

**SOMEBODY, CHIPS, AND
SOMEBODY'S LAST
CARD: OR, THE OUTLINES
OF A 'GRAND CAREER'**

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Somebody, Chips, and Somebody's last card: or, The outlines of a 'grand career' by John Heywood

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JOHN HEYWOOD

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CARD: OR, THE OUTLINES
OF A 'GRAND CAREER'**

SOMEBODY, CHIPS,

AND

SOMEBODY'S LAST CARD;

OR,

THE OUTLINES OF A "GRAND CAREER."

DEDICATED TO THE ELECTORS OF GREAT
BRITAIN AND IRELAND.



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DEANSGATE AND RIDGEFIELD, MANCHESTER;
AND 11, PATERNOSTER BUILDINGS,
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1885.

250. C. 304





SOMEBODY.

I Sketch.

"Fallentis semita vitæ."

I.

SOMEBODY'S life, Thalia, tell,
Somebody's tricks—you know them well !
Somebody's doings and Somebody's ways,
Quite a caution in these vile days !
Somebody's sanctified pose and airs,
(Somebody always says his prayers !)
Somebody's marvellous powers of talk,
Somebody's strictly virtuous walk !

II.

Somebody, when a little child,
Was a Samuel meek and mild,
Sat in a corner mute and prim
Conning his little Watts's Hymn ;
Never mingled with naughty boys
Rough and rude and making a noise ;
In short, was ever, 'twas plain to see,
The model of what a child should be !

III.

Somebody, as he older grew,
 The wicked habits of youth ne'er knew ;
 Never ventured to tell a lie,
 Much delighted in humble-pie ;
 Never gambled and never drank,
 Putting his pence in the Savings Bank ;
 Always in conduct good as gold,
 Doing precisely what he was told.

IV.

Somebody, come to man's estate,
 Still "did the pious," in speech and gait,
 Still devoutly, at home, at college,
 Quaffed the waters of Sacred Knowledge ;
 Wrote a book in defence of The Church,
 Eager with irony to besmirch
 Rads. and Dissenters "and all that crew,"
 For Somebody then was a staunch True Blue !

V.

Somebody deemed "High doctrines" nice,
 Deftly seasoned with Popish spice ;
 To Matins and Vespers aye repaired,
 And even in Lenten penance shared,
 Whence, and from goodness, as I suppose,
 His stern, ascetic looks arose ;
 For Somebody's visage, to speak the truth,
 Was scarcely pleasant, even in youth !

VI.

Somebody, however, strange to tell !
 Had a voice that rang like a silver bell,
 And a flow of language, by no means clear,
 Which pleased and tickled the popular ear :
 These, joined to a solemnly earnest mien
 Through which the hypocrite was not seen,
 And a temper that made most folks afraid,
 Were Somebody's only stock-in-trade.

VII.

Somebody, soon, some people sent
 To be their Member in Parliament ;
 Little awhile did Somebody there
 But show for his own concerns great care,
 For the counting-house maxim he thither brought—
 "Buy something for nothing, sell nothing for nought,"
 Revealing a marvellous "head for figures"
 O'er the value in gold of his father's "niggers" !

VIII.

Somebody shortly turned his coat,
 True Blue no longer, for Peel to vote
 (Who, all for that beautiful myth, Free Trade,
 Fools of himself and his party made),
 And, while Stanley and others forsook the Whigs,
 Righteously ratted and joined the prigs,
 Who *now*, regarding his deeds as crimes,
 Reward him by ratting themselves at times !

IX.

Somebody's rival then arose,
 With wavy ringlets and Hebrew nose—
 A youth of wisdom and wit and skill,
 Of iron nerve and determined will,
 Of high ambition and noble aim,
 Who desired to govern, and lived for fame,
 Whose epigrams pierced to the heart and burnt,
 As Somebody soon to his sorrow learnt!

X.

And Somebody hated this rival sore—
 Hated him hourly more and more;
 Whatever he did or attempted to do,
 Somebody vowed that he should rue;
 Somebody always found a flaw,
 All "that wicked one's" trickery saw;
 Gave him credit for every crime,
 Posing in contrast most sublime!

XI.

Somebody, when he found the chance,
 "Arranged" a treaty or two with France,
 Giving us plenty of acrid wine
 To keep us sober whene'er we dine;
 Stifling our trade in ribbons and silks
 After the method that now is Dilke's,
 Who loves Republics and all things Red,
 And to please them would willingly stand on his head!

XII.

Somebody, sent to Ionian isles,
 Soon fell a prey to the base Greeks' wiles ;
 Eagerly listened to all they said
 (Flattery always could turn his head !),
 Ceded the strongholds England held—
 The first of "the Upas trees" he felled !
 Then visited Rome—on a pilgrimage ? Oh, no !
 But to kiss the toe of His Holiness Nono !

XIII.

Leaving principle all in the lurch,
 Somebody next destroyed a Church,
 The very Church which in days of yore
 He had praised so highly, and something more !
 Why ? Because sooner a year than he
 His rival a Premier chanced to be,
 And evil he thought, or to think pretended,
 Whatever that horrible knave defended !

XIV.

Somebody, then, some landlords plundered,
 Muddled and muddled abroad and blundered,
 To the grasping Yankee conceding "a claim"
 Which made all Englishmen blush for shame,
 Letting Gortshacow tear up a treaty in tatters
 While the Germans and French were "arranging their
 matters."
 For Somebody always loved the Russ,
 A great deal better than he loved us !