ART WITH ITS WINGS ON.

I AM, sir, the identical sole and solitary Theodore, art's model, as he is already lacustrated in your eminently national journal. Again I take up my pen to throw off a few (lowly, but I trust not extreme) sentences reflecting on Park-lane, the railings of the same locality, the Row converging on the same location—by which expression signifies the Riot, not the Rotten—and the swiftest pieter ever yet waited (on the painter's own wings) to the utmost heights of the blue emporium, over and aloft our mortal sphere.

Who, sir, as like me, has nourished predications for Park-lane's vicinity, will ever forget the foreboding day, merged in dusky sunsets, July 23rd proximo, of the police of Hyde Park? What may I think of Reform and its associates, neither here nor there. That my leanings have ever tended to decorum, and the observance of fixed classes, so as to avert the wave which broke over France, when our enemies Queen was led to the stake with fires fermented by democratical fury, is not to be wondered at in one as for so many gay jovial years took his part in aristocracy's orbit—never having lived in untitled families. But I do not set myself up as a poet—nor seeing so far as them as sits in parliament, and contracts popular force by aid of the Radical newspapers. If so be their tenets is lower than my order thinks tasteful, who am I to sit and judge? Them as would, are as bad every inch, as the Pope. Impudence is not a poor mortal's task; so long as thought scorns in liberative freedom; police will have their velvets, while lowlier portions of creation confine themselves within callio.

But points there are, with which those in the widest pale of reflective animosity must agree in taking a firm view of. Let us be Tories or Whigs, as persons have genteel tendencies, or otherwise vulgar. Some defends bribery as a fundament of our constitution. Mr. Clover, the quondam lord's butler, was such, and rattled his pockets, he would, when hustings and the pole, and treating voaters with beer was discussed. Others may go the length of avowing woman's sex, capable to take open part in measures of legislative, even to sitting on the wolves. But truth before politeness, or the struggles of opposition, and nought save Party's phrenzy would not coincid that Roughs is a bad lot, and no necessary evil—whether they throw stones, and dishivel property, and pick pockets, and employ aggravating terms, be it on the blue side of the shield or the yellow one, or equal the grammar, which the reign of our liberty's colour. Reform, if them as wants it can get, so let it be—but Roughianism to the winds, must every candid heart of Briton say.

And Roughianism—too sincerely prevalent on many recent junctures, whether lashed up by inspectors or detectors, who shall say?—was predominate over Reform that July eye, as many a black eye and empty purse bitterly thought of the morrow, and how nobody could hear what the leaders of the populace express, I can asserve from my own incapacity; also, a confusion above the left eye, and my hair watch-guard rest from me—last relic of better days—which had survived my watch, and was worn to keep up presentences. How innocent spectators, including the female sex—some of whom obviously as had babies in arms, and, as such, merely cared to see what was going on—were trampled, tossed to and fro like a field of corn, and betwixt the Roughians and the Reformers, and the Police, and them prancing Life Guards on their chargers (always an object to the fair sex), did not know which way to run, and was knocked down among the broken rails, and otherwise molested, your confident eye-witness could swear in any court of offence. And ral, sir, was not these innocent victims of innocent current a fit theme for official tears than the ill-bested folk, who came express to breed riotous plunder? such parties, as I have heard say, was absolutely befriended with fines, when they was convicted as due, on the subsequent morning. But truce to preamble. That I was on the spot, a helpless atom in that horrifying tornado, my aching bones and my left coat-tail ripped off, awaited me for many a day, and self-examination resuming her throne, said, "Theodore, what business took you there?" No more Reform and Roughian meetings for me, take my word for the ticket.

Judge, sir, if my pulse did not bound, when a recent paragraph greeted my eye, which spoke to my bruised spirit like the belligerent halcon in a more propitious era. The want of a reader, with dramatical elements, was proclaimed, who was publicly to anilize and exhibit the pictorial world's wonder, the graphic record—executed against time and over and above truth—of the conflict of the Roughs and the Reformers with the blotted aristocracy and their maidservants A.B.C., and respective police divisions of the alphabet, in which I had born so sad momentous a role. "Theodore," said I (hope springing eternal within me), "it was not for nothing as you haunted the Park that 23rd of July proximo."

Who, sir, would not thrill, on reading the advertised description of the Riot in Hyde Park, "painted against time, by " (according to the press) "the swiftest painter of the age," which preceded the calls for a competent first-class reader? "Theodore, albeit," said I, made eager by sapient experience to bridal Hope's soaring delusions, "one must allow for self-praise and devotion to art, which is only so much human vanity—but I never heard speak of Rafeal, or Sir Joseph, as painted the Rake a la Mode, or even Mr. Bixcome, over his Disgraces. Propaganda itself, in print as violent, as was here transacted. All is gold as glitters," and so I reigned in my transported feelings, and, with a calm yet throbbing step, mounted the stairs.
the Pantheon, among them lot—well, if I said there was dazzle in the majority, it would be no label. But distances figured by comparison. Them pictures as I took for foils as going in, on issuing out assumed an importance ralys marvelous to relate; and to warn other candidates, I can make a terra firmas affidavit that “the Great Picture,” save for the treatise in the pamphlet, which had beguiled my hopes, was not worth threepence or the new nectar I had started—as due to the occasion.

