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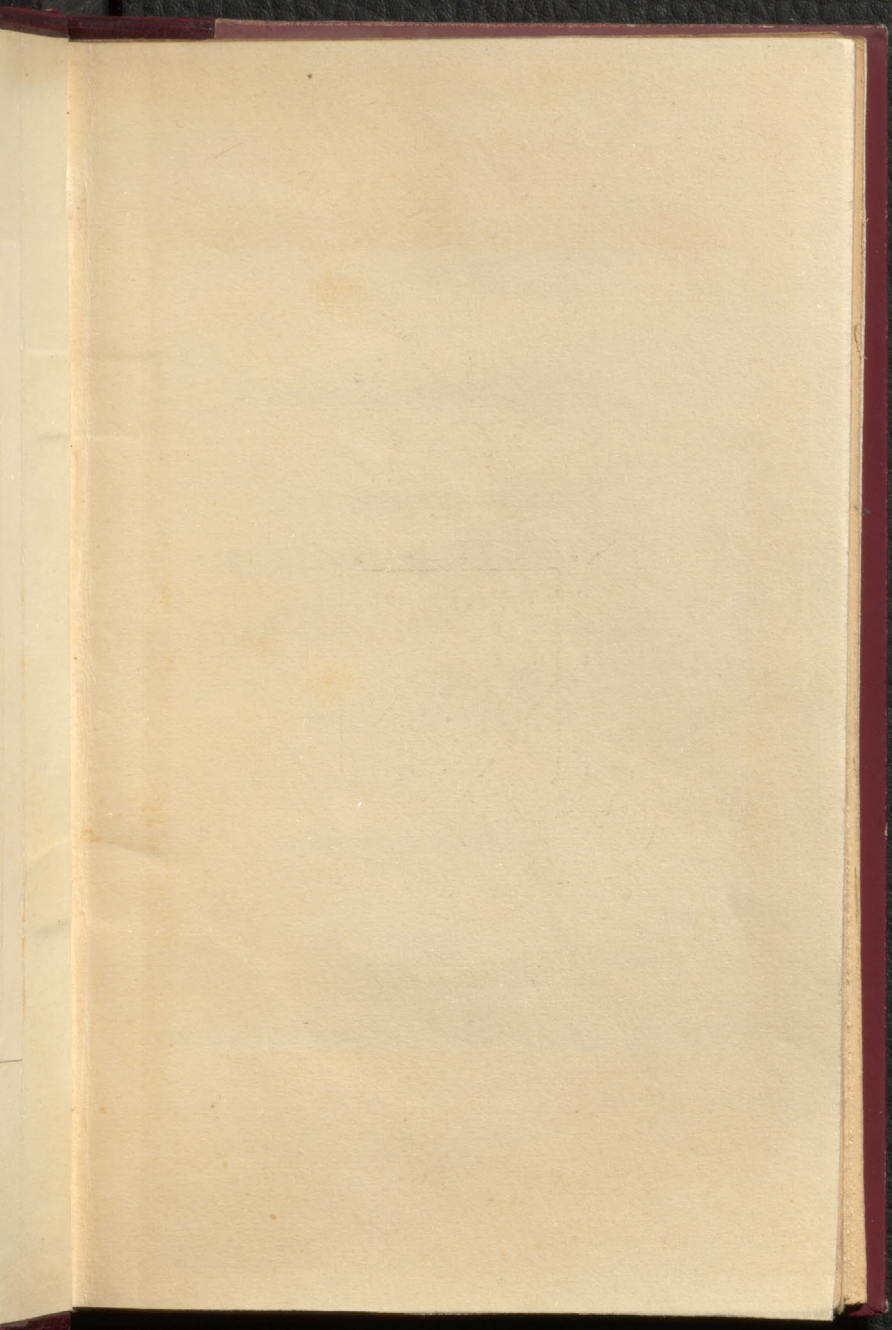
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1846

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Francis Frederick Fox.



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BY

PRINTED

METRICAL MIRTH
ABOUT
MARRIAGEABLE MISSES,
OR,
THE MODERN MODE IN
MATTERS MATRIMONIAL!

*BY A LOVER OF HONEST MOTHERS AND
GENTLE DAUGHTERS.*

A VERY LIMITED NUMBER PRINTED.

TOTHAM:

PRINTED AT CHARLES CLARK'S PRIVATE PRESS.

1846.

MATRICAL MATTERS

ABOUT

MARRIAGEABLE MISTERS, &c.

OR

MATRICAL MATTERS

IN A FORM OF MARRIAGEABLE MISTERS, &c.

