

Ina Thos Brown
from the author

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THREE

VERY INTERESTING

LETTERS,

(TWO IN CURIOUS RHYME)

BY THE CELEBRATED POETS

Clare, Cowper, and Bird.

PRINTED VERBATIM

FROM THE ORIGINAL MANUSCRIPTS.

WITH AN APPENDIX.

ONLY 25 COPIES PRINTED.

GREAT TOTHAM, ESSEX:

PRINTED AT

CHARLES CLARK'S PRIVATE PRESS.

1837.

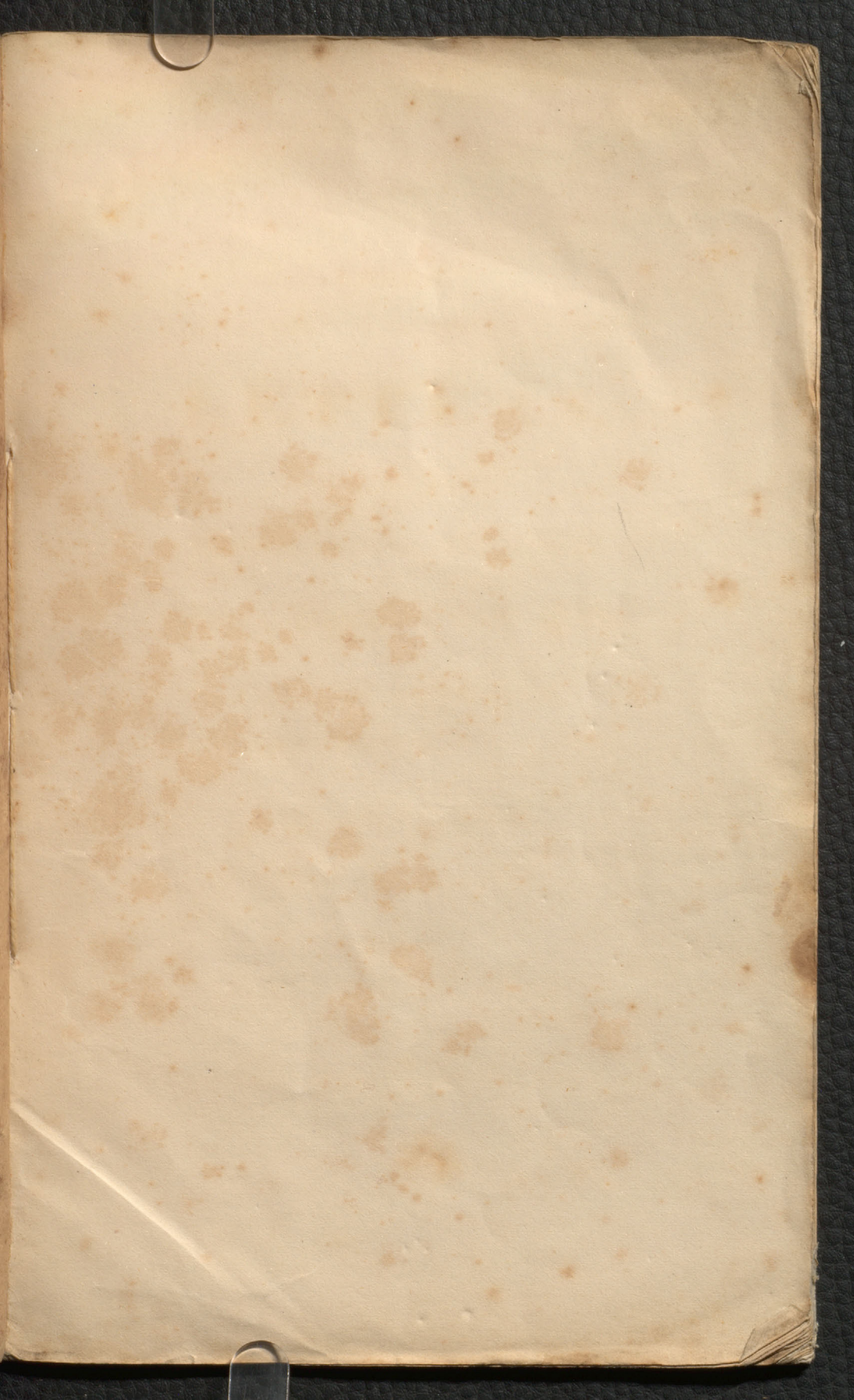
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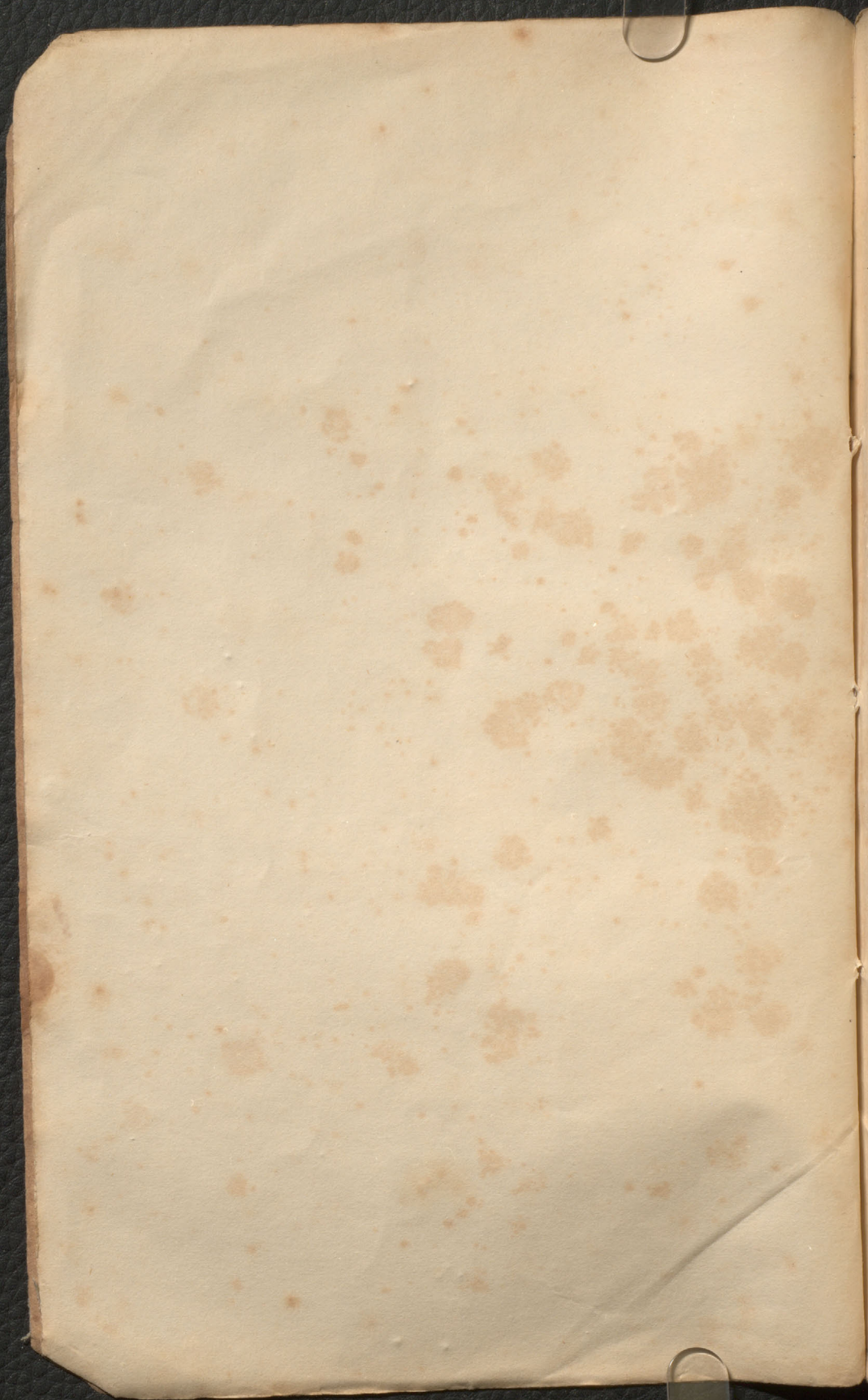
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