

THE
COSTUME,
Manners, and Peculiarities,
OF
DIFFERENT INHABITANTS
OF
The Globe,

CALCULATED TO INSTRUCT AND AMUSE
THE LITTLE FOLKS OF ALL COUNTRIES.

LONDON:
JOHN HARRIS,
CORNER OF ST. PAUL'S CHURCH YARD.

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Boyd Alexander Neilson

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1831.



IN all his finery array'd,
 Conversing with a bonny maid,
 And holding out his snuff;
 The gallant Highland warrior view,
 With pouch, and plaid, and bonnet too,
 And sabre large enough.

You wonder that his knees are bare,
 And at his petticoats you stare,
 But these he deems a treasure:
 His bride elect thinks just the same,
 And conscious of his rising fame,
 Surveys his dress with pleasure.



THE natives of Holland, I humbly suppose,
 By the look of each face, and the cut of their clothes?
 Yes, yes; the man's breeches will soon shew you that,
 And the woman's great tea-table thing of a hat.
 Besides, you perceive how the man puffs away,
 For a "Dutchman's a chimney in motion," they say.
 But her basket of eggs the dame wishes to sell,
 So, Dutch man and woman, I'll bid you farewell:
 And if, in my journey, I pass by your door,
 I'll look at your comical costume once more.



STAND clear, my little friends, stand clear,
The haughty Spanish Don comes here,
With waving plumes and ample cloak,
Who seldom smiles or cracks a joke ;
But, hot and testy, oft he draws
His rapier for the slightest cause.
The lady whom he bids adieu,
Knows he is proud and jealous too ;
And to his sword she seems to say,
“ I hope you ’ll do no harm to-day.”



IF this good-looking lady I happened to meet ;
 I should say of her dress, "it is handsome and neat ;"
 But as to the man, if my mind I may tell,
 I confess, his appearance don't please me so well.
 His close-bodied coat girded round with a sash,
 His sword, and his rich-ermin'd cloak make a dash :
 But his fierce-looking whiskers, his cap made of fur,
 The height of his stature, the length of his spur,
 Altogether inspire a feeling of dread,
 And might frighten some timorous children to bed.



YOUR most obedient servant, Sir,
 Your broad-cloth mantle trimm'd with fur
 Must needs be very warm :
 But if that turban you would doff,
 And let some friend your beard cut off,
 I think 'twould do no harm.
 And why, great Sir, for goodness sake,
 May not a Turkish lady take
 The wrapping from her face ?
 Do let her nose and chin appear,
 And, trust me, you need nothing fear,
 If that should be the case.



THE wretched slave of superstition see !

Who hoping ample praise from man to gain,
Submits to self-inflicted misery,
And seems regardless of the keenest pain.

With hands fast clench'd and legs across he sits,
Till through his wounded palms the nails appear ;
Yet all the bitter agony forgets,

When pious Hindoos bring reviving cheer.

O ! that Britannia's God his word may send
To men like these, and bid their errors end !



A CUSHION supporting her back,
 Her legs bent most awkwardly under,
 A beauty of Persia, good lack!
 Appears to a Briton a wonder.

Yet tell me, young friend, would not some of the fruit
 To which she is pointing, your palate just suit?

But hold, there's a man by her side
 With a knife, I suppose, and a sword;
 Should she happen to be this man's bride,
 And he prove her master and lord,
 The only sure way to shun losing one's head,
 Will be to run home and get quickly to bed.



So these are Chinese! O what comical creatures!
 At least they appear so to me:
 How dreadful his nails! and how funny her features!
 I suppose they are going to tea.
 By his slippers, his vest, and the length of his claws,
 The man is some great mandarin;
 But much I should like to enquire the cause
 Why that bird on his bosom is seen.
 That bird is a stork, Sir; of filial duty
 The emblem most striking and fine;
 And filial obedience Chinese think a beauty
 Which I hope may be yours and mine.



THE raging battle o'er,
Return'd the peaceful dove,
The Cossack meets once more
The object of his love.
Her hand he presses, whilst his steed
On native pastures stoops to feed.
Though gothic be his dress,
Though terrible his spear,—
She loves him not the less,
His form to her is dear.
For he fought in distant lands,
And Hymen now shall join their hands.



