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THE
L O N D O N I A D :

(COMPLETE.)

GIVING A FULL DESCRIPTION OF THE
PRINCIPAL ESTABLISHMENTS,

TOGETHER WITH THE MOST

Honourable and Substantial Business Men,
IN THE CAPITAL OF ENGLAND.

ALSO CONTAINING THE

GREAT PRIZE POEM ON SIR JOSEPH PAXTON!

AND PIECES ON SOME OF THE MOST

CELEBRATED PERSONAGES IN THE KINGDOM,

AND IN THE PROVINCES OF

BRITISH NORTH AMERICA.

FORMING ALTOGETHER EPISODES IN A GRAND

National Poem on the Arts.

BY JAMES TORRINGTON SPENCER LIDSTONE,

OF TORONTO, UPPER CANADA,

Author of the "Conquest of Canada," "Ancient America," "Pictorial
Description of the British Provinces in North America," &c.

"Dulcique animos novitate tenebo."—OVID.

LONDON :

PUBLISHED UNDER UNIVERSAL PATRONAGE.

1856.

(Entered at Stationers' Hall.)

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THE LONDONIAD.

SIR JOSEPH PAXTON,

Crystal Palace, Sydenham.

UNIVERSITY FIRST PRIZE POEM.

“Semper honos, nomenque tuum laudesque manebunt.”—*Virgil.*

“Where'er the great man's worth demands the skies,
To crown that worth some generous bard shall rise.”

Luis De Camoens, Lusiad, Book 5th.

“Above the rest proudly eminent,
Stands like a tower.”—*John Milton.*

Proceed, fond youths, you still may strive in vain,
To parallel my hero or my strain;
Although your songs flow like pellucid streams
Through fairy land, seen in the poet's dreams,
Where buds and blossoms and perennial flowers
Eternal fragrance shed round amaranthine bowers:
Or sweet as birds that tuned the heavenly lay
Through orient climes in Edeu's early day—
Or classic flood that roll'd through ancient lands,
Its medicinal waters over golden sands,
'Tis borrowed lustre from my hero's fame,
That lights my soul and aids my ardent flame—
Gives all the radiant grandeur to my song,
And shall the poet's fame itself prolong.
Niagara, turn in columns to the sky,
Chain Ætna down or bid Olympus fly—
Attempt to hurl the Almighty's thunders back,
Or stay the lightnings in their blazing track!
In vain you strive,—and thus you strive in vain
To parallel my hero or my strain.

“ARMS and the man,” so often sung of yore,
Have pass'd away and now inspire no more,

The booming thunders of triumphant war
 Echo alone in ancient annals far.
 No murderous ensigns float along the coast—
 No dancing plume or high heraldic boast—
 No nation's sigh, no empire's dying groans
 Rise from moving mountains piled from bones,
 Standing amidst the stream of human blood,
 Like whitening islands in a crimson flood.
 To other themes I strike the immortal lyre,
 While all the ARTS that humanize inspire.
 Be all the scenes of this late age enroll'd,
 And I transcend the mightiest bards of old.
 Wet with Niagara's spray I plume my wing,
 And towards thy sun celestial science spring.
 The dew from pinions shook so near thy blaze,
 Forms the bright rainbow of my hero's praise.
 Hark! hallelujahs of a mighty race—
 The jubilee of nations! how they grace
 With song and triumph—see the stamp of fate
 Second creator of mankind's estate.
 No standard high by storm of battle torn,
 By brigand hordes through blazing cities borne,—
 No site of desolation here appears,
 But the star of peace and music of the spheres—
 See towers amidst the blaze of science rise,
 And rear their flags in rainbows to the skies.

*

*

*

A greater hero shall the poet claim,
 Than ever soar'd the solar height of fame,
 And startled millions in the days of yore,—
 On Elis classic plain or Tiber's shore. . .
 What though no powers arise but to destroy,
 No legions thunder on the walls of Troy,

Far greater themes the Muses shall inspire,
 Than ever thrilled Mæonian and the Mantuan
 lyre.

Thy temples shall the triplet chaplet grace,
 Prime benefactor of the human race.

* * *

See o'er the golden pathway of the morn,
 The treasures of the East in beauty borne,
 And sails like swan wings o'er the sea's extent,
 Move onward from the crimson occident.
 The mightiest sons renown'd of earthly names,
 Assembling grace the beauteous banks of Thames.

* * *

My hero's fame transcends the best of those,
 Whose births in epochs on the world arose—
 Paxton! the foremost man of these late times,
 Whose spirit charms the globe in all its climes,
 The light of countless centuries combined,
 Concentre in his universe of mind.
 Enough to illumine all history's rolls,
 Through a millennium blank of mighty souls.
 Old Europe to thee turns her wondering eyes,
 Thou pole-star of great nations' destinies!
 O'er Afric and th' Orient thy memory smiles,
 And lights the far coasts of the ocean isles,
 Where fiery whirlwinds and tornados fly
 With uptoss'd deserts through the tropic sky,
 To where the floating icebergs do roll
 Fast by the frozen alps of either pole.

* * *

Though Sabæan odours now no longer blow,
 No trees weep amber on the banks of Po,

Yet more! for all that 's fairest, brightest, best—
 In yonder fairy palace stands confest.
 There beam the busts of mighty men who stood,
 Colossus-like, above Time's torrent flood,
 From mythologic ages far renown'd,
 Mid gods and demi-gods perennial crown'd.

* * *

The atmosphere is gay with dancing loves
 And graces throng o'er all the floods and groves,
 Zephyrus wooes his Chloris once again,
 Through golden hours along the Ægean main;
 Vertumnus and Pomona lead the band
 Of Spring and Autumn, dancing hand in hand.
 The orisons of myriads in the morn
 And noon of Empire, o'er glad regions borne,
 Swell to the winds, whose joyous wings
 Bear the glad echoes on till all creation rings.

* * *

What Hebrew fiction would in vain disprove,
 We see the life that o'er the earth did move,
 Ere first great Nature's well-digested plan
 Had made the world a fit abode for man.
 See what the high inventive soul imparts,
 The manufacturing and the finer arts!
 These are the things that make a country great,
 Beyond mere pageantry and pomp and state;
 Lo! from the morning of the world—around,
 Trophies aspire and relics abound.
 Forgotten dynasties once more revive,
 And the lost arts in greater splendour live;
 And here the hand of friendship far extends—
 Remotest isles and continents are friends;

From Arctic and Antarctic though they come,
 From Pole or Tropic or the Equator roam,
 In distant Albion all may find a home.

* * *

The Almighty's scion! of that Royal race
 Titles nor raise nor want of them displace,
 No coronet mere mortals could bestow,
 Blooms like nature's wreath on thy immortal brow.
 Heraldic bearings would thy glories mar,
 Thou art thyself the ORDER and the STAR!

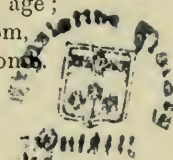
* * *

Paxton, adieu! and when I cast my eyes
 On you, great man! 'neath the far English skies,
 A wanderer no more in smiles and tears,
 My April o'er the strange romance of twenty years;
 In ocean's paradise I'll wake new lays,
 And gather from your fame more deathless bays
 Than ever bard wooing the Epic muse
 Through fire and blood a martial hero choose.
 Up like a MORN of new created day,
 With harping wing I'll take my venturous way,
 O'er every age, o'er every land and sea,
 Entrancing Time and echoing through Eternity.

* * *

Hail, Muse! the deathless splendour of his name
 Engrave in characters of vestal flame,
 Mountains stand monuments,—seas, mirrors of his
 fame.

Let love for him your warmer hearts engage,
 Embryo millions! down through every age;
 Till blazing stars at the last day of doom,
 In dreadful pomp light Nature to its tomb.



SIR JAMES DUKE, Bart.,

Alderman and M.P., Portland-place.

“Not to know him argues yourselves unknown.”—*John Milton.*

“He was a gentleman on whom I built
An absolute trust.”—*William Shakespear.*

WHAT civic hero shall the Muses claim
To imp their wings and guide their bard to fame?
From the dazzling splendours of your mural crown
I borrow beams to light me to renown;
For this I hoped in distant climates long.
Your exiled bard return'd, begins the song.
Rapt into future times, round Albion's isle,
I see the Arts in all their brightness smile;
I see the Muses trim their faded bays,
Replume their wings, and light the length of days.
While nations ask from whence they newness took?
Each rising age shall answer, SIR JAMES DUKE.
Exulting echoes o'er the Thames arise,
And ring in peals along our British skies.
The spirits of the mighty men of old
Shall hear the sound, and new-born Arts behold;
And gods, descending from their halls above,
Shall visit earth, and through the nations move.
To ignorance shall merit bow no more,
And crime affrighted leave the British shore;
War's thunders on the world no longer break,
Nor pestilence the guilty nations shake.
Nations reform'd, and every plague shall cease,
And Heaven smile down upon a world of peace.

Now comes the twilight of a glorious dawn ;
Lo ! from the future every veil 's withdrawn.
I see the sun climb high his golden way,
And flush the nations with perpetual day ;
Earth's legion tribes, in all their various names,
Throng to the peopled shore of classic Thames ;
From flowery islands of the Western main,
The forest children haste, a joyous train.
To make the boundaries of our isle their home,
Forth from the gateways of the morning come
The dusky millions, rapt in love and song,
'To see those arts revived their fathers lost so long.
From every desert land and distant sea,
Attracted to Augusta, great and free ;
From her high towers the UNION flag 's unfurl'd,
And she the joy of the unenvying world.
Behold the long expected morn appear,
Through earth and sea a godlike voice I hear.
Discrown yourselves, ye cities which have stood
By battlements uprear'd in guilt and blood ;
A mightier city claims your fealty now,
With olive wand and myrtle on her brow.
Hie hither ! Love and loyalty declare ;
Join in her triumph, and her glory share.
It ceased ! Reverberating echoes bound
Forth from attraction's borders, and around
The vast empyrean and its orbs resound.
The world's glad kingdoms join the enraptured strain,
And melody usurps the earth and main.
All hail ! illustrious city, queen of all ;
Of virtue and of arts the capital.

Inquiring nations shall to thee repair;
'The world's great minds shall be instructed *there*,
Array'd in knowledge then shall hasten forth,
'To every clime and race proclaim thy worth;
Still shall no art or science be complete,
Except derived from thee, the Muses' seat;
Fanaticism from the nations fly,
And all the wiles of priestly mummery.
No crown, no coronet, be then bestow'd
On those from whom but deeds of blood have flow'd.
But men of mind, who nature's lights display,
Who raise their race, shall bear the palm away.
No intrigue then from low and servile powers
Shall throw a gloom e'en on life's happiest hours;
Each claim shall be by equal justice weigh'd,
And every work as one grand whole survey'd;
No regal power reversing nature's plan,
But "mind" shall be the standard of the man.
Then shall new groves bloom fair, and temples rise,
And every home be like a paradise;
See dusty streets and narrow lanes no more,
Daisies and roses bloom by every door;
Harshness nor want immortal spirits pain,
But through all London peace and plenty reign.
Then shall the great metropolis extend,
Filling our island up from end to end;
What Albion is, shall then Augusta be,
The guardian of the earth—the empress of the sea.
No more in garrets virtue pining dwell,
Nor the unfortunate in prison cell;
Society expand—all have a chance
For native majesty in life's advance.

No more the adventurous youth in shallop steer,
Far from his home and mother loved so dear ;
Driven from early joys and native land,
'T' find subsistence on a foreign strand.
For every willing arm the harvest grow,
And through the world spontaneous fountains flow ;
From rank to rank shall friendship's hand extend,
And man in man for aye behold a friend.
Augusta, glory of my native isle,
Though lost so long in years of lone exile,
Your name alone could every muse inspire,
And aid the last notes of my expiring lyre.
My star of destiny is westering now,
What laurels will you grant to deck my brow ?
Ere yet life's *vestal* flame began to burn,
I left your shores ! In manhood I return.
Deep love for you has ever warm'd my breast,
Amidst the snows and thunders of the West.
I go to aid the glorious work begun
In Britain's empire of the setting sun ;
Near Niagara, where England's standard flies,
O'er CANADA, the first of colonies.
Above the world I see thee, London, rise,
With turret crown exulting to the skies ;
Great were thy sons, through length of other
days,
For every art, as for immortal lays.
'Twas not the power of *many* raised up you,
It was the might and genius of the few ;
'Those blest, immortal names, that high
Enroll'd on fame's bright scroll, are destined ne'er to
die ;

Whose deathless memories glow like vestal flames,
 Long as the muse shall live, or thou, Sir James ;
 Or London towers upon the banks of Thames.

NOTE.—The intelligent reader knows that London, in the time of the Romans, as capital of the country of the Trinobantes, was called Augusta Trinobantum.

INAUGURATION ODE
 FOR THE
 RIGHT HON. DAVID SALOMONS,

*Lord Mayor of the City of London, 1855-6.
 Great Cumberland-place, Hyde Park, and Mansion House.*

“Magistratus indicat virum.”

“——— Guard him, *Vesta*, through his long career,
 And let him close in joy his ministerial year.”

Pindar, 11th Nemean Ode.

1.

'Tis men alone of mighty mind
 That dare their power display ;
 Like the sun that leaves all clouds behind,
 And breaks through tempest into day.

2.

Tell me of a City Father,
 In mighty London, proud and free,
 From whom I could such laurels gather,
 As writing upon thee.

3.

Long may the mural crown
 Flash radiance from thy brow,
 And through a million ages down
 Shine brightly as now.

4.

Above the proudest king on earth,
 You fill a civic throne,
 By native merit raised alone ;
 By tact and moral worth.

5.

Fortune favours still the brave ;
 Though tempests raged wild and far,
 You rose above its highest wave,
 And reach'd the farthest star.

6.

I know what 't is ! I 've braved the like before,
 On storm-torn main and earthquake-rocking shore ;
 Nought but the lightnings of the foeman's wrath
 To shed a light on my adventurous path.
 Those who once grudged the bard his meed of praise,
 Crouch'd to meet his eye in after days ;
 For I, like an India-rubber ball,
 Rose but the higher from the heavier fall.

7.

Loved by the Aldermen and City vast,
 May you your term discharge ;
 Honour'd longer than the term shall last,
 Retiring by London mourn'd at large.

8.

And when the sunset of your day
 Shall redden o'er your country's sky,
 Calm may the unruffled waters play,
 While you the utmost verge of life's dark ocean try.

9.

Great men have been where you now sit,
 And some but very small ;
 Men of wisdom, learning, wit,
 And some with none at all.

10.

Fools sometimes themselves advance,
 By knowing how to *deal*,
 And often to the top they dance,
 Roll'd up on Fortune's wheel.

11.

But I will not infer from hence
 That Fortune's ever blind,
 Seeing you are a Lord Mayor of sense,
 The business man and gentleman combined.

12.

Bigots now may rage in vain,
 For Salomons has donn'd the robe ;
 Strike, O Bard, a louder strain,
 London's light illumes the globe.

13.

Freedom's spring time o'er the world is spread,
 Fanaticism shrouds her varied forms ;
 HE, like a mighty mountain, lifts his head
 Above the flight of storms.

14.

We cannot, in these civil days,
 Of a Hero make a God ;
 Still the force of magic lays
 May concentre in an ode.

15.

Should the INAUGURATION ODE I write
To distant times transmitted be,
The boldest truth, the highest flight,
Could not justice do to thee.

16.

I know that thy discernment 's deep,
Else were I disposed to say,
The Lord Mayor thinks I only sweep,
On this auspicious day,
My sounding lyre for PAY.

17.

Believe them not if they say this.
If Pay *alone* my motive were,
Sure through this great Metropolis
I might the truth declare.

18.

No! The Bard a purer plan design'd,
A higher standard made,
For this, the first of all its kind,
The famed "LONDONIAD."

19.

At Greenwich towers the Observatory,
From which their longitude our mariners take;
So your election tells a story,
That, like a voice prophetic, shall the kingdoms
wake.

20.

Strange! that one who for twenty years
 Dwelt far beyond the seas,
 Once more in London now appears,
 To write such rhymes as these.

21.

And what a subject! What a theme!!
 (Why, Bard! what is there new?)
 Could I, in my brightest dream,
 Claim a Hero such as You?

22.

