

ONE SHILLING



A BUSHEL OF
CHAFF

CARICATURES BY
GEO. W. HARRIS
LIBRETTO BY
W. NOEL IRVING

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A BUSHEL OF CHAFF

A Frolic

“MUSIC” BY GEORGE W. HARRIS
WORDS BY W. NOEL IRVING
AND A BLUFF BY ARTHUR WATTS

HANDLEY BROTHERS, PRINTERS
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1912

PREFACE

OR

THE ART OF BLUFFING

BLUFFING is a very deliberate artifice. Good authors use it chiefly to decoy the uninteresting [*i.e.* the constant novel reader, those who believe reviews, and readers of the Hundred Best Books] into a purchasing consideration of their works. If the trick succeeds once, the uninteresting (who have no sense of humour) continue to be had. In fact, it depends upon a glittering bluff whether the good author sells among the uninteresting. The latter being so numerous among Liverpuliens explains the *raison d'être* of this bluff. It may glitter; but all is not gold—. Of course, bluffing is also used by bad authors dishonestly, to sell wares that are not genuine. This is another type of bluff and need not concern us here since both our authors are good authors. Let it be said that the true, the constant reader, never reads a preface except, may be, ironically, by way of epilogue.

To you, then, O uninteresting, I address these words.

First: the interesting have bought "Chaff," and perused it all except the "Preface," long ago: their sides are aching now.

What a feast for the Comic Spirit you provide, you Liverpuliens; in particular your civic life! You are so self-sufficient, so competent, so international. You are higher than Manchester, and the Comic Spirit always most affects social elevation. How She disports Herself! There is only one other scene that provides a better target for Her glancing ridicule:—Self-conscious Bohemia or the Sandon Studios: The Palace of Arch Vecture: an Evil Design, as it has been wryly called. The spectacle is intoxicating, as She takes a Legge up to the holy prominence of Rensburg and pirouettes for joy. With a toe-nail made of jesters and satirists the great World Spirit scratches itself and smiles, well pleased. Two of Her imps here present some of your attitudes, caught in her magic mirror. The comedy throws into a high light those qualities and quantities that shape your public welfare. Laughter purges the eyesight and braces the nerves. We no longer look down complacently upon the drama with The Dean from the boxes; but see it, for the first time, under the flashing wit of the stage-manager. The flails of these imps winnow subtly, and the "Chaff" Russells over the goodly grain.

The chief aim of man in these latter days is not, as a certain heretic in our midst recently urged "to preserve the beauty of women," but to preserve intoxication in life and art. The beauty of women and intoxication *may* be the same thing, but, in any case, the intoxication does not lie in *preserving* it. This "sorry scheme of things entire" will topple over if we do not broaden the basis of intoxication. Joy *has* bidden us Adieu, and modern life has no foundations in simple elemental happiness: it is gaunt, joyless, and self-conscious as the Tower Buildings. We cannot laugh, only sniff and titter and snigger from the throat outwards, and the man who cannot laugh—his whole life is already a treason and a stratagem.* When humour dies in a people, decay sets in. Society is morbid; its entertainments are the latest musical comedy, the melodrama or the problem play, and

*Vide Carlyle, *passim*: an author who wrote poetical prose before the coming of Socialism and the superman.

that depressingly moral Picture Palace. Seedy drugs that deaden and destroy humour. Hear country children laugh : they are as jolly as hedge roses in the summer breeze. Listen to the mantling laughter of a village inn and compare it with the cold barren simper of the American Bar. Dancing, the true worship of Bacchus : full of laughter and song, folk-song, poetry in the drama—these health-giving intoxicants are things of the past. Our salvation lies in intoxication.

“All men being reasonable must get drunk—
The best of life is but intoxication.”

All great things are simple and blithe : they laugh. The greatest art is joyful : a child is the laughter of earth incarnate : joy is the top note of the universe.

Now, gentle reader, remember this is a bluff. No art is more capable of intoxicating than caricature. Its laughter is extravagant and knows no bounds. Caricature is servant to no classical tradition ; it is not at the mercy of any “style.” Like Falstaff, it is spontaneous, free and full of surprises. The artist in caricature may use the license of an inebriate. Like the maker of puns, he does not tickle your intellect with a feather, but lets off a pistol at your ear. He stands on no ceremonies, has no manners, he is a roystering fellow and comes bounding in like a harlequin. He is out for rollicking fun : his business is to make you laugh, and laugh heartily. Watch him at work ; he seizes his comfortable subject, strips him of all supports, self-esteem, social rank, pride of intellect, wealth, beauty and honour lie round like cast-off garments ; he deals him a blow, turns him over and with a slim feasting smile makes him bare and plastic to his distorting humour, to his most freakish whim. After mauling and tugging, squeezing, stretching, rolling and further stripping, the artist catches the shape of the real man and in subtle monstrous lines his pencil gives us the true portrait—a caricature ; while the jingle of the jester's rhymes play round him. “How much lies in laughter, the cipher key wherewith we decipher the whole man.” In the general fun let the caricatured laugh the most—at himself. If a man see his caricature (if it be finely drawn as these are) and does not laugh at himself, it is as though he should hold a mirror to his face and see nothing. Remember “The Egoist.” Indeed, in his laughter the aim of the comedy is achieved. The Comic Spirit loves humanity ; but it is a tonic love. Her wit is surgical : she desires that we be natural and that we laugh. Authentic joy is her gift. She discovers our vanities and winnows the “Chaff” from us. Comedy is the fountain of good sense ; not less perfectly sound on account of its sparkle. Laughter and tears are twin sisters. The finer kind of breads, they say, are made of chaff. This Chaff, too, may serve as food : but it is a luxury (price 1/-).

