

CHRYSTALLINA;
OR,
THE BUTTERFLY'S GALA.

ADDRESSED TO TWO LITTLE GIRLS.

IN SIX PARTS.

VIZ.

THE BALL.

THE MASQUERADE.

THE RACE.

THE THEATRE.

THE TOURNAMENT.

THE DEPARTURE.

By R. C. BARTON, Esq.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR THOMAS BOYS, 7, LUDGATE HILL.

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FRONTISPIECE.



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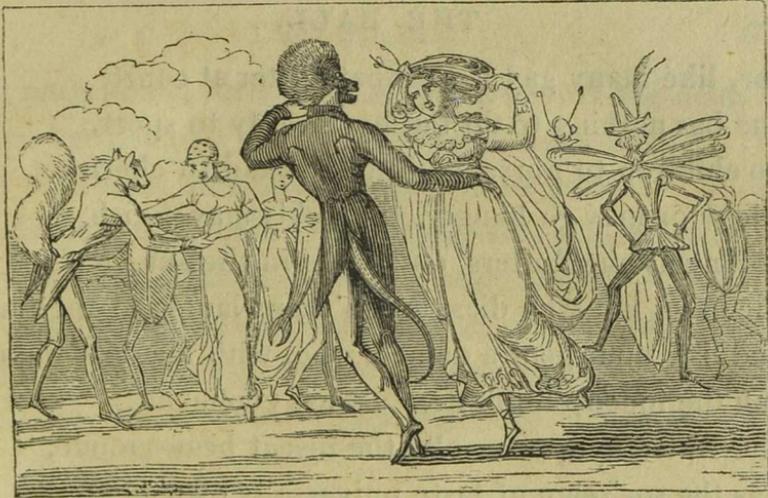
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THE BALL.

“THE Peacock at Home,” you have heard of, no doubt,
Of the Feast of the Fish, and the Grasshopper’s Rout,
And have heard of the comical pranks that were play’d
By each fanciful beast at their king’s masquerade.
But these are all pass’d, and gone quite out of mind ;
To please the young world, something new we must find,
So, if you sit still, you shall hear of the call
To the Butterfly’s Gala at Chrysalis hall.—
But first you must know, that of insects the queen,
Long the leader of fashion the Butterfly’s been ;

For, like many gay ladies that glitter at court,
She has nothing to do but her beauty to sport,
No children to nurse, and no husband to cherish,
The poor may go hungry, the sickly may perish,
As long as she flutters, and basks in the sun,
She cares not who dies, and p'rhaps laughs at the fun;
And like some gentle dames, who, with magical wand,
Can the incense of flattery always command,
The Butterfly-queen, o'er the insect beau-monde,
Was the sov'reign of taste universally own'd;
Some great fascination must rule in the sway,
That makes grey-beards and dowagers quickly obey:
No wonder that youths then should flock to her call,
And deem themselves blest, if she smil'd at a ball.
But this queen was capricious, (as some ladies are)
And too often at friends would in ignorance stare,
Who the very next day, if they happen'd to meet,
She'd with tears and embraces most lovingly greet.—
Howe'er, 'twas no matter, her reign was secure,—
They who live on her smiles must her fancies endure:
But, as fashion has always tyrannical been,
'Tis no wonder a tyrant was chosen the queen.

You must know, little girls, at the last court she held,
When her beauty, 'tis true, every other excell'd,
Half mad with the praises so constantly heard,
She fancied the world would stand still at her word ;
On a rose-leaf reclining, she carelessly lay,
While a dozen pert coxcombs her summons obey,
And flutt'ring her fan, in a voice never loud,
She said she'd some news for the "vile odious
crowd."

In an instant, all silent, they gaily drew round,
While a "dear chosen few" her fair person surround :
All assembled, she cried, I've but little to say—
But my birth-day takes place on the first of next May,
When a fête I shall give, to continue a week,
Of all that's delightful, superb, and unique ;
I expect all my friends—but first, you must hear—
Not one empty handed, I hope, will appear :
Birthday presents indeed are quite gone out of date ;
A good custom, I think, and 'tis never too late
To revive an old law that does good to the state. }
This exertion was great, and exhausted her quite,
She wav'd an adieu, and a sigh said, good night.

As the day now drew nigh for the butterfly's joys,
At Chrysalis hall, all was bustle and noise,
Such great preparations employ'd ev'ry soul ;
Chrysalina presided, and manag'd the whole.—
May the first now appeared, and the birth-day began,
And, what's more, quite complete was her majesty's plan.
The insects from every retreat were approaching,
Regardless of friends, or on neighbours encroaching ;
Some flying, some creeping, some waddling in haste,
Each bringing some proof of their genius or taste ;
Some few of the quadruped race were admitted,
But only the few that from fashion were fitted
To shine in the ball-room, or act in the play,
To assist at the race, or beguile a wet day ;
And some of the prettiest birds of the air
Came to pay their devoirs to the butterfly fair ;
And, as foreigners oft are consider'd a sight,
She had ask'd of the Fish some of those most polite.
Her cards had been issued, to tell all the men,
No admittance was given till half after ten :
As that hour drew near, in her boudoir was seen,
In magnificent splendour, the Chrysaline queen ;

A moss rose sustain'd her fair majesty's throne,
On which she reclin'd with a grace all her own.
The violet her footstool, while over her head
The geranium's broad leaf a green canopy spread :
And scatter'd around in most graceful display
All the sweets of the garden promiscuously lay.
Here mushrooms with eider-down cushions were plac'd,
Where the lazy might lounge, or the weary might rest ;
A sleepy old Mole she had brib'd to lie still,
As the place of a sofa she thought he might fill.
In fact, nothing was wanting for comfort or ease,
That her guests might amuse themselves just as they
please.