What are battles? And what is glory?
 What is all of ancient story?
 What are the trophies all of war?
 What are Cæsar's conquering car?
 What are all of Greece and Rome,
 To this turn-out we have at home?
 No widow's sigh, nor orphan's tear,
 Tends this triumph up to rear;
 No slaughter'd youth, no towers o'erturn'd,
 No ruined altars, cities burn'd;
 But innocent, unbounded mirth
 Shakes the Metropolis of the earth.
 London is gay on either shore,
 Old Father Thames runs wine galore;
 And shouting flood, to ringing sky,
 In joyous anthems still reply.
 Above the everlasting *Mons* *
 Thy bounty flows, like classic FONS; †
 From star to star extends the PONS ‡

* Mountain.

† Fountain.

‡ Bridge.

That bears the chariot of thy fame,
 In which immortal victors shout thy name,
 And to the onlooking world proclaim
 Thy worth, undaunted SALOMONS !

ALDERMAN CHALLIS, M.P.,

Finsbury.

“ An Alderman of Cripplegate.”—*The Task*, Book i. 61.

“ Set the alluring light of virtue high to view.”
Thomson.

“ Divine Philanthropy.”—*Dr. Darwin.*

WHAT honour'd name shall now the Muse engage,
 But thine, the Howard of a later age?
 Who bade on high those sacred temples rise,
 In radiant grandeur to our English skies?
 Who heard from lonely cell the prisoner's cry?
 Who cheer'd his heart, and wiped his weeping eye?
 No more the wondering world shall this inquire,
 His name entrances now my burning lyre.
 No more the unfortunate in dreary cell,
 But in the far-famed Model Prison dwell.
 Who was it plann'd the Model Prison? List!
 'Twas you, good man! Renown'd philanthropist!
 Hundreds of widows thy good deeds proclaim,
 Rejoicing orphans join the glad acclaim.
 Slavery shall soon be banish'd from the earth,
 And the redeem'd attest thy moral worth;
 And o'er the world mankind united be,
 Join'd in love's bonds by thy philanthropy
 Thou seem'st a man by highest Heaven sent,
 To light the history of a Continent.

To see how much of good in human birth,
 How high integrity and sterling worth,
 Combined with genius and exalted skill,
 Could one immortal soul with brightness fill.
 'Tis men like him, the nations plainly see,
 That make a country glorious, great, and free ;
 That have salvation's standards far unfurl'd,
 O'er every age and nation of the world.
 Thus shall my hero's fame reach every shore,
 Crown'd with laurels the Cæsars never wore :
 His valued name shall every Muse inspire,
 And aid the last notes of my expiring lyre.

ALDERMAN COPELAND.

W. T. COPELAND (*late Spode and Copeland*), *Porcelain, Earthenware, and Glass Manufacturer*, 160, *New Bond-street, London. Manufactory at Stoke-upon-Trent, Staffordshire.*

“ When Arts, triumphant o'er their barbarous foes,
 First rear'd their heads, immortal Copeland rose.”
Jerningham.

IN Nature's dawn, the sacred writings say,
 The Almighty Maker made mankind of clay ;
 But Mind in later times reversed the plan,
 And many a god was made by artful man.
 Let 's drop theology, and bend awhile
 Our steps unto the ancient land of Nile,
 Egypt ! whose rays of early light adorn
 The mightiest empires from Creation's morn.
 We read how Israel's sons were wont to toil
 On *things* of clay in Goshen's fertile soil ;
 Escaped the thunders that round Sinai roll'd,
 And brazen serpents—all the plagues of old.

The rise and progress of the art we trace
 To Canaan's land and Judah's lion race.
 'Tis said of their pursuits the potter's art
 Form'd in those early times the greatest part ;
 That Jokim, Joash, Saraph, potters were,
 The sacred annals do to us declare.
 And where old Salem tower'd on holy hills,
 Whose glory still each Christian nation fills,
 To Chozeba's vale the prophet went to weep,
 Came wailing down the sky-enveloped steep ;
 Obeying God's command, he bent his way
 To where the lively potter mix'd his clay.
 Strange to relate, more wondrous to behold,
 The clay went wrong, the vessel would not mould ;
 The error soon the amazed artist saw,
 And turn'd to practise more on Nature's law ;
 When all at once—but why should it surprise?—
 Another vessel met the potter's eyes.
 When the rapt seer, far looking into fate,
 Gather'd therefrom his Israel's future state.
 He lifts his voice ! unlifts his streaming eyes ;
 Inspired, reveals the secrets of the skies.
 In vain the boisterous crowd, as on he went,
 Exclaim'd, " What parables these seers invent ! "
 But this is all strange ground for me to tread ;
 Go ! Jeremiah and Ezekiel read ;
 I'll have no more biblical lore, but hence
 Refer you to *Dan Brown's Concordance*.
 This will direct you to the " potter's " art
 In Israel's day—while I to Hellas start.
 Turn, Muse, to where famed Corinth tower'd o'er
 The Saronic Gulf and Argive towns of yore ;

The art *ceramick* was to Grecia brought
By Scythian Anacharsis, when he sought
Far over desert-sands, and ocean's foam,
And found and fix'd in Athenea his home.
That he the potter's wheel and anchor's flook
Invented, read we in many a classic book.
Years roll'd their cycles by, and we behold
This glorious art crown all the nations old.
In squares, in baths and halls, and public rooms,
In sylvan walks, in marts, and stately tombs,
Statues and busts arose in varied form,
Real as life, and seem'd to breathe as warm.
Those Plato saw in Academia's bowers,
These the Stagyrte in his studious hours.
'This art did virtuous Socrates inspire,
Train'd in the employment of his worthy sire.
Behold the vase that centuries lay in gloom,
Buried in Alexander Severus' tomb,
Brought forth to light, in early hour began
To form a feature in the Vatican.
This form'd the richest and the rarest prize
Of Italy's illustrious families ;
'Till sank the mighty Barberini race,
Then England bought the far-famed Portland vase.
Praxiteles and Phidias, lights of ancient day,
For their first models trusted but to clay.
Demaratus, Tarquinius Priscus' sire,
Did from Corinth to Italy retire,
Inviting artizans to new abodes,
Who were apotheosised, and rank'd with gods.
Far-famed Etruria, by the Apennines,
Whose glory still o'er sun-lit Tiber shines,

When in imperial Rome Tarquinius held
O'er that the sceptre, this the guardian shield,
His splendour fills the globe, then why should I
Delay the Muse to sing an eulogy?
He made this region round the fond resort,
Where all the arts and muses held their court.
Lo! the Etruscan! Need we now inquire
If they were brought forth from intensest fire?
Sound as a bell the world's great wonders ring,
And rapt my soul while I their splendours sing.
From these awhile the bard unwilling turns,
To view of Rome th' anphoræ and urns;
The statue dwarf, the bust, the tablet chased,
As when th' art the Eternal City graced.
Embellish'd gay with legendary lore,
And dress'd in all the colours Nature wore.
Still the art in Rome was only *figuline*,
While that of Greece rose like a sculptured shrine.
Though Rome an universal sceptre sway'd,
She never equall'd what old Greece display'd.
Still the dear art that deck'd the Tyrrhenian shore,
Enlighten'd nations ever will adore.
Rome's deeds of blood alone in history show,
While her proud arts o'er long millennial ages glow;
And lo! in Agricola's golden years,
The potter's art in Britain first appears.
Then might you see the Druids strike their lyres,
Not gods alone, but potters—art inspires.
Thus have I brought the art from earliest times,
Through circling centuries down to British climes;
How it progress'd, what mighty steps it made,
We leave to grace the next Londoniad.

The Muse shall then review its present state,
Under the worthy Alderman for Bishopsgate.

ALDERMAN LAWRENCE.

WILLIAM LAWRENCE & SONS, *Builders, Pitfield Wharf,
Waterloo Bridge (Surrey side), and at 30, Bread-street, Cheapside.*

“Galileo, Mariotte, Leibnitz, Euler, Bernoulli, Lagrange, Emerson, Girard, Hutton, Robison, Young, and many other celebrated men, have directed their talents to the improvement of the principles of building.”—*Thomas Tredgold.*

THIS Firm substantial 's through all London known
The first in honour held as in renown,
Those piles that in the City's heart they rear,
Unrivall'd through the Imperial Isles appear.
The prime of London there their buildings stand,
The pride and wonder of a wondrous land.
'The visitor to London soon recalls
Those ancient fabrics dark'ning round St. Paul's.
He wonders, for time was short, days ran fleet,
Since he walk'd down through ancient Cannon-street !
He asks who were the enterprising builders? Who
That rear'd those halls high towering to the view?
Eclipsing far, in architectural pride,
Through all the City every street beside.
See how the noble building stands elate,
Profuse in works elaborate and delicate !
It consists of a ground floor and basement,
Of rusticated and plain pilasters blent ;
With rusticated spandrels and quoin stones,
Where architectural majesty itself enthrones.

Above, the Ionic and Corinthian orders meet,
 With their entablatures and surbases complete,
 Forming columnar dressings, which display
 The decorative art in high array,
 'To all the windows bright with orient day.
 The windows beaming from the second floor,
 With enrich'd spandrels are deckèd o'er,
 And finish'd with architraves; these mould-
 Ed and connected (wondrous to behold!)
 With modillion'd cornice, and the whole
 Of which is deep carv'd with a running scroll;
 Surmounted by deep frieze and cornice rare,
 The mighty master-builder's works declare.
 This one! 'The next consists of carved consoles,
 Coffèr'd soffits, with ornamental heads and rolls.
 Here 's no *cement* for ornaments; alone
 They stand, constructed all of Portland stone.
 Its carvings and enrichments nought surpass,
 And are the windows glazed with plate-glass?
 A hundred light and lofty rooms are here,
 Whose vaulted ceilings far like skies appear;
 While every portion of the building vast
 (Which we observed as through the whole we pass'd)
 Is reach'd by a grand and main staircase,
 Replete with architectural gorgeousness and tas(t)e;
 Which gloriously up through the interior rise,
 With fire-proof corridors and galleries.
 (Construction rare, nor ornament they lack),
 Connecting all the ranges front and back;
 The floors throughout with iron girders bound,
 Independent (hail! Architect renown'd)
 Of intermediate supports are found;

So that partitions may removed be,
 Nor interfere with the great pile's stability ;
 And thus rendering it appropriate
 For public companies, or halls of state.
 Here 'tis the Unity Association,
 The rising glory of the British nation,
 Have an establishment, no doubt they prize
 Board rooms, public offices, of unusual size,
 Extending one hundred and twenty feet
 In length. These are thy wonders, CANNON-
 STREET !

While all around the golden light of day,
 Free as the air, through all the buildings play.
 This, what was never known in times of yore,
 Stands now unrivalled on old Thames' shore.

THE ARCHITECT,
MR. JOHN BELCHER.

“ —— Some the building praise,
 And some the architect.— —— ”
John Milton.

WERE I to build, him I 'd select,
 Castle or cottage to erect ;
 His architectural *plans* are *pure* ;
 His work is good—foundations *sure*.

I know not how much space may be required for the Business Cards now in my possession, but I am anxious to introduce the names of my Colonial friends to the readers of the LONDONIAD, near to my own Advertisement, at the end of this small work. Should I, however, deem it advisable to reserve their poetical illustrations for the second, I can still print the names of the friends of my early youth in the first LONDONIAD.

JOHN, LORD BISHOP OF TORONTO.

HON. J. B. ROBINSON,

Chief Justice of Upper Canada.

GEORGE GURNETT, ESQ.,

Several times Mayor of Toronto, and now Minister of Police and Head Magistrate of Western Canada.

STEWART DERBISHIRE, ESQ.,

*Head Printer to the Queen's Most Excellent Majesty,
and late Member for Bytown.*

A POEM ON THE DEATH OF

HON. HENRY SHERWOOD,

Late Member for Toronto, and Attorney General for Upper Canada

HON. COLONEL PRINCE,*Member for Essex.*

AND THE

HON. JOHN ROSS,*9, Bennett-street, St. James's, Speaker of the Legislative Council
of Canada.*

AND

SIR ALLEN McNAB,*Premier of Canada, Queen Hotel, Cork-street.*

SIR CHARLES BARRY, F.R.S., R.A.,*Poet's Corner, Westminster.**" Si quæris monumentum, circumspice."**Sir Christopher Wren.*

HE bade those legislative towers arise
 In regal splendour to our English skies ;
 He caused their halls in sculptured pomp to glow,
 And taught the other builders all they know.
 When rolling ages will have pass'd away,
 And Sol shall rise upon a distant day,
 Some future generation then shall say,
 Behold those turrets, wrapt in orient flame,
 Radiant with grandeur, eloquent with fame.
 Westminster Palace by the Thames erect,
 Proud monument to their superior architect.

We place him high amidst the brilliant throng,
Whom nations honour'd and whom bards have sung,
And with whose fame the earth and ocean rung.

SIR EDWIN LANDSEER.

“ Whose art was nature, and whose pictures thought.”
Pope to Sir Godfrey Kneller.

“ The mighty painter glows in every line.”
Lady Ann Coventry.

I GAZED, imagining they might leap back
'To their original, and o'er the heather track
And labyrinthine dell, by sylvan stream,
Take their wonted way. Lo! 't was but a dream,
For they were—no matter what—I believed
Them in *full life* or *still*—I was deceived.

* * * *

Behold a new created morn arise,
And younger planets beam in lovelier skies,
See being o'er vale, o'er flood, and mountain land,
Spring up as from a new creator's hand.
What! shall a native of this lower earth
Seek to give a second universe its birth!
'T is the immortal Artist crowns the whole,
And in illusion wraps the splendours of his soul.

J. SCOTT RUSSELL, F.R.S.,*Millbank, and Great George-street, Westminster.*

"Bold in his ideas, but circumspect in his conduct."

Alphonse de Lamartine.

"Britannia needs no bulwarks,
 No towers along the steep,
 Her march is o'er the mountain wave,
 Her home is on the deep."

Thomas Campbell.

"Tossing on the ocean,
 There where his argosies with portly sail."

William Shakspeare.

SEE far o'er earth and ocean his banners waving free ;
 He's the Arkwright of the shipowners, the Rothschild
 of the sea.

What Niagara is to water, and Vesuvius to flame,
 Is the cognomen of J. SCOTT RUSSELL in the blazing
 rolls of fame.

Talk not to me of Atlas old, lifting the world alone,—
 For he the universe itself has o'er his shoulders
 thrown.

With more than strength of Hercules he braved
 th' opposing wind,

And triumph'd o'er obstacles—a Colossus in mind.
 Fortune and honour, fame and power, his mighty
 efforts bless ;

He has gone careering through the world with very
 great success.

Let the sneaking Yankee nation of their achieve-
 ments boast,

With such men as J. SCOTT RUSSELL we'll ever rule
 the roast.

And when the British Lion has SERVED the Russian
 Bear,
 We will the Yankee Buzzard down from his eyrie tear.
 Our Colonies are ready, and on we will advance,
 With the Red Cross of Old England and Tricolour
 of France ;
 Then back unto the ruffian horde with interest we
 will pay,
 The aid they would the ROBBER give in this eventful
 day.

SIR ROBERT STEPHENSON,

Great George-street, Westminster.

“ Illustrious man! deriving honour less from the splendour of his situation than from the dignity of his mind; before whom all borrowed greatness sinks into insignificance, and all the potentates of Europe become little and contemptible.”—*Charles James Fox, in the British House of Commons, 1794.*

CAN all the conquerors that have yet appear'd
 To my immortal hero be compared ?
 They conquer'd men and kingdoms, sir, 't is true,
 But he with Art has conquer'd nature too.
 Sesostris, with monarchs harness'd to his car,
 Return'd refulgent from the fields of war,
 What are his victories? or a Solomon
 In blazing royalty on Israel's throne?
 To my great conqueror, through the world renown'd,
 Throned by the arts, by every science crown'd.
 History say, if in the plains of old Chaldee
 There sprung a mightier conqueror than he ;
 Or o'er the Persian realm, when Cyrus rose,
 Till Darius fell before Ermathian foes ?
 No power that ever plumed its wings for flight,
 Or bask'd in all their empire's morning light,

Could boast of trophies by their valour won,
 To equal thine, SIR ROBERT STEPHENSON.
 Heroes of the Hellenic ages *may*
 Bespeak the unrivall'd splendour of their day ;
 But Albion and her Western Colonies
Can boast of ONE who every age defies.
 Ptolemies and Cæsars ! Egypt and Rome !
 Where are your laurels, do they cease to bloom ?
 Could your proud arms not over time prevail ?
 Rulers, indeed ; ay ! robbers, on a larger scale ;
 Braganzas ! Hapsburgs ! Bourbons ! what else ?—all—
 All in majesty before my hero fall.
 To what shall I compare him, for I find
 An universe concentre in his mind,
 Enough to brighten ages of our Isle,
 And brightening make the length of all our history
 smile.
 Adieu ! in more auspicious days my Muse
 You for the hero of an Epic poem will choose.

