

O'er Stallingdown I tramped to town and to a *Rose and Crown* I came
Then I briskly crossed the road unto the *Edmond's Arms* by name;
And after some hard drinking to the *Railway* got at last,
There met an old *Commercial*, a *Druid* in the past.
He placed me in a *Wheelwright's Arms* among some carts and gigs,
Then into the *Bridge* we went where I had a few more swigs.
And there I met a *Horse and Groom*; the groom had leggings on his legs,
He rang a *Blue Bell* saying *Butchers* come and chopped off *Three Boars' Heads*.
Just then a *Lion* came in sight; to me this was no joke,
But he toddled back into his den inside some *Royal Oak*;
And there I met Lord Raglan* full up with wit and yarns,
And he led me to a cosy place they called the *Cowbridge Arms*.
And further on I met a *Duke* who was gazing at a *Bear*,
It had devoured some *Masons* who happened to be there;
This did not frighten me a bit, I gave the *Bear* a push,
And off he trotted round the *Globe* to hide inside a *Bush*.
When I tried to hook him out the beggar began to squeak,
So a *Pelican* came to help me with his long and powerful beak.
And when I got him going again a *Greyhound* that was thin
Chastised the blighter up the road, right to the *Westgate Inn*.

Silurian, Glamorgan Gazette

* Lord Raglan: John Roderick, journeyman tailor

From *The Cambrian*, 6/10/1838

A few verses in reply to Sion Morgan Sion Befan of Coedgae'r gog, author of a certain anti-lugubrious ode which adorned the pages of the last Merthyr Guardian

Yes, Befan, I remember well
The Pelican with all its speers,
and with what rapture you did dwell
On lettuce, onions, bread and cheese.

And oh! the landlord's face of fear
As all his grub you swept away
Swilling, you dog, such lots of beer
For which you never meant to pay.

Poor J-----n, he must have grieved full oft
To think that all his ham and mutton
Should be devoured by one so soft
As thee, my friend, my classic glutton.

If you remember at that time,
You wished to be a lad of mettle
And thought the height of the sublime
Was pipes and ale on Johnny's settle.

Forgetting Latin, Greek and all
You'd learnt by day, with features pale,
Oh how you joyed at night to bawl
That song!!! The Rose of Allendale.

With Harlequin, that genius vast,
Who sat by thee when he was able,
Not stirred until the very last
Leaving you drunk beneath the table.

Yes, you could drink your swig with grace
Providing your mind was made to sway
"Our house" the Cackelurian place
And bear from all the palm away.

And how you danced in the Long Room
With many a servant girl so frisky
With many a lackey, scrub or groom
Drinking gin, porter, ale or whiskey.

Yes, Befan, I have seen you jig
And will assert unto the sequel,
That onions, lettuces or swig
Your homilies will never equal.

And think how dull a parson's life
His profits small, his clothing seedy,
The grumbling children, scolding wife
And he himself, alas! so needy.

Then when your lofty form you rear
In some small church, remember well
What fun together we could share
In 'Cackelurian' flash hotel.

Cowbridge, Oct 1, 1838

Volant.

To the Editor of the *Cambrian*, 5/11/1838

Sir,

(On reading the above and other poems about Cowbridge, the author decided to go to Cowbridge from Llantwit Major, where he was staying)

The next day I got to Cowbridge; it was nearly dark when I arrived, I therefore determined to stay there that night. Seeing some young men in cloaks with *cigars* in their mouths, going into a tavern, I followed them and entered a back room, in which several persons were sitting with full glasses, pipes, &c, on a table before them. I asked a young man near me if that was the "Cackelurian Hotel". He...said there was no such house in Cowbridge; that the house I was then in was the G____d, and that the drunken gentleman opposite was the *Chairman* of that society, his name being the *Fountain of Knowledge*. I asked him by what name the society was designated. He replied "The Skulking Society". I then filled a pipe

and commenced smoking, calling also for some gin and water. The young man whom I had spoken to gave an order for "*A glass of brandy bottom*". Some new beverage, I suppose. I had scarcely sipped my gin and water when the chairman said he was as drunk as he'd wish to be, that he had a way of his own, and that I must sing. I protested that I could not sing, but would tell a story instead. "No", he said, "that would not do, he would not have it that way, I must sing". I did my best to please him, though no singer, and afterwards called in a fat man with a large face to do the same. The fat man complied, and sang "*Rule Britannia*" in five flats, with here and there a variation, and now and then an accidental - (Great applause, during which the chairman knocked his glass off the table). The mirth was now getting fast and furious, another person was called on for a song, when the chairman tumbled off his chair, and was carried out of the room in a state of glorious uncertainty, amidst the cheers of the company. A tall young man now volunteered to sing the "*Troubadore*", which he did in a new and unearthly manner, greatly to the delight of the party.

Finding the company were getting very drunk and quarrelsome, I left the room, and finding the landlord in the passage, I enquired of him whether there were any other convivial meetings held in the town; he said in only two places, with the exception of the *canaille*, namely the *Bear* and over the way. Who meet at the *Bear*? Three or four wealthy gentlemen, with sometimes a would-be witty *Sangredo*, a descendant of "*Joseph*" Andrews, a very discreet youth and a great water drinker (Tee-totaller). Who met over the way? The *tradesmen* of the town; nothing there but straightforward conversation, round sentiment and common sense (?) except when _____ intrudes, then nothing but _____. "What", said I, and he whispered in my ear. "Ha, ha", cried I, "egotism ad infinitum". ..

Where is the Cackelurian Hotel, I enquired. "I'll shew you, Sir", he replied, laughing, and he directed me to the house. Upon going into the hotel I was received with the greatest civility, and took a seat by a fire in a snug parlour. "Well", said I to a very good looking young woman, "what is become of all the 'lettuce, onions &c., with which you formerly regaled your guests?' The young woman smiled; - "we are wiser now, Sir", said she, "and we do not at present give our victuals away for nothing". "Good", said I. "is this the room where the young gentlemen held their sprees, where porter was metamorphosed, painting in fresco executed, candles conjured, funeral piles erected and a 'variety of other tricks too numerous to mention' performed? "Yes, sir", said the damsel, "but they never come here now". "Then", said I, "I suppose Othello's occupation's gone". "No such person ever lived here, Sir". "Oh, very well", said I, so I slept at "Cackelurian", and next morning, after paying my bill (I wish every gentleman would do the same), I walked down to the printing office.

On entering I enquired if they sold harps. Mr _____ said "No, but a very good one, supposed to be the veritable harp of David, had been raffled for a short time before at _____. "Give me", said I, "Twelve copies of the Llanblethian Ghost, a quire of writing paper, and have you got Ben Johnson's play of 'Every Man in his Humour'?" (I was in the shop where books, &c., are sold, attached to the office). "Yes, Sir". "Give it to me". "What a queer character is this 'Captain Bobadil' the boaster; did you ever know a man in real life at all resembling him?" "I think I have, Sir", says the Printer and added in a whisper _____. "Astonishing", said I, "inimitable!!" "Are there any doctors in this town, pray?" "Oh, yes, Sir, eight or nine". "Wonderful", I exclaimed "this is the town for fun - I mean for the doctors. I think I shall send for my traps to Lantwit and come and live here. Thank God, however, I mentally ejaculated, even the Tories, bad as they are, never made an Act of Parliament to oblige us to take their physic".