Her suite all around in attendance were waiting,
On politics, weather, and birth-days, debating :
If the names of her courtiers you'd like to be told,
Who were pretty, who ugly, who young, and who old,
Have patience one moment, each name you shall know,
Their precedence at court, and their birth, high or low.
The company first her two chamberlains met,
Sir Whirligig Squirrel and Lord Marmoset,
Maids of honor, you'll fancy, six Lady-birds were,
For no less than six ever wait on the fair ;

Angelina, Penelope, Gertrude, and Jane,
Belinda the beauty, poor Nancy the plain ;
But Nancy, I hear, was consider'd the best,
And in kindness of heart, they say—worth all the rest ;
Her pages were Grasshoppers, Lizards, and Flies,
All of elegant form, but diminutive size :
Her physicians were Black-beetles, pompous and proud ;
And the fav'rite an Ear-wig is always allow'd ;
Her heralds were Gnats, with their horns, to proclaim
Through the staircase and hall each illustrious name :
But, hark ! a loud knocking I hear at the gate,
Lady Spider's sedan ! with two footmen in state.
Her ladyship enters, and hands to the queen
A cobweb, which form'd a most elegant screen.
Lord Cockchafer next through the balcony sounds,
A gallant old soldier disfigur'd with wounds,
And presents, to the fair one he often had sung,
A new sonnet, compos'd in the Cockchafer tongue.
Mrs. Moth next flits in with a wonderful load,
The jewel she'd found in the head of a toad :
Then Lady Cameleon, like Harlequin dress'd,
Through the fast-filling circle now awkwardly press'd,

With a form lank and lean (for she lives upon air)
And her compliments paid to the Chrysaline fair ;
Her hues ever changing, she thought would suffice,
An economist always, it cost her no price.
A dashing young Grasshopper next pushes in,
With a cravat stiff-starch'd sticking out from his chin ;
His present he knew she would not take amiss :
He knelt, took her hand, which he mark'd with a kiss.
Squire Drone tried the same, but so awkward 'twas done,
That it chang'd her sweet looks from a smile to a frown.
Sir Drone felt asham'd, as indeed he well might,
More cautious it made him, and p'rhaps more polite.
Next, a host of the Butterfly family came ;
'Twere needless and endless to mention each name,
And as varied the presents they brought to their queen ;
To be sure, such a catalogue never was seen.
Lady Goldfinch now hopp'd in, so spruce and so neat,
And gave all the lovers of fashion a treat ;
Her colours so brilliant, so charmingly chaste,
Whilst some envied her dress, all admir'd her taste ;
Her present, a scarf of the fairest and best
Of the silk she'd purloin'd for completing her nest.

Sir Humming-bird bow'd as he dropp'd from his bill
Some essence procur'd from the golden jonquil.
The Queen, still capricious, no longer could wait ;
And, tir'd of the whim of presiding in state,
Now call'd on Sir Squirrel to haste and prepare
That part of the duties assign'd to his care,
And to tell Marmoset she was ready to dance
That delightful new waltz he brought over from France.
In an instant, all magic, a curtain undrawn,
Discover'd in front a magnificent lawn
Enclos'd on all sides by profusion of flowers,
Well screen'd and protected from wind or from showers ;
To make it unique no expense had been spar'd,
And a fairy-land picture it truly appear'd.
Five hundred bright Glow-worms attended the Queen,
And as moveable lamps gave new light to the scene.
There was something in this most decidedly new,
Exceeded by no one, and equall'd by few.
A band was provided of Nature's musicians,
Dispers'd on all sides in the choicest positions.
Canary-birds, Bull-finches, Linnets, and Thrushes,
Were scatter'd in groups here and there on the bushes.

Philomela herself condescended to come,
Though it cost the fair Queen an exorbitant sum.
But she heard that "in town" not a musical treat
Without Catalani was fancied complete ;
And the Nightingale stoutly refus'd to attend
Unless she was paid, and receiv'd as a friend.
However, when there, with her sweet song of night
Each soul thrill'd with rapture, surprise, and delight.
More humble performers for dancing were hir'd,
And some to keep going when others were tir'd.
The company seated, the Queen now advanc'd,
And an elegant waltz with Lord Marmoset danc'd,
Some couples then follow'd in round-about maze,
Expecting applauses, and anxious for praise.
No praises were heard, though the Queen led the way,
For why, p'rhaps you'll ask : you must know, in that day
The prudent old matrons imagin'd 'twas wrong,
And the fashion I believe did not last very long ;
But some gay dashing belles, most select and genteel,
With their fav'rite young partners propos'd a quadrille ;
Young Earwig then boldly stood up with the Queen,
A Grasshopper beau's with Miss Lady-bird seen ;

Sir Squirrel Miss Cricket soon led to her place,
Lady Spider Sir Drone condescended to grace ;
Lord Cock-robin soon Lady Goldfinch assail'd,
And in spite of her prudence his prayers prevail'd ;
Lord Cockchafer next, quite a pattern to beaux,
Miss Penelope Lady-bird gallantly chose ;
And the Marquis of Dormouse, though lately awoke,
As a partner, the youngest Miss Lizard bespoke ;
A Gold and a Silver Fish made up the set,
And the maître de ballet was Lord Marmoset.
The dance was repeated, refreshments were brought,
New tunes oft were call'd for, new steps too were taught ;
For the music no pity—they footed away,
Till the loud crowing cock twice proclaim'd it was day ;
When, probably, fearing, if Chanticleer found
Such delicate morsels were scatter'd around,
For his breakfast impatient the monarch might feel,
And her majesty take for his first little meal,
Chrysallina most slyly stole off to her nest,
And her company left to do what they thought best.
Having first told Sir Squirrel she meant to repeat,
That evening, at ten, some new part of the fête.



