigs,
or Tories.

HUZZA! AND FINIS.

NOTES TO CANTO II.

Note 1, p. 35, stanza i.

THE first six stanzas afford strong proof of the ease with which a literary theft may be effected. The passage from which they are composed, is contained in Herbert's *Antiquities of the Inns of Court*, p. 184, and is in these words. "The Knights Templars were originally *Crusaders*, who, happening to be quartered in places adjacent to the Holy Temple at Jerusalem, in 1118, consecrated themselves to the service of religion by deeds of arms; Hugh Paganus, or Pain, Geoffrey de St. Andomare or St. Omer's, and seven others, begun the order, by binding themselves to live in chastity and obedience, after the manner of the regular canons of St. Augustine, 'and to renounce their own proper wills for ever.' Their first profession was to protect such pilgrims as should come to visit the sepulchre from all wrong and violence on the road. At first they had no settled habitation, subsisted on alms, and had only *one* horse between *two* of them; which latter circumstance they commemorated on their *seal*, till at length Baldwin, king of Jerusalem, granted them a residence near his palace. They wore a white habit, and a *cross of red cloth*, on the left shoulder: and, on account of the vicinity of their original

mansion to the Temple at Jerusalem, they were called Knights of the Temple. These knights, by their devotion, and the fame of their gallant actions, soon became popular in all parts of Europe; noblemen of the first rank joined the order; they built numerous monasteries or temples; and were so enriched by the favour of princes and other great men, that at the time of their dissolution they were found to be possessed of sixteen thousand manors, besides other property. They entertained, in the most magnificent manner, the nobility, foreign ambassadors, and frequently the prince himself; and at last became so infected with pride and luxury, as to excite a general hatred. Matthew Paris severely satirizes them on this account, as well as for their inordinate accumulation of wealth and honours; "who, being so poor at first," says he, "that they had but one horse to serve two of them, in token of which, they gave in their seal two men riding on one horse, yet suddenly are grown so insolent as to despise other orders, and rank themselves with noblemen." In the same interesting volume, we find, p. 191, "Of the ancient buildings, the only part at present remaining is the church. This was founded by the Templars, in the reign of Henry II., upon the model of that of the Holy Sepulchre at Jerusalem (the general plan of all their churches,) and was consecrated in 1185, by Heraclius, patriarch of Jerusalem."

In the heraldic manuscript: "These Knights Templars in England purchased certain lands in Fleet Street, bordering upon the shore of Thames, and thereupon built a large and magnificent edifice, and a round synagogue like a chapel, or temple, as the same is now standing." The circular part of the church is therefore to be considered as the only remaining vestige.

Note 2, p. 37, stanza v.

Is yon fair church, by buildings sore oppress'd.

Malcolm notices this.—See his *Londinium Redivivum*, vol. ii. p. 291, where he bewails the obstruction to the view of the rich Saxon door of this venerable structure.

Note 3, p. 39, stanza viii.

The Temple Gardens are a pretty spot.

Whether it be from tradition, or history, it is unknown; but the immortal Shakspeare makes the Temple Garden the place where the badge of the white and red rose originated, the distinctive cognizance of the houses of York and Lancaster, under which the respective partisans of each arranged themselves, in the fatal quarrel that caused such torrents of blood to flow—

“ ————— The brawl to day,
Grown to this faction in the Temple Garden,
Shall send, between the red rose and the white,
A thousand souls to death and deadly night.”

First Part Hen. VI., act ii., scene 4.

Note 4, p. 39, stanza ix.

And listened to the dusky sparrows near me.

Since writing this, I have met with a humorous tale of Daines Barrington, who, when treasurer, presented the following charge among others in his yearly account; “Item, disbursed Mr. Allen, the gardener, twenty shillings for stuff to poison the sparrows, by my orders.” I am rejoiced to add, that the charge was unanimously disallowed by the bench.—See *London Mag.* Sept. 1, 1821, article “The old Benchers of the Inner Temple.”

Notwithstanding the poisonous proscription, there are now quite as many live sparrows as students; some of the most eminent of the former are tenants of separate chambers, inserted in the outside brickwork of the chambers of the latter, like to an horizontal earthenware water-spout.

Note 5, p. 40, stanza x.

Perry-Whigs.

I scorn to make a pun upon any person's name but my own; and hating unacknowledged plagiarisms, I must relate the story that gave rise to this expression.—A gentleman, whose cognomen was Perry, thinking to sew up a political disputant (who did not choose to go all lengths in modern patriotism), pettishly exclaimed; “Why, Sir, I thought you were a Whig?” “Yes, yes,” retorted his adversary, with a cheque-mating countenance; “but not a Perry-Whig.” This stanza was printed before the decease of the late excellent Editor of a well-known daily newspaper. Peace to his *manes*!

Note 6, p. 41, stanza xiii.

See Shakspeare's Julius Cæsar.

Note 7, p. 41, stanza xiii.

The writer cannot enough admire the liberality of the Benchers, in admitting the public to a participation in the pleasures of this delightful lawn.

Note 8, p. 48, stanza xxvi.

Once on a time King Edward went his rounds.

The story is literally this:—“In 1283, Edward I. taking with him Robert Waleran and others, came to the Temple, where,

calling for the keeper of the Treasure House, as if he intended to see his mother's jewels, which were there kept, he gained admittance to the House, broke open the coffers of different persons who had placed their money there for safety, and illegally took away one thousand pounds." — HERBERT, p. 188.

Note 9, p. 48, stanza xxvii.

Again: — you'd think our lawyers funny devils.