OR

A FIRST CLASS MARRIAGEABLE MISTERS, &c.

TOTAM

PRINTED AT CHARLES CLAY'S PRINTING OFFICE

1844

METRICAL MIRTH
ABOUT
Marriageable Misses, etc.

THE MOTHER'S ADVICE TO HER
DAUGHTER.

My girl, you must not fall in love
With virtue or with wit;
Unless there's rank, or money too,
To gild the pill a bit.
Wit's but a frothy thing at best,
And virtue stale becomes;
Stick to the *solid pudding*, Jane,
And marry for the *plums*!

Nor let good looks beguile your heart,
To throw itself away;
What, after all's, a handsome face?
'Twill wrinkle up some day.
Gray hairs *will* show, eyes *will* grow dull,
When man's cold winter comes;—
Stick to the *solid pudding*, Jane,
And marry for the *plums*!

METRICAL MITH

Responsible Officer, etc.

THE MOTHER'S ADVICE TO HER

DUGHTER

My child, you must not fall in love

Until you are twenty years of age

For if you do, you will be sad

And if you do, you will be dead

For if you do, you will be sad

And if you do, you will be dead

For if you do, you will be sad

And if you do, you will be dead

For if you do, you will be sad

And if you do, you will be dead

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And if you do, you will be dead

For if you do, you will be sad

And if you do, you will be dead

For if you do, you will be sad

And if you do, you will be dead

Don't ever let me hear you say
 A word of "mutual flame;"
That's not the way to win the trick,
 In matrimony's game.
 Besides, such flame, though hot at first,
 Soon dim and quench'd becomes;—
 Stick to the *solid pudding*, Jane,
 And marry for the *plums!*

Love's very well for wanton bards,
 Your Ovids, Moores, to sing,
 But for a girl that's well brought up,
 'Tis an indecent thing.
I never loved your father, child,
 Just ask him; here he comes;—
 Stick to the *solid pudding*, Jane,
 And marry for the *plums!*

I know a youthful face has charms,
 For girls just fresh from school;
 But oh! I hope no child of mine
 Will be so great a fool!
 Young men are often wild and gay,
 Old age discreet becomes;—
 Stick to the *solid pudding*, Jane,
 And marry for the *plums!*

And many for the sake
Of the world's glory,
And many for the sake
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And many for the sake
Of the world's glory,

'Tis very well for vulgar folks,
To talk of hearts and darts;
But girls like *you*, should be above
Such sentimental parts.
A knock! it is that lord so rich—
Though he has toothless gums;—
Stick to the *solid pudding*, Jane,
And marry for the *plums!*

Just move that ringlet, love, and as
You sit, take care to show
That pretty foot, blush—if you *can*—
That's it! you're perfect so!
I'll leave you to receive the peer—
Here old Lord Liquorish comes;—
Stick to the *solid pudding*, Jane,
And marry for the *plums!*

THE HIND AND THE PROPHET

They were well for religion sake,
 To talk of hearts and hands,
 But give the eye should be above
 Such sentimental parts,
 A hawk! it is that kind so wild—
 Though he has feathered wings—
 Still in the fold you lay, and
 And merry for the wren!

 Let me not that feathered form, and its
 Upon all, take care to show
 That never lost, alas!—if you can—
 I shall be your perfect all
 I'll leave you to receive the boon—
 Here the local particular comes;—
 Look to the world's condition, alas,
 And merry for the wren!

THE RING AND THE BROOCH; OR,
THE LADY'S CHOICE.

A SPINSTER'S BALLAD.

I MET him at the County Ball;
I'd heard of him before,
That he had ev'ry year, at least,
Three thousand pounds and more.
I cannot say I like him much;
But what am I to do?
My mother says—"That Mr. Smith
Is just the match for you!"

I own, if I could make my choice,
I'd greatly sooner wed
Young William Jones, although he's poor,
And has to earn his bread.
He says and writes such pretty things—
But what am I to do?
My mother says—"That Mr. Smith
Is just the match for you!"

I know that money's scarce at home—
Oh, gold! thou root of ills!—
Papa declares he dreads the day
When he's to "meet" his bills!

THE KING AND THE BROTHER OF

A FAIR TALE OF

THE KING'S DAUGHTER

AND THE PRINCE OF

THE MOUNTAINS

AND THE PRINCE OF

THE SEA

AND THE PRINCE OF

THE WIND

AND THE PRINCE OF

THE SUN

AND THE PRINCE OF

THE MOON

AND THE PRINCE OF

THE STARS

AND THE PRINCE OF

THE HEAVENS

AND THE PRINCE OF

THE EARTH

AND THE PRINCE OF

THE WATER

AND THE PRINCE OF

I'm sure *I* should not dread to *meet*
My Bill—what can I do?—
 My mother cries—"That Mr. Smith
 Is just the match for you!"