THE MASQUERADE.

NEXT morning, at breakfast, no doubt all agreed,
That the charms of last evening nought could exceed :
Each fancied in turn, what the queen meant to do,
If that night she intended to give something new.
Of her majesty's taste not a word could be said,
Such proofs at a ball had been never display'd ;
In fact such a treat, not an insect before
In his life had e'er seen, and perhaps would no more.
But the Chrysalline Queen, ever glad to surprise,
To astonish the vulgar, the foolish, and wise ;

As she woke in the morn from a fanciful dream,
Conceiv'd, as she thought, a magnificent scheme;
She rang for her handmaids and ladies of state,
But so tir'd they were, and to bed went so late,
Such bustling there was, each the other delay'd,
That 'twas long e'er her majesty's call was obey'd;
At length when they came and all look'd so perplex'd,
It diverted her so—she forgot she was vex'd,
And smilingly said, “Come now quickly and dress me,
You seem all asleep, how stupid—Oh! bless me;
Miss Lady-bird, fly and get ready my tea,
While Miss Gertrude prepares that nice pink negligée.
Send young Lizard the page to tell Lord Marmoset,
Sir Whirligig Squirrel, and all that queer set,
That in less than an hour I beg they'll attend,
Lord Earwig *must* come—he's my very best friend.”
Young Lizard, indeed, tried how fast he could creep
To rouse all the beaux from the comforts of sleep;
But, knowing how sleepy some dandies appear,
Took young Gnat in his tandem to buz in their ear.
Mr. Gnat lik'd the frolic, his horn was at hand,
To sound in each ear at young Lizard's command.

Marmoset first was woke, who got rid of his spleen,
When he found 'twas a messenger come from the queen ;
In Sir Whirligig's ear he thrice sounded 'twas day,
And thrice a long tail Mr. Gnat drove away ;
At length on his nose, he inflicted his sting,
And soon flew out of reach on his light airy wing.
Master Lizard then told what her majesty said,
And they hurried away to old Cockchafer's bed.
These errands all done, he as quickly retreated,
And at breakfast soon found her fair majesty seated,
Her taste ever changing, new furniture wanted,
To wish was enough—all her wishes were granted,
And, tir'd of the rose-leaf and violet, this day
She thought she might something more handsome display.
A camelia japonica now form'd her seat,
While the elegant primrose sustain'd her light feet ;
The azure veronica serv'd as a screen,
And a spreading carnation o'ershadow'd the Queen ;
Two buttercups, fill'd with the sweetest of honey
Squire Drone could procure or for love or for money ;
Too idle to work and too fearful to steal,
He'd begg'd what he gave from the Humble Bee's meal.
Her cups from the cowslip and snowdrop she chose,

And her tea was fresh made from the dew on the rose.
But breakfast's scarce ended, e'er heralds proclaim
Lord Cockchafer's, Squirrel's, and Marmoset's name.
"Let them in, pray, Miss Ladybird, shew them in here,
In the boudoir such darlings should always appear."
Lord Cockchafer limp'd in, a batter'd old beau,
Sir Squirrel came skipping, he never mov'd slow;
Lord Marmoset scraping, all farce and grimace,
Seem'd remarkably proud of his ugly dark face.
The whimsical party had scarcely got seated,
Or her majesty's first winning smile been repeated,
E'er, anxious to tell the astonishing news,
And her majesty's wishes which none dare refuse,
She bade Marmoset quickly tell all that were ask'd
To her party that night, not to come unless mask'd.
This news once abroad, not a moment was lost,
No trouble was spar'd, no exertions, or cost,
To prepare for the night some extravagant dress,
To make small people large, and make large people less.
All the world was as busy, as busy could be;
How it ended at last, by and by you shall see.
Masquerade shops, I fear, there were none to be found,
But old clothes shops I know in those regions abound.

Chrysallina herself, though the truth is a rub,
First was found by her friends in the dress of a grub ;
As proud as she seems of her colours so bright,
From a dark filthy egg-shell she first saw the light.
But although that is true, and the Queen is capricious,
I'd best hold my tongue, and not be so malicious.—
In the evening at ten, as I've mention'd before,
Chrysallina was seen in the favourite boudoir.
But some great alterations were made in the place,
For a serpentine streamlet reflected each grace ;
The lights too were chang'd, as the Glow-worms were
Of remaining so long—when her majesty hir'd [tir'd
Some thousands of Fire-Flies lately come o'er,
In an Elephant's tusk, from the African shore.
The improvement was great, it was novel and strange,
And the Queen was delighted to see such a change.
The famous new lights she'd have had, but, alas !
Her philosophers fail'd in producing their gas.
Little time now elaps'd ere the company came,
Entre nous, I believe, I may tell you each name,
And the character fix'd on, to try and disguise
The booby within, from impertinent eyes.—
At the door we'll suppose we've a station obtain'd,

By the help of some courtier-like, time-serving friend.
 Before us you know they must certainly pass,
 And so close I'm quite sure there's no need of a glass.
 See that queer looking Snail at the gateway appearing,
 Of moving too quickly he seems to be fearing ;
 It's little Dick Grasshopper squeez'd in a shell,
 How he curls up his legs, on my word I can't tell ;
 But look ! there's a Rat now curvetting about,
 Oh, oh ! Master Squirrel, indeed you're found out ;
 That long bushy tail in the brown paper case,
 I'm afraid will make public your nut-cracking race ;
 There's a Mole creeping in, not the sophia I'm sure,
 Your disguise, my Lord Marmoset, seems very poor ;
 But look at that Egg by itself rolling in,
 Indeed, Mr. Lizard, I know where you've been,
 Though you think like a turnspit to roll it along
 You'll get many a toss, as you push through the throng.
 Who comes now, with that buzzing—oh yes, I can see,
 It's young Wasp padded out to the shape of a Bee ;
 A miller, I fancy that fellow all white,
 Doctor Black-beetle, eh ? is it you ? yes, I'm right,
 You've been in the meal-tub, I guess, this fine night ;
 But what is that legion of Ants dragging in,