MR. THOMAS,

Sculptor to the New Palace, Westminster.

Written on seeing his grand historical group, Boadicea and her daughters.

“ Ruffians, pitiless as proud,
 Heaven awards the vengeance due ;
 Empire is on us bestow'd,
 Shame and ruin wait on you.”

William Cowper's Boadicea—an Ode.

I SEE her with uplifted hand,
 As in the years of old,
 When fighting for her native land,
 O'er the fierce invading band
 Her iron chariot roll'd.

Ay! then the Roman eagles soar'd
O'er many regions far,
The thunders of the Cæsars roar'd ;
From Tiber's shores, their legions pour'd
The fiery tides of war.

The British queen rode down amain,
All through their brazen phalanx ;
And where the blood of thousands slain
Billow'd o'er the crimson plain,
She march'd her British ranks.

Alas! the discipline of Rome
O'ermatch'd the British brave—
The invaders' triumph seal'd her doom :
Without a country and a home,
She sought in vain a grave.

Her daughters twain, in grief all bound,
Bow at her royal side,
And the illustrious queen, discrown'd,
Yet fills the atmosphere around
With majesty, as when she died.

Blest be the sculptor! HE who took
A subject from his native clime—
A subject truthful and sublime—
On which ages shall admiring look,
Down to the end of time.

Mr. Thomas' brother resides in Toronto, and is our prime architect of British America. Gentlemen like him give a high standard to the English character in distant lands.

LORD WILLOUGHBY D'ERESBY,

Inventor, 142, Piccadilly.

“Machinery to plough land, with stationary power engine; the plough travels at five miles per hour.”

“Whoever should behold me now, I wist,
Would think I were a mighty mechanist,
Bent with sublime Archimedean art,
To breathe a soul into the iron heart
Of some machine portentous.”

Percy Bysshe Shelley.

“Ye Britons, venerate the plough,” &c.

James Thomson's Seasons.

IN the writings of Moses can be found
How Eve's son, Cain, was “tiller of the ground;”
Noah a vineyard planted, it appears,
Upon a distant soil in after years;
Chinese, Japanese, Chaldeans,—a long train,
Rear'd their own shrubs, with various roots and grain.
The Egyptian and the Phœnician bands
Drove agriculture on through various lands;
In fact, by warriors, great kings, and sages,
'T was held in estimation high from earliest ages;
And when the Carthaginians held their sway,
(And stood 'gainst Rome in all her palmy day,
Before they fell, while yet from Scipio free,)
It flourish'd in perfection to a high degree;
Mighty historians to this far age avow,
Romans did ever venerate the plough.
How oft in England do the people hear,
That Oriental monarchs once a year,
With an imperial train and royal hands
Guiding the plough, drive up the furrow'd lands;

Abdalonymus, in Alexander's time,
 Was taken from the plough to rule a clime ;
 From these my heart with warm affection turns
 To Scotland's immortal darling, Robert Burns.
 What are kings and governors compared
 To one like him to all the world endear'd ?
 Venerate the plough, decorate the soil,
 You're *truly* noble, sturdy sons of toil ;
 No lackeyed servitude, state pauper court,
 Annoys yourselves, a country's main support.
 Commerce in vain would spread her snowy sails
 On distant seas, or woo their varying gales ;
 The arts would sink, and science beam no more,
 The light of years lie quench'd on every shore ;
 Civilization and her realms would fall,
 And a long Gothic night encircle all,
 But for the worthy agricultural band,
 A nation's noblest pride and stay of every land.

I have written poems on commerce, manufactures, and nearly
 all the arts and sciences, which will be sent out into the world
 some day of the future.

CANADA COMPANY.

“ Nothing extenuate, nor set down aught in malice.”

Shakspeare.

I have a spirit-stirring poem on Canada for the second LON-
 DONIAD; whether I shall insert or dedicate anything to the *above*,
 or to the Colonial Office—to both, or neither—remains to be seen.
 The following is the motto:—

“ There is a people mighty in its youth,
 A land beyond the oceans of the West.”

Percy Bysshe Shelley.

INDIA HOUSE,

Leadenhall-street.

I AM preparing a poem for the Directors, entitled the CONQUEST OF INDIA, and a grand departmental ode on their turn out in Hyde Park.

The following is the motto, taken from Camoen's *Lusiad*. (I quote from memory.)—

“Arms and the Heroes! who from Lisbon's* shore,
Through seas where sail was never spread before,
Beyond where Ceylon lifts her spicy breast,
And waves her woods above the watery waste,
With prowess more than human, forced their way
To the fair kingdoms of the rising day.
What seas they cross'd! what toils! what dangers past!
What glorious empire crown'd their toil at last!
Venturous I sing, on soaring pinions borne,
And all my country's wars the song adorn.”

PRIZE POEM.

Written at Montreal College, in the sixteenth year of my age, and now reprinted and dedicated to the LORD BISHOP OF LONDON.

“By the waters of Babylon we sat down and wept, when we remembered thee, O Zion!”—*Hebrew Bard*.

By distant Babel's rolling billows,
Sad tears of memory sprung;
While high upon the bending willows
Our country's harps we hung;
And they who captive led away
The prime of Salem's age,
Demanded of her sons a lay,
In weary pilgrimage.

* Read London's.

Shall Judah's harps o'er foreign towers
 Make Zion's echoes rise,
 Or pour the notes of sunnier hours
 Through Babel's blushing skies?
 Shall we forget in heathen land
 Our clime so fair and far?
 No! ere that time make my right hand
 A living sepulchre.

The above Psalm has been turned into metre by several great Poets of many Christian countries.

ALFRED B. TENNYSON,

Poet Laureat.

“Vixere fortes ante Agamemnona,
 Multi: sed omnes illachrymabiles
 Urgentur, ignotique longa
 Nocte, carent quia vate sacro.”

Horace.

WHERE are the SHIPS of Carthage now—
 The TOWERS of Thebes that stood—
 When GATES of Memphis tower'd on high,
 By Nilus' ancient flood?

Unknown to us is Babylon's site,—
 Yea! climes from history gone,—
 The names to which the Egyptian rear'd
 Those ponderous piles of stone.

They all are gone—the poet's *theme*,
 In beams o'er ages flung,
 Is better known this distant day
 Than that in which they sung.

Let GRANITE AND IRON, moulder low,
And Earthquakes cloud the skies,
Time and destruction we defy,
The poet never dies.

Still, when from world to world you soar
To visit realms afar,
Oh let thy sphered spirit be
Our bright and guiding star!

Thus, through the night of destiny,
O'er rapid floods of time,
We'll take our weary pilgrimage
Unto a sunnier clime.

Where mirror streams in music roll,
Celestial blossoms spread—
Ambrosial flakes—like virgin snow
On many a flowery bed.

And where entranced Zephyrs fan
Bright souls that know no grief,
And make through all the ethereal bowers
A harp of every leaf.

Long may you wear the LAUREAT'S *wreath*, by
you so nobly won,
Your memory never taste of death, ALFRED B.
TENNYSON.

BAKER, TUCKERS, & Co.,

Silk Manufacturers and Corah Printers, Black and Fancy Silk Handkerchiefs, 30 and 31, Gresham-street.

EAST INDIA AND CHINA SILK PIECE GOODS.—*India Corahs, printed—Bandannoes and Choppahs—Tussore Silk Cloths—Pongee Silk Handkerchiefs, plain and figured—Pongee Silks—Black Silk Handkerchiefs—Damasks, Satins, &c.—Crape Shawls, Handkerchiefs, and Scarfs, plain and damasked—Crape Shawls, Handkerchiefs, and Scarfs, embroidered—Grass-Cloth Handkerchiefs, Pieces, &c. &c.*

COTTON PIECE GOODS.—*Blue Sallampores, or Bafts—White Long-cloths—Madras Handkerchiefs—Ventapollam, or Des Indes Handkerchiefs—Nankeens, Buff, Blue, and White.*

“That combination of depth of feeling, fineness of taste, accuracy of judgment, and benevolence of heart, which they so eminently display, have ever distinguished truly great merchants.”

G. P. R. James.

FROM all silk manufacturers have I made
 This choice to grace the famed LONDONIAD.
 Their famous partner, in an earlier day,
 Was the first on textile fabrics to display
 The art of printing;—thence advancing came
 All scenes and worthies of immortal name,
 And stamp'd them merchant princes of our time,
 Unrivall'd in this age or any clime.
 From all countries by the Indian main
 They silk import, and send it back again:
 When manufactured, it leaves their hands
 To swell the luxury of Eastern lands.
 Through London, and through all the British Isles,
 Europe, and the world, their glory smiles.
 To equal them in history nought appears,
 Not Genoa and Venice in their palmy years,

With turret crown upon each queenly brow,
 Grandeur achievements than our firm could show.
 Unrivall'd fame o'er all the globe is theirs,—
 Here artists join the manufacturers,—
 What glowing scenes our corah printers give
 Of those eventful years in which we live ;
 "To count them all demands a thousand tongues,
 A throat of brass, and adamantine lungs."
 They rank the first in all their lustrous line,
 Strength and beauty with themselves combine,
 While other firms with borrow'd lustre shine.
 From where, in early morn, the sun doth gain
 His steep ascent, till sinking in the Western main,
 O'er all the nations that his chariot rolls,
 Down through the Equator even to the Poles,
 Their fame hath gone on all the winds before,
 O'er every distant sea to earth's remotest shore.

At 30 and 31 yourselves convince,
 To find the well-known street you need not range.
 Named from the celebrated merchant prince,
 That in Eliza's reign first rear'd the Royal Ex-
 change.

POSTSCRIPT.

Lo! HENRY TUCKER high in glory shone,
 As Chairman at Hyde Park in Fifty-one.
 No other firm upon the banks of Seine,
 So triumphant as our own has been ;
 No prize did there unto silk printers go,
 Except to those, BAKER, TUCKERS and Co. ;

For at the Paris Exhibition they,
From all the world the medal bore away.

MESSRS. THOMPSON & HOLLAND.

By Special Appointment to the Queen.



THOMPSON & HOLLAND, *Coach Builders and Harness Makers,*
254, Oxford-street, London.

“Chariots were used in war above a thousand years before there was any such thing as cavalry among the ancients.”—*M. Folard, Obser. sur la Bataille de Messenie.*

“———— Erect upon their whirling orbs
Roll'd every chariot.”

Sophocles' Tragedy of Electra.

SHALL not the bard, in his transcendent lay,
Transmit their names to every distant day,
Whose manufacturing affairs extend
Through the Imperial Isles from end to end?
Their chariots are of various size and make,
At Exhibitions always prizes take;
The vast extent, the power they can command,
Bespeak them prime manufacturers of the land.
Not in the Olympian ages, far renown'd,
When victors were by fadeless myrtles crown'd,
And Pythian, Nemean, and the Isthmian games,
Conspired to set the classic lands in flames;
When Delphi's host and bold Arcadians rode,
And every Argive was a radiant god,

Could e'er in majesty of form compete
 With our world-famous firm in Oxford-street.
 What great Coach Builders shall I choose
 To make myself renown'd ?
 Those shall alone adorn my Muse,
 Who were with laurels crown'd.
 Say, who was then the chosen ONE
 To fill the Chairman's seat,
 When th' world saw 'round th' British throne
 All wondering nations meet ?
 'T was Mr. HOLLAND, in that day
 Who did the triumph gain,
 Who still undaunted bears the sway,
 And laurels shall retain.
 The Firm is specially appointed
 Coach Builders to the Queen.
 Long be she Heaven's anointed,
 In wealth and power serene !

MESSRS. F. & C. OSLER.

'TALK not to me of fabled delights
 In Eastern lands, nor of "Arabian Nights,"
 The pomp and panoply 'neath every distant sky,
 The blazonry of art, and high mythology.
 Doth now a fairy vision by me pass ?
 Or is it OSLER's famous mart for glass ?
 Full many a fountain play'd in classic years,
 But none so brightly flow'd as OSLER's.

None so high in radiant glory shone,
As that which worlds entranced in Fifty-one.
Those candelabras, thirty feet in height,
To Ibrahim Pacha shed a blaze of light,
Rivalling all works of art that fairest smile
A nation's spring-time in the land of Nile.
Lo! crowned heads in every land, or near
Or far, choose all their gorgeous objects here ;
And our beloved Queen Victoria put
Their candelabras—crystal richly cut—
In the Great Exhibition to be shown,
Them she purchased, and they were her own.
High stands the firm, and still the nations know
The OSLERS never do a thing for show ;
But where they can, they ever do impart
Patronage to every branch of art.
A crystal candelabrum here appears,
Atlas-like, upholding all the spheres ;
In frosted glass three griffins here support,
(The Eagle joins the Lion of majestic port),
Befitting grandeur of imperial court.
Here are the busts of our dear Queen (and Prince)—
Long may she live ! But I no matters mince—
Better than all—names ne'er to be forgot,
In crystal, pure as their own fame, are Shakspeare,
Milton, Scott,
Sir Robert Peel, and many more beside,
Whose tongues or pens did many millions guide.
Thus have I changed of late the Muse's seat
To Broad-street, Birmingham ; in London, Oxford
street.

POSTSCRIPT.

The Sultan ! (at that name th' enraptur'd lyre,
 Sounding responsive to a soul on fire,
 Might mighty England and the world inspire)
 Chose two of OSLER'S famous chandeliers,
 From all the regions of two hemispheres.
 So well they pleased the lord of Islam's heart,
 He sought the signal blessing to impart.
 "From Stamboul's towers (the sacred ruler said)
 Be those fair lights to Araby convey'd;
 Them as pure emblems of my love I give
 To him in whose high place I reign, for whom I live."
 They glow before the wond'ring pilgrim's eyes
 Like the immortal trees of Paradise;
 And blossoming in beams in primal bloom,
 Through incense-clouds, 'mid sandle-wood's perfume,
 They at Medina light the Prophet's tomb.

For the truth of this postscript, see *Household Words* and the *Times* of about two years ago.

MISS RICHARDS,

80, Lower Union-street, Torquay. A Gentleman, or Lady and Gentleman, wishing to secure a comfortable Lodging, with attendance, at a moderate charge, will find this worth their notice.

"Mine own romantic town."—*Sir Walter Scott.*

WHY need now the minstrel tell,
 How many knew you long and well,
 And that he himself did dwell,
 On coming to his native land,
 Where he had all things at command ?

Much longer may your mother live,
 And joy to you and others give ;
 May you be happy, too, and thrive.
 I and mine, and you and yours,
 May yet see many happy hours,
 When we all together meet,
 At 80, Lower Union-street.

S. BLACKWELL.



S. BLACKWELL, *Patentee of Saddlery, Harness, &c.*, 259, Oxford-street, near the Marble Arch, London.

BLACKWELL'S SADDLERY AND HARNESS MANUFACTORY, of the best quality only, for sale or on hire for short or long periods, 259, Oxford-street, near the Marble Arch, London. (Established 1794.) City Depôt, 24, Walbrook ; Crystal Palace, Sydenham ; of all Saddlers ; and No. 157 in the Paris Exhibition. Agents. Messrs. Henoque and Vanweears, 14, Rue Basse du Rampart, Paris

“ A man who to his friends is kind,
 He to his beast is kind.”

William Cowper.

“ Skilled in the menage of the bounding steed.”

Iliad, XV. verse 82.

“ The noblest conquest ever made by man, is that of this haughty and spirited animal.”—*Count de Buffon.*

THE man who by invention strives
 The kindly Arts to raise,
 He nearer to the skies arrives,
 Is worthy of all praise.



The mighty-minded of the earth
 Have honour'd BLACKWELL's name,
 Appreciated all his worth,
 And swell'd the trump of fame.
 The benefactor of his age,
 The friend of man and horse ;
 His patents shall the world engage,
 Long as time shall run its course.
 Afar, away in foreign lands
 And distant Colonies,
 Unrivall'd his invention stands—
 Each country's greatest prize.
 Some in Hyde Park in " Fifty-one "
 Cast many a wistful look—
 In vain, for BLACKWELL, standing forth alone,
 From all the world beside a medal took.

S. WILLOUGHBY,

Invalid Carriage,

No. 1, John-street, Oxford-street, London.