There's something odd about that Smith,
 Though *what*, I cannot say;
 And yet a sweet pearl ring to me
 He sent on New-year's-day.
 While William gave a plain gold brooch,
 Poor, like himself, but true;
 My mother cries—"That Mr. Smith
 Is just the match for you!"

Smith wears a glossy olive coat,
 With buttons richly chased;
 But William's blue and worn *surtout*
 Is much more to my taste.
 Smith looks a "snob," while William is
 A gentleman, you view;
 But then my mother says—"That Smith
 Is just the match for you!"

Both ask my hand: which shall I take
 For "better and for worse?"
 If vulgar Wealth's a horrid thing,
 Still Poverty's a curse.

It is not I should not think to meet
The little one I do I do I do
The mother's name, that Mrs. Smith
Is just the match for you!

There's something of a match that Smith,
I thought not, I cannot say;
And yet a goodly portion to me
At least on a few years' day.
While William gave a plain good parson
I own, like himself, but two;
Big number eight, that Mrs. Smith
Is just the match for you!

Smith wears a glassy blue coat,
With buttons iron, brass;
But William's blue and worn velvet
Is much more to my taste.
Smith looks "exceed," while William is
A gentleman, you view;
But then my mother says—"That Smith
Is just the match for you!"

Both ask my hand: which shall I take
For the better and the worse?
If either William's a honest thing,
Still Poverty's a curse.

Smith *versus* Jones—confound the men—
I don't know what to do;
What say *you*, mother?—"Stick to Smith,
He's just the match for you!"

Well, wait a minute: I would act
Without the least reproach;
Shall I return the pretty *ring*?
Or send back William's *brooch*?
The ring, you say, is worth the most?—
Dear mother, that is true!
I'll send the *brooch* back; Smith's the man,
I quite agree with you!

Smith says you—asked the man—
I don't know what to do;
What say you, master—asked to Smith,
This is the match for you!

Well, wait a minute; I would not
Without the best approval;
Shall I return the pretty thing?
Or send back William's sword?
The thing, you say, is worth the price—
Your mother, that is true,
I'll send the sword back; might it be sent,
I quite agree with you!

What time you wish to see the sword,
To see the sword, and to see the sword,
And then to see the sword, and to see the sword,
And then to see the sword, and to see the sword.

And then to see the sword, and to see the sword,
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MY MOTHER!

A SINGLE LADY'S LAMENT.

Who brought me forth one happy day,
And to my flatter'd sire did say,
"My dear, she's just your own *portrait*?"
My Mother!

Who, though a Christian parent styled,
Ne'er suckled me, her own dear child,
For fear her figure should be spoil'd?—
My Mother!

Who from my earliest years took care
To let me know that I was fair;
And dress'd me smart, and curl'd my hair?—
My Mother!

Who, when I grew to riper age,
And turn'd the leaf of girlhood's page,
Foretold my charms would be "the rage?"—
My Mother!

Who, with instruction wisely kind,
Train'd up my young, inquiring mind,
To lay deep snares for all *man*-kind?—
My Mother!

MY MOTHER!

When I was a little boy, I used to sit on your lap,

And you would sing to me,

And you would tell me of the things that were to be,

And you would tell me of the things that were to be,

And you would tell me of the things that were to be,

My Mother!

When I was a little boy, I used to sit on your lap,

And you would sing to me,

And you would tell me of the things that were to be,

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My Mother!

When I was a little boy, I used to sit on your lap,

And you would sing to me,

And you would tell me of the things that were to be,

My Mother!

Who bade me lay aside and shun
 The heart's best instincts, every one,
 Because the *heart* is—*mauvais-ton*?—

My Mother!

Who vow'd I must, to be the pet
 Of fashion's men, and fashion's set,
 Become, like her, a cold coquette?—

My Mother!

Who said—"Be this your future plan,
 "My girl, make conquests when you can;
 "Don't *pray to God*, but *prey on—MAN!*"—

My Mother!

Who had me taught to waltz with grace,
 And dance, without a blushing face,
 The polka's meretricious pace?—

My Mother!

Who brought me "out" at seventeen,
 When I became the worshipp'd queen
 Of all the fools in fashion's scene?—

My Mother!

Who caution'd me, all things above,
 To never think or dream of love;
 To be the *hawk*, and not the *dove!*—

My Mother!

When I look at my wife and child
The heart's best feelings every day
I know the love is always there
My Mother!