To begin with the simphony, as we say at the opera. “In order,” says the program, “to combine classic beauty, pictorially, with those passions that deeply stir the human heart, the artist elected to take the Marble Arch for the centre of the Picture, reserving a large foreground for the ample display of the main incidents of that extraordinary scene, including all kinds of combat—the removal of the wounded—picking pockets, nigger minstrels fighting the police, and various comic incidents. In the middle distance the mass of people rush into the Park with banners, breaking down the railings from Park-lane, after forcing one of the gates with a lamp-post. Sir Richard Mayne in the centre, on a white horse, accompanied by the Hon. Mr. Walpole and Captain Harris, points with his finger, and the police charge vigorously both in solid column and irregular bodies, occasionally dealing a side blow on some straggler with a brickbat in his hand. The crowd receive them with a terrific shower of bricks, stones, bottles,” &c.

Sir, I looked my eyes out of my head, like Colets in search of the pictorial classic beauty, to which Truth fell a victim. Now was the central gate of the Marble Arch forced? correspondents may enquire. And did Sir Richard pint with his finger in Mr. Walpole’s society on horseback? And as the bill later averred, was Lord Shaftesbury, and other populous benefactors of the aristocracy a-riding that way, to inspirit the Roushes by enjoying the turbulent scene? There was a precious lot of comedy—so be out-of-the-way drawing is such. And if the police in the picture was no figures of fun—hopping, cropping, dropping, stoping (see, valued sir, how I divides grief into rime), tumbling upside down—and assuming other dramatical pribilism, mostly like the letter Q in a child’s copy-book gone mad, I never see a symptom of drollery, even in Punch. I am familiar with well-disposed men as cuts horses, and Bengal tigers, and other specimens of animal humanity, and Shems with partners gratis, for Noah’s Arks; so yet that their quadrupeds, though not paradoxed for the Times by Mr. Sprat and Mr. Cremer, and other proprietors of juvenile sports, have sufficed the living models in this great picture, I am prepared to deposit in any court of justice.

Then as how to continue the quotations self-praise, and description of matters as hardly never occurred or transpirated, follows underwise:

“The Duke of Sutherland leads a policeman into the porter’s lodge, who has received a fearful wound on the head.”

But, lord, sir, his Grace, in place of being postrate or profl, or even his beloved public back, is a mere white coat on the rear, and, if so be the cheapest of raps as is ready made, in point of apparel, I would have declined it as a misfit, in the days of the golden past.

Lastly, we was promised with his arm round the identical chimney, taking notes, the clever correspondent of the Times.

Sir, I may have valeted that gentleman or the reverse, and I may knows his tricks and manners, as Sir Christopher Wren’s granddaughter has export herself elsewhere in fictitious parlance; but I will deposit, as a loyal subject, that I neither was aware of correspondence, still less chimney, on the occasion of viewing the Great Picture.

A NEW VIEW OF AN OLD RIOT.

I HAVE a few remarks to make on a very old event, which I believe are entirely new, and which, though the event is of anything but world-wide importance, will not, I trust, be found wholly without interest.

The event is the attack made by the London Prentices on the Cockpit Theatre in the years 1616-17; the remarks will be on the motive of that attack, which have never, in my opinion, been exactly hit upon, though the signs of its existence lie on the very surface of the story.

As everybody does not read Mr. Payne Collier’s Annals of the Stage, and works of that description, I must briefly describe the event, at the risk of fatiguing the more erudite reader.

On Shrove Tuesday, then, in the year before mentioned, a mob, headed by apprentices, made an attack on the Cockpit Theatre, in Drury-lane, which had been either recently built, or recently converted from a cockpit into a playhouse, and which was occupied by a company of actors who had previously played at the Red Bull, and were called, in reference to Queen Anne (of Denmark), the “Queen’s servants.” According to Camden, they pulled the house down and destroyed the “apparatus.”

As to saying, the wardrobe and properties; and, although the venerable historian seems rather to have mistaken the will for the deed, as far as the demolition of the house is concerned, there is no doubt that they did considerable damage, and, at all events, destroyed doors, windows, dresses, and playbooks.

The details of the exploit are described in a contemporary ballad written in praise of the apprentices, especially Thomas Brent and John Cory, who were evidently leaders on the occasion. Of this ballad, which was first brought to light by Mr. Payne Collier, I give an expurgated edition, without apology, as it will prove more amusing than my embellishments:

The ’Prentices of London long
Have famous been in story,
But now they are exceeding all
Their chronicles of glory;
Look back, some say, to other day,
But I say look before ye,
And see the deed they now have done,
Tom Brent and Johnny Cory.