WHAT gratitude doth e'er my hero gain
 From those who languish on the bed of pain !
 Though they may be, in foreign lands remote,
 By anguish dire or sorest sickness smote,
 Yet to their homes they safely may be sent
 From any portion of the Continent.
 Many who in affliction deep did lie,
 Far off in sunny realms of Italy,
 To those they honour'd and to those they loved,
 In *position* unchanged, have been removed,

(While nothing to disturb them e'er can tend,
 With their attendants, to their journey's end.
 Who is this benefactor? All reply,
 It is the famous Mr. WILLOUGHBY,
 Who, in the stirring times of "Fifty-one,"
 O'er London and the world in glory shone.

J. BIRCH,

*Phoenix Sawing, Planing, and Moulding Mills, Edward-street, Cumber-
 land Basin, Regent's Park, London. A large assortment of
 Dry Flooring and Matched Boarding ready for immediate use.
 Sash Bars, Moulding, and Cornices, worked to any design. A large
 Stock always on sale.*

"The revolving mill."—*Antipater, Greek Poet.*

HE like the ancient Phœnix appears,
 The single wonder of five hundred years ;
 And when elapsed this period of time,
 Wings its far way o'er many a distant clime,
 Till 'neath Egyptian Thebes's pond'rous towers.
 A raging flame the far-famed bird devours.
 Still from its ashes will another rise,
 And like a meteor beaming rend the skies.
 Through all the rolls of history might I search
 To find a happier simile for Mr. BIRCH,
 Who, like the Phœnix—and best of names—
 Would triumph over time and all the world in flames.
 Who made those sashes that, in bright array,
 Let through the Crystal Palace light of day.
 Who the wide space in the LONDONIAD fills,
 But the proprietor of Phœnix Mills ?
 Whose lion-heart, and whose inventive mind,
 Has left the rest of London far behind.

Full many now, all rich in power and place,
 Their brighter fortune to his genius trace.
 Live long, and through the flight of every year,
 Of Arts inventive be the pioneer,
 While eyes are turn'd, and distant nations mark
 You and your Phoenix Mills in Regent's Park !

MESSRS. SWAINE & ADENEY,

Whip Manufacturers

TO THE QUEEN



AND ROYAL FAMILY

No. 185, Piccadilly, London.

Prize Medal awarded at the Exhibition of 1851.

"Smack went the whip."—John Gilpin.

ALL that ever mounted wing,
 Th' adventurous Muse outstrips,
 And plumes her wings to mount and sing
 Of the Prize Medal Whips.

England ! France ! Belgium ! Spain !
 And Americ' ! hither hies,
 And strive in vain ; for MESSRS. SWAINE
 And ADENEY take the prize.

They manufacture for the Queen—
 For whom love fills our hearts—
 Prince Albert, too, the high Serene,
 Prime patron of the Arts.

Their names through all the world hath gone,
 On wings of the wind abroad,
 From majesty upon its throne,
 To the pilgrim on the road.

New England! all the United States!
 The world upon its western side!
 All the nations towards the morning's gates!
 Are by our firm supplied.

Mounted high in rich array,
 Pride of royal courts,
 They th' pacific character pourtray
 Of the Exhibition! and display
 The joy of equestrian sports.

See them chased in flaming gold,
 Radiant with the ruby's blaze,
 Like the mantle of the morn unfold-
 Ing itself in Eden's earlier days.

Long may the Olympic wreath their brow adorn,
 And every age be but another MORN,
 To rise upon the world in after years,
 To tell to unborn tribes what fame was theirs.
 Thus have I MESSRS. SWAINE and ADENEY made
 Olympic heroes of th' LONDONIAD.

J. JAMES,

Engineer and Model Maker, 28A, Broadwall, Stamford-street, Lambeth.

To whom shall I direct my lay,
 But those illustrious names,
 Who bore the world's bright palm away,
 Like Mr. JABEZ JAMES?

Our celebrated engineer,
The famous model maker,
In Fifty-one's eventful year
Was the Prize Medal taker.

Not for Britannia Bridge alone,
All Europe's wonder and its pride,
He the first Prize Medal won,
But for the aid by him supplied

To the Great Exhibition, when,
In all their strength array'd,
Came forth the world's most famous men,
And glorious Arts display'd.

We think upon "that work of Art,"
Still strengthening our belief,
That he could, would he aid impart,
Soon take the BRIDGE at Kieff.

That wonder of the wilderness,
The stay of hostile lands,
Came manufactured forth
From his, the maker's, hands.

In after ages, let us mark
That which creation charms,
The medals won in famed Hyde Park
Shall be their coats of arms.

Then heraldry, and all its tromp-
Ery, shall to each science yield,
The strength of mind shall be the pomp,
And Arts the battle-field.

Still may you be the pioneer,
 And join immortal names,
 Prime Model Maker, Engineer,
 MR. JABEZ JAMES.

GROVER, BAKER, & Co.,

*Patentees and Manufacturers of Sewing Machines, adapted for sewing
 Leather and all Fabrics, Cannon-street West, Corner of Bow-lane,
 London. Offices: Edinburgh, 94, South Bridge, WM. DARLING,
 Agent; Boston, Haymarket-square; New York, 405, Broadway;
 Philadelphia, South Fourth-street; Paris, 10, Rue Lepelletier.*

“What is a man’s public reputation, or personal ambition for an empty name, contrasted with those things that may impart a claim to the glory of the world, or that administer to the welfare of his race?”—*Hon. Henry Clay.*

I KNEW them well in times of yore,
 Their well-remember’d names,
 On the far *New England* shore,
 Far from the banks of Thames.

For them I strung my stormy lyre
 Beneath the Western skies,
 Their famed machines did me inspire,
 Their art and enterprise.

In other years and climes I choose
 My subject! their machines!!
 Columbia then inspired my Muse,
 Now this, island o’ th’ Queen’s.

Upon the Western Continent
 A factory they uprear’d,
 Whose vaulted roof to heaven upsent,
 Surpass’d what has appear’d.

Even in the land of our Allies,
 Rear'd by their power serene—
 To excel, in vain all Europe tries,
 Their factory on the banks of Seine.

And now they 're in great Cannon-street,
 The stately and the new,
 Where all the Arts in triumph meet,
 Surpassing London through.

They do not need to advertise,
 They 're known already far,
 From where the sun gilds morning skies,
 Unto the Western star.

Prime benefactors of their race.
 How bright their glories glow !
 What myrtle bands and laurels grace
 GROVER, BAKER, and Co. !

BENJAMIN WYON,

Medallist, and Chief Engraver of Seals

TO HER MAJESTY



AND THE
 PRINCE OF WALES,

287, *Regent-street, Cavendish-square, London.*

For the above eminent gentleman I insert his card, because I promised to do so at the time I had the honour of receiving it; but I reserve the right of dealing poetically with those only whom I choose for that purpose.

W. J. TAYLOR,

Medallist, Die Sinker, Seal Engraver, &c., Envelope and Medallion Wafer Maker, 33, Little Queen Street, Holborn. Medallist, by Appointment, to the Great Exhibition, 1851.

“The Die.”—*Shakspeare.*

“Engraved in characters that shall last, and tell their tale to posterity when marble and brass shall have mouldered into dust.”
Governor Everett.

IMMORTAL MUSES, strike your lyre, entrancèd ages list,
While Mr. TAYLOR shall inspire, the famous Medal-
list ;

The chosen from the world beside, for glorious deeds
he 'd done,

O'er *this* department to preside, far back in Fifty-one.
Traverse the whole of history o'er, his equal ne'er
appears,

In Hellas nor on Tiber's shore, in all their palmy
years.

Could Bruêher see your arts advance, e'en in sub-
limest dream,

How had he woke up early France, and startled
Angouleme.

Not when the Fourteenth Louis reign'd in science's
brightest blaze,

Nor when the Arts their height attain'd in our Eliza's
days,

Not Simon then, nor those who now do *practise* at
the Mint,

E'er wore such laurels on their brow as th' *one* whose
Ode I print.

In Fifty-one what thousands came to see your great
 machine,
 And through the world hath spread the fame o' th'
 wonder they had seen ;
 And long, full long, in after years
 Shall the Muse's pinions fan
 Your laurell'd brow, as it uprears
 A diadem bright as the spheres,
 Great Nature's nobleman.

The following is one of the very few poems that appear in the LONDONIAD, written by me in America, amidst the scenes it attempts to describe ; the first verse only was written in England.

MESSRS. GARRARD,

Haymarket, winners of the Council Medal in 1851.

“ ————— Wrought by wondrous device.

* * * * *

The metal was of rare and passing price.”

Edmund Spenser, Muioptomos.

IN this world-famed establishment
 What splendours meet mine eyes,
 Like the beams in nature's morning sent
 O'er the lyre-leaved bowers of Paradise !
 The name ! we've heard full many a time,
 On every land and sea,
 Of the prime warden, in *our* clime,
 Of the Goldsmiths' Company.
 Muse ! back on the past a silver cup
 The Crystal Palace graces,
 The original was run for
 At the famed Doncaster Races.

See! like a sweeping hurricane
Far to the verge of heaven,
O'er trembling lands the bison train,
In thunder-clouds, are driven.
From Indian arms—all lances bright,
The rapid lightning flies,
The only light that guides their flight,
Across the prairies.
The yell is up! the wild war-whoop!
O'er ringing lands they go.
Hark! one of th' infuriate troop
Turns on the advancing foe;
The steed, in straining attitude,
Stands in mid air erect;
And the lance, to be in blood imbrued,
See the Indian direct;
The wild grass of the prairies,
Beneath the coursers' feet,
Waves along like silver seas,
And makes the work complete.
Well could I write in Pindar's style,
A grand Olympic Ode,
I'd praise the artist, and the while
Spread far mine own abroad.

UNDER THE PATRONAGE OF H.R.H. PRINCE ALBERT,
AND HIS MAJESTY THE EMPEROR OF THE FRENCH.

BY ROYAL



LETTERS PATENT

OF ENGLAND, SCOTLAND, IRELAND, FRANCE, BELGIUM, SPAIN,
U. S. OF AMERICA, HOLLAND, N. A. COLONIES, ETC.

HENRY CLAYTON,

Atlas Works,

UPPER PARK PLACE, DORSET SQUARE,
LONDON,

*Patentee and Manufacturer of Brick and Tile Machines, Mills, Presses,
Steam Engines, and Agricultural Tools of all kinds.*

“ In reedy marsh and stagnant swamp,
The bittern seeks his sedgy home,
Till art and industry convert the scene,
And golden corn, ripen'd by summer's sun,
Waves plenteous o'er the bosom of the earth.”

ATLAS ! Mauritania's king, of yore
All the round world upon his shoulders bore ;
But CLAYTON, of the Atlas Works, Dorset Square,
A world of fame doth on his shoulders bear.
By him transform'd, the wilderness's gloom
Grows bright with day, and Eden seems to bloom.
Far, like a golden sea, the growing grain
Waves in splendour o'er each famous drain.
Here is practice join'd to science seen,
In his celebrated tile and brick machine ;
Though others fain would steal the palm away,
He stands triumphant, and he bears the sway ;
Through England, Scotland, and Hibernia's isle,
And flowery France, his deathless glories smile ;

Through Belgium, where Arts their height attain,
 And hills and valleys of romantic Spain,
 The United States, beyond the western main ;
 O'er Holland is the standard of his fame unfurl'd,
 And Canada, the glory of the western world ;
 Through philosophic Germany, with pride
 His Arts advance, and many a land beside.
 And high in glory HENRY CLAYTON shone,
 Triumphant o'er the world in "fifty-one,"
 When he the Council medal bore away,
 From all beside in that eventful day ;
 From France and Amsterdam the prizes too,
 Hanover and Sardinia, in fifty-two.
 But why need these triumphs now the world surprise ?
 He long before had won the Champion prize
 (Well might the thought thereof the bard inspire)
 From Exeter, capital of my native shire !
 Justice to Genius, there ! it stood the test,
 In th' metropolis of th' enlight'ning west.
 Where'er society uplifts its head,
 The first thing it requires is *daily bread* ;
 The next, when *they* their habitations fix
 In civilized community, is BRICKS.
 Thus, like a new creator, great and good,
 CLAYTON the world provides with dwellings and with
 food.
 Thy fame, O most renown'd of Britain's sons,
 Rings through the forests of the Amazons ;
 Yes ! on the distant Orellanoic shore,
 Where nought like brick was ever made before.
 In regions undefined can now be seen
 Brazilian *lieges* working thy machine.

Let me a grand historic incident produce :
We all know well that Scotland's hero, Bruce,
Six times was worsted, and he had to yield ;
He rose the seventh, and drove the foeman from the
field.

So, HENRY CLAYTON, o'ercome by wiles and tricks,
Vainly entered the arena six
Times ! Undaunted, still he march'd to battle seven
Times ; from off the plain the foe was driven—
Th' palm so long deserved to HENRY CLAYTON given.
Hence, the unenvying world to him imparts
The laurel-wreath, and calls him BRUCE OF ARTS.
Bruce gave unconquer'd Scotland second birth,
And was a walking god upon the earth.
Beyond the fair dominions of the Queen,
Again in radiant splendour on the banks of Seine,
Before the world, a hundred nations round,
Above them all was HENRY CLAYTON crown'd ;
There he received what he deserved, the GRAND
Medal of honour from the Emperor's hand,
And still another to commemorate
How high in Gaul each science stood elate.
These are the men for whom my numbers roll,
A brighter Iliad for each nobler soul ;
Whose mighty minds illumine history's page,
In lines of living light through every coming age.
Should I not leave Old Albion in the spring,
Your various triumphs I intend to sing ;
Above all time shall then the Muses sound,
High as in science is my hero crown'd.
An epic poem will then the bard prepare,
For HENRY CLAYTON, of Atlas Works, near Dorset
Square.

NEIGHBOUR'S

Improved Bee-hives, for taking honey without the destruction of the Bees.

GEORGE NEIGHBOUR AND SONS, *Inventors and Manufacturers, 127, High Holborn, and 149, Regent Street, London.*

Pickles	Peregrine Pickle.
Conserves	Pope's imitation of Swift.
Oil	Addison's Letter from Italy.
Fish	Izaak Walton.
Salt	The Scriptures.
Et cetera	Byron's "Don Juan."

THIS is the only house in all the trade,
 That graces now the famed Londoniad ;
 Here England and the world may well rely,
 For articles of genuine quality.
 Establish'd in Eighteen hundred and three,
 The fame it ever won it still deserves,
 For its superior pickles and preserves.
 And fame and fortune it will ever reap
 For oils, and mustards, warranted to keep.
 Honey, the purest in the world that's made,
 And Kieller's world-famed Dundee marmalade.
 All come, as in the bygone days they came,
 For every kind of fried and boil'd fish and game
 Here well-made dishes ever are on hand,
 And medical comforts—in high demand.
 This is the house renown'd throughout the nation,
 For every sauce of establish'd reputation.
 Here's confectionary—all that delight imparts,
 And best preserved bottled fruits for tarts,
 Equal to freshest fruits that you might gather
 Through all Pomona's realm in finest weather,

And warranted for any length of time
 To keep, in every near and distant clime ;
 And here we have th' exporter's guarantee,
 From all injurious ingredients free.
 Here 's various vinegars, and British wines,
 Better than those heap'd on Bacchante's shrines ;
 Spices are here, from earth's most balmy groves,
 From chillies (paradoxical !) to cloves ;
 All essences that science ever drew
 From all that in the field or garden grew,
 And more than ever yet graced poet's songs,
 Of salts, soaps, brushes, candles, hams, and tongues,
 Pastes, potted meats, honey, seeds, all that rise
 Spontaneous, or by culture, under foreign skies,
 And numerous things besides, we'll call them—sun-
 dries.

THE BEES.

For mottoes for Bees, see all the great poets, from Homer and Virgil to Dr. Watts.

RISE, Muse, and sing 'neath every sky,
 O'er all the lands and seas,
 Their beautiful discovery
 In the management of Bees.

A halo bright surrounds their names,
 Through all the length of days
 The star of science brightly flames,
 In vivifying rays.

These are the splendour of our land,
 The kindly and humane ;
 Who never lifted up a hand,
 To give an insect pain.

We saw them in the famed Hyde Park,
 Like winged gems they shone,
 Each like a radiant living spark,
 In glorious fifty-one.

And in the gardens Regentine,
 Amidst their native flowers,
 These industrious insects brightly shine,
 Through all the golden hours.

Admiring millions they entrance,
 With their Amazonian queen,
 In the streamy vales of flowery France,
 Close by the banks of Seine.

GEORGE NEIGHBOUR AND SONS, *Apiarian Depots*, 127, *High Holborn*, and 149, *Regent Street*, London.