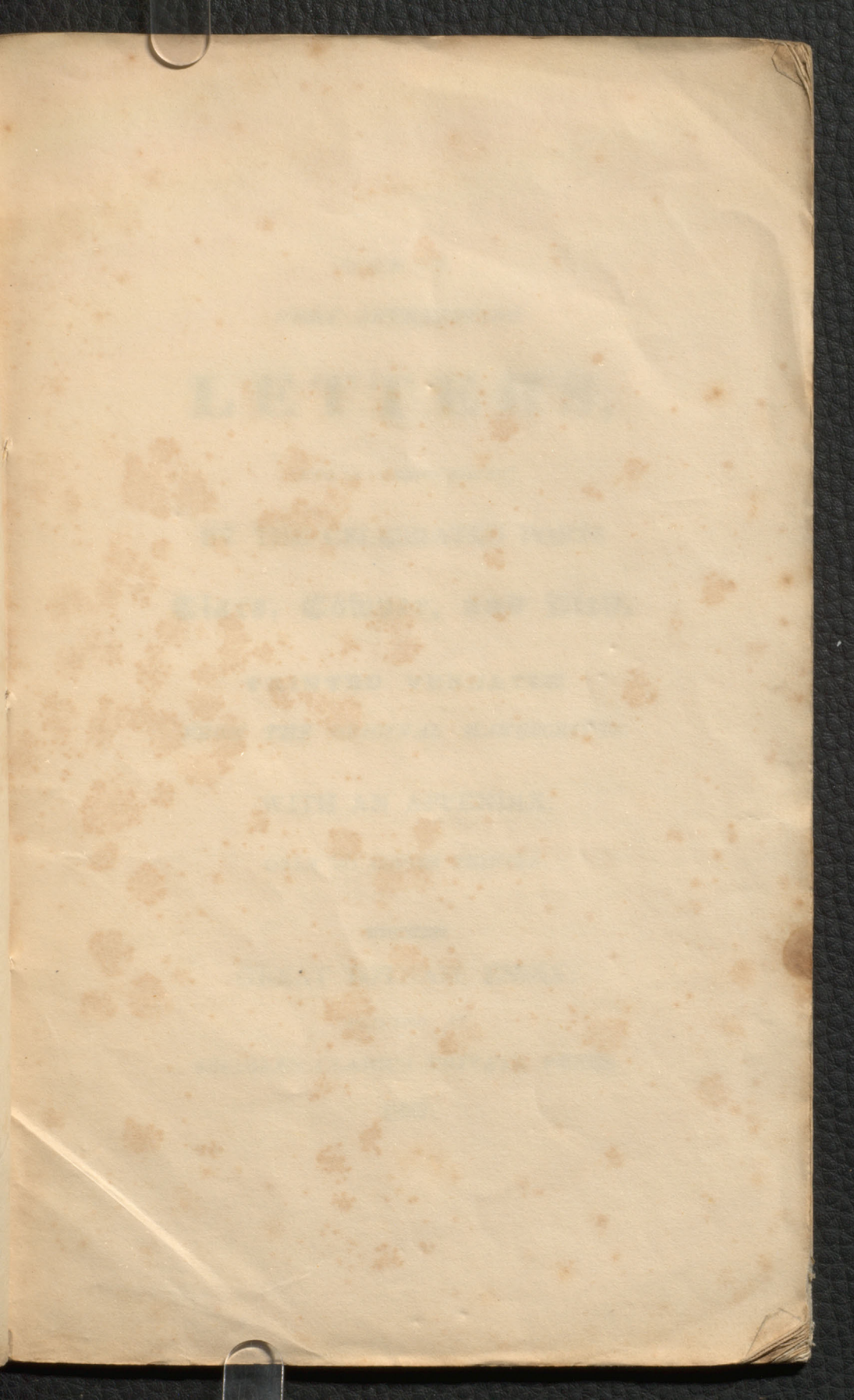
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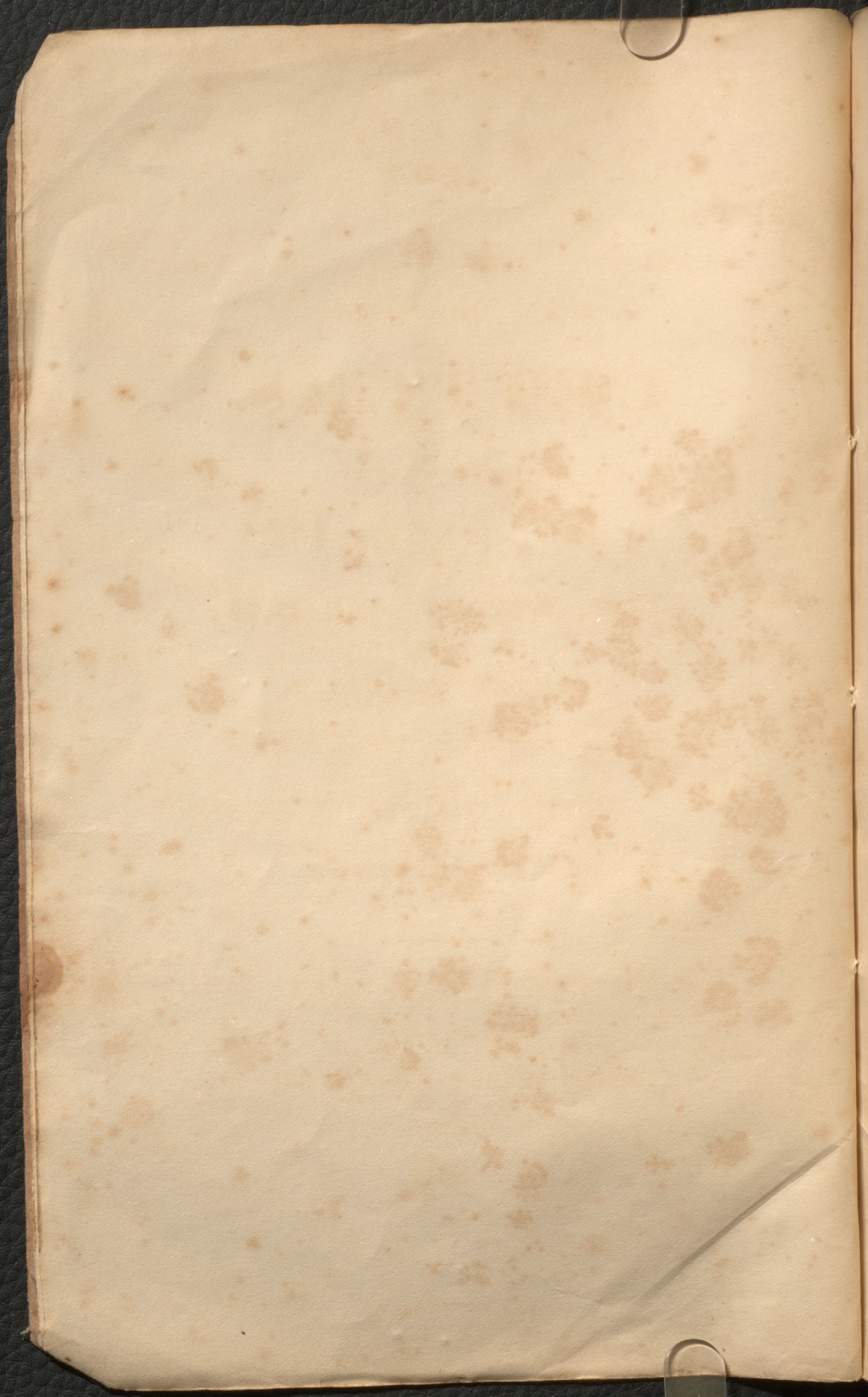
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1837.