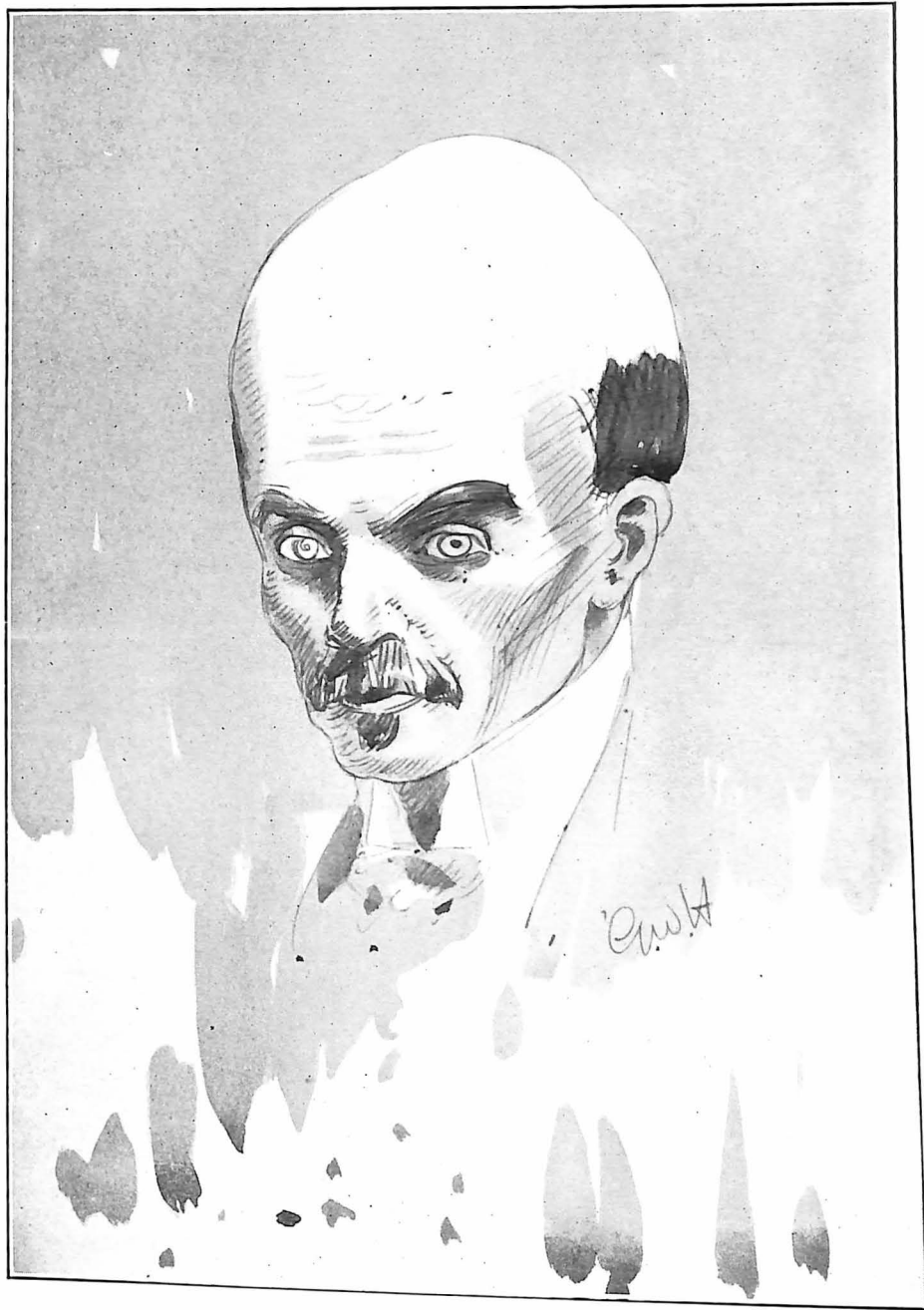
But our imps are artists and in their zeal for truth and beauty care not if you heed them or no. If you do not buy his fun, the grin of the caricaturist but waxes broader, and the bells of the jester ring louder.

“No truth of excellence was ever seen
But bore the venom of the vulgar's spleen.”

Your witless wealth is new food for his laughter.

Take the Chaff of these imps with a grace ; excellent good drawings and galloping rhymes.

“By God, 'tis good, and if you like't you may.”



J. G. LEGGE

Cosmopolitan Liverpool.