M. DIGBY WYATT,

General Designer, Bloomsbury.

“The great Designer opened up an universe.”
Ceuvres de Macon.

I GAZED enraptured on the famous screen
 That you designed for our beloved Queen;
 Thousand designs the minstrel, too, descried,
 Which lost, could never be by man supplied.
 For to you, th' high inheritor, was given
 The brighter spark of genius, sent from heaven.
 Fain would I climb, but, like the good Sir Walter,
 Fearing a fall, alas! I here must falter;
 In vain I strive, in vain attempt to fly at
 The summit of your genius, M. Digby Wyatt.

TO MRS. MACKENZIE,

(*Impromptu.*)

ON HER LEAVING TORQUAY.

"A glorious woman, nobly plann'd
To guide, to comfort, and command."

ADIEU! adieu! my lady friend;
Your kindness makes me proud;
I fondest blessings with you send
Back to your home at Stroud.
May all that's glorious, great, and good
Your valued life prolong;
Take, for *her* sake, the gratitude
Of the lone child of song.
As through the Æolian lyre
Sighs the mysterious wind,
Your memory *these* strings inspire,
Thou queen of womankind.
What though I seek my western home,
Beyond the waters blue;
Yet, by the far Niagara's foam,
I'll ever think of you.

BY APPOINTMENT.



BY APPOINTMENT.

MRS. HUGHES,

*Successor to the late Mrs. Chapman, with whom she was Superintendent
for ten years,*

Manufacturer of Boniton Sprigs, Point Lace & Edgings.
*To Her Majesty the Queen, and H.R.H. The Duchess of Kent,
23, Lower Union Street, Torquay.*

A Grand Poem, in connection with the above, will appear in the
Second LONDONIAD.

THE ONLY PRIZE MEDAL FOR CORSETS.

GRANTED
IN THE
UNITED KINGDOM.



AT THE
EXHIBITION OF ALL
NATIONS.

Scientific Section, Class X. 570A. & Clothing Section, Class XX, 32A.

MADAME CAPLIN,

Hygienic Corset Maker, 58, Berners Street, Oxford Street, London.

“Most rare and noble lady; I not only esteem her illustrious by conspicuous excellence, but the singular pride of this country, and such as, altogether, no other nation has ever seen her equal.”

JOHN BOCCACCIO of *Certaldo*.

How shall the poet, in a single lay,
The glory of her age and clime portray?
Suffice it for the wondering world to mark,
She took from all beside the medal in Hyde-park;
The only prize that was for corsets given
To any manufacturer under heaven.
Lo! the dazzling splendours of her fame advance
O'er “All England,” and the whole of France.
She, the beloved, who now fills Brunswick's throne,
Deals with Madame Caplin—her alone;
And the crown'd heads of Europe all deal here,
With all the flower of either hemisphere.
The greatest scholars of the world have shown
This wonderful invention t' be her own;
Dr. Locock, Sir David Brewster, moved
In its behalf, they sanctioned and approved;

And hundreds more that might the Muses name,
 And swell therewith the golden trump of fame.
 Why need I paint the heroine of my lays,
 Or tell the land where passed her virgin days ;
 'Twas Canada !—above all colonies renown'd—
 That heard my heroine's praises first resound,
 That raised her up so high in nature's scale,
 That she doth now o'er all the world prevail.
 You'll an incarnation of the Graces meet
 At No. 58, in Berners-street ;
 Science and pure benevolence combined,
 A deity in human form enshrined ;
 Gracious demeanour, and a courtly mien,
 Learning and worth are thine, great Nature's queen.

TO MY MOTHER.

(*Written in America.*)

Mrs. Hemans.

“ There is,
 In all this cold and hollow world, no fount
 Of deep, strong, deathless love, save that within
 A mother's heart.”

John Dryden.

“ She was his care, his hope, and his delight,
 Most in his thought, and ever in his sight.”

Lord Byron.

“ She——
 ——became a part of sight,
 And rose where'er I turn'd mine eye,
 The morning star of memory.”

LONG years may roll their cycles by,
 And oceans intervene ;
 In pleasure's or in sorrow's hour,
 Is still my mother seen.

What though on distant continents,
Beside Niagara's foam ;
By prairies, woods, and western wilds,
Your only son should roam.
Though all the years of youth were spent,
Beyond the floods afar ;
Yet ne'er have I forgotten thee,
My bright and morning star.
My heart yearns towards you with a warmth,
No language might express ;
Had I a thousand worlds to give,
Ten thousand tongues to bless,
Yet these were all too small,
And more, when all were done,
To speak the gratitude and love
Of your lone exiled son.
Talk of affection as you may,
What is it shines above,
Intensest, brightest, purest, best ?
'Tis all a mother's love.
The words of kindness she spake,
Full oft in infant years,
Throng on the mind in after times,
Through joyousness and tears.
Another wife may well be found,
A sister, too, be born :
But nothing can like mother's love
The human life adorn.
Yes ! and when all the world grows cold,
Friends prove no longer true,
Then, mother, with a bursting heart,
We ever turn to you.

FOR PUBLISHERS.

The following WORKS by JAMES TORRINGTON SPENCER LIDSTONE, are up for competition:—

LIVES OF THE FRENCH KINGS FROM PHARAMOND TO LOUIS THE FIFTEENTH.

In poetry, six thousand lines.

I am willing that any single reign should be taken as a specimen of the whole. No period of time in the history of our country could have been more auspicious than that in which we live for the publishing of this work. I have in my possession medallion portraits of seventy-two Sovereigns, including Louis XVII. (who never reigned), and Napoleon, from the first of the Merovingian race, in 420, to Louis Philippe of our own times; and an account of the sources upon which their authenticity is founded.

“THE CONQUEST OF CANADA.”

The first Epic Poem written on the Continent of America, and on which I have been engaged ever since I was fifteen years of age. (*Not quite finished.*)

THE LIFE OF CHRISTOPHER COLUMBUS.

One thousand lines, Epic measure, ready for the press.

A GRAND NATIONAL POEM ON THE ARTS.

Containing thirty different subjects, each complete in itself, varying from 400 lines to 1,500; among which are Agriculture, Commerce, Painting and Sculpture, Architecture; and, indeed, many which the enlightened reader will readily conceive; together with one on general Manufactures, perhaps the longest, if not the grandest, of the whole.

Works in Prose.**A YEAR IN NEW ENGLAND; OR, LIFE AMONG THE YANKEES.**

“I enjoyed to the full the advantage of being unknown among them.”

A DAY WITH LONGFELLOW.

Which may be published in the above, or by itself. A work sure to take.

THOMAS WOOD,

Successor and Nephew to T. BLACK AND SONS, Plate Glass Warehouse, 19, Greek Street, Soho, London. Coach Glasses of all dimensions, and Plate Glass for Sashes. Glass and Picture Frames made. Frames re-gilt, old glass re-polished and silvered.

“ Once more, at least, look back, said I,
Thyself in that LARGE GLASS descry.
When thou 'rt in good humour drest,
When gentle reason rules thy breast,
The sun upon the calmest sea
Appears not half so bright as thee.”—*Matthew Prior.*

THIS is by far the oldest house in town,
First in respectability as in renown ;
That it is well established we know,
And for success it never trusts to show.
It flourishes perennial, and lacks
None of the splendour of the days of Blacks.
'This house alone, most famous in the trade,
Is th' chosen theme for the Londoniad.
Those glorious mirrors open'd to mine eye,
Like morning breaking through the eastern sky,
So broad and beautiful they seem'd to me,
Art mix'd with nature most harmoniously.
Like th' broad expanse of some fair inland sea,
Unruffled by a breeze or ebb of tide,
In miniature, lit by the sun, and petrified.
Few poems in the Londoniad are so good
As this I write, for MR. THOMAS WOOD ;
Whose glorious plate-glass mirrors glow
Like heaven illumined space ! Th' rest you'll know
At his Emporium, 19, Greek Street, in Soho.

CROSBY'S *Adult Academy*, 2, Winchester Place, Pentonville Hill,
(Two doors from the Belvidere Tavern, and opposite the Reservoir).
Writing in Six Easy Lessons. Many persons when they read this,
naturally exclaim—"It is impossible!" nevertheless,—

MR. CROSBY,

The Finishing Writing Master, of 2, Winchester Place, Pentonville Hill, undertakes to perfect Ladies and Gentlemen (however old-fashioned their present style,) in a Fine and Rapid Hand, in the above number of Lessons. *Arithmetic in Twelve Lessons*. *Book-keeping by Single and Double Entry*, as practised in Government and other offices.

MR. CROSBY has the honour to inform the Ladies that he, being the Inventor of the much-admired Angular hand, is the only Professor qualified to teach the same, on the unerring principles of his unrivalled system, it being next to impossible that the Pupil should ever relapse into her former method of bad Writing, after having received the usual course of Six Lessons of an hour each, at any time suitable to her convenience.

"Of all those arts in which the wise excel,
Nature's chief masterpiece is writing well."

John Sheffield, Duke of Buckingham.

WHAT hero's name shall o'er creation ring?
The *Man of Letters* is the one I sing.
Thousands of youth shall rise to bless his name,
And gratitude a nation's heart inflame,
Because he gave them in the world a place
Adorn'd with every intellectual grace.
Had he not taught th' ambitious youth to write,
Sunk were they all in deep oblivion's night.
These no sooner sought his tutorship, than
All took their station 'mong the first of men.
First in his line!—he, like Colossus, stands,
The pride and wonder of surrounding lands.
Not great Simonides, from Ægean isle,
More caused his name in lettered pomp to smile;

Nor Epicharmus, high of ancient note,
 Through fertile Cos in greater splendour wrote.
 With lightning Crosby wields the flying quill,
 At Winchester Terrace, in Pentonville.
 His ancestry all England can declare—
 His grandsire was great London's famed Lord Mayor,
 Its glorious liberator! far renown'd
 Whose memory blooms with bays immortal crown'd.
 No borrow'd lustre doth his grandsire claim;
 In native glory beams his honour'd name.
 His fame through flying ages shines the more,
 And MR. CROSBY be what Cadmus was before.

2nd PART.

I leave awhile the Achilles of the pen,
 To write of him, the famous prince of men,
 Who, in disastrous years, by tyrant power,
 Was led a prisoner to the London Tower.
 Like glorious men of old, though long assail'd,
 His lion heart in conflict never quail'd:
 A brighter fame than millions boast is his—
 The FREEDOM of the great metropolis.
 Firmly he stood, though 'gainst him singly bent
 The entire power of all the Government.
 The people's rights and franchise, of which he
 PROTECTOR was, an epoch form'd in history;
 For since that time, th' proceedings and debates
 In Parliament—yea, of the three estates—
 Printed and published, to the world appear;
 Which they, in earlier periods, never were.
 For these advantages we now possess,
 All after ages CROSBY's name shall bless.



This he deserves ; and London shall behold
 Him 'mid the dearest of her chiefs enroll'd,
 Long as her annals boast immortal names,
 Or London towers upon the banks of Thames.

GRAY AND DAVISON,

ORGAN BUILDERS, 9, New Road, Fitzroy Square, London.

“ But, oh, what art can teach,
 What human voice can reach,
 The sacred organ's praise!
 Notes inspiring holy love,
 Notes that wing their heavenly ways
 To mend the choirs above.”—*John Dryden.*

THE brightest laurels that the poet won,
 Was when he sang of Gray and Davison.
 The gorgeous hall, far opening to the view,
 Unrivall'd, shows the rest of London through ;
 Still, story above story, on we glide,
 And see new wonders rise on every side ;
 In pillar'd pomp the emporium stands on high,
 And vaulted roof aspiring to the sky.
 Far o'er the world their organ notes ascend,
 And fill the imperial isles from end to end ;
 They sing the morning's birth on Ganges' shore.
 And join in evening lands Niagara's roar.
 They, like an orb careering through the sky,
 Light to surrounding satellites supply.
 We heard of old their organ anthems flow,
 By thy beloved shores, Ontario,

Till o'er Toronto sky-involving flames
 Wrapt half the city and Cathedral of St. James.
 Still o'er that land their organ notes arise,
 And charm therewith the first of colonies.
 Abbeys and churches, halls of every grade,
 Resound with organs that this firm hath made ;
 St. George's, Windsor—ay, the loved abodes
 Of Brunswick line, and our terrestrial gods.
 In the north gallery of the transept stands
 That greatest wonder of surrounding lands,
 Whose deep-toned anthems rising, swell amain,
 As if the spheres combined rang through the ethereal
 plain.

The Council Medal, in that eventful day,
 They bore from all the myriads of the world away.
 Long, great and mighty men of enterprise,
 Be ye the glory of our English skies ;
 In every clime your organs find a place,
 And every magic superstructure grace ;
 Their anthems pour harmonious and divine,
 Long as the spheres sing out, or planets shine.

PROFESSOR KINKEL,

(*Westbourne College*).

“ He appeared 'mongst men like a descended god.”

It was, I think, about four years ago
 I met the immortal man in Buffalo ;
 To hail you forty thousand torches came,
 And wrapt the intersecting streets in flame ;
 Emblazon'd flags illumined Erie's shore,
 And bands of music joined Niagara's roar ;

To honour you, the greatest and the best
 Were present from all the wide and wondrous West.
 Yea, I remember that thrice-glorious night;
 Why not! for I the famous òde did write
 On your advent, for it I won the prize;
 This was nought strange, nor did it much surprise.
 'Twas played by bands, and loudly, too, 'twas sung
 By many a race in many a foreign tongue;
 But most in that we speak at present time,
 And that they use in Europe's parent clime—
 Great Germany,—from whence all know you came,
 Wrapt in the solar splendours of a fame
 That, long as sun doth shine, or planet twinkle,
 Shall roll thy bright'ning orb, dear Doctor Kinkel.

DR. J. F. CAPLIN,

Dynamogenesisist, Hygienic Gymnasium, 9, York Place, Portman Square.

PATRONIZED BY

HER MOST
 GRACIOUS MAJESTY



AND H. R. H.
 PRINCE ALBERT.

The Hygienic Gymnasium and Kinesitherapeutic Institution, or "Ling" movements, for Ladies and Children, 9, York Place, Portman Square, London. Proprietor and Director: Monsieur J. Caplin, M.D., Dynamogenesisist, Inventor and Manufacturer of the Gymnasium erected at Windsor Castle, for the use of the Royal Children.

"Throw physic to the dogs."—*William Shakspeare.*

GREAT doctors lived in many ages gone—
 Lo! Æsculapius on his godlike throne,

Who, scarce less bright than his immortal sire,
Taught as the Centaur Chiron might inspire.
Seven centuries pass'd, and Hippocrates appear'd,
In sea-encircled Cos his voice was heard ;
His art triumphant through the world began
To attract, to cure, and aye to conquer man.
Then came vanity and false ambition ; close
On the heels of science Empiricism rose,
And Theorists, with Medusan head erect,
And Dogmatists, a speculative sect.
Epesynthetics—" Phœbus ! what a name !"—
Sprang into life with doctrines much the same
Then Eclectics and Pneumatics—many more
Went wrangling through the world in times of yore.
But Herophile and soon Erasistrate
Redeem'd the world from this *oblivious* state ;
Divided soon *this science* into three—
Pharmacopœia, physic, surgery !
Near two centuries of the Christian era past,
And Galen rose upon the world at last,
Approved what Master Hippocrates *wrote*,
While he, the pupil, soar'd to equal note.
But Paracelsus, o'er the clam'rous throng,
With towering genius proved they both were wrong.
'Twas said of him, like more in years gone by,
He borrow'd light from Satan's majesty.
Then Van Helmont came, th' rich, of course, the wise,
Asserting what no *savant* would call lies ;
For, since the time of Hippocrates, he said,
Medical science had no progress made.
Soon sprung to life th' *illustrious Vesale*,
And told the world just such another tale.