Cover'd over with cobwebs ;—good gracious, the Queen.
Not a soul in the room, I predict, will e'er know it,
Except that sly rogue, the old Cockchafer poet.
Ah ! look at that Moth with its clumsy great legs,
It seems all the world like a dumpling on pegs,
It's you ! my Lord Cockchafer ! thinking to squeeze
In the skin of the Moth which you slew with such ease ;
But here comes another roll'd up like a ball, [hall ;
It's Lord Dormouse I know, he just skipp'd through the
He's asleep, I suppose,—but, good heavens ! what's this ?
I could swear 'twas a snake, oh dear ! will it hiss ?
No—it's only Miss Silver-fish wrapp'd up in leather,
So tight that the stitches will scarce hold together.
That Dragon-fly, fierce and terrific, himself
Is only young Cricket, a harmless, poor elf,
Who thinks that disguise will of consequence make him,
His chirp will betray him, you'll find he's mistaken.
A Jackdaw ! I think—he would speak if he durst,
Oh, no—it's the fable completely revers'd ;
Philomela that is, from the Raven she stole
Those feathers so black, “ *mais pour jouer son role.* ”
Her disguise I am certain can't last very long,
When discover'd, no doubt, she'll enchant by her song.

Do you see that long thing, creeping in, in slow time,
Caterpillar I'd say—but it don't suit my rhyme;
That's young Gold-fish, I know, in some skin that's been
Its first owner, who left it, is probably dead. [shed,
Two Tadpoles I vow—come in wagging their tails,
Perhaps next we shall see their companions, the Eels.
Miss Penelope Ladybird! bless me, and that?
Angelina her sister,—the one rather fat.—
Look what numbers of comical creatures appear;
Oh! they'll squeeze us to death, if we stop too long here.
I am getting so tir'd, and faint, which is worse,
We shall see them to-morrow, *sans doute*, on the course.
So let us suppose, what most likely is true,
The Queen was delighted—her guests far from few.
As the contest in London is now, I presume,
To see who can cram company best in a room
Which would hold but one quarter with comfort and ease,
But comfort's too vulgar—*haut ton* is the squeeze.
The characters doubtless were ably supported,
And the praises deserv'd—they so anxiously courted;
'Till their enemy, Chanticleer, gave the alarm,
Dispers'd all the host, and demolish'd the charm.



THE RACE.

'ERE the guests to their homes were by Chanticleer driven,
The crier's loud voice this great notice had given.
“ Hear, insects, and fishes, and quadrupeds all,
“ As well as the birds we have ask'd to our ball ;
“ Our pleasure it is, to enliven the scene
“ By holding our races, and here on the green
“ To-morrow, as soon as the sun has gone down,
“ We expect all the fashion and beauty in town. [fair,
“ And on Thursday we mean, should the weather prove
“ To present you with something quite novel and rare.

“ Of private theatricals often you’ve heard,
“ But to see them we think will be greatly preferr’d.
“ Some amateur actors have kindly agreed
“ To exhibit those characters where they succeed.—
“ At sunset as usual,—we beg you’ll come soon,
“ As ourself will commence an address to the moon.
“ At the same time on Friday, we mean to attend,
“ And the fête with a tilt and a tournament end.
“ Next day we request you all home will repair,
“ The fish to their waters, the birds to the air.
“ As our subjects too long have in idleness been;”—
And the notice was ended with, God save the Queen.
In bed the next morning the company lay,
If they frolic all night, they must sleep in the day;
But, completely refresh’d ere the evening was clos’d,
At the race course they met as the Queen had propos’d.
The stand was prepar’d, and the rails plac’d around,
And some lab’ring poor ants had been rolling the ground.
Weights, colours, and riders, you think will be nam’d,
And the list of the horses for running proclaim’d;
At the races of insects such things are not done,
For the dear little creatures have ways of their own;

Their hearts are too tender for spurring and whipping,
No jockies you'll see for the contest equipping.
Humanity still holds her place there at court,
And forbids any cruelty, even for sport!
Their laws still prevent giving dumb creatures pain,
To contribute to idleness, pleasure, or gain;
And the Queen, to her subjects so haughty and proud,
In this point most kind, has been always allowed;
The games of the antients, the insects preferr'd,
Athletæ, I think, is the classical word;
Each his strength or his swiftness with equals might try,
Nor from over exertion make animals die.
The lover might here his anxiety prove,
To receive the bright prize from the hand of his love;
The ambitious might strive to ennoble their name,
And bid high for a place in the records of fame.
To the youth of each sex emulation might teach,
And the summit might shew, skill and patience can reach.
But a flourish of trumpets now loudly declare
It's time the competitors haste to prepare,
And the heralds proclaim, in a voice full as loud,
Her majesty's orders respecting the crowd—

That done, they gave notice the first race would be
By the Grasshopper Giant and little Jack Flea.

The Giant all knew at one hop could go far,
And fear'd his great strength competition would mar ;
But Jack could take three to the Grasshopper's one,
His agility yet had been never out-done.

While the friends of poor Jack were all fuming and fret-
ting,

At the post I was told it was quite even betting.