*WHILE the sea birds wheel in circles with their mates,
And the wild Atlantic thunders at our gates,
In honour of our City,
We'll sing this simple ditty
And we'll keep our spirits rising with the rates.*

We've every kind of sect and politics,
And visages of various sorts of hue,
The Orange and the Green can never mix
Without producing tones of Black and Blue!

Conflicting tints are seen in every street,
—Kanakas, Niggers, Lascars, Japanese—
And East and West (in spite of Kipling) meet
And fraternise upon our famous quays.

'Tis asking, don't you think, a bit too much
To keep from brawls complete immunity,
When consideration's taken that we're such
A cosmopolitan community.

Electric Lighting, Tramways, or the like,
May set some critic talking, by the way,
Requiescant in pace. Ye, who strike,
Sufficient for the evil is the pay.

*Dublin has her Liffey,
Edinboro' flats,
Glasgow owns a Sauchiehallie Street,
Birmingham has Foster,
—Most brilliant of bats—
But Manchester's the town we love to beat.**

*O, let each rival city brag
And flaunt aloft her civic flag!
It is no empty boast that we can lower most,
And in Education matters we can floor most,
For our System's up to date
And we're very pleased to state
That we put our best Legge foremost,
Yes, we keep our best Legge foremost.*

*STOP PRESS.

Sat. Mar. 17th,
Manchester City 4 goals.
Everton nil.

Saturday, Mar. 23rd,
Manchester U. 1 goal.
Liverpool 1 goal.



"F.E."

The Front Bench Orator.

"F. E. Smith . . . a pathetic figure, the brilliant child of artificial politics, born out of due time and on the verge of real ones."

G. K. CHESTERTON.

SEE the Star of Parliament :

* * * * *
* * F. E. Smith * *
* * * * *

Brightest in the firmament :

* * * * *
* * F. E. Smith * *
* * * * *

He, like Cæsar, came and saw
And he conquered with his jaw,
Scintillating meteor—
ic Smith !

He is gentle, meek, and good,
F. E. Smith.
Never soils his hands with mud,
F. E. Smith.
He could be (for he's ashamed
Of the Hughligans ill-famed)
Dressed in petticoats and named
"Effie Smith !"

When election time comes on,
Every Smith,
Brown and Jones and Robinson
Votes for Smith,
Blows the brass and bangs the drums.
F. E. yawns and twiddles thumbs,
Takes it easy and becomes
Effete Smith.

For with supercilious grin,
Big-fee-Smith,
Can anticipate a win.
Thus saith Smith :
"Radicals will not prevail
In my Stronghold by the Gaol . . ."
*But the Day WILL come and they'll
Defeat SMITH.*



THE OOF BIRD

Oh ! for the Wings . . .

*Videlicet
Psalm LV. 6.*

of the Oof Bird.

A TRIOLET.

IF we had pots of Money
We'd like to buy a yacht,
We'd dine on Quail and Tunny
If we had Pots of Money.
We'd keep—don't think it funny—
A Stud of Motors. What ?
If we had Pots of Money
We'd like to buy a yacht.

If we could skim like swallows
Across the Land and Sea,
We'd terminate our sorrows
If we could skim like swallows.
Of course we'd sell our *Corots*
And blue the £ s. d.
If we could skim like swallows
Across the Land and Sea.

If R*nsb*rg were to us kin
We'd patronise the Arts,
And spout out yards of Ruskin :
If R*nsb*rg were to us kin
We'd don the Sock and Buskin
And act heroic parts,
If R*nsb*rg were to us kin
We'd patronise the Arts.



THE REPERTORY DEAN

The Repertory Dean.

Voice permitting and the Shades of Shakespeare and Schubert propitiated, this song may be warbled to the air of "Who is Silvia."

WHO is Basil ? What is Dean ?
That all the world applauds him.
He but ventures on the scene
And Liverpool rewards him
With a post that's no wise mean,
With a post that's no wise mean.

What is Basil noted for ?
And we reply with candour :
" Skill of Ibsen, wit of Shaw,
And craft of Alexander.*
Basil is a certain draw,
Basil is a certain draw."

*Sir George. Not
the Macedonian.

Quite a marvel for his age
Young Basil is excelling
All the stars upon the stage,
Who watch his head a-swelling.
Basil Dean is all the rage,
Basil Dean is all the rage.



EHEU FUGACES!
OMNIA EST VANITAS

Io Triumphe !

MOST potent, grave and reverend Signor, who
Sheds lustre on our Town, which out-of-date
Municipalities in scorn "Pooh-pooh !"

But strive to emulate :

Hail ! AVE ! Hoch ! EVOE ! and *Salut* !

Or any salutation you'll allow !

What would we do, Sweet Figure, without You !

(Observe how we kow-tow).

Oft have we gazed with admiration on

Your noble lineaments so wondrouslee

Limned by the hand of Saint Augustus John

For all the world to see.

Our love for You transcends the love we bear

For wife and child, for parents, kin and kith,

And all our Civic Dignitaries share

Our love for you, O Smith.