When I think I must, to be the best
I fashion me, and fashion's art
I know, like her, a cold cigarette
My Mother!

When I think of the love I have
I still, with you, when you are gone
I don't pray to God, but you are here
My Mother!

When I am taught to walk with grace
And learn, without a teaching trace
The path's mysterious and true
My Mother!

When I see in your face
I find I know the way to peace
Of all the love in the world's store
My Mother!

When I think of all things done
To never think of you again
I'll be the best, and not the best
My Mother!

Who always watch'd in great affright,
 For fear I should be caught some night
 By handsome face and pockets light?—
 My Mother!

Who bids me worthy men refuse,
 That I may marry if I choose;
 "Because," she says, she's "higher views?"—
 My Mother!

Who's shown me off five seasons now,
 Till ev'ry soul my face must know,
 And dandies whisper, "'Tis no go!"—
 My Mother!

Who does not mark my cheek grow pale,
 My health give way, my spirits fail,
 Because I feel I'm getting "stale?"—
 My Mother!

Who'll keep me fiddle-faddling on,
 Till bloom and beauty both are gone
 From face and form, and then—I'm done!—
 My Mother!

THE SUN A GOOD FRIEND

Who always watch'd in great delight
For fear I should be wretched quite
The darkness fair and golden light
My Mother!

When first we parted in a room
I saw I never saw before
The tears in your eyes were so true
I thought you were weeping for me

I thought you were weeping for me
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“HE’S SUCH A GOOD YOUNG MAN!”

A BALLAD.

HE does not talk of love to me;
He does not praise my charms;
My flashing eye, my rosy lip,
The *contour* of my arms.
But then, he’s money in the stocks—
I’ll catch him if I can;
Besides, there is another thing—
He’s such a—*good* young man!

His features are not very fine;
His figure has no grace:
His nails are always black, and there
Are pimples on his face:
But then, his “principles” are pure;
I’ll catch him if I can:
What’s pimpled face to moral mind?
He’s such a—*good* young man!

His conversation boasts no wit;
No brilliant thoughts adorn
The topics which he talks about;
Indeed, he makes me yawn.
But all is *moral* that he says;
I’ll catch him if I can:
Your wits are often profligates,
But *he’s* a—*good* young man!

THESE SUCH A GOOD YOUNG MAN?

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He does not dress extremely well,
 But what of that?—one knows
 Fine feathers hide the foulest birds,
 And scamps are often beaux.
 I know he has intrinsic worth;
 I'll catch him if I can:
 His heart's "the thing," tho' *not* his *coat*:
 He's such a—*good* young man!

You say he wears "false collars;" well,
 What's that to me or you?
 His *collars* may be *false*, but oh!
 His *soul*, I'm sure, is *true*.
 What though his *hat's* a gossamer?
 I'll catch him if I can;
 And buy silk *bonnets* with his cash—
 He's such a—*good* young man!

A great thing 'tis, in married life,
 To know your bliss doth stand
 On Virtue's rock based firmly, not
 On Passion's shifting sand!
 And such with *him* would be my lot;
 I'll catch him if I can:
 For Jane (my sister)'s after him—
 He's such a—*good* young man!

THE "GENIUS."

THE ADMIRING LAY OF A SPINSTER.

OH! have you heard my "Genius" talk?
He's really quite sublime;
There never was such prose as his,
There never was such rhyme.
He calls my eyes two stars at night;
Two brilliant suns by day—
He *is* a "Genius," sure enough!
How then can I say "Nay?"

He says the world's grown old, and dull,
And that it should, forsooth,
Be in "Medea's cauldron" placed,
And boil'd again to youth.
I don't know what he means; it is
Some fine thought, I dare say—
For Tom's a "Genius," sure enough!
How then can I say "Nay?"

He vows his soul on "soaring wings"
Is longing to be off;
I hope he's not about to die—
I never hear him cough.

THE ...

Out here you hear me ...

He was the ...

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He plays his part at dinner well,
And at the luncheon tray—
He *is* a "Genius," sure enough!
How then can I say "Nay?"

He's so superior in his thoughts!
He looks with lofty scorn
On all the "great ones of the earth,"
The rich and nobly born.
He says the Poet is "divine,"
All other men but clay—
He *is* a "Genius," sure enough!
How then can I say "Nay?"

All down his back his long hair falls,
Which, though it lends *him* grace,
Doth to his *coat* much *grease* impart—
He's reddish in the face;
A black moustache, a pointed beard,
White kids, an air *distrain*—
He *is* a "Genius," sure enough!
And oh! I *won't* say "Nay!"