L E T T E R

WRITTEN BY

John Clare, the Poet.

*Helpstone near Market Deeping
August 1824*

DEAR INSKIP

YOU will have drawn some unpleasant pictures of my carlessness and seeming neglect in not answering your letter ere now but the fact is easily explained I have been in London 3 months for the benefit of better advice than the country affords and I am sorry to acknowledge that I feel very little better I have been in a terrible state of ill health six months gradually declining and I verily believe that it will upset me at last I was taken in a sort of appoplectic fit and have never had the right use of my faccultys since a numbing pain lies constantly about my head and an acking void at the pit of my stomach keeps sinking me away weaker and weaker I returned home last saturday were I found your letter and I have attempted to answer it as soon and as well as I can I shall only be at home for a few weeks to try the air to be sure if it improves my spirits I shall remain if not the next thing for me

LETTER

WRITTEN BY

John Clark, the Poet.

Hoboken near New York
August 1824

DEAR SIR,

YOU will have drawn some unpleasant pictures of my cuteness and seeming neglect in not answering your letter, but now that the fact is easily explained I have been in London 3 months for the benefit of better advice than the country affords and I am sorry to acknowledge that I feel very little better. I have been in a terrible state of ill health six months gradually declining and I really believe that it will cost me at least 1 year to get to a sound and vigorous state and have never had the right use of my faculties since a coughing pain has constantly about me and an aching void at the pit of my stomach. I have been very weak and weary and I returned home last Saturday. I found your letter and I have attempted to answer it as soon and as well as I can. I shall only be at home for a few weeks to try the air to be sure it improves my spirits I shall remain if not the best thing for me

to try is salt water I woud have calld on you at Shefford if I had been able but I can get no were by myself I am so ill still I think I feel better since I got home and if I get better I will write you word of my remaining here were I shall be heartily happy to see you but visiting a sick man has no sort of temptation in it as I can do nothing with Sir John Barly corn now I have often thought of our London Evening and I have often thought of writing to you——poor Bloomfield I deeply regret now its too late I had made up my resolution to see him this summer but if he had been alive I shoud have been dissapointed by this cold blooded lethargy of a disease what it is I cannot tell it even affects my senses very much by [at] times*—— I heard of Bloomfields death and it shockd my feelings poor fellow you say right when you exclaim “who would be a poet” I sincerely lovd the man and I admire his Genius and readily (nay gladly) acknowledge his superiority as a Poet in my opinion he is the most original poet of the age and the greatest Pastoral Poet England ever gave birth too I am no Critic but I al-

* In the Athenæum of October 14, 1837, thirteen years after this was written, it will be observed, there is the following announcement relating to Clare:—“We grieve to hear that poor John Clare, the Northamptonshire poet, is at this moment confined in the lunatic asylum at York, where he was sent about three months since,—and it is much feared that his case is hopeless.”

to try to wash water I would have called on you at 500-
 ford if I had been able but I can get no news by my-
 self I am so ill still I think I feel better since I got
 home and if I get better I will write you word of my
 remaining here were I shall be heartily happy to see
 you but visiting a sick man has no sort of satisfaction
 in it as I can do nothing with Sir John Doby's count-
 I have often thought of our London Evening and I
 have often thought of writing to you—poor Thora-
 field I deeply regret now its too late I had made up
 my resolution to see him this summer but it he had
 been alive I should have been disappointed by the
 blooded labour of a disease what it is I cannot tell it
 ever affects my senses very much by fall times—
 I heard of Bloomfield's death and it shocked my feelings
 poor fellow you say right when you exclaim who
 would be a poet? I sincerely love the man and I sh-
 mire his Genius and verily say (shady) acknowledge
 his superiority and I feel in my opinion he is the most
 original poet of the age and the greatest Pastoral Poet
 England ever gave birth too I am no critic but I sh-

* In the Address of October 11, 1837, thirteen years after
 this was written, X will be observed, there is the following an-
 nouncement relating to Clara—'The grave to her has now been
 closed the Northamptonshire poet, it is the woman contained in the
 poetic system at York, where he was rest about three months
 since—and it is much feared that his case is hopeless.'