Look on this picture—Here !! Confound ! O blow !

As Chaucer says, "Thys is a Bitte toe Thycke,"

George Harris, with your subtle craft, you know,

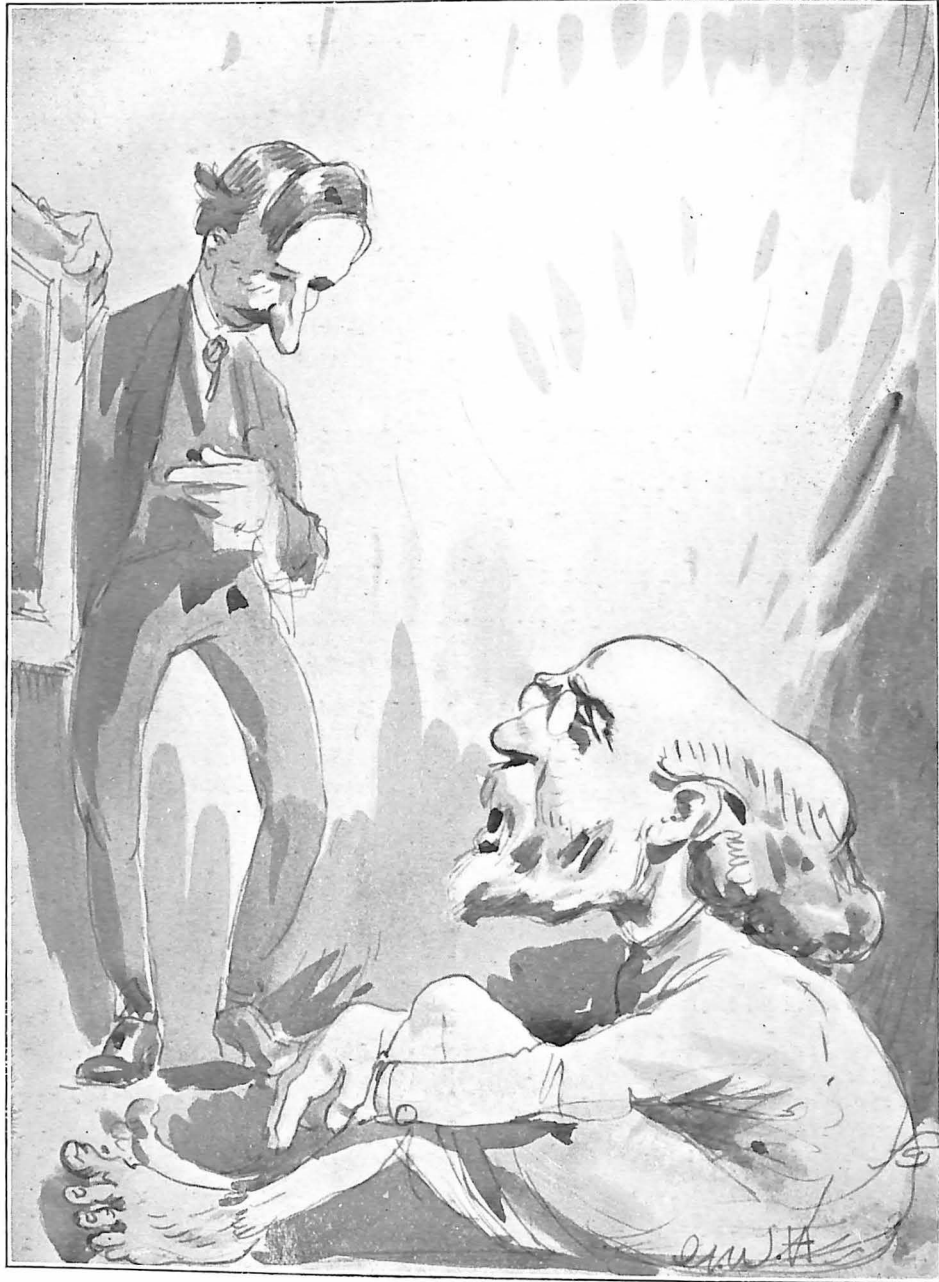
You've worked a scurvy trick :

Thus have I toiled (with fine poetic rage)

Like Sisyphus in vain. I have addressed a myth :

Ch*ll*n*r D*wd*ll figures on your page,

But where on earth is Smith ?



REV. T. W. M. L * * *
AT THE FEET OF GAMALIEL II.

The Modern Paul and the New Gamaliel.

*A Reminiscence of a Debate on Post Impressionism held in the Sandon Studios,
at the Last Spring Exhibition.*

SUPERIOR Wisdom, pleased to break a lance
Across the pates of dolts, who claim that France
Has still a word or two to speak on Art,
Untrammelled, Boundless, Free in every part,
Came forth to deal destruction dire . . . but failed,
And found conventional Art had even paled
Its ineffectual fire in Liverpool !!!
Cézanne, Gauguin, Van Gogh, or other fool (?)
Had each supporters and defenders, who
Maintained their bold opinions through and through.
O kindly sympathiser, lend an ear
Unto the echoes of the yester-year :

“ Our growing art can no longer be satisfied with form and colour ; what we wish to reproduce on canvas will be no longer one fixed instant of universal dynamism : it will simply be the dynamic sensation itself.”