He plays his part at dinner well,
 And at the tavern tray—
 He is a "Gentleman," and enough
 How then shall say "Nay?"
 He's so superior in his thought
 He looks with lofty scorn
 On all the "great ones of the earth,"
 The rich and noble pair,
 He says the best is "distant,"
 All opinions but his—
 He is a "Gentleman," and enough
 How then shall I say "Nay?"
 And down he takes his long fair hair,
 Which though it looks like grass,
 Falls to his feet with every gust—
 His vest is in the dust,
 A black monster, a painted bear,
 Which lies on all his feet—
 He is a "Gentleman," and enough
 And oh! I can't say "Nay!"

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THE "OLD BACHELOR."

A MATRIMONIAL MELODY.

He's old, and stricken well in years,
The bachelor I seek ;
The crow's-foot's underneath his eye,
The wrinkle's on his cheek.
He's quite a martyr to the gout—
I care not though he be ;
I'll swaddle up his gouty toes,
If he will marry me.

They say he's fretful in his moods,
And grumbles all day long ;
And that he raps out awful oaths
When anything goes wrong.
I should not care for all his oaths,
Though awful they might be,
If at the altar he would "swear"—
To love and cherish me!

I've always heard, and know it is
The Spinster's wisest plan,
In matrimony, to look at
The *marriage, not the man.*
My aged swain has gems and gold,
Decrepid though he be ;
His *yellow* guineas won't turn *gray*,
When he has married me!

THE OLD FIGHTER

A NARRATIVE

It's old, and an' d'lectur' in years,
The looker's back, the looker's eyes,
The eyes, a-bow's n' d'lectur' in years,
The looker's back, the looker's eyes,
The eyes, a-bow's n' d'lectur' in years,
The looker's back, the looker's eyes,
The eyes, a-bow's n' d'lectur' in years,
The looker's back, the looker's eyes,

They say the old man's back is bent,
The looker's back, the looker's eyes,
The eyes, a-bow's n' d'lectur' in years,
The looker's back, the looker's eyes,
The eyes, a-bow's n' d'lectur' in years,
The looker's back, the looker's eyes,
The eyes, a-bow's n' d'lectur' in years,
The looker's back, the looker's eyes,

I've always been a fighter,
The looker's back, the looker's eyes,
The eyes, a-bow's n' d'lectur' in years,
The looker's back, the looker's eyes,
The eyes, a-bow's n' d'lectur' in years,
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Beside the altar should we stand,
 Some folks perhaps might say,
 "There's January, poor old food,
 Bound tight to blooming May!"—
 But let them talk—more girls than one
 Will at my wedding be,
 Who fain would catch that 'poor old fool,'
 Were he not caught by me!

I do not think he *can* last long,
 He is *so* full of ills;
 He's shaky on his legs, and trusts
 In potions and in pills.
 Perhaps upon the bridal night
 I shall a widow be,
 And change my orange *flowers* for *weeds*;
 Oh! happiness to me!

Yes, I'll accept the dear old soul,
 Gout, groggy legs, bald head;
 I'd sooner wed a patriarch
 Than be through life *un-wed*.
 I've heard it said, a "green old age"
 Must very pleasant be;
 And *he'll* be *green* enough, God knows!
 If he should marry me!

THE SPINSTER'S TRIUMPH.

A BALLAD OF HYMEN.

I stood before the bridal shrine;
My friends were pressing round;
A modest blush was on my cheek,
My eyes were on the ground.
But oh! I felt a throb of pride,
Which made my heart beat fast;—
The orange flowers were on my brow,
I'd caught the flat at last!

And 'mid the crowd of *seeming* friends,
Who all appear'd to smile,
I knew more hearts than one were full
Of envious rage, the while!
I'd mark'd two rivals in the throng,
Whose charms I had surpass'd;—
The orange flowers were on *my* brow,
I'd caught the flat at last!

It was not love that sent the blush
Into my cheek, so red:
He was not chosen by my *heart*,
But only by my *head*.

THE SPINSTER'S TRIUMPH

A BALLAD BY THOMAS CAMPBELL

I stood before the bridal shrine,
My friends were gazing round;
A maiden dash was on my cheek,
My eyes were on the ground.
Not so! I felt a throb of pride,
Which made my heart beat fast—
The orange flowers were on my brow,
I caught the dart of light.

And still the crowd of wedding friends
Who all appear'd to smile,
I knew more hearts than one were full
Of curious rage, the while!
I would two rivals in the throng,
Whose claims I had success'd—
The orange flowers were on my brow,
I caught the dart of light.

It was not love that sent the dash
That on my cheek was cast,
It was not shame that made my heart
So throb and beat so fast.