This and the three following stanzas afford other instances of plagiarism, as well as the 26th stanza. "All-hallow, Candlemas, and Ascension-day, were anciently kept at this House [Inner Temple] with great splendour; — All-hallow and Candlemas were the chief for cost, solemnity, dancing, revelling, and music, and were conducted by a *Master of the Revels*. The order was as follows: —

"First, the solemn revels (after dinner and the play ended) were begun by the whole House, judges, serjeants at law, benchers, and the utter and inner bar, led by the Master of the Revels: after this ceremony, one of the gentlemen of the utter bar was chosen to sing a *song* to the judges, serjeants, or masters of the bench, which was usually performed, or in default, was an *amerciament*," &c. &c. — See HERBERT, p. 205. Also in p. 200 it is stated, that in 15th Henry VIII. in their parliament held 17th July, it was ordered "that none of the society should, within the House, exercise the play of *shoffe-grote*, or *slyp-grote*, upon pain of 6s. 8d." — and subsequently, "that they should desist from *knocking of boxes*, or *calling aloud for gamesters*, or *breaking open houses*, and *taking things in the name of rent*," &c. — See MALCOLM and others; but particularly HERBERT, who

describes many extraordinary practices and customs observed of old in our Inns of Court.

Note 10, p. 52.

To bylke us of each shyllinge.

It is lamentable that such a barbarous usage is in vogue. We may solace ourselves that such things have been, and still are, and ever will be, unless *all* gentlemen engaged for *honorary* purposes could agree to treat with contumely, neglect, or exposure, the parties so wilfully offending. The present Lord Chancellor (when at the bar) was cheated of his first fee, by a person who has ever since been invisible to his Lordship.—*Vide the Newspapers of a late date.*

Note 11, p. 53, stanza xxxi.

I quite forgot the ten couple of hound's.

“The ceremony concluded with the actual hunting of a *fox* and a *cat* with nine or ten couple of hounds round the hall, whose deaths terminated this very extraordinary species of amusement.”—See HERBERT'S *Antiquities of the Inns of Court*, p. 258.

Note 12, p. 55, stanza xxxvi.

When the blythe panyer-man doth wind his horn.

“The panyer-man, by the winding of his horn, summons the gentlemen to dinner.”—*Herbert's Antiq.* 228. This custom is still observed in the Middle Temple.

Note 13, p. 56, stanza xxxviii.

The words quoted are from Mr. Matthews's late laughable description of Major Longbow.

Note 14, p. 57, stanza xxxix.

It is probably needless to mention the custom (still observed in our Inns of Court) of keeping Terms by appearing at dinner a certain number of days in Term; previously to being called to the bar: a regulation that has given rise to the expression here used.

Note 15, p. 57, stanza xl.

See *Macbeth*.

Note 16, p. 59, stanza xliii.

Alfred Clifford's Letter.

Almost all that relates to this pamphlet, and the reply to it, in this, and some following stanzas, will be found in the publications themselves. I only mean to show how easily any prose work may adapt itself to this stanza. Without entering into the real merits of the letters above mentioned, I may be allowed to regret, whenever lawyers disagree with each other,

“ Or, by their controversies lessen
The dignity of their profession.”—*HUDIBRAS*.

“ Like dogs that snarl about a bone,
And play together when they've none.”—*Ibid.*

Note 17, p. 61, stanza xlvii.

The “ ones.”

When an attorney sues, or is sued, it is usual to describe him to be “ a gentleman, and one,” &c. meaning one of the attorneys of the Court of King's Bench, &c. This for the information of the unlearned in the law!

Note 18, p. 62, stanza xlix. and Note 19, p. 63, stanza lii.

The stories here related are, I apprehend, to be found in print, "though I can't precisely say where."

Note 20, p. 68, stanza lxi.

The reader is here presented with an instance of fortunate coincidence, by which the poet is enabled to complete his stanza.—See the list preceding the Student's Guide, by James Gardner: where one of these two names begins, and the other ends it.

Note 21, p. 71, stanza lxxviii.

The quotation is from Coleridge.

Note 22, p. 73, stanza lxxii.

See Shakspeare's Hamlet.

Note 23, p. 74, stanza lxxiii.

The quotation is from Othello.

Note 24, p. 75, stanza lxxv.

Sport the oak.

Be it known to my country cousins, some of whom have never been in London, and many who have may not have seen chambers—the ladies I mean—though that's not my fault. But away with digression—'tis the bane of the age. When a certain king of England did formerly "run up and down" in several bailiwicks, he secreted himself in an oak, which probably gave rise to this phrase. Sporting the oak is now a technical expression, and signifies neither more nor less than shutting the outer door of our chambers: the *fac-simile* of that used in prisons—

being very much iron-bound, and bearing neither knocker, bell, nor other ornament; save and except the occupier's name, and a small slit for bills and billet-doux, drafts, and newspapers, &c. with a hint (to those who sometimes cannot read) that parcels and messages are to be left at the barber's shop. When the oak is sported, the ignorant and unwary may lose much valuable time, by ineffectual knocks and thumps, kicks and bumps. The inmate is either not at home—or, otherwise engaged:—He means no offence, but does not mean to answer.

Note 25, p. 76, stanza lxxviii.

Lord Coke, addressing himself to the student, saith, "And for a farewell to our jurispudent, I wish unto him the gladsome light of jurisprudence, the lovelinesse of temperance, the stabilitie of fortitude, and the soliditie of justice."—And Littleton, "And know, my son, that I would not have thee believe that all which I have saide in these bookes is law, for I will not presume to take this upon me. But of those things that are not law, inquire and learne of my wise masters learned in the law."—*See 394 b. 395 a. Co. Litt. Epilogus & Comm.*

THE END.

London :

PRINTED BY J. MOYES, GREVILLE STREET.





Princeton University Library



32101 063579344