THE Sphinx and the Pyramids here may be seen,
 With the palm-tree, so lofty, so handsome, and green ;
 And here are Egyptians, both woman and man,
 With a baby ;—pray tell me its name if you can :
 But that you can't do, if you try all the day,
 So the costume of these Orientals survey.—
 Their head-dress, their slippers, their garments behold,
 How nicely they fit, or how graceful they fold !
 And, if for a pipe of tobacco you long,
 Here's a pipe of good length, and it seems pretty strong.



WITH well-stor'd quiver, and with bow
 All human danger scorning,
 The Negro quits his child and frow,*
 And bids them both good morning.
 And when return'd from all his toils,
 In health and fame a winner ;
 The joyful pick-a-ninny† smiles,
 And welcomes him to dinner.

* An Indian term for a wife.

† The name by which the negroes call a young child.



THIS man is a comical blade,
 He's clothed in a very odd way :
 And what to the good-looking maid
 Who stands by his side shall I say ?
 The lady 's a dancer, I guess ;
 But why in the world has she got
 Such things sticking out from her dress ?
 Are they wings, pray, or fans, Sir, or what ?
 Indeed, Miss, the question proposed is a task,
 So step to Taheite,* and there you may ask.

* The name given by the natives to Otaheite.



ALL hail ! Indian chieftain, thy object I see ;
 The calumet held in thy hand
 Proclaims that a peace is concluded by thee,
 A peace which is likely to stand.
 The murderous tomahawk leave with thy wife,
 Nor raise it again to destroy human life.
 Thine arrows and bow o'er thy shoulders are slung,
 The axe in thy girdle may rest ;
 Of peace thy beloved has gratefully sung,
 In peace may thy offspring be blest !
 That offspring now cradled in moss, but design'd
 To witness the blessings of peace on mankind.



So feather'd above, and so feather'd below !
 One would think on these Indians the feathers must grow.
 And so much alike is the dress of the two,
 That 'tis no easy matter to tell you who 's who.
 By his arrows, however, and bow, we may guess
 Which figure 's intended the man to express ;
 And by the affectionate look of her face,
 With the babe in her arms, we the woman may trace.
 Her motherly kindness, my readers, regard,
 And think how such kindness you ought to reward.



WITH her child at her back, and her kettle in hand,
The female in Greenland comes down to the shore,
And thankfully sees her good man come on land,
With a seal, or a fish, or perchance something more.
And now the wife's labours are seen to begin,
For fishermen here will do nothing but fish ;
'Tis she must cut up, and must take off the skin,
Must cure all provisions, and cook ev'ry dish ;
But light is the work which prepares a repast,
Especially where they must frequently fast.



WITH spiral cap and pointed shoes,
 Tobacco pipe, and knife for use,
 On his rein-deer reclining ;
 Here Lapland's dwarfish son you see,
 As happy as a man can be,
 Just in the mood for dining.

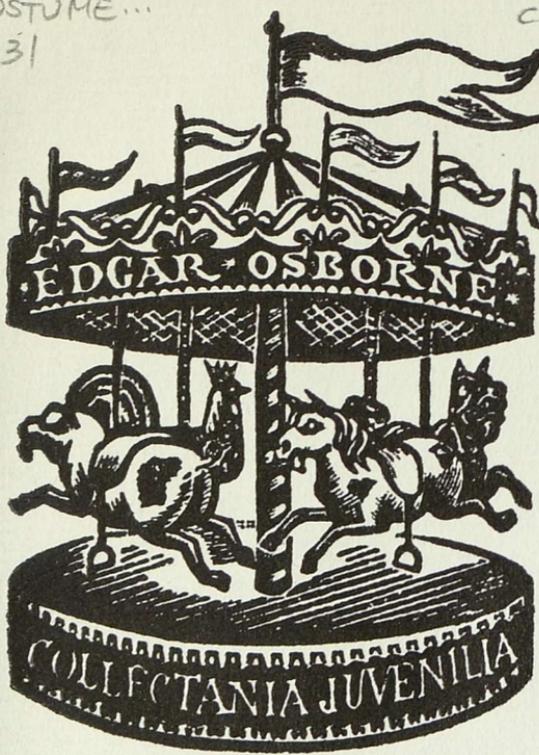
His wife, well pleased to view the fish,
 Means to prepare a fav'rite dish ;
 But, though she may be clever,
 To Lapland I've no wish to roam,
 But would prefer to dine at home ;
 Old English fare for ever !

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