ways feel and judge for my self I shall never forget the pleasures which I felt in first reading his poems little did I think then that I should live to become so near an acquaintance with the Enthusiastic Giles and miss the gratification of seeing him at last—I am griev'd to hear of his family misfortunes were are the icy hearted pretenders that came forward once as his friends—but its no use talking this is always the case—neglect is the only touchstone by which true genius is proved look at the every day scribblers I mean those nonsense ginglings call'd poems “as plentiful as blackberrys” published every now and then by subscription and you shall find the list belarded as thickly with my Lord this and my Lady tother as if they were the choicest geniuses nature ever gave birth too while the true poet is left to struggle with adversity and buffet along the stream of life with the old notorious companions of genius Dissapointment and poverty tho they leave a name behind them that posterity falls heir too and Works that shall give delight to miriads on this side eternity well the world is as it is and we cannot help it—I wrote 3 Sonnets to his Memory but I did not feel satisfied with them if I ever get better I mean to write a Monody whose only recommendation perhaps will be its sincerity — as soon as

ways feel and judge for my self I shall never forget the
pleasures which I felt in first reading his poems little
did I think then that I should live to become so near
an acquaintance with the Enthusiastic Giles and miss
the gratification of seeing him at last—I and several
to hear of his family misfortunes were not the only
hearted pretenders that came forward once as his
friends—but his no use talking this is always the
case—neglect is the only consolation by which true
genius is proved look at the every day scribbles I
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notorious companions of genius Disappointment and
Poverty the other leaves a name behind them that poster-
ity will be proud to read and Works that shall give delight to
minds as the side eternally well the world is as it is
and we cannot help it—I wrote 3 sonnets in his
Honor but I did not feel satisfied with them till I ever
get better I mean to write a Sonnet whose only re-
sultation perhaps will be its sincerity—as soon as

I am more able I will write to you again in the mean time if you feel inclined to answer this letter I shall feel glad to hear from you — I heard that Bloomfields Remains was just published as I left London but I was so ill that I could make no enquiries about them I wish them success and

I remain sincerely yours &c &c

JOHN CLARE.

*Mr Thomas Inskip Watchmaker Shefford
near Biggleswade Beds August 10.*



I am more able I will write to you again in the mean
time if you feel inclined to answer this letter I shall
feel glad to hear from you — I heard that Thomas
Helds Baines was just published as I left London
but I was so ill that I could make no enquiry about
them I wish them success and
I remain sincerely yours &c &c

JOHN CLARKE

St Thomas, Bishop Woburner Bedford
near Highgate Bedford August 10.



RHYMING LETTER

WRITTEN BY

William Cowper, the Poet.

MY VERY DEAR FRIEND,

I am going to send, what when you have read, you may scratch your head, and say, I suppose, there's nobody knows, whether what I have got, be Verse or not,—by the tune and the time, it ought to be rhyme, but if it be, did you ever see, of late or of yore, such a ditty before? the thought did occur, to me and to her, as Madam and I, did walk not fly, over hills and dales, with spreading sails, before it was dark to Weston Park.

The news at Oney,* is little or noney, but such as it is, I send it—viz. Poor Mr. Peace, cannot yet cease, addling his head, with what you said, and has left parish church, quite in the lurch, having almost sworn, to go there no more.

Page and his Wife, that made such a strife, we met them twain, in Dry lane,† we gave them the wall, and that was all. For Mr. Scot, we have seen him not,

* Olney?

† There is a deficiency in the measure here.

RHYMING LETTER

WRITTEN BY

William Colquhoun, the poet.

MY VERY DEAR FRIEND,

I am going to send, what when you have read,
you may scratch your head, and say, I suppose, there's
nobody knows, whether what I have got, be Verse or
not—by the time and the time, it ought to be rhyme,
but if it be, did you ever see, of late or of yore, such
a ditty before? the thought did occur, to me and to
her, as Madam and I, did walk not by, over hills and
dale, with something said, before it was dark to Wes-
ton Park.

The news at Oney*, is little or none, but such
as it is, I send it—viz. Poor Mr. Paces, cannot yet
cease, adding his head, with what you said, and has
left parish church, quite in the lurch, having almost
swore, to go there no more.

Pace and his Wife, that made such a stir, we
met them twice, in the lane, we gave them the wall,
and that was all. For his sake, we have seen him not.