* * * *

“ Everything is movement, transformation. A profile is never motionless, but is constantly varying. Objects in movement multiply themselves, become deformed in pursuing each other, like hurried vibrations. For instance, a runaway horse has not four legs but twenty, and their movement is triangular. In art all is conventional : nothing is absolute. That which yesterday was a truth, to-day is nothing but a lie.”

* * * *

“ We declare that a portrait must not resemble its model, and that a painter must draw from his own inspiration the landscape he wishes to fix on canvas. Who can believe in the opaqueness of bodies, since our sensibilities have become sharpened and multiplied through the obscure manifestations of mediumnity ? Why do we forget in our creations the doubled power of our sight with its scope of vision almost equal in power to that of X-rays ? ”

* * * *

“ The sixteen persons around you in a tramcar are by turn, and at one and the same time, one ten, four, three ; they are motionless, yet they change place : they come and go, are abruptly devoured by the sun, yet all the time are sitting before us and could serve as symbols of universal vibration.”

* * * *

“ The construction of pictures has hitherto been stupidly conventional. The painters have always depicted the objects and persons as being in front of us. Henceforth, the spectator will be in the centre of the picture. In all domains of the human spirit a clear-sighted individual enquiry has swept away the obscurities of dogma. So also the life-giving tide of science must free painting from the bonds of academical tradition. We must be born again. Has not science disowned her past in order better to satisfy the material needs of our day ? So must art deny her past in order to satisfy our modern intellectual needs. To our renewed consciousness man is no longer the centre of universal life. The suffering of a man is as interesting in our eyes as the pain of an electric lamp, which suffers with spasmodic starts and shrieks, with the most heartrending expressions of colour. The harmony of the lines and folds of a contemporary costume exercises on our sensibility the same stirring and symbolic power as nudity did to the ancients.”

“To understand the beauties of a Futurist picture the soul must be purified and the eye delivered from the veil of atavism and culture: go to nature and not to museums. When this result is obtained it will be perceived that brown has never circulated beneath our epidermis; that yellow shines in our flesh; that red flashes; and that green, blue and violet dance there with voluptuous and winning graces. How can one still see pink, the human face, when our life, doubled by nocturne life, has multiplied our colourists' perceptions? The human face flashes red, yellow, green, blue and violet. The pallor of a woman gazing at a jeweller's shop-window has rainbow hues more intense than the flashes of the jewels which fascinate her like the stars.”

* * * *

“Our ideas on painting can no longer be whispered; but must be sung and must ring on our canvases like triumphant fanfares. Our eyes, accustomed to twilight, will soon be dazzled by the full light of day. Our shadows will be more brilliant than the strongest light of our predecessors, and our pictures beside those in museums will shine as a blinding day compared to a gloomy night. We conclude that now-a-days there can exist no painting without divisionism. It is not a question of a process, which can be learned and applied freely. Divisionism for the modern painter must be inborn complementarism, which we declare to be essential and necessary. Our art will probably be accused of decadence or lunacy, but we shall simply answer that, on the contrary, we are primitives with quickened sensibilities, and that our art is spontaneous and powerful.”

* * * *

But should some hardened reader cry: “Enough!
“The Reverend Lund could dissipate such stuff.”
Upon a previous page will he discern
The Wise who came to Teach remained to Learn.

TO ALL WHOM IT MAY CONCERN, WE APPEND

THE MANIFESTO OF THE FUTURIST PAINTERS.

“We declare:—

1. That all forms of imitation must be despised and all forms of originality glorified.
2. That we must rebel against the tyranny HARMONY and GOOD TASTE, which could easily condemn the works of Rembrandt, Goya and Rodin.
3. That art critics are useless and harmful.
4. That all worn-out subjects must be swept away, in order that we may have scope for the expression of our stormy life of steel, pride fever and swiftness.
5. That the name of madmen, with which they try to hamper innovators, shall henceforth be considered a title of honour.
6. That **INBORN COMPLEMENTARISM** is an absolute necessity in painting as free verse in poetry and polyphony in music.
7. That universal dynamism must be rendered in painting as a dynamic sensation.
8. That above all sincerity and purity are required in the portrayal of nature.
9. That movement and light destroy the materiality of bodies.”

“We fight:—

1. Against the bituminous colours with which one struggles to obtain the patine of time on modern pictures.
2. Against superficial and elementary archaism founded on flat uniform tints, and which, imitating the linear manner of the Egyptians, reduces painting to an impotent, childish and grotesque synthesis.
3. Against the false avenirism of secessionists and independants who have installed new academies as traditional as the former ones.
4. Against nudity in painting as nauseous and tiring as adultery in literature.

UMBERTO BOCCIONI.
CARLO D. CARRA.
LUIGI RUSSOLO.
GIACOMO BALLA.
GINA SEVERINI.”