Then propagators of systems new,
Fermentators, coagulators, not a few,
Triturators, all sought each other to undo.
O'er ages of contention pass, dear Muse,
Nor flap thy wings in those unwholesome stews ;
But deem the human frame no more a sink
For physic trash—mankind began to think.
How can we the wiles of avarice endure,
From manglers, killing ten for (n)one they cure ?
In later days—how shall ye Muses sing ?
Enraptured ! rose the famous Doctor Ling,
Whose wonders Dr. Caplin will declare,
At Number 9, York-place, by Portman-square.
Yes, there, enlighten'd reader, mark the PLACE !
Lives the great benefactor of his race ;
For ever to be honour'd and beloved
By millions that in human limbs have moved.
Ne'er can contraction or disease resist
Thy heav'nly art, divine Dynamogenesisist !
For th' Royal children, did the Queen select
Him, at famed Windsor Castle to erect,
Full before her view, the Gymnasium,
To visit which the learn'd of Europe come.
Mothers shall long our philanthropist bless,
And in their hearts, their offspring shall caress.
He alone won the great prize medal, when
To Albion's isle came forth the best of men ;
The greatest number, too, that ever stood
In equal space, all ages since the flood.
The learn'd, the valiant, Europe's crown'd heads,
All love the very ground on which he treads ;

And so shall I for ever bless the day
 In which I came in Doctor Caplin's way.
 Long, merrie England and La Belle France,
 Join'd, to the world's enlightenment, advance !
 That he was born this work to carry out,
 Who that has him e'er visited could doubt ?
 Long may you and your honour'd lady be
 The world's bright lights o'er ev'ry land and sea !
 And visited by thousands in ↗ York-place,
 Prime benefactor of the human race !
 While the intelligent entrancèd list
 To your description, great *Dynamogenesisist* !

ANDREW ROSS,
 OPTICIAN,

2, *Featherstone Buildings, High Holborn.*

“ The telescope has descried throughout the starry regions, infinity of worlds which lie beyond the range of human vision, in the unexplored realms of immensity.”—*Thomas Dick, LL.D.*

WHAT optician shall grace these themes, I'm well
 nigh at a loss ;

I only shine with borrow'd beams when I write on
 Mr. Ross.

In any age or any nation, even all the world around,
 In any trade or any station, would he have been
 renown'd ;

In London, none claim equal note, or with my hero
 cope,

Who in the “ Penny Cyclopædia ” wrote the article
 “ Microscope.”

What the *sublime science* lack'd, he master'd, 'bove
the flight of Hope

To equal; for he was author of th' tract on th'
"Achromatic Telescope."

Lo! all the beaten tracks deriding, the wondrous
man invents

The new method of dividing astronomical instru-
ments.

To his inventive mind is due, what science never
will surpass,

An adjustment to the microscopic object-glass.

From him did first mankind procure—

(For this the world his name reveres,

That reverence long may he retain!)—

An instrument to ascertain

The radius of curvature

Of portions of the spheres.

Medals of silver and of gold, from many a varying
clime,

Attest what I must leave untold, his genius tow'ring
and sublime.

A Council medal, here we view,

How bright our hero shone!

For an assistant-juror's medal, too,

He got in 'Fifty-one.

TO THE QUEEN.

**THOMAS SCOTT,***Cocoa and Chocolate Manufacturer, New Court, Old Bailey, London.*"Chocolate and Cocoa."—*Dean Swift.*

"Ken ye know onything like this in your parts; why, my mon, it is the very essence of nature's dewdrop it is both meat and drink."—*Sir Walter.*

For the best cocoa and chocolate,
 He in the Royal City stands elate;
 And our beloved Queen, upon her throne,
 Of our prime manufacturer takes alone;
 And I, the bard, and my beloved mother,
 Would nor taste nor look at any other.
 For it no sooner comes into the room,
 Than straight it casts around a rich perfume;
 While that we get about at neigh'ring shops
 Our breath with villanous ill-flavour stops.
 His roasted coffee, too, has ever been
 Received by those great houses that supply the Queen.
 Enterprising and industrious, long may he
 Live to charm his interesting family!
 Be health, wealth, and happiness the glorious lot
 Of you and yours, Mr. Thomas Scott!

JAMES MACLAREN AND SONS,

Boot and Shoe Manufacturers, Importers of French Shoes, 55, Cornhill, London. Established 1798.

WILLIAM MACLAREN, ASSOCIATE JUROR, EXHIBITION 1851.
An Assortment constantly on hand of Ladies', Gentlemen's, Youths', and Children's Boots and Shoes, of a superior quality.

" 'Tis better to pay the shoemaker than pay the doctor."
Old Proverb.

"No single trade or profession has produced so many eminent men, as that followed by the sons of St. Crispin."—*Lord Brougham.*

WHAT glorious hero shall I choose,
 Or theme my lyre to thrill,
 But he who makes our boots and shoes
 At 55, Cornhill.

He was the juror, high renown'd,
 Far back in "Fifty-one;"
 With laurel was my hero crown'd,
 Maclaren, Crispin's son.

No profession, and no trade,
 In any age or clime,
 So godlike a display has made,
 Both numerous and sublime.

Need I their mighty names recall,
 Their deeds or writings scan,
 Gifford! Savage! Bloomfield! Hall!
 Linnæus, and Winckelmann!

Sherman and Nichols soar elate,
 Like eagles in their eyrie;
 Huntingdon!—he who did translate
 Dante, the great Cary!

Many a glorious one beside
 Who rose a shining star,
 To cheer, to comfort, and to guide,
 Through many ages far.

ASSOCIATE ! of those whose names
 Adorn the great Metropolis ;
 No house upon the banks of Thames
 Is so renown'd as his.

He fame and fortune will enhance,
 On him you may rely ;
 He, too, imports from fertile France,
 Our glorious ally.

TO MY GODSON,
GEORGE JAMES R. LIDSTONE.

“ Exigite ut mores teneros ceu pollice ducat,
 Ut si quis cera vultum facit.”—*Juvenal.*

“ Bid him, besides, his daily pains employ,
 To form the tender manners of the boy ;
 And work him, like a waxen babe, with art,
 To perfect symmetry in every part.”—*Dryden.*

WE look with eyes of fondness now,
 Our hearts beat high with joy,
 To see the light upon thy brow,
 Dear, pretty, baby-boy.

I fancy, in thy life's advance,
 Thou 'lt be our family's prize,
 Because a rare intelligence
 Sits smiling in thine eyes.

If it so soon itself displays,
So early thus appears,
How will it shine in schoolboy days,
And youth's adventurous years?

In childhood, youth, and manhood's prime,
Had I, dear babe, the power,
I'd make the whole long length of time
But one bright sunny hour.

Yet thou shalt o'er the world prevail,
As far as in me lies ;
For I will never see thee fail
In any enterprise.

In Albion, or her Colony
Far to the setting sun,
On me you ever may rely,
I'll finish what's begun.

I promisèd that I would guide
Your childhood ; so I will,
And up through early manhood's pride
I'll be your patron still.

In exultation, or in strife,
On me you may depend ;
For, while I breathe the breath of life,
You'll never want a friend.

TO MY UNCLE JOSEPH.

J. LIDSTONE,

BUILDER, 50, OLD BAILEY.*

“ An honest man 's the noblest work of God.”

Alexander Pope.

RESPECTED, trusted, and beloved are you,
The unwavering, the honest, and the true;
You are, among the London building throng,
What godlike Homer is in realms of song;
Your influence is through the City known,
And when 'tis wanted it is ever shown.
Many, full high advanced in power and place,
Their brighter fortune to your kindness trace;
May highest Heaven health, wealth, long life impart,
Inspire your soul, and warm your noble heart.
While I exist upon this rolling earth,
I 'll never cease to sing my uncle's worth;
And when I leave to soar the realms above,
My harping wings shall sound your nephew's love;
With grateful song through ages I 'll adore,
Till language fails, and I can sing no more.

* Private Residence, Dartmouth Park.

TO MY UNCLE REUBEN,

Aldenham Terrace.

“Highest of earthly honours, from the great and good to be descended ! They alone against a noble ancestry cry out, who have none of their own.”—*Johnson.*

NEED it be now, in these late ages, sung
 From what renown'd and godlike race we sprung,
 Or fling my soul back on those distant years
 When he, the bravest of his brave compeers,
 Was led in chains, far from his island home,
 To grace a triumph, through imperial Rome ;
 How, for nine years, continuing to oppose
 The invaders' march, he fought the Roman foes ;
 How, like a winged volcano o'er the plain,
 He poured the lava of his wrath amain ?
 The British hero fought, and he prevail'd ;
 The star of universal empire paled
 Where'er the desolating lightnings came
 Of his broad battle-axe, in blighting flame
 It wrapt the Roman legions far,
 And lit the British hero through the ranks of war.
 Alas ! the discipline of pagan Rome
 Triumph'd at last, and seal'd the chieftain's doom !
 What afterwards, in other times, took place,
 The matchless annals of our family grace ;
 We know th' Lidstones—let that suffice for us—
 Descended from the world-renown'd **CARACTACUS**

JOHN WARNER & SONS,

Brass and Bell Founders, Engineers, Braziers, Lamp Manufacturers, Lead, Tin, and Copper Merchants, 8, Crescent, Cripplegate, London. Manufacturers of Hydrant's High-pressure Cocks, Patent Self-supplying Closets for High-pressure Service, &c.

Patentees of the Vibrating Standard Pump, Garden and Beer Engines. Malleable Sheet Zinc, Galvanized Tinned Iron.

- "The Bell invites" *Shakspeare.*
 "Those Bells" *Thomas Moore.*
 "The merry Bells" *Mrs. Hemans.*
 "Bright the Lamps shone" *Lord Byron.*
 "The Urn." *Dr. Mark Akenside.*

THE world knows them well ; for history tells
 They from all nations took the prize for BELLS,
 And the proud annals of our clime declare
 They took the same for bronze and copper-lacquer'd
 ware.

What things innumeros met the minstrel's view,
 As I their manufactory passed through ;
 I thought, at first, that I might still rehearse
 The names of all your articles in verse ;
 But soon I found 'twould take an endless strain
 To name them all—to count them all were vain—
 'Tis unsurpassèd for its large extent
 Through Albion's isle, and Europe's continent ;
 And I doubt not 'twould clip the wings of pride
 From all the kingdoms through the world beside.
 Even while I sing, my heart enraptured turns,
 And my fond eyes, unto your classic URNS ;
 Again in fancy round the poet sees
 The unrivall'd triumphs of the patentees,

Which, could I but my eager strain prolong,
 I might embody here in deathless song.
 These are the conquerors of this later age,
 And shall alone the peaceful muse engage ;
 First on fame's bright scroll our firm appears,
 The world-renown'd HYDRAULIC Engineers ;
 In this they powers original display,
 And bear the palm from this late age away.
 From England, Eden of imperial isles,
 Their Art enlightening far o'er earth and ocean
 smiles.

Ye Muses, hark ! what sounds are those I hear ?
 Their bells are sounding from the towers of West-
 minster ;
 Thus have I throned my Muse in lofty state
 At No. 8, THE CRESCENT, CRIPPLEGATE.

W. WRIGHT,

*(Nephew to the late JOHN ROWLAND), Watch Cap and Index
 Maker, No. 1, Upper Ashby Street, Goswell Road.*

NONE in his line e'er higher stood than he,
 On the vast Continent beyond the sea.
 Ere he did from the British shores depart,
 He was unrivall'd in his higher art.
 Since his return, the best in London, day and night,
 Crowd to get their work perform'd by Mr. WRIGHT.

JOHN BROADWOOD AND SONS,

PIANOFORTE-MAKERS TO HER MAJESTY AND THE ROYAL FAMILY,

33, GREAT PULTENEY STREET,
GOLDEN SQUARE, LONDON.“If music be the food of love, play on.”—*Twelfth Night*.

“I’m ever merry when I hear sweet music.”

Midsummer Night’s Dream.

THEIR name hath rung through all the nations round,
 For honour and for enterprise renown’d ;
 Beyond ambition’s aim they soar’d along,
 Tower’d o’er compeers, and pass’d the admiring
 throng ;

Beloved by thousands through each passing year,
 The fond delight of either hemisphere.

Their manufacturing facilities

Equal all others, ’neath our English skies.

Great are the orders—pressing the demands,

From many races on through various lands.

Their music far like mighty rivers run,

On from the rising to the setting sun,

Its anthems peal and their fond memory smiles

Round all the borders of the Ocean Isles.

They in superior excellence defy—

For splendid tone and durability ;

They prove the same all seasons of the year,

And stand the test of climates most severe.

Through high baronial halls and royal courts,

All hail ! BROADWOOD AND SONS’ PIANO-

FORTES.

Apollo, bending from his radiant throne,

Awarded them the palm in fifty-one.

BY SPECIAL
APPOINTMENT



TO HER
MAJESTY.

NICHOLL AND FOWLER,

*Manufacturers of Imperial Standard Scales, Weights and Measures,
for Home and Foreign Trade. 16, Aldersgate Street, London.*

“A false balance is abomination to the Lord ; but a just weight is his delight.”—*Prov.* chap. xi. ver. 1.

UNBOUNDED fame through all the world is theirs,
As weighing-machine manufacturers ;
And through Europe, the most adroit users
Praise their mills, chaff-cutters and corn-bruisers.
This celebrated house still represents
Makers of agricultural implements,
Fully, substantially, the sound and true ;
The whole of this enlighten'd island through,
They flourish fair ; where others fail they shine,
Establish'd in Seventeen eighty-nine.
By them imperial standard scales are made,
And weights and measures for the home and foreign
trade.
Here 's the improved (th' only sort in all the land)
Register'd weighing-machines, with ornamental stand.
This firm o'er London and the world prevails,
As manufacturers of patent scales.
The like was never yet in England seen,
In proof of which our firm supplies the Queen.

F. M'NEILL & CO.,*Patent Felt Works, Bunhill Row, London.*

“ Who knows not M'Neill & Co.
 Flourishes in Bunhill Row.”

AND that the greatest in the world have dealt
 With this firm for asphalted roofing felt.
 Their fame has reach'd even to the farthest seas,
 As prime manufacturers, the only patentees.
 For ev'ry exhibition and each show,
 Medals and prizes, go to Bunhill-row.
 The original and only works of the same kind
 That through the whole of London I could find.
 M'NEILL's patent roofing felt they've got
 For the whole of the vast camp at Aldershott;
 Where twenty thousand men beneath its roof—
 Officers' quarters, hospitals—all are weather-proof.
 In vain the demons of the storm may tramp
 At Colchester, or over Pembroke's camp.
 Thousands of warriors there in comfort dwell,
 For o'er the felted roof in vain the tempests swell.
 At Aldershott, all felted o'er serene,
 Stand the buildings fair of our beloved Queen;
 For the Crimean camp, our country's Guards,
 They use alone three hundred thousand yards.
 Lo! the hospital is at Scutari spread
 With this, and all the stabling over head
 See their asphalted felt-roofing grace
 Constantinople, capital of Thrace,
 And Smyrna, country of the rising morn,
 Where some of old said Homer's self was born.
 Thus long and loud I've caused my song to flow,
 Inspired alone by F. M'NEILL and Co.,
 Who own the patent felt works, Bunhill-row.

Cheap Bread!! Pure and Unadulterated.—Now exciting Public attention.

JAMES WHITE


Begs to inform the Public generally, that the surest way to obtain Pure and Cheap Bread, is by grinding their own Corn.

J. WHITE'S is the Oldest Established Steel Mill Manufactory in the Metropolis, and long noted for its Family and Emigrant's Flour Mills. Her Majesty and His Royal Highness Prince Albert took great interest in and highly approved of these Mills, the Great Exhibition of 1851 being selected for their especial notice. They may be seen at Work at the Manufactory, No .266, High Holborn, London.

“Bread has not been unjustly named the staff of life. It forms so large a portion of our solid aliment, that it behoves us to use all befitting caution that it should be of the best quality.”

DR. HYDEN'S Popular Physiology.

THE Muses turn, and I shall write
 Upon the mills of Mr. White ;
 And I devote an entire page
 To th' benefactor of his age.
 No poisonous stuff the body fills,
 If we but use his famous mills ;
 We 'd then escape the mean-soul'd brood,
 Who give us poison'd flour for food,
 And for whom hanging is too good—
 Even as high as Haman—higher,
 Yea! or in chains o'er a slow fire.
 For twenty years, beyond the western main,
 In exile did your British Bard remain.
 There I escaped each beast's and serpent's power,
 Return'd, alas! to be poison'd by flour,
 Of which I soon shall revelations make,
 And means to prosecute the wretches take.
 From these the Muses turn with fond delight,
 To the ever-to-be-honoured James White ;

Whose name each heart with deep affection fills,
 He the real maker of the famed steel mills
 For grinding coffee, pepper, almonds, cochineal.
 With him the mighty-minded of the nation deal;
 And here the universal public calls
 For mills for biscuits, cayenne, chicory, drugs and
 galls,
 Groats, Indian corn, malt, pepper, oats and rice,
 Seed, snuff, sugar, shellac, starch, and spice;
 And various others, handsome and complete,
 As well as those for grinding peas and wheat.
 In High Holborn doth MR. WHITE defeat
 The bakers, those mean adulterators' tricks,
 At his manufactory  266.