* Oney? † There is a doctory in the manse here.

except as he pass'd, in a wonderfull haste, to see a friend, in silver end. Mrs. Jones proposes, ere July closes, that she and her Sister, and her Jones Mister, and we that are here, our course shall steer, to dine in the spinney, but for a guinea, if the weather should hold, so hot and so cold, we had better by far, stay where we are, for the grass there grows, while nobody mows, (which is very wrong) so rank and long, that so to speak, 'tis at least a week, if it happen to rain, ere it dries again. I have writ 'CHARITY,' not for popularity, but as well as I could, in hopes to do good. And if the Review'r, should say to be sure, the Gentleman's Muse, wears Methodist shoes, you may know by her pace, and talk about grace, that she and her bard, have little regard, for the tastes and fashions, and ruling passions, and hoyd'ning play, of the modern day, and though she assume, a borrow'd plume, and now and then wear, a tittering air, 'tis only her plan, to catch if she can, the giddy and gay, as they go that way, by a production, on a new construction, and has baited her trap, in hopes to snap, all that may come, with a sugar plumb, his Opinion in this, will not be amiss, 'tis what I intend, my principal end, and if it succeed, and folks should read, 'till a few are brought, to a serious thought, I shall think I am paid, for all I

except as he passes, in a wonderful haste, to see a
 friend, in silver and gilt, Jones proposes, the July
 closes, that she and her sister, and her Jones Master,
 and we that are here, our course shall start to die in
 the spinney, but for a reason, if the weather should
 hold, so hot and so cold, we had better by the way
 where we are, for the grass there grows, while nobody
 mows, (which is very wrong) so much and long, that so
 to speak, it is at least a week, if it happens to rain, etc.
 it dries again, I have with CHARITY, not for popu-
 larity, but as well as I could, in hopes to do good.
 And if the Minister, should say to be sure, the Gen-
 tleman's dress, were ridiculous about you and your
 by her page, and talk about great, that she and her
 hand, have little regard for the taste and fashion,
 and rolling passions, and lordling play, of the modern
 day, and though she assume, a horror'd plume, and
 now and then wear, a glittering air, its only her plan,
 to catch it she can the riddle and get, as they go that
 way, by a prediction, on a new construction, and has
 dated her way, in hopes to gain, all that may come,
 with a sugar plump, his Opinion in this, will not be
 raised, as what I intend, my principal end, and if it
 exceeds, and folks should read, till a few are brought
 to a serious thought, I shall think I am paid, for all I

have said, and all I have done, though I have run, many a time, after a rhyme, as far as from hence, to the end of my sense, and by hook or crook, write another book, if I live and am here, another year.

I have heard before, of a room with a floor, laid upon springs, and such like things, with so much art, in every part, that when you went in, you was forced to begin, a minuet pace, with an air and a grace, swimming about, now in now out, with a deal of state, in a figure of eight; without pipe or string, or any such thing. and now I have writ, in a shining fit, what will make you dance, and as you advance, will keep you still, though against your will, dancing away, alert and gay, 'till you come to an end, of what I have penn'd, which that you may do, ere Madam and you, are quite worn out, with digging about, I take my leave, and here you receive, a bow profound, down to the ground, from your humble me. W : C.

P. S.—When I concluded, doubtless you did : think me right, as well you might, in saying what, I said of Scot, and then it was true, but now it is due, to Him to note, that since I wrote, Himself and He, has visited We. WM. COWPER.

JULY 12, 1781.

The Rev. John Newton.

7
have said, and all I have done, though I have run
many a time after a thing, as far as from hence to the
end of my nose, and by hook or crook, write another
book, if I live and see another year.

I have heard before of a room with a floor laid
upon springs, and such like things, with so much art,
in every part, that when you went in, you was forced
to begin a minuet pace, with an air and a grace, swin-
ging about, now in one part, with a deal of state, in a
figure of eight, without slip or stink, or any such
thing, and now I have writ in a staine, if what will
make you dance, and as you advance, will keep you
still, though against your will, drawing away, start and
gay, till you come in an end, of what I have heard,
which that you may see, the Master and you, are quite
worn out, with digging about, I take my leave, and
here you receive, a bow not round, down to the ground,
from your humble one
W: C.