Now ready for starting, surrounded by friends,
At the throne of the Queen each competitor bends,

While her majesty gracefully held up the prize
That excited their hopes and attracted all eyes.

In course, for distinction each hero was dress'd
In the colour selected by " her he lov'd best."

The youngest Miss Leech, cousin germain to Jack,
Thought a waistcoat of crimson would match well with
black,

For the whole of that family, time out of mind,
Have been constantly thought of the blood-thirsty kind ;

Miss Ladybird fancied, and so did the Queen,
That nothing would suit the young Giant but green—

“ One, two, three,”—off they go in amazing good style ;
The Giant kept leading, Jack held in awhile,
And the knowing ones saw, what a jockey would say,
Was only just keeping the Giant in play.

As they got near the post coming cleverly in,
No doubt all were anxious to see which would win,
But their wind was so good and so equal their speed,
“ Neck and neck” it appear’d, and that neither could
lead ;

“ Now, Giant,”—“ now, Jack,” were alternately heard,
And the friends of each party of conquest despair’d ;
The goal was in view—and the Queen held the prize,
And the shouts of the crowd mounted high in the skies ;
The Grasshopper, thinking one long spring would do it,
Collected his strength and put manfully to it—
Little Jack was more nimble, more quick than the Giant,
His limbs, not so long—I suppose were more pliant,
And just as the Grasshopper’s effort was ended,
After three shorter hops, just before him descended ;
This decided the race, and the Giant was beat,
Though his friends interfer’d, calling out a “ dead
heat ;”

But the Judge who attended (a knowing old Fly,
The same I believe who saw Cock-robin die,)
Declar'd on his honour, and swore by his strength,
Little Jack was before him completely a length ;
The young hero then nimbly skipped on to the throne,
And receiv'd the rich prize he'd so gallantly won ;
But who can describe the emotions he felt
When, presenting the scarf, he exultingly knelt
At the feet of the fair one, in loveliness rich,
His delightful young cousin, Angelica Leech ;
Or what pencil pourtray her bewitching sweet look,
As the blush ting'd her cheek, when she gracefully took
From the hand of her lover, this pledge of his truth,
And with smiles bright as morning rewarded the youth ;
Now the trumpet proclaims the next race is begun,
“ Can you tell me, my dear, who it is that's to run :
“ Oh, yes—now I see, or my senses must fail,
“ It's young lazy-boots Slug and that galloping Snail.
“ I bet on young Slug, as I know he can creep,
“ Though it's full ten to one that they both fall asleep.”
However, they tried it ; yet such was their pace,
That it look'd like a funeral much more than a race ;

Young lazy-boots seem'd to bid fair for the plate,
As the shell on old Snail was consider'd as weight;
Ten minutes it took these fleet coursers to run
What the Giant and Jack had completed in one;
All anxiety vanish'd, the Queen too was tired,
She call'd to her heralds, and promptly desir'd,
They'd sound a retreat to the swift-footed pair,
And inform them that each in her bounty would share.
To this they assented and gladly retreated,
In spite of the hisses with which they were greeted.
A sweepstakes came next of three grains of fine corn,
To be run for by Ants who had worked there that morn,
When six little labourers set down their names,
Their ages and colours, pretensions and claims.
It is needless for me to relate all the story,
Or which fortunate Ant gain'd provisions and glory;
They made a good race, and three rattling heats tried
Before the best runner old Fly could decide;
This ended the races—the Queen led the way,
“*Au revoir, mes amis.*”—We shall meet at the play.



THE THEATRE.

THE sun had scarce hid her bright rays in the West
Ere the boudoir was ready, her majesty drest ;
The music and lights were not plac'd as before,
To see twice the same thing in haut ton is a " bore ;"
But contrivance like magic so alter'd the whole,
So amazingly chang'd it, I'm sure not a soul
Who was there at the Ball, Masquerade, or the Race,
Could conceive how 'twas done, or remember the place.
The stage was a corner her majesty chose,
Protected each side by the jasmin and rose ;

Miss Angelica's scarf, in festoons hung between,
Produc'd on the whole a theatrical scene—
The curtain was brought from her majesty's store,
A Brussels lace veil which she never once wore.
The thought struck her too late, or perhaps on this day
The Queen might have manag'd to get up a play ;
However, she thought 'twould be equally strange,
And somehow or other she hop'd to arrange,
So that each might rehearse his own fav'rite part
And strut and declaim in the pride of his heart ;
And besides in a play 'twouldn't do for the Queen,
As a sovereign in tinsel should never be seen ;
An address to the moon was of order no breach,
No play-acting that, 'twas but making a speech.
—But the audience are waiting, pray who takes the lead ?
Of course, before majesty none dare proceed ;
Whose address to the moon was then gracefully given,
And the orb in return smil'd as sweetly from heaven ;
A burst of applause now resounds through the air,
And fresh confidence gave to the Chrysaline fair—
The address was quite short, but pathetic and tender,
I long'd for a copy, but thought 'twould offend her ;

However, I hear my Lord Marmoset hinted
'Twas whisper'd at court, it would shortly be printed.
Next, his lordship himself, the ridiculous fellow,
Presum'd his black face must resemble Othello,
He chatter'd and grinn'd, a most horrible smile,
And the handkerchief scene, *he* thought, acted in style;
But the audience thought otherwise, some said 'twas
poor,
His black visage was all that resembled the Moor ;
But he bow'd and retir'd; when, next in the scene,
Sail'd in Lady Di Spider, a tragedy queen :
Arachne, they said, would have suited her best,
But Penelope's labours inspir'd her breast ;
Some scenes she rehears'd with bombastical air,
The play, I believe, is by Monsieur Voltaire—
No matter who wrote it, revis'd or corrected,
I know it's the one Lady Spider selected ;
But the critics agreed, from the end to beginning,
The only part like that good Queen was her spin-
ning.
Philomela next modestly mounted the stage
As divine Catalani, the pride of the age ;