After the conversion is completed, it may be possible to witness at the next production of "*Patience*," a reverend gentleman figuring in the cast and singing

A Revised Version of Bunthorne's Patter Song.

IF you're anxious for to shine in the new Æsthetic line as a man of culture rare,
You must vigorously insist that the Post-Impressionist is an Artist past
compare,

You must lie down in the gutter, and the nonsense that you utter may shock the
town until

The Philistines about you demand to do without you, and deport you to Rainhill.

And everyone will say,

As you walk your muddled way :

"If this young man expresses himself in terms too strong for *me*,

Why what a very, very, very **pahful* man this **pahful* man must be !"

* "Powerful," as
pronounced by
Mr. Lewis Sydney
of "The Follies."

Be fervent in the praise of the cute synthetic ways of men from Gay Paree,
And do not heed the groans in unsympathetic tones of them who don't agree,
Of course you must "Pooh-pooh !" what isn't crude and new, and declare "It
don't exist,"

For Art you know began with Matisse and Paul Cézanne and the Post-Impres-
sionist !

And everyone will say

As you walk your muzzy way :

"If he sees beauty in this sort of thing, which I'm jiggered if I can see,

Why, what a very singularly crass young ass this crass young ass must be !

Then you must become a glutton (but not for beef or mutton, though you
scream for "Real Meat !")

Let your passions get a-warring for "A Woman out of Droring," and ejaculate
"How sweet !"

The Vandals may molest you and the Philistines detest you, for they do not
understand

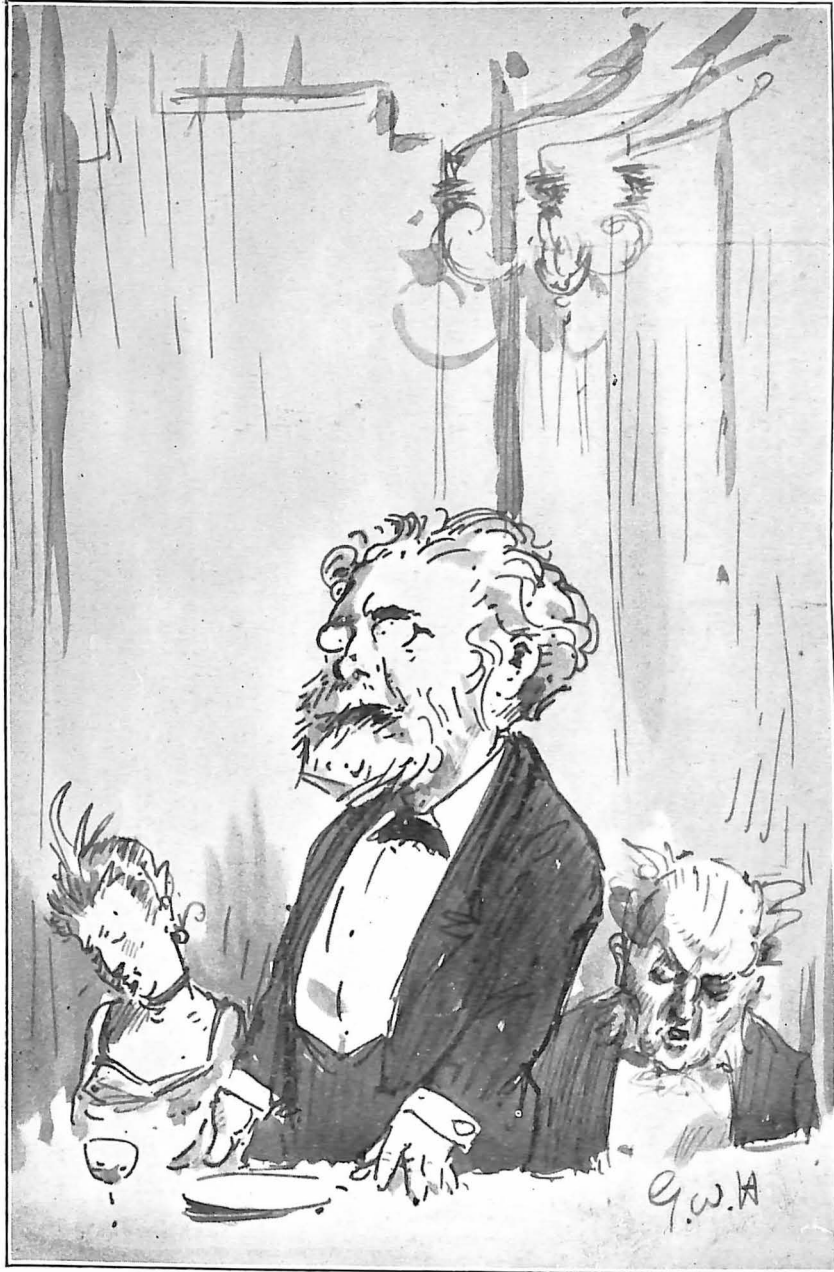
Why you jabber like a parrot and gambol with a carrot in your ineffectual hand,

And everyone will say,

As you stagger on your way :

"If Modern Art intoxicates one, till one's aching eyes can't see,

What very extraordinary sort of stuff this sort of stuff must be !!!"



