The Litchen.

IS there a thing in Art or Nature, A Bird or Beast, or Human Creature, Which in Death's business is not made An Engine to promote his trade? Look where you will, go where you can, You see the final foe of Man. Lions and Tygers, Dogs and Cats, The pois'nous Asp, the stinging Gnats, The Cart that rolls, the Coach that flies, Tandems and Gigs and Tilburies; The Ship that dares the dang'rous deep, The Boat that doth the river sweep; The Eastern wind, the sudden Squall, The gliding Skait, the whirling Ball, All in their various ways supply The means by which frail man may die.

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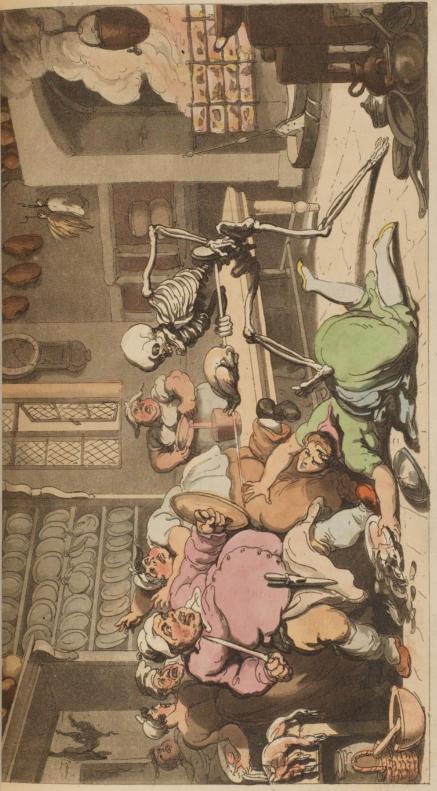
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The potent drug, the boasted pill, The very hope of health, may kill: E'en Justice takes a fatal part, And with a Lawsuit breaks a heart. In the arm'd field and War's affray, Death takes his thousands in a day; While, in the alley and the street, The Gin-Shop deals the deadly treat, And Fate prepares the winding-sheet. How many a scaffold's giddy height Hurls to the shades of endless night; While to the Lazaretto's shed Are borne the dying and the dead. The dagger's blade, the leaden bullet, And hempen string around the gullet, The Pugilist's well-levell'd joint, Or the bare bodkin's humble point, These, and a thousand more, the eye Can with its daily glance descry In the dread Spectre's Armoury:

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He can to all his purpose fit Or with a spear or with a spit. But it is not the weapon's force, The sudden stroke or furious course Death always chuses to assume, To usher mortals to the tomb: He'll lay aside the poison'd cup, Which, at one certain, hasty sup, He often drinks Life's current up; And will our nature undermine E'en on the food on which we dine; Nay, with slow, pois nous power, controul The operations of the bowl; Season the Glutton's daily feast, And fat him as we fat a beast; Smile grimly, o'er each rich repast, Till the gorg'd Corm'rant bursts at last.

One day, Death, tempted by the scent,
Into Lord Ort'lan's Kitchen went;
Well-pleas'd he views the various show
Of Fricasee and Fricandeau,

And I declare it, b

Make your bones

-DEATH seiz'd th

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EATH, tempted by the set

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nd Fricandeau,

Of ev'ry Flesh, and Fowl and Fish, Prepar'd to grace each silver dish, Of roast and boil'd, of Grill and Stew, Turtle and Ven'son and Ragout: And, as he with attention pauses At saucepans strong with fine-drawn Sauces, His mischief was quite charm'd to see The poison of the Chemistry: But while he made his purpose known To add a little of his own, The Cook, who was a man of might, And o'er his Kitchen claim'd a right, Determin'd to attack the Sprite. His right-hand did a Carver wield, A pot-lid serv'd him for a shield: Begone—he cried, or, with this point. I'll dislocate you joint from joint, And I declare it, by my troth, I'll take your bones and make them broth. -Death seiz'd the Roaster in his ire, As it was turning at the Fire;

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Get what you can For I must live, v

Hang the fat gorn

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And fiercely, without more ado,

He ran the Cook quite through and through.

There, He exclaim'd, you now are fitted;—

With your own Turkey you are spitted;

And of that Paunch I shall prepare

An Entremet for this day's fare.

The Clock struck Seven.—it was the hour
When my Lord us'd to feel the power
That bred a craving near his heart
For Courses two, and a Desert.
He rung his Bell,—" Pray what's the riot?

- " Serve up the Dinner, and be quiet."-
- " Sad news to tell," the Butler said,
- " But poor Morel the Cook is dead:
- " Struck, somehow, with I know not what,
- " He sunk at once, and went to pot;
- " He utter'd one tremendous groan,
- " And fell as dead as any stone.
- " The down-fall was with horrid clatter
- " Of pot and dish, of pan and platter:

ENGLISH DANCE OF DLIN celly, without more alo, the Cook, quite through me

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ter'd one tremendosspan fell as dead as anysine

lown-fall was with bridge t and dish, of pan and plate " The Kitchen-maids were all aghast,

" And all forgot my Lord's repast;

" Nay, whether stew'd, or roast or boil'd,

" I fear that ev'ry dish is spoil'd;

" For such an Uproar ne'er was seen,

" In Kitchen where I've ever been."\_\_\_\_

" Get what you can," my Lord replies,

" For I must live, whoever dies:-

" Hang the fat gormandising sinner

" For dying,-till he had dress'd the dinner."