But, unlike that proud singer, the sweet bird of night
Declin'd to rehearse in such splendour of light ;
When the Glow-worms and Fire-flies, all but a few,
To a supper provided most gladly withdrew.
O! then with what rapture the audience were fill'd,
Catalani herself to this songstress must yield ;
Her airs she sang on till the Glow-worms had finish'd,
And the dear little lamp-lighters came back replenish'd ;
'Twas then my Lord Cockchafer made the earth tremble,
Waddling in as Jack Falstaff, to imitate Kemble ;
He ranted and swore, and call'd loudly for sack,
The old soldier, I believe, has of drinking a knack ;
But though Kemble in Falstaff he fancied was shewn,
This likeness was all—that his size was his own.
Miss Caroline Flea, (the young racer's her brother)
So proud of high blood, from father and mother ;
Came on, Lady Teazle ; she knew it by heart,
And no wonder indeed, for it's quite her own part.
Squire Drone, Tony Lumpkin not badly presented,
He was there quite at home, for the wretch is contented
To see others labour, then share in the store,
To beg from the rich, sometimes steal from the poor.

Next, the Grasshopper Giant came thund'ring down,
His appearance bespoke him Grimaldi the clown ;
Had Grimaldi been there with his Harlequin batch,
He'd have found the young Giant much more than a
match.

Young Earwig now mov'd from the side of the queen,
And gave to the life his M'Sarcasm grin ;
Not contented with this, knowing what he could do,
He attempted as well the M'Sycophant *boo*.

The audience were pleas'd at the skill he display'd,
But the cunning ones whisper'd, " you know, 'tis his
trade."—

Mrs. Moth glided in, with a face pale as death,
And flutter'd and frisk'd as the ghost in Macbeth ;
And old Doctor Blackbeetle, smoothing his chin,
From Hamlet had copied the grave-diggers' scene ;
Then chang'd in an instant to Doctor Pangloss,
A great Doctor of laws and an A double S.

He made an attempt, but the part did not suit him,
(Some wit was requir'd) to act Caleb Quotem :
The Queen got impatient, and whisper'd " the few"
She meant to astonish with what she could do,

And the charming dear “few” condescendingly smil’d
When Juliet, she said, she’d once done as a child.
Young Spider attempted to make himself heard
While he ranted as Kean in King Richard the third,
But the audience were deaf—they expected the Queen,
And a Queen on the stage would be quite a new scene;
Nor long their suspense, a few minutes reveal
Their Queen in the style of the charming O’Neill,
And Romeo, that ape young Lord Marmoset chose
To display his fine person, his diamonds, and clothes.
Applauses, in thunders, her majesty heard,
And in any shape praises she always preferr’d;
But applauses were chang’d to sad hisses and hoots,
When the critics, in Romeo, discover’d poor C——s;
The shock was too great, she had shar’d in the scoff,
That hiss was her death, she was fainting borne off.
Now succeeded sad scenes of confusion and noise,
Those snarling old critics quite ended the joys,
Which had they kept quiet no doubt would have lasted,
But the hopes of the Queen by their envy were blasted;
I hate those old critics, their censures are spite,
And whatever a person now ventures to write,

Unless, like the Queen, it's their own chosen few,
The work's sadly quizz'd in some stupid review—
“ There! the glow-worms move off, not a creature can
see,

O dear, this is worse than that dreadful O. P.”

And then came such scrambling to try and get out,
It resembled indeed the fag end of a rout.

However, they manag'd somehow, ere they parted,
In spite of their squeezes and bruises that smarted,
To make some arrangement for meeting to-morrow,

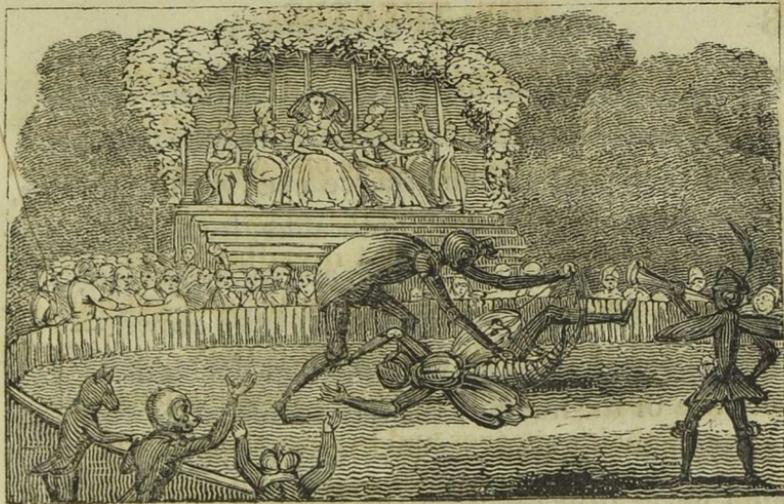
And securing good places, unless, to their sorrow,

The Queen from the insult so lately receiv'd

Should feel indispos'd, or affronted, or griev'd,

All future amusement should harshly oppose,

And indignantly order the Gala should close.



THE TOURNAMENT.