SIR E. R*SS*LL

A Melodramatic Piece designed for Recitation

*in the Declamatory and Fervent Manner made famous by SIR E. R*SS*LL.*

“FIRE !” When the Policeman’s whistle
Startles the squalid street,
Mister and Missus and Miss’ll
Fly from the thundering beat
Of the Fire Engine’s maddened foam-flecked steeds :
“Hi ! Clear the way !” and the car proceeds
To the place where the red flames bristle
And vomit hell-sparks and heat.

“FIRE !” But the Policeman’s warning,
Though he blow till he busts his chest,
Can’t tell of a crater that’s yawning
On a fiery volcano’s crest ;
The metaphor’s somewhat mixed you’ll find
For the Conflagration I have in mind
—You’d never guess it till morning—
Is HERE in the Speaker’s Breast.

A MESSAGE I have to deliver
To the Stage and the Pulpit too,
To the Beings, who, all of a-quiver,
Live only to follow my cue ;
Each opportune moment I use up
In urging mankind to enthuse up
Their COURAGE and plunge in the RIVER
Of ZEAL and of DERRING-DO.

[*Twenty Stanzas of the Message omitted owing to lack of space. ED.*]

I dance and I yell and I thunder
Till the very last train has gone,
And the audience, *perdu* in wonder,
Will applaud to the echo anon
WHAT !! Nothing but snores from underbred bores
In lieu of “Bravos !” and resounding “Ongcores !”
Shall I rave till the walls fall asunder—
No, no ! Let the dolts slumber on.

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THE STRIKE MAYOR
OMNIPOTENS

The Strike Mayor.

August, 1911.

I.

(“FAVETE LINGUIS.”—*Horace.*)

HUSH,
City's rush!
Peace, peace, ye noisy streets!
Let Trade's pulsating beats
Desist awhile!
Stay,
Heavy dray!
Forbear, O turgid Crowd
From murmuring aloud,
And doff each tile!
Good People, lose yourselves in wonder—
For Zeus (yes, Zoos) is just about to thunder.

* * * * *

pp. Er—er—er.

* * * * *

II.

(“LATRET NATURA”—*Lucretius.*)

Start,
Busy mart!
And with thy usual din,
O World, resume the spin
Upon thine axis!
All ye, who wish to Maffick,
Commence that jocund Traffic!
Speed, cabs and taxis!
Come, Journalist, now write thy puff—
For Zeus (yes, Zoos) has thundered quite enough.



THE GREAT PANJANDRUM

F. J. L.

cf. Foote's Balderdash
1747

SO, he went into the Council to cut a Figure Sweet, to make the weather dry, and at the same time a monstrous Cloud, floating o'er the Town, pops through the window and swamps the room. What! more rates? So they cried. And he very imprudently maddened the hatter. And there were present the Carpet-Baggeleys, the Jobseeklies, and the Garrulites, and (*this with bated breath, please*) THE GREAT PANJANDRUM HIMSELF with the little round button at the top, and they all fell to playing the game of scratch-as-Gotch-can till the gumpower departed from his *orbicularis oris*.



ALDERMAN SALVIDGE
AND THE CONSERVATIVE WORKINGMAN

A Word to the Wise.

With apologies to
the late Sir W. S.
Gilbert and his de-
lightful puppets, the
Duke of Dunstable,
Colonel Calverley,
and Major Murgatroyd.

IT'S very clear that if you mean to keep the Good Town Hall,
You've got to get a Marionette so that you can forestall
The Other Party's knavish tricks, and this you'll have to do :
Control the strings so that he swings just as you want him to.

Remember he's a lout

Inclined somewhat to drought,

So give him nips to wet his lips, and teach the lout to shout

Such shibboleths as these :

“With Salvidge we agrees,”

“What, no soap !” and “Damthepope !” and “We want more F.E's.”

This sort of voter's but a tool that's sent for you to use,
Then shout aloud that England's proud to own such brawn and thews,
But do not let him think at all, that way disaster lies,
For if you do you're sure to rue the day he opes his eyes.

Just treat him like a block,

(His head's as hard as rock !)

But if he kicks against the pricks 'twill give you quite a shock ;

He'll cease to drink “Your 'ealf,”

Forget the “Glorious Twelf,”

Your power will wane when he works his brain

And finds things out himself.