KERR AND SCOTT,

Shawl Manufacturers and Warehousemen, Cannon Street, West, London.

“A specimen Poem for Cannon Street.”

“In Manufactures they excelled all others in that part of the earth
 and their power extended far over into other lands.”

DE ESMORIDAN'S *History of Venice*.

SHALL I remove awhile the Muses' seat
 Unto the princely mart of Cannon Street,
 Contemplate awhile the famous spot,
 And the establishment of KERR and SCOTT?
 'Tis firms thus standing nobly forth like theirs,
 Prime artistes, princely manufacturers,
 That add true riches to a conquering state,
 That make a country truly rich and great.
 They shone triumphantly in years bygone,
 And bore the palm away in fifty-one;
 And we behold no other house arrive
 At their distinction here in fifty-five.

This world-famed firm all other firms outshines,
 For their inimitable grenadines,
 All silk ! grace their Emporium, vast and full,
 As well as rare barége of silk and wool.
 Crapes unequall'd in the British nation,
 Of real China stamp'd in imitation,
 (In splendour paradisiacal appear,
 And emblem Eden's in its earlier year,)
 With many a long and floral cashmere
 In Paisley, manufactured by R. KERR.
 Soft silks innumerable, and very long
 To tell them all in my adventurous song.
 They're princes of that manufacturing band
 That graces Scotland, proud unconquer'd land,
 Where cairns speak out, and rivers roll in song,
 And souls of heroes on the misty mountains
 throng.
 In these auspicious days, be mine the lot
 To sing of Cannon Street, and KERR and SCOTT.

PATENTEES OF THE ALPACA UMBRELLA.

BY
APPOINTMENT TO



H.R.H.
PRINCE ALBERT.

W. & J. SANGSTER,

UMBRELLA MANUFACTURERS, 75, Cheapside.
Also at 140, Regent Street ; Cane Warehouse, 10, Royal Exchange,
and 94, Fleet Street, London.

“The Umbrella.”

COWPER'S *Task*, Book I.

TURN, Muse, to No. 75, Cheapside.
 Alpaca cloth this famous firm supplied,

In high advance of all the world beside.
And now the chariot of their triumph rolls
Down through the equator, round unto the poles,
For their famed umbrellas and their parasols.
Alpaca cloth of th' undyed wool is made,
Of Peruvian and Chilian sheep, therefore 'twill not
fade;
With it you may o'er earth and ocean roam,
'Tis not affected by the salt sea's foam ;
Hence 'tis that SANGSTER's production graces
The hands of those who frequent watering places.
And the demand, history and the Muses state,
For the paragon umbrella is so great,
'That the patentee is able to supply
Them at a price (well may we wonder !) not high-
Er than you or I th' common sorts can buy.
They guarantee the frames for full two years ;
But through their good construction, it appears,
'The number requiring repair, as you will find,
Is much less than th' average of any other kind.
Alpaca equals silk, is still more strong,
No other covering will last so long ;
Thus 'tis ever welcome to that numerous class,
Who in domestic bliss the world surpass.
Who has not heard of SANGSTER, Wm. and JOHN,
Who bore the prize away in fifty-one ?
Prime patentees of our enlighten'd land,
First in their line, through all the world they stand
In native majesty ; they tower'd serene
In fifty-five, upon the banks of Seine.
First in public spirit and in enterprise,
They bear from every nation the first prize.

Their famed shawl patterns, and their virgin white,
 Might well the bride and matron's heart delight.
 Though what I say you well may fiction deem,
 Within, without, you cannot find a seam.
 Upon a principle, unknown to all the trade,
 Of but one single piece each parasol is made.
 Nor shall the Muses in their triumph skip
 O'er the new patent for the PEBBLE TIP;
 Well made for the protection of the hand,
 Of every colour durable and grand,
 They seem in heaven's resplendent hues all dyed,
 And gleam resplendently like raindrops petrified.
 Throughout the globe, o'er all its lands and seas,
 Fame's golden trump proclaims the enlightened
 patentees.

*List of Articles, Manufactured and Sold, wholesale and retail, and
 for exportation, by*

MECHI,

*No. 4, Leadenhall Street, (Fourth House from Cornhill, same side as
 the India House,) and 112, Regent Street, London.*

Table and General Cutlery—Tea Trays in Papier Maché—Tea-Cad-
 dies—Every variety of Electro-Plated Goods—*British Plate*, or
 German Silver Forks, Spoons, Dessert-Knives, &c.—Ladies and
 Gentlemen's Wood and Leather Dressing-Cases—Writing-Cases—
 Pocket-books — Card-cases — Tablets — Work-boxes—Writing-
 desks—Bagatelle-tables—Backgammon and Chess-boards—Chess
 and Draughtsmen—Hair, Cloth, Tooth, Nail, Hat and Shaving-
 brushes — Combs — Hones — Boot-Jacks — Razors — Strops—
 Paste—Shaving-Powder—Naples Soap, &c. &c. &c.

A superb assortment of Manufactures in Papier Maché.

Any Article made to order at a short notice, without additional
 charge, as MECHE manufactures on the Premises nearly every
 article he sells.

Re ipsâ reperi

Facilitate nihil esse homini melius atque clementiâ.—*Terence.*

FIND me through all London, if you can,

In public spirit a more princely man.

'Tis men of an enlightened mind like his
 That make the glory of the great metropolis.
 In vain to monopolise have others tried,
 He feels an honest and peculiar pride
 That these enlighten'd times in which we live,
 The public bid the enterprising thrive,
 And the palm to individual exertions give.
 Who through the darkness of monopoly breaks,
 And like a morn upon the nation wakes ;
 Who please the public, and the workmen cheer,
 The sacred Muses ever must revere ;
 Who establishing, instead of all
 That would the mind and body, too, enthrall,
 System of trade both liberal and upright,
 Disarming servitude, and knavery put to flight.
 In vain against our famous MECHI rise
 A crowd of most inveterate enemies.
 On the sublime of Virtue all is lost,
 Like foam against our native Albion's coast ;
 Far from the paths of rectitude they swerve,
 In times of peace, war's profits still preserve,
 To right and reason ever proving foes,
 The highest claims of honour still oppose ;
 Have limited the labour o' th' workman's hand,
 By diminishing of the consumer the demand.—

*To those unacquainted with MECHI's system of
 doing business,*

He begs leave to explain,

In the following familiar strain :—

- 1st.—The very best articles alone to sell
 At profit small—the *ready* near the till.

- 2nd.—If the articles defective you discern,
 He will exchange, or money will return.
- 3rd.—Most punctual, civil, vigilant, and
 Attentive to what customers demand ;
 Their interest with his own identified,
 Has been, and ever will be, *MECHI's* pride ;
 And he would fain his customers apprise,
 That he as on a true friend still relies
 Upon a character already made,
 To merit an increase of his extensive trade.
 Patronage ! confidence ! to him given,
 Through long eventful years, from **TWENTY-**
SEVEN.
-

BRITISH AND FOREIGN GLASS WAREHOUSE.

OBARD AND COMPANY,

Merchants and Glass Manufacturers,

No. 2, CRESCENT, BRIDGE STREET, BLACKFRIARS,
 LONDON.

“ ————— A house —————
 The noblest even in ”—London.—*Samuel Rogers.*

Now, Muse ! for the famous *MR. OBARD*,
 Will you insert a grand poetic card ?
 Not since the pilgrims in an ancient land
 Discover'd glass roll out from molten sand,
 Did ever human eye see aught surpass
 His grander art, or purer sorts of glass.

Let visitors once go, with great surprise
 They 'll see prime glass in great varieties.
 The head of a respected firm is he,
 Renown'd for candour and integrity.
 In fifty-one the chosen juror, when
 To Albion came forth the best of men.
 Towards wealth and fame his Company aspires,
 At 2, Crescent, Bridge Street, Blackfriars.

THE FOLLOWING POEM WILL APPEAR
 THE FIRST IN THE SECOND LONDONIAD.

(*By Permission.*)

TO PRINCE ALBERT.

FOR THE ORIGINAL CONCEPTION AND SUCCESSFUL
 PROSECUTION OF THE EXHIBITION, 1851.

“Philosophers respect Princes, and never flatter them.”
 VOLTAIRE, *Dedication of “La Henriade.”*

Is there no bard to wreath a victor's crown,
 To sing of ALBERT'S deeds the high renown?
 Is there no genius in this ancient land,
 Whose soul shall emulate the tuneful band,
 Whose strains shall tremble o'er our prince's name,
 Dance round his feats, and from them gather fame?
 Yes! rise, my Muse, on wings of vestal fire,
 Hang o'er the scene, and paint what you admire;
 Ride on the radiant spheres to utmost day—
 Tread the eternal bounds, and there survey,
 With comet eye, time's boundless empire o'er,
 And ask the worlds if e'er in years before,
 Through all their realms, did spirit yet appear
 Like him triumphant in his high career.

Poet! well may your fiery heart rejoice
That you alone dare raise your lofty voice
To rival all the mightiest bards of old,
In strains unknown to them, to deeds by them untold.
Sing, Muse! how ALBERT's godlike mind defied,
With conscious strength, the rolling world beside;
Back on the past! how bright appeared his soul,
The centre sun round which the systems roll.
Not all the heroes, from great nature's morn,
On victory's pinions up to empire borne,
So bright in their careering splendours shone,
As our Queen's Consort, back in 'fifty-one.
Adieu! I soon again shall leave the shore,
Where the dear sons of song are heard no more;
Back to the colonies, bedeck'd with bays
In merrie England won, and Albert's days;
May his posterity for ever reign
In this island kingdom of a northern main.
Long live our Prince to grace the world below,
Joy fill his veins, and olive crown his brow;
And late, full late, when he shall meet his doom,
May he with honour fill a timely tomb,
And native roses round his mansion bloom;
While high above the RED CROSS banner flies
In folds of beauty through triumphant skies.
Th' historic muse shall in her mirror page
With sunbeams wreath his name in every age;
An hundred nations shall their tributes bring,
And scatter flowers while future Pindars sing.

THE COUNCIL MEDAL
AT THE GREAT
EXHIBITION.



THE COUNCIL MEDAL
AT THE GREAT
EXHIBITION.

PATENT PIANOFORTES

MANUFACTURED BY

SEBASTIAN AND PIERRE ERARD,

MAKERS BY SPECIAL APPOINTMENT TO

Her Majesty the Queen and the Royal Family,

No. 18, GREAT MARLBOROUGH STREET, LONDON,

AND

PEMBROKE ROAD, KENSINGTON.

“ Music, the greatest good that mortals know,
And all of heaven we have below,
Music can noble hints impart,
Engender fury, kindle love,
With unsuspecting eloquence can move,
And manage all the world with secret art.”

Joseph Addison.

“ They touched their harps, and nations heard, entranced.”

Pollok's Course of Time.

OFt have we heard how music did entrance
Rocks, skies, and floods, and make the mountains
dance ;

How lyre of Amphion, with its magic tones,
Rear'd Thebes's walls from music-quarried stones ;
Though those renowned minstrel days are o'er,
And equal glory lights the world no more.

Yet worthy of thy loftiest strain, O bard !
Is the wide world-resounding name, ERARD ;
Whose brilliant genius, and whose fine address,
The annals of our age and Europe bless.
This firm on high, like a Colossus, stands—
The sun embodied,—light of distant lands ;

Amidst our mountain minds it towers sublime,
 A stately landmark in the floods of time.
 In fifty-one, when all the world was here,
 All the pride and flower of either hemisphere,
 The mightiest sons of this terrene did mark,
 Who took the Council Medal in Hyde Park.
 The fame they won they ever still retain,
 O'er the broad Arctic to the southern main.
 From Albion their glories high advance,
 As from the streamy vales of flowery France.
 'Twas fond affection for your loftier art,
 That strung the lyre, and warm'd the minstrel's
 heart ;
 And ever through the world its pulses beat,
 To honour ERARD's famous Mart, Great Marlborough
 Street.

I find that Mr. Lambert, formerly with COLLARD and COLLARD, has marked his Firm on the list for 100 Copies of the LONDONIAD; but my Printer informs me that he has enough copy. I hope to make amends to those whom I am obliged to leave out, in the next.

TO BE PUBLISHED BY J. T. S. LIDSTONE.

ADVENTURES IN FOREIGN LANDS.

“CANADA” AND “BRITISH AMERICA.”

The last two I gave in a lecture on my arrival in my native land, before the nobility and gentry of South Devon, and am prepared to give the same over again in London and elsewhere, and let the proceeds go to the Widow and Orphan Fund correlative of the present War. All communications to be sent to me, No. 1, UPPER ASHBY STREET, NORTHAMPTON SQUARE, LONDON. Inventors and Manufacturers in distant parts, desirous of appearing in the “Londoniad,” will please give reference to some house in the Metropolis. No mere trader will be admitted.

TO JAMES ALBON, ESQ.

“Fare thee well, and if for ever,
Still for ever fare thee well.”—*Byron.*

BELOVED ELDER ALBON, now adieu !
 Blessings follow you o'er the ocean blue !
 Heav'n you under its protection take,
 When you shall join the saints at the Salt Lake !
 Our anxious eyes shall then look on in vain
 To see you here in Camden Town again.
 You the pulpit never mounted up for pay,
 Nor for a salary did you whine and pray.
 You wore no peculiar dress, and no white
 Choker, to mark you to the public sight.
 You never gave a farthing, scarcely willing,
 Into the poor-box, and took instead a shilling ;
 But wherever human being felt distress,
 You were, too, to cherish and to bless ;
 And you were ever honour'd and beloved,
 Where'er you preach'd, and aye where'er you moved.
 Your honour'd wife goes, like a second sun, to make
 A brighter day light up the regions of Salt Lake.
 Like the Apostles in the elder times,
 Whose equals now are scarce in British climes.
 Through storm and sunshine, over land and flood,
 He, like his Master, went on doing good ;
 And soon he goes—a modern prophet stands con-
 fest—
 To his destined home in the far mighty West ;
 To rear a kingdom in that distant home,
 Against the time when the great King shall come
 How like the immortal prophets he aspires,
 With soul of energy that never tires,

With being organized to impart
 Undying genius, and a never-failing heart!
 Oh, make the spring-time of salvation smile
 'Round all the borders of Britannia's isle!
 Arise! thy godlike deeds proclaim thy worth
 In streams of living light across the earth.
 Heav'n itself could scarcely make you better—
 All you want is in your name *a letter*.
 Ask me what it is, and I reply,
 Add to your honour'd name the Doric *I*.
 Albion, not Albon, then will be the name,
 Equal in might, in majesty, and fame!

PATRONIZED BY HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN.



MRS. HUGHES,

HONITON LACE MANUFACTORY,

23, Lower Union Street (*adjoining the POST OFFICE*), Torquay.

I have a beautiful poem in connexion with the above card, which will appear in the next Londoniad.

SULLINGS & KINGMAN,

Importers and General Dealers in English, German and American Hardware, Cutlery, Stoves, House Furnishing Goods, Agricultural Implements, &c., No. 123, Union Street, (Sampson's Block,) NEW BEDFORD. John W. Sullings.—George F. Kingman.

Let not my friends in New Bedford suppose I have forgotten them. Will Dr. Sweet send what documents he may require copied to my address in London? I shall send soon to Mr. Boutel and Mr. Gray.

HENRY LOCKWOOD,

(FROM HUDDERSFIELD,)

LONDON AND YORKSHIRE HOTEL,

23, *Union Street, Liverpool.* (Near both the Railway Stations and Docks. Wines and Spirits, Dinners, Chops, Steaks, &c. Well-aired Beds.

Every information given to Persons going to America and Australia, as to rates of Passage, and punctual days of Sailing of Ships and Steamers, &c. Letters, pre-paid, punctually attended to.

ON my arrival in the Mersey, a person presented his card, and escorted me to a place which he called an hotel. I did not much like the appearance of the place ; so proceeded to the above mentioned, where I received every comfort from Mr. and Mrs. Lockwood; and I advise my friends coming from Canada and elsewhere to patronize this highly respectable house.

THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS.

“ Map of busy life.”

“ THE ILLUSTRATED LONDON NEWS

Was e'er a welcome guest,

It charm'd my heart, inspired my Muse,

In the far wondrous West.”

JAMES WATT AND CO.,

ENGINE MAKERS, LONDON ST.,

MANUFACTORY, BIRMINGHAM.

“ Mr. Watt was an extraordinary and, in many respects, a wonderful man.—The great mechanic and engineer.—*Ld. Jeffrey.*

“ Mr. Watt—This potent commander of the elements—this abridger of time and space—this magician whose cloudy machinery has produced a change in the world.”