CONSULTATIONS were held long before it was light,
To talk over the play, and “mistakes of the night.”
The Queen, all suppos’d, must be sadly displeas’d,
And her rage, all agreed, must be somehow appeas’d;
Deputations were form’d to proceed to the hall,
Who first in their way on Lord Marmoset call,
To explain to his lordship the state of the case,
And beg he’d solicit her majesty’s grace.
They declar’d, on their honour, the bustle and noise
Proceeded from no one but critics and boys:

The latter, no doubt, he'd excuse from their youth,
And the critics indeed, to acknowledge the truth,
Were a vagabond set, and scarce ever worth minding,
Judging actors and books, both alike, by their binding,
And the noise of a few, though audaciously loud,
Could never be fancied the sense of the crowd.—
Sir Marmoset bow'd, and, grimacing, declar'd
His sense of the honour, this visit conferr'd.
Such riot indeed, he must very well know
Could never proceed from the "*gens comme il faut*;"
Her majesty's anger indeed had got high,
But his had all vanish'd, moreover he'd try
To convince her, what he had conceiv'd all the while,
It came merely from critics and vulgar canaille.
The committee, now satisfied, gaily withdrew,
And Lord Marmoset join'd to see what he could do.
They next to young Earwig's apartments repair'd,
As they knew the gay spark the Queen's confidence shar'd,
But, like a true courtier, he bow'd to declare
No suggestions of his would her majesty hear,
He knew she was angry—and well too she might,
What Queen had e'er seen the disgrace of last night.

So ungrateful indeed—after all that she'd done,
To laugh at the Queen he consider'd no fun.
At present his reasons he could not assign,
But all interference now begg'd to decline.
On this, to the palace, the grave deputation
Proceeded to carry the voice of the nation ; [gain'd,
But how great their surprise, when the presence they
To observe from her smiles no displeasure remain'd,
And when my Lord Marmoset made his fine bow,
She cried, “thank you, my lord, for that charming nice
row.

“ Pray, who could help laughing to see your black face
“ As Romeo, indeed—to your lordship's disgrace ;
“ But the audience, I saw, could no longer conceal
“ Their surprise when I enter'd, they thought 'twas
O'Neill.

“ Now to tell you a secret, at least *entre nous*,
“ When they hooted, and shouted, and hiss'd so at you,
“ I pretended to faint, but 'twas all an excuse,
“ The thing was fatiguing, I wish'd to get loose ;
“ That part was well acted, you all must admit,
“ Just ask the old critics that star'd in the pit—

“ This evening, at seven, the Tournament’s held,
“ The barons and knights will be nam’d on the field,
“ Adieu, mes amis; now then, haste away home :
“ You thought I was angry, ’twas that made you come.”

In the evening, at seven, the heralds declare
The degree of the knights, and the cause of the war.
Young Gnat—King at-arms, at the pageant assists,
And proclaim’d when her majesty enter’d the lists ;
“ Know, all here assembled this evening—that we,
“ Chrysalina your Queen, do thus will and decree,
“ That, as still in our realm some old quarrel remains,
“ And between two brave nobles fell enmity reigns,
“ We, the sovereign and Queen, in our wisdom have
 thought,
“ The contest this day to a close should be brought.
“ For which purpose we will, that both champions stand
 forth,
“ And acknowledge their title to chivalrous birth.
“ A knight of high prowess must also attend
“ To assist in the fight, and advise as a friend.
“ First, Baron Tarantula—answer your name :
“ Lord Scorpion of Stingly, do you do the same,

“ And know it’s our pleasure this day shall decide
“ The cause of such envy, such rancour, and pride :
“ Let the trumpets now sound—and the contest begin,
“ So wills Chrysallina”—then—“ God save the queen.”
Now mute stood the crowd—not a whisper was heard,
And soon on the lists my Lord Scorpion appear’d ;
His knight from some branch of the Stinglys was chosen,
Of Bees, Wasps, and Gnats, there are more than a dozen.
Young Marmaduke Wasp, an inveterate foe
To the whole race of Cobweb, his prowess must shew—
Lord Tarantula proudly now stalk’d to his place,
The support of that house, and the pride of his race ;
A kinsman in course follow’d close in his train
To assist in his cause, and avenge him if slain.
Young Spider he chose as the fortunate man,
Son and heir to that lady, whose splendid sedan,
On the night of the birth-day, so proudly surpass’d
All the pomp of the few who pretended to taste ;
No arms in this combat the queen had allow’d,
But those which Dame Nature herself had bestow’d.
Lord Scorpion, indeed, had a strong coat of mail,
His claws were quite sharp—he’d a sting in his tail.

Young Wasp had his sting, and his wings were a guard,
If he found Master Spider should push him too hard ;
Lord Tarantula's strength, with his nephew's assistance,
Was expected, in short, to o'ercome all resistance ;
A few words of parley, their grievances told,
And a smile from the fair to these warriors so bold,
Were quickly got over—the combat commences,
Displaying the art of attacks and defences ;
Full hard went the fight ; Lord Tarantula's strength
Kept Lord Scorpion's sharp sting, as they say, at arm's
length ;
Yet one or two wounds, though no danger ensued,
Had died the green field with Tarantula blood ;
Nor unhurt could Lord Scorpion completely be
deem'd,
His two strongest claws appear'd dreadfully maim'd—
With fury no less each adventurous knight
Strove hard to display equal skill in the fight ;
Sir Wasp, now on earth—now aloft on the wing,
Convinc'd poor Sir Spider how sharp he could sting,
But the heir of the Cobwebs by cunning prevail'd,
And a captive in chains soon Sir Wasp fairly held ;

For, when once he descended, young Cobweb got hold,
And a cord of fine threads round his wings quickly roll'd.
His wings were now tied, and Sir Spider at last
Had the gallant young warrior in net-work quite fast.
Uninjur'd he lay—for Sir Spider was brave,
He fought but to conquer, "he conquer'd to save."
In the mean time his uncle seem'd likely to fail,
So strong was Lord Scorpion, so stout was his mail,
And the blood of the Cobwebs, in streams o'er the plain,
Seem'd to bring to a close the Tarantula reign ;
But Sir Spider, who knew that the conquering knight,
Having vanquish'd his foe, was then given the right
To assist his liege lord, quickly sprung to his aid,
And a lesson of spinning in combat display'd—
Lord Tarantula yielding had soon bit the ground,
And Lord Scorpion as soon been with victory crown'd,
When Sir Spider's assistance turn'd quickly the scale,
And the Baron of Stingly soon found that his tail,
His sole mode of defence, by some means of no use,
For no efforts he made, could that sting now get loose.
He fell on his back—and, expecting his death,
Determin'd full dearly to sell his last breath,

When he found just as quickly his limbs were fast bound,
And the victor prepar'd to inflict the death wound ;
And who knows but to death had the victor proceeded,
When the hero who conquer'd (in truth) interceded.