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I loved *another*—*he* was poor,
 So *him* away I cast;—
 The orange flowers were on my brow,
 I'd caught the flat at last!

They told me 'twas a glorious "match,"
 And mine a happy fate:
 They told me he had boundless wealth,
 And this and that estate.
 About his *moral* treasures not
 One word had ever pass'd;—
 The orange flowers were on my brow,
 I'd caught the flat at last!

My father gazed at me with pride,
 My mother with delight;
 And yet unto a stranger's arms
 They gave me up that night;
 They'd done *their* task, they'd "got me off
 Their hands"—*their* care was past—
 The orange flowers were on my brow,
 I'd caught the flat at last!

'Twas strange 'twas very strange, the cause
 I'm sure I cannot guess,
 I thought of him that's far away,
 Just as I murmur'd "Yes."

I found another—'twas poor
So with a sigh I cast—
The orange flowers were on my brow
I'd caught the fat at last!

They said me 'twas a glorious "match"
And also a happy tale—
They said me 'twas a glorious world,
And this was the best state!

—The word had ever been—
The orange flowers were on my brow
I'd caught the fat at last!

The father looked me with a smile
His mother with delight—
And yet unto a stranger's eyes
They gave me up that night!

They'd done that task, they'd got me off
Their hearts—'twas their care was past—
The orange flowers were on my brow
I'd caught the fat at last!

'Twas strange 'twas very strange, the cause
I'm sure I cannot guess,
I thought of him that's for ever
Just as I murmur'd "Yes!"

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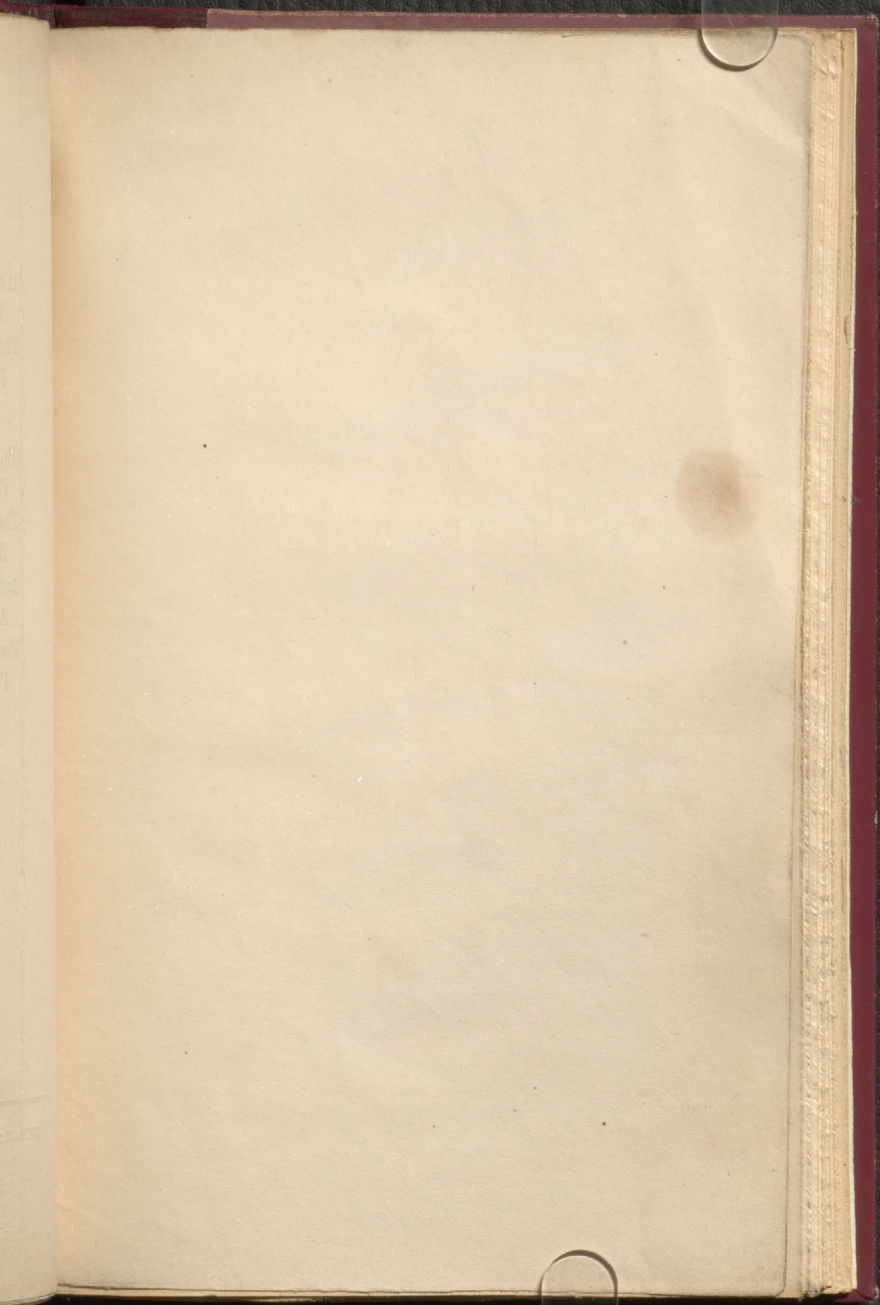
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It turn'd me faint—I felt my heart
Throb still more wild and fast;—
The orange flowers were on my brow,
I'd caught the flat at last!

