

**THE NEW TIMON: A
ROMANCE
OF LONDON**

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The new Timon: a romance of London by Sir E. Bulwer Lytton

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SIR E. BULWER LYTTON

**THE NEW TIMON: A
ROMANCE
OF LONDON**

THE
NEW TIMON.

A ROMANCE OF LONDON.

BY SIR E. BULWER LYTON.

AUTHOR OF "PELHAM," "SIBSKI," "PAUL CLIFFORD," ETC. ETC.

THIRD AMERICAN,

FROM THE FOURTH LONDON EDITION,

CORRECTED.

PHILADELPHIA:
CAREY AND HART,
CHESTNUT STREET.

1849.

PHILADELPHIA:
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P R E F A C E .

THE motives that induced me to publish anonymously the first portion of "Arthur," as well as the "New Timon," are simple enough to be easily recognised. An author who has been some time before the public, feels, in undertaking some new attempt in his vocation, as if released from an indescribable restraint, when he pro-resolves to hazard his experiment as that of one utterly unknown. That determination gives at once freedom and zest to his labours in the hours of composition, and on the anxious eve of publication restores to him much of the interest and pleasurable excitement, that charmed his earliest delusions. When he escapes from the judgment that has been passed on his manhood, he seems again to start fresh from the expectations of his youth.

In my own case, too, I believed, whether truly or erroneously, that my experiment would have a fairer chance of justice, if it could be regarded without personal reference to the author:—and at all events it was clear, that I myself could the better judge how far the experiment had failed or succeeded, when freed from the partial kindness of those

* An extract from the Preface to "King Arthur," by Sir E. Bulwer Lytton, published by Henry Colburn, London, 1849.

disposed to overrate, or the predetermined censure of those accustomed to despise, my former labours.

These motives were sufficient to decide me to hazard unacknowledged those attempts which the public has not ungraciously received. And, indeed, I should have been well contented to have preserved the mask, if it had not already failed to insure the disguise. My identity with the author of these poems has been so generally insisted upon, that I have no choice between the indiscretion of frank avowal, and the effrontery of flat denial. Whatever influence of good or ill, my formal adoption of these foundlings may have upon their future career, like other adventurers they must therefore take their chance in the crowd. Happy if they can propitiate their father's foes, yet retain his friends; and,—irrespective of either,—sure to be judged, at last, according to their own deserts.

E. BULWER LYTTON.

JANUARY, 1813.

THE NEW TIMON.

PART THE FIRST.

I.

O'er royal London, in luxuriant May,
While lamps yet twinkled, dawning crept the day.
Home from the hell the pale-eyed gamester steals;
Home from the ball flash jaded Beauty's wheels;
The lean grimalkin, who, since night began,
Hath hymn'd to love amidst the wrath of man,
Scared from his raptures by the morning star,
Flits finely by, and threads the area bar;
From fields suburban rolls the early cart;
As rests the revel, so awakes the mart.
'Transfusing Mocha from the beans within,
Bright by the crossing gleams the alchemic tin,—

There halts the craftsman ;—there, with envious sigh,
 The houseless vagrant looks, and limps foot-weary by.
 Behold that street ;—the Omphalos of Town !*
 Where the grim palace wears the prison's frown,
 As mindful still, amidst a gaudier race,
 Of the veil'd Genius of the mournful Place—
 Of floors no majesty but Grief's had trod,
 And weary limbs that only knelt to God †

What tales—what morals of the elder day—
 If stones had language—could that street convey !
 Along that space the blood-bound crowd array'd
 How'd round the shrine where last the Stuart pray'd ‡

* A phrase respectfully suggested to the classic taste of Mr. George Robins, as a substitute for the more prosaic synonym—“a central situation.”

† Where now stands St. James's Palace stood the hospital dedicated to St. James, for the reception of fourteen leprous maidens.

‡ Charles the First attended divine service in the Royal Chapel immediately before he walked through the park to his scaffold at Whitehall. In the palace of St. James's, Monk and Sir John Granville schemed for the restoration of Charles II.

See to that space the self-same blood-hounds run
To lick the feet of Stuart's viler son!
There, through the dusk-red towers—amidst his ring
Of Vans and Mynheers—rode the Dutchman king;
And there—did England's Goneril thrill to hear
The shouts that triumphed o'er her crownless Lear!
There, where the gaslight streams on Crockford's door,
Bluff Henry chuckled at the jests of More.
There, where you gaze upon the last H. B.,
Swift paused, and muttered, "Shall I have that see?"
There, where yon pile, for party's common weal,
Knits votes that serve, with hearts abhorring, Peel,
Blunt Walpole seized, and roughly bought his man;—
Or, tired of Polly, St. John lounged to Anne.

Well, let the world change on,—still must endure
While Earth is Earth—one changeless race—the Poor!
Within that street, on yonder threshold stone,
What sits as stone-like?—Penury, claim thine own!
She sate the homeless wanderer,—with calm eyes
Looking thro' tears, yet lifted to the skies;
Wistful but patient—sorrowful but mild,
As asking God when He would claim his child.