The shouts of the multitude loudly declare

The Tournament ended, and ended the war.

The Queen soon confirm'd, as indeed so she ought,

To the generous brave victors, the rights which they
sought ;

A chaplet of laurels no doubt was conferr'd,

And their triumph of course the community shar'd ;

The herald proclaim'd the Queen's Gala was ended,

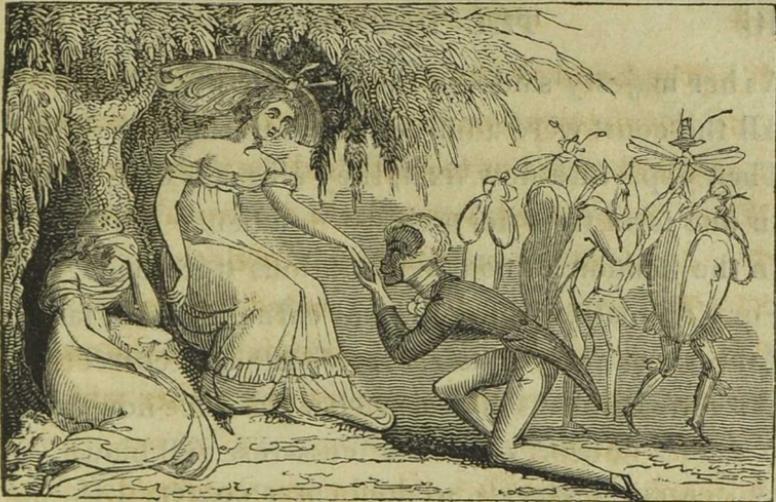
And her majesty soon to her carriage descended ;

But said, as she pass'd, " In the morning at eight,

The court would assemble, and meet in full state.

She begg'd at that hour each insect would come,

Mais pour faire des adieux, and then fly away home."



THE DEPARTURE.

WHAT hurry and bustle, now, can't you suppose
Was seen the next morning in packing their clothes;
Femmes de chambres and valets are busy as bees,
Post horses, barouches, in short what you please
To suppose is the case when nobility go
From a place of amusement, confusion, and show—
But the dear little insects no servants possess'd,
And 'tis folly, no doubt, to conceive they were dress'd.
This fancy, however, I beg may prevail
'Till the court is dismiss'd, and I've finish'd my tale.

As her majesty said—in the morning at eight,
All the court were admitted, and all came in state ;
Their departure now fix'd, they all press'd to receive
In due form from her majesty “ audience of leave.”
In the boudoir of course alterations were made,
For e'en roses will droop, and carnations will fade ;
And her majesty's taste, ever chaste and correct,
With the emblems of absence her presence now deck'd,
A *pensée* or heart's-ease—a moss-rose full blown,
With a sprig of green willow, she chose for a throne ;
The “ forget me not ” modestly grew by her side,
And a “ promise of hope ” the dark myrtle supplied.
The courtiers increase—they look round and admire,
Advance to the throne, then kiss hands and retire.

The charm is now broken, the court's at an end,
Let us now to plain sense from wild fancy descend,
And observe what a change in the scenes will appear
When we pause, and reflect, and see things as they are—
No longer her majesty, queen of the race,
Chrysellina must now to her equals give place,

And, glad to escape from the infant at play,
May think herself happy to flutter one day.
The birds all return'd to their bushes and brakes,
The fish to their rivers, the frogs to their lakes,
Were no doubt in their element free and delighted,
The birth-day's forgot, and that they were invited ;
The Squirrel return'd to his freedom and ease,
And is often in summer still seen on the trees ;
The Spiders crawl'd off to their cobwebs and dust,
No sedans were now sported, none car'd who went first ;
The Tarantula, Fire-flies, Scorpion, and Lizards,
Return'd by some means to the African deserts,
And there the Cameleon still feeds on the air,
While her hues, ever changing, still make people stare ;
But we hope will no longer make travellers fight
To decide on her colour, blue, green, black, or white.
The sleepy old Mole soon his liberty found,
And no longer a sofa, now march'd under ground.
The Cockchafer buzzes each ev'ning in spring,
And gambols and frolics aloft on the wing.
How wicked, how sinful, how cruel, the boys,
Who can pierce him with pins, and delight in his noise.

But now let us hope that bad practice is ended,
And, with learning in youth, sweet humanity's blended.
Philomela return'd to the shades of her grove,
Where her voice is oft heard in the accents of love.
The Blackbeetles, Ear-wigs, and all their vile race,
Are now look'd on with horror, perhaps kill'd in dis-
 grace ;
Drones, Glow-worms, and Lady-birds, harmless and
 kind,
Are still found in the places by Nature assign'd ;
And as now all the charms of the fable's gone by,
And the story's complete, I shall venture to try,
My dear little girls, to prevent all confusion,
In saying, God bless you—by way of conclusion.

THE END.

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