Oh, many a long and tedious week
I'd flirted, danced, and sung,
The fiend *Ennui* within my heart,
But mirth upon my tongue;
And many a snare for man I'd set,
And many a bait had cast;—
The orange flowers were on my brow,
I'd caught the flat at last!

If turn'd me faint—I felt my heart
 That still more wild and fast;—
 The orange flowers were on my brow,
 I'd caught the hat at last!

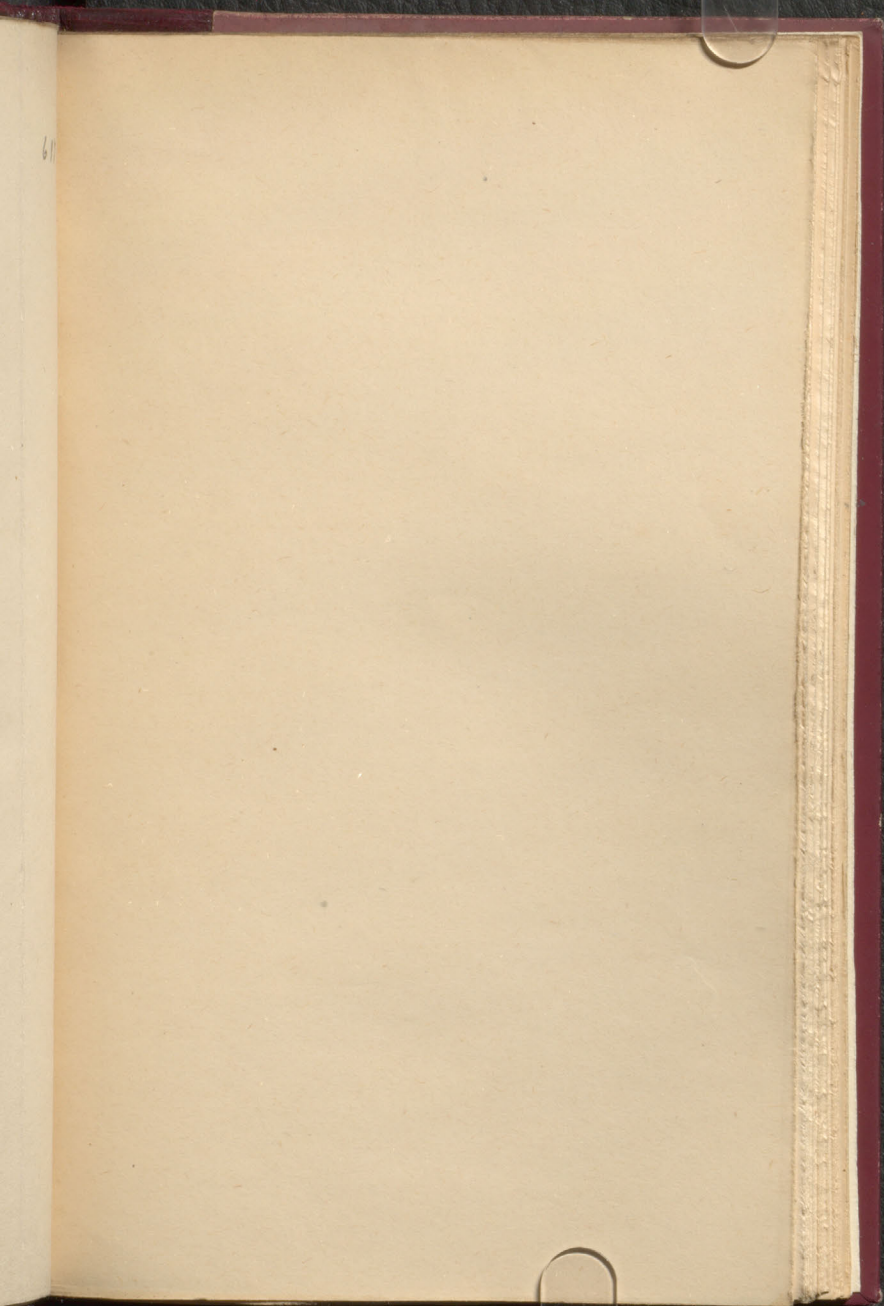
Oh, many a joy and tedious week
 I'd lived, danced, and sung,
 The hand that with my heart,
 But with upon my tongue;
 And many a scene for me I'd set,
 And many a ball had cast;—
 The orange flowers were on my brow,
 I'd caught the hat at last!

