



"No one but me shall set my Clock."
 He set it & behold the Shock.

TIME
 And so it m
 But 'tis alik
 And jogs u
 As in its co
 It steals a l
 Leaving eac
 To improve
 To chronicle
 We years an
 The hours a
 Are told by
 But, measur
 Know that y
 The Clock t
 Has struck t

The winding up of the Clock.

TIME has been call'd the Thief of Youth,
And so it may with moral Truth:
But 'tis alike the Thief of Age,
And jogs us on from Stage to Stage:
As in its course it passes on,
It steals a bit from ev'ry one:
Leaving each still the less behind,
T' improve his fortune or his mind.
To chronicle Time's ample space,
We years and centuries embrace:
The hours and minutes, as they pass,
Are told by Dial, Clock or Glass;
But, measuring Time, ah! thoughtless elves,
Know that ye measure but yourselves.
The Clock that faithful strikes the Hour,
Has struck that period from your power:

'Tis hand that runs the wonted distance
 Runs o'er so much of your existence.
 A Clock then is a wise invention
 That answers a two-fold Intention:
 It calls us off from idle pleasures,
 For Life and Time at once it measures.

JOHN DUNN had one; but first of John,
 'Tis fit some little should be known:—

For he was once a rosy Youth
 Who came from the *Swale* side,
 In Town to serve his 'prenticeship—
 Of 'Prentices the Pride.

For strict and regular was he,
 More punctual there were none:
 To ev'ry one he gave his due,
 But ne'er forgot his own.

His Master's Daughter, JUDY fair,
 He view'd with eyes askance,
 For JOHN had still the Yorkshire nack
 Of minding the main Chance.

And lest the Father, rich and stern,

The union should prevent ;

To tie the sacred Knot by stealth

He gain'd the Maid's consent.

JOHN'S seven years service at an end,

The marriage is avow'd.

When Dad consents, what can't be chang'd,

Were full as well allow'd.

Of a bad bargain make the best

Had been his maxim ever :

Whom God and JOHN'S good care had join'd

He knew no man could sever.

For the young pair he takes a house,

And Furniture provides ;

Beds, tables, chairs, an eight-day CLOCK,

And some few things besides.

Within the sound of great Bow Bell,

And with the Church in view.

JOHN still prefers his own dear CLOCK—

It gave the time so true.

As other Clocks are wont to do,
It struck but once an hour ;
And often he had cause to wish
Ma'am's Clock would strike no more.

For she, but women all have tongues,
And, therefore, let's not flout 'em,
What Nature gave, if they mayn't use,
They were as well without 'em.

So thought good Mrs. DUNN, and oft
Let Mr. DUNN to know,
Since he'd become so rich and great,
Who 'twas that made him so.

Man is, 'tis said, a social creature,
And must companions find ;
In things of brute and lifeless nature,
When others prove unkind.

Thus when John Dunn, of his Wife's tongue
Too often bore the shock,
The good Man would in silence think—
My best Friend is my CLOCK.

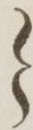
At length, with rural notions fir'd
 The Citizen would live retir'd :
 That is—to get, as a retreat,
 A handsome, spacious country seat,
 Such as would suit his store of wealth,
 And give both consequence and health.
 Hoggart and Phillips soon supply
 A House might catch a Nabob's eye:
 Lofty the rooms, grounds well laid out,
 A garden well-wall'd round about,
 And a clear streamlet full of Trout ;
 A Lawn, with groves of stately trees,
 Stables, cow-house, and piggeries ;
 A dairy in the Gothic taste,
 Within a fragrant shrubbery plac'd :
 An Ice-house too the wine to cool,
 And a Cold-bath that's always full.
 Around the whole rich fields were seen,
 All clad in everlasting green.
 In short, the spot possess'd the charm
 To be a Villa and a Farm.

—Th' Upholsterer in every part
 Expends the treasures of his art;
 Egyptian Stools, and Sofas proud,
 And Chairs and Lamps th' apartments croud;
 With marble slabs and splendid Glasses,
 Carpets so rich and China Vases:
 Yet still the fav'rite Clock must come,
 And click within the Breakfast-room.

Unhappy Man—hadst thou read History,
 As well as the Stock Brokers' Mystery,
 How dang'rous 'tis, thou wouldst have known,
 Exclusive Fav'rites thus to own:
 What caus'd our second Edward's end,
 Was having *Gaveston* for a Friend:
 And who knows what your Clock may do,
 By some strange accident, to you.

The Clock arriv'd, but in such plight,
 Its Master could not set it right;—
 How vex'd he was:—Not know the time,
 Nor hear each hour the well-known chime!

For on the way the rumbling Cart
Had shook it in some tender part,
I've sworn, He said, and still I swear it,
None but myself shall e'er come near it.
—At length set right, with much ado,
Again it told the time so true:
But what it tells it can't bestow,
A solemn truth that all should know:
Though old John Dunn, with all his rout
About his Clock, ne'er found it out.
The Day to wind it up was come,
The steps were brought into the room;
When up he mounted, key in hand,
But, e'er he could his work command,
They totter'd first, then toppled o'er,
And down he sinks to rise no more.
What follows, 'tis confusion all,
Poor Mrs. Dunn is heard to squall,
And shares her falling Husband's fall.
He felt the Lot of all mankind,
He died—and left his Clock behind.



But e'er it had with tell-tale power,
 Through one short month declar'd the Hour,
 It struck, to call the widow'd Spouse
 To wed a junior partner of the House.

At length set right, with much ado,
 Again it told the times so true;
 But what it tells it can't bestow,
 A solemn truth that all should know:
 Though old John Dunn, with all his rout,
 About his Clock, ne'er found it out,
 The Day to wind it up was come,
 The steps were brought into the room,
 When up he mounted, key in hand,
 But e'er he could his work command,
 They totter'd fast, then topp'd o'er,
 And down he sinks to rise no more.
 What follows, tis confusion all,
 Poor Mrs. Dunn is heard to squeal,
 And starts her falling Husband's fall,
 He felt the foot of all mankind,
 He dies—and left his Clock behind,
 ! such a wrong was never done!

NCE OF DEATH
tell-tale power,
month declar'd the bl
e widow'd Spouse
tner of the House.