

The Kitchen.

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.



ICE OF DEATH.

Kitchen.

in Art or Nature,
 Human Creature,
 business is not made
 of his trade?
 Well, go where you can
 of Man.
 Dogs and Cats,
 the stinging Gnats,
 the Coach that flies,
 and Tilburies;
 the dang'rous deep,
 the river sweep;
 the sudden Squall,
 the whirling Ball,
 ways supply
 each frail man may die.



Thou Slave to ev'ry gorging Glutton,
 I'll spit thee like a Leg of Mutton.

The potent dru
 The very hope
 Een Justice ta
 And with a Lau
 In the arm'd fie
 Death takes his
 While, in the alk
 The Gin-Shop de
 And Fate prepare
 How many a scaff
 Hurls to the shad
 While to the Laz
 Are borne the dyi
 The dagger's blade
 And hempen string
 The Pugilist's wel
 Or the bare bodki
 These, and a thou
 Can with its daily
 In the dread Spect

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:

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*,

Of ev'ry Flesh
 Prepar'd to gra
 Of roast and f
 Turtle and Vet
 And, as he with
 At saucepans sta
 His mischief was
 The poison of the
 But while he mad
 To add a little o
 The Cook, who w
 And o'er his Kitch
 Determin'd to atta
 His right-hand did
 A pot-lid serv'd hi
 Begone—he cried,
 I'll dislocate you
 And I declare it, b
 I'll take your bones
 —Death seiz'd th
 As it was turning

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 ;

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 :

“ The Kitchen-ma

“ And all forgot m

“ Nay, whether st

“ I hear that ev'ry

“ For such an Upr

“ In Kitchen where

“ Get what you can

“ For I must live, v

“ Hang the fat gorn

“ For dying,—till h

- “ 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.”