SIR WALTER SCOTT, Preface to “*The Monastery.*”

“ It is this regulator of Watt's, and skilful employment of fly-wheels, which constitute the true secret of the astonishing perfection of the manufactures of our epoch.”—*M. Arago.*

ARISE, my Muse! attempt a loftier theme,
Sing of James Watt and the power of steam ;

Nor yet forget, in your impartial lay,
 To trace its history from an earlier day.
 Back be the veil of Ogygian darkness thrown,
 To ancient nations it was not unknown.
 A field was wanting, and a mind to plan,
 Until in Britain rose our famous man ;
 Let me in chronologic order trace,
 And speak of James Watt in his proper place.
 Near to the Canopic branch of Nile,
 Dwelt Hero who describes the Eolipyle.
 To rotary motion too was steam applied,
 With steam the wily priests their gods oft plied ;
 Making them cut full many a caper,
 And grotesque prank, through this inspiring vapour :*
 O'er the long tract of seventeen hundred years,
 In its application no advance appears,
 Till an inquirer into Nature's laws,
 Arose in France in Solomon de Caus,
 Who many a crystal fountain caused to burst,
 By grottoes cool, in times of Charles the First, †
 Him the French writers perhaps not vainly deem
 The prime inventor of the power of steam ;
 But he the columns never taught to curl
 O'er well-form'd engines, like Glamorgan's Earl ;
 Through him in the seventeenth century we
 The steam-engine in working order see.
 Forty years later, in the flight of-time,
 Savary arose to grace our English clime ;

* The principle, as I have learn'd,
 Of the Eolipyle is seen still,
 And to account is often turn'd,
 Under the name of Barker's Mill.

† Of England.

Up th' mount to fame his arduous way did wend,
 And call'd his new machine the "Miners' Friend."
 A great inventor now doth in th' world appear,
 Named Denis Papin, a French engineer.*
 Savary's idea with Papin's join'd,
 Newcomen genius with his own combined,
 And hence the West of England rests its claim
 To th' invention; hence th' characters of flame
 Emblazoning still more the scroll of Devon's fame.
 Nor Cawley with him be forgot for that;
 They built the engine that first moved Watt;
 They were the authors, and did first discover
 The means of making him a great improver;
 Nor Humphrey Potter, though then but a boy,
 Who to attend their engines found employ,
 (So goes the legend) lazy or tired,
 (Oft has chance, not genius, inspired)
 Of op'ning th' valve for admission of steam,
 When high was raised th' pump-rod of th' beam,
 By which the cocks (excuse the intricate rhyme)
 Might all be turned at the proper time,
 Without his presence there—contrived a way,
 While he might spend an hour or two at play;
 Such was the *scogging* or the *skulking* gear,
 So called from the truant engineer.
 Still no perfect engine could the mind disclose,
 Till Watt, th' great improver, on the world arose.

P.S. A grand addition will be made in the next Londoniad.

* "His important service to steam power consisted in the idea of making it act through *the cylinder and piston*."—*Chambers*.

UNIVERSITY FIRST PRIZE POEM.

BY JAMES TORRINGTON SPENCER LIDSTONE.

CANADA.

DEDICATED TO THE HONOURABLE M. LABOUCHERE, SECRETARY OF
STATE FOR THE COLONIES.

"Plus je vis l'étranger, plus j'aimai ma patrie."

"Great people! as the sands shalt thou become;
Thy growth is swift as morn; when night must fade,
The multitudinous earth shall sleep beneath thy shade."*Percy Bysshe Shelley.*

LET pioneers of warlike Carthage boast,
 And colonies from Phœnicia's coast;
 A greater PRIDE be ours through days to come,
 Than e'er a province felt for Pagan Rome.
 Arcadian groves and Tempe's fair domain,
 Here on a larger scale revive again;
 We swell the grandeur, share the high renown,
 Of HER on whose wide realm Sol ne'er goes down.
 See through millennial ages! arts and enterprise
 In their continuing spring flush o'er the western
 skies;

New cities tower afar their stately spires,
 In days meridian gleam like lambent fires;
 See varied Nature her broad mantle fling,
 And birds in millions o'er the landscape sing;

The atmosphere is gay with dancing loves,
And Graces throng o'er all thy waves and groves.
(*Here comes in a long and beautiful description of
Canada at the various seasons of the year.*)

While anacampitic floods take up the song,
And in commingling rainbows roll along ;
Such the fair scenes that long for twenty years
Of youth and childhood charm'd my eyes and ears,
And seem like fairy vision now to rise
O'er all thy bounds, thou first of colonies.
See Commerce spread abroad her snowy sails
O'er the blue inland seas to westering gales ;
Here golden harvests, undulating free,
Wave round the horizon like a sunlit sea ;
In milder light rejoicing streamlets flow,
And skies inverted bound the depths below ;
While mightier Falls, whence foamy wreaths are
flung,
Seem walls of amethyst with garlands hung ;
Like vestal fires on altars now behold
The foliage wave, or animated gold.
Where once arose the painted warriors' yell,
Glad tidings come, and songs of Zion swell ;
In other days was savage ardour rife,
Now on all sides are scenes of civil life ;
Here youth and virgins joyous mazes tread
At eventide along the flowery mead ;
Nor seem to mourn, with an affection blind,
The happy isles their fathers left behind.
The star of Empire sheds its rising beams
In well-laid streets and navigable streams ;
And radiating from Niagara makes
One halo bright from ocean to the lakes ;

Our inland navigation for extent
Is all unrivall'd on this continent ;
Our roads, Macadamized and plank'd, appear
The best in all this western hemisphere.
Soon from the borders of Atlantic main
To Huron's waste shall rush the electric train,
And Upper Canada stand forth confest,
The world's highway up through the mighty west.
What wondrous destiny, great land, is thine,
Which like an universe no bounds confine,
A startled continent beholds in thee
The finisher of highest Heaven's decree.
Thy youth and energy, sublimely grand,
Long as thy fame and QUEENSTOWN HEIGHTS
 shall stand,
Amid the wreck of empires and decline
Of races, and their rise—a long and varied line ;
Resound in marts, bloom fresh in pathless woods,
Roll with the sun, and mirror in the floods.
Bright in thy fame rejoicing ages run,
As circling planets in their orb the Sun,
And all thy history over time uprears
A radiant cycle gay with smiling years.
While other countries pine and die away,
You, like a spring in nature's morning gay,
Gladden our times and empire's early day.
This is the land where our good English live,
Where the Scotch prosper, and the Irish thrive ;
And here whole generations yet advance
On from the streamy vales of flowery France ;
And that shrewd race from Europe's mother land,
Through all the world renowned, great Allemand ;

And many more are destined yet to go
 By happy isles in Lake Ontario.
 Could I divide myself in thousand parts,
 And in each part enshrine ten thousand hearts,
 For thee, young giant land, I love so well,
 Each pulse should beat, and aspiration swell.
 The throne of science and the seat of arts,
 The abode of beauty and of manly hearts.
 Dishonour never darken'd thee with shame,
 Never attach'd itself to thy fair fame ;
 Noted for high integrity, not fraud,
 Beloved at home, respected far abroad ;
 No " Ohio certificates," no " Penn-
 Sylvania bonds " come from your race of MEN ;
 No federal government usurp'd by knaves,
 No pirate races trample on their slaves.

* * * * * *

You never, when the enemy invades,
 Fly behind sticks, and stones, and ambuscades ;
 From Abraham plains to Queenstown heights—aye,
 more,
 From Montmorency to Niagara's roar—
 Where'er the war-notes sounded, came the throng
 That like a burning ocean roll'd along ;
 Of rebel and the Yankee clear'd the track,
 And sent above the blaze of war the UNION JACK.
 From sire to son, all generations down,
 Descended the green laurel of renown,
 And ev'ry era, ev'ry tribe, shall bring
 Traditions of Oriskany and Wyoming ;
 Detroit and Lundy's Lane our race inspire,
 And wing the spirits of our clime with fire.

In elder years, when earthquakes rock'd the West,
 O'er floods and tempests danced your regal crest ;
 On gallant deeds of fathers long to tell,
 Thy sons in distant lands and times shall dwell.
 Long peace be thine ! But should, from o'er the
 seas,

The war-cry come, th' old tomahawk o' th' refugees,
 And fire-side legends, long, long laid to rest,
 Shall up ; and where your dauntless fathers prest,
 For Canada, th' young lion of the West,
 We 'll march and win, as we have ever done,
 For Britain's empire of the setting sun—
 Prophetic voices now pronounce thy doom !
 To England's legislative halls shall come
 Some favour'd son of thine, to represent
 The rising empire of the Occident ;
 Emoluments, and offices, and fame,
 Be with imperialists and colonists the same !

* * * * *

Let the statist trace the last decade,
 And mark the improvement that our province made.
 No other country in the world can show
 The tide of human life in equal flow ;
 Far o'er those sunny regions cast his sight,
 Where ten years back waved forests black as night,
 And find them open, cultivated, clear'd—
 Temples and towns amid the landscape rear'd.
 Our public schools examine ; these he 'll put
 O'er Massachusetts and Connecticut,
 Above the Empire State, New York, and Ohio.
 How high those tower aloft, these sink how low !

Behold our mills, our foundries, tanneries !
 Mechanics' shops on ev'ry hand arise.
 Our artizans intelligent, and stood
 First in their line in homes beyond the flood.
 Sterling morality goes hand-in-hand |
 With government throughout this happy land !
 A finer system Americ never saw,
 Than our jurisprudence ! Justice, not law,
 Alone bears sway ; the character discern,
 The ability of our judges learn,
 And I challenge comparison with those
 Whose births in epochs on the world arose ;
 The lights of centuries, pride of ev'ry clime,
 That loom like landmarks in the floods of time !

* * * * *

No heavy taxes in our clime oppress ;
 Want never comes, none ever know distress.
 Here energy is capital and enterprise ;
 Fortune awaits, and all may catch the prize.
 No fever-fit of over-trading here
 Leaves us in ruin ev'ry other year ;
 No wild-cat banks here hourly overturn,
 Leaving whole families hopelessly to mourn.
 Where oozed the mossy spring, so dank and low,
 Botanic gardens bloom, and fountains flow ;
 Here statues rise, extend the libraries
 Where hieroglyphics glared on branchless trees !
 I hear in College-halls their learned themes,
 And songs of native bards by classic streams.
 Home of my youth ! the Muse thy fame uprears
 O'er many lands and seas ; through following years
 Be e'er, as now, by teeming millions blest !
 Loved of all nations ! splendour of the West !

TO
THOMAS LIDSTONE, Jun.,
 BUILDER, DARTMOUTH, DEVON.

“Fortes creantur fortibus.”—*Hor.*

For the long, last flight of my exulting Muse
 Your long-descended family name I choose.

LAURELS in war, in peace the prouder bays,
 Bedeck'd their brows in history's golden days ;
 And blooms as freshly now as when of yore,
 Both in Druidical times their chieftain fathers wore ;
 The archives of their race to us impart,
 Who flourish'd fairest on the banks of Dart ;
 Lords of the Damnonii ere Pagan Rome
 Roll'd her red chariots o'er their early home.
 Who swept dissension from our isle amain,
 And help'd to 'stablish Egbert's happy reign ;
 Whose great forefathers did their succours bring
 To glorious Alfred, Albion's minstrel king ;
 Who cheer'd him on, and urged him not to yield,
 When all his hopes lay wreck'd on Walton's field.

* * * * * *

With Oddune, warlike Lord of Devon's coast,
 They early form'd our country's guardian host ;
 In the last conflict drove the invading Dane
 Back to his floating den upon the main.
 Again in Alfred's cause, from sire to son,
 Three generations fought at Eddington.
 The sun of victory now did brightly smile.
 Contrast the time when in Athelney's isle,

A female of your line pillow'd his head,
 And in the vaward of each morn brought him his
 daily bread.

Male and female strove for kingly power,
 And stood its friends in fate's disastrous hour.
 What other tale would bloody Hastings tell,
 Had they been there when Saxon Harold fell !
 Need I direct to where their glories shine,
 And standards blazing over Palestine ;
 What time as to a mighty earthquake's shock,
 At their firm tread fell down the towers of Antioch.
 Who to our Edwards and Henries supplied
 England's proud bulwarks on her native tide.
 How their fond aid to the First Charles was lent,
 Against the army of the Parliament,
 Let Gomerock Castle now, as then, attest
 Who were the UNCONQUER'D SAVIOURS OF
 THE WEST !

Go, ask your legends ! Traverse the bright page
 Of Devon's history, down through every age,
 To that drear night, when, singly and alone,
 Battling loyally for king and throne,
 They hurl'd the myrmidons into the wave,
 Of bloody Cromwell, hypocritic knave !
 What your ancestors did, here let me say,
 Builder and bard would do again to-day.

The TORONTO LEADER is the best paper in Canada to advertise in. I have not the terms, &c., by me; but they will appear in the next Londoniad.

ADDRESS TO
GEO. THOMPSON, ESQ.,

Late Member for the Tower Hamlets.

(PRESENTED TO HIM WHILE IN TORONTO.)

“ His life was gentle, and the elements so mixed in him, that NATURE might stand up and say to all the world—THIS WAS A MAN.”—*Julius Cæsar.*

LONG ages may thy voice be sent,
 In anthems loud and free,
 From continent to continent,
 Across from sea to sea.

Millions of hearts adore thy worth,
 Yea, many nations bless
 Thy name, renown'd through all the earth
 As in this wilderness.

Advance with splendour and prevail
 In thy triumphant course;
 And distant ages yet may hail
 Thee, second Wilberforce.

Still may thy mighty eloquence
 Sweep on like western waves,
 'Till opposition's banish'd hence,
 And freedom crown the slaves.

Long may'st thou stay to make us blest;
 Display thy native charms:
 Toronto, Queen of (all) the West,
 Will clasp thee in her arms.

We love thee in our hearts and souls,
 For all thy virtues rare;
 And while Ontario's water rolls
 Thou shalt be mirror'd there.

ALDERMAN CARTER.

“A Gentleman whose art is pure.”—*Mrs. Carter's Poems.*

MARINE
BAROMETERS.



ASTRONOMICAL
CLOCKS.

JOHN CARTER,

Chronometer Maker

To the Right Honourable the Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty,

No. 61, CORNHILL, LONDON.

MANUFACTORY, 207, TOOLEY STREET.

I HAVE brought back with me from the New World the writings of many American poets, whose names have not reached over the sea to England, as well as the works of those “familiar as household words;” and I intend to publish, at an early period, a volume containing specimens from the following authors:—

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TO VISCOUNT MAHON, F.R.S.,
41, GROSVENOR PLACE.

MY LORD,—I desire to introduce the productions of British authors direct from the mother-country to Upper Canada. Through the whole period of my youth, I have trusted alone to gentlemen's libraries for many standard works, because I would not admit into my own library those of a great poet, or an eminent historian, purchased from an American publisher. I intend to take or send them in sheets, and have them bound in the Provinces, and thus provide the truly British population of Western Canada as cheaply with substantial British editions, as they are now supplied with the inferior sorts from the United States. Here is a wide field for enterprise, over which I intend to pioneer the way. Any suggestion on this head will be received with pleasure by your friend,

J. T. S. LIDSTONE.

TO PUBLISHERS.

All negotiations connected with the above, to be entered into with the author of the "Londoniad," 1, Upper Ashby-street, Northampton-square.

TO MY FRIENDS.

On my return to London, which I left in early childhood, I had a strong desire to visit the principal establishments of the capital of my country. Out of above 500 cards presented to me, I have chosen those which appear in the "Londoniad," the first work of its kind written in any age. Here will be found illustrations of the best houses in the metropolis, and certainly on the globe—enlightened men

of world-wide reputation. I have taken an affectionate interest in each piece, and I intend in after years to join those episodes with others, and make therewith a grand national poem on the Arts.

It will ever be my aim to keep the list as respectable as at this present. No patent medicine-vendors—no mere traders, however extensive their affairs may be, or munificent their offers, will find a place in the *Londoniad*; but those who in our time have proved themselves the benefactors of their race, and ornaments of their country, through their connexion with the ARTS, will ever find me a willing advocate of their interests.

The *Londoniad* is dedicated, by permission, to Sir Joseph Paxton, who has promised me a photograph of himself, which, when received, I shall have engraved in high style of art, and present each of my friends with a copy.

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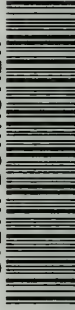
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