“ DIBBY ”

Dib. Bowled

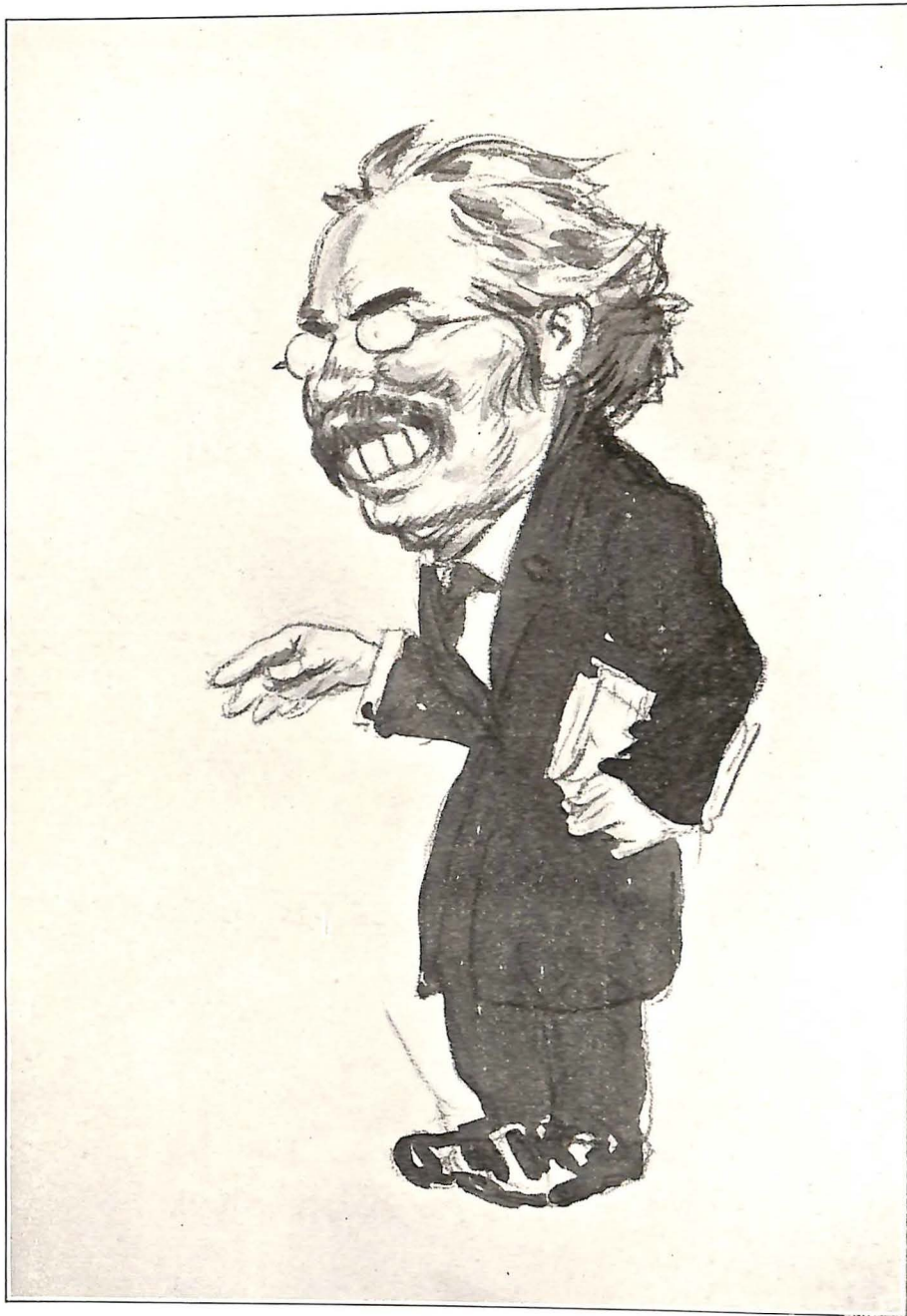
and caught by G. W. HARRIS on the opposite page.

[Full fathoms five poor Dibby lies beneath a Waste of Paint. This annually occurs between September and January.]

HERE a mere pulp lies poor old Rimbault,
While artists wail aloud,
And ne'er was psalm or dirge or hymn bawled
By so sincere a crowd :
His platform style was Perfect Beauty,
He'd that **" which passeth show,"*
His voice was resonant and fruity,
And now he's go-one be-e-low !

*Hamlet. Act I. Sc. 2

No more—(and 'tis a thousand pities)
His views will he impart,
Nor point out to his dull committees
The subtleties of Art ;
No more he'll hear the Painters bawlin'
Their yearly howls of woe,
A weight of Autumn Leaves has fallen
And Dib has gone below-oh-oh-oh !
Poor Dibby's down below !



THE INSECTARIAN

Not to Herrick's Anthea but to Modern

Liverpolita's Insectarian.

"It is highly to the honour of Liverpool that its peace has very seldom been disturbed by the rage of religions."

THE STRANGER IN
LIVERPOOL.
Published 1825.

Happy old Liverpool!

BID him to live and he will live
Thy Protestant to be :
Bid him to speak and he will give
Lip service untoe thee ;

A speech so kind, a speech so soft,
From spleen and malice free,
A speech he hath rehearsed so oft
'Neath Parks and Gardens Tree.

Bid him to bawl and he will bawl
" Only to men at 3 ;"
He'll start the everlasting brawl
'Twixt Tweedle-Dum and Dee.

And they will fight from morn till night
While they have eyes to see,
Reducing all things to the plight
Of smouldering *debris*.

Dost think this Pastor-without-Guile
Will pay the cost ? Not he !
But with ingratiating smile,
He'll leave the bill to thee.