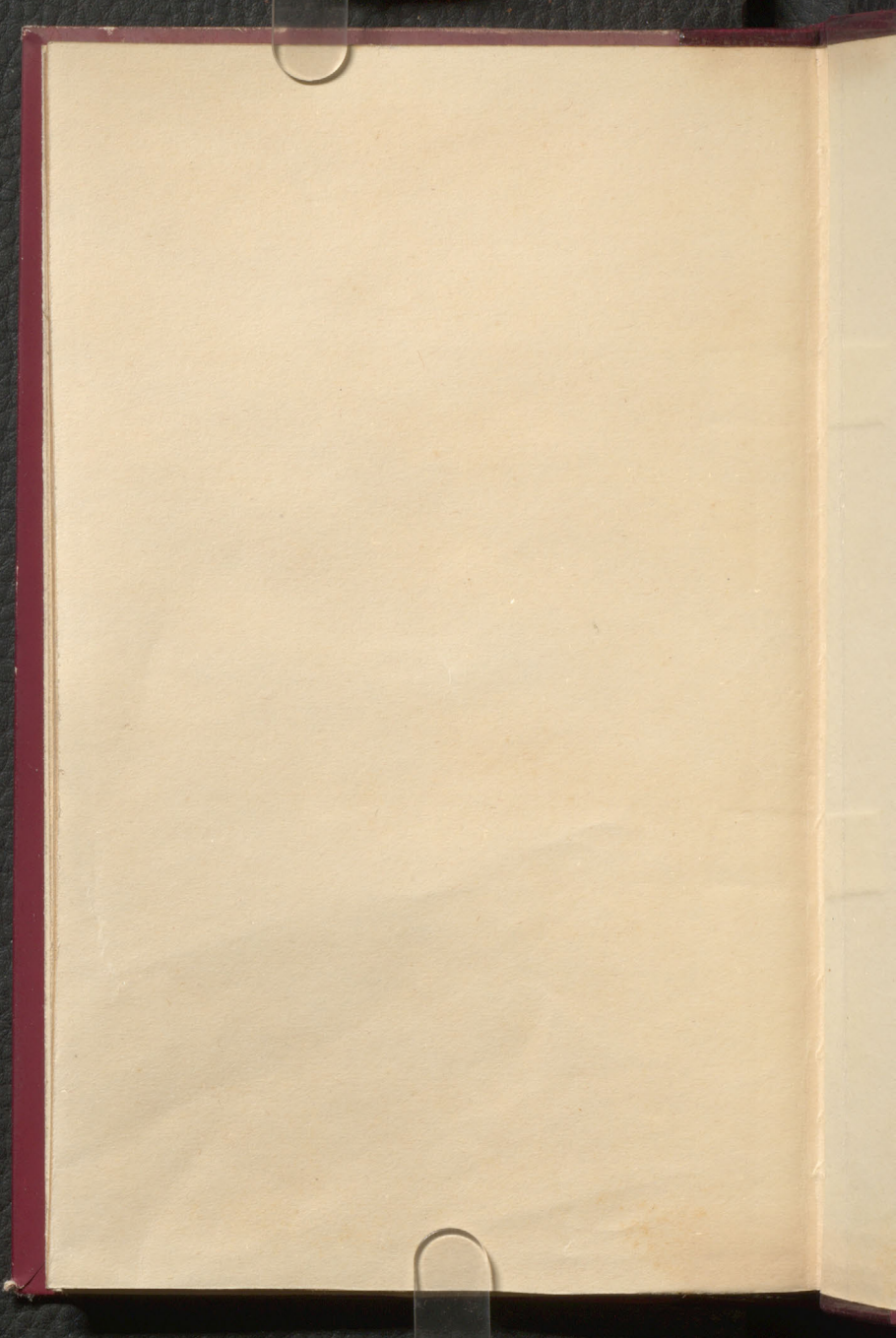


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