P. S.—When I conclude, doubtless you did
think me right, as well you might, in saying what I
said at Scot, and then it was true, but now it is true
to him to note, that since I wrote, Hinnell and He

has visited W.

July 12. 1781.

The Rev. John Newen.

RHYMING LETTER

WRITTEN BY

James Bird, the Poet.

DEAR SIR,

I must think you are one who can well make a pun; and I find at this time that you're given to rhyme; and I hope, in due season, you're given to reason,—as *that*, you will find, is of use to the mind, when you soar up the mountain by Helicon's fountain, where the Muses are fair, if you e'er find them there; but some people ramble, and up the mount scramble, but ne'er reach the top, so down again drop in the fountains's cold flow, deep to Lethe below—where they dare not aspire to awaken the Lyre, nor come out of the water, like Cœlus's daughter—the laughing young goddess without shift or bodice!— But what has fair Venus to do now between us? since I sat down to answer, as soon as I can, Sir, your punning Epistle, which tickled my whistle; I laugh'd till my thorax was sore,—till with Borax and fine Narbonne honey, which cost little money,—with these, and a feather, commingled together, the soft application soon stopt inflammation, and then, without pain, I perused them

RHYMING LETTER

WRITTEN BY

James Bird, the poet.

DEAR SIR,

I must think you are one who can well make a
pun; and I find at the time that you've given to
rhyme; and I hope, in due season, you've given to
reason—as that you will find, is of use to the mind,
when you see on the mountain by Helios's fountain,
where the fountains are fair, if you've not had them there;
but some people tumble, and up the mountain scramble,
but ne'er reach the top, so down again drop in the
fountain's cold flow, deep to Lethe below—where
they dare not aspire to wander the Lyre, nor come out
of the water, like Celia's daughter—the laughing
young goddess without shift or bodice!—But what
has this Venus to do now between us? since I sat down
to answer, as soon as I can, for your punning Epistle,
which tickled my whistle; I laugh'd off my throat,
was sore—all with horns and the Harpounne hoary,
which cost little money,—with these, and a further,
commingled together, the soft application soon might
inflammation, and then, without pain, I pursued them

again; both the long punning Letter, and, what was yet better, the verses on **TOTHAM**—(I'm glad I have got 'em!) they prove Mr. Clark does not rhyme in the dark; but if led by the light of the Muses aright, he may leave earth's dull asses and soar up Parnassus, and live on Ambrosia, with joy and composure, and feel misery never—for ever and ever!

To prevent more confusion, I beg, in conclusion, to thank you for lauding my fair 'Vale of Slaughden,' and 'Machin,' and others, that rank as his brothers!

Farewell! though unknown to you, I must candidly own to you, that I always shall feel a regard for your weal; and conclude in the end, your poetical friend, in sickness and health, destitution and wealth, both in deed and in word,

Your's sincerely,

JAMES BIRD.

YOXFORD, SUFFOLK, MAY 3, 1833.

Mr. Charles Clark, Great Totham Hall.



again; both the long preceding letter, and what was
get better, the worse on Tourney—(I'm glad I have
got 'em!) they prove Mr. Clark does not rhyme in the
dark; but I feel by the light of the Misses might he
may leave earth's dull scene and soar up Parnassus,
and live on Ambrosia with joy and composure, and
let misery cover—for ever and ever!

To prevent more confusion, I beg, in conclusion,
to thank you for sending my last 'Tale of Shagbden',
and 'Machin', and others, that rank as his brothers!
Farewell! though unknown to you, I must ren-
der it my own to you, that I always shall feel a regard for
your well; and conclude in the end, your poetical
friend, in sickness and health, affection and esteem,
both in deed and in word.

Yours sincerely,

JAMES BIRD.

London, Sturton, May 2, 1833.

Mr. Charles Clark, Great Totten Hall.



Appendix.

The following familiar and sportive Epistle, in verse, addressed to a friend by CLARE, in his youthful days, appears such a pleasing contrast to the preceding one of his, written in 1824, that it is here presented entire, from his first volume of 'Poems,' published in 1821.

FAMILIAR EPISTLE.

TO A FRIEND.

“Friendship, peculiar boon of heav'n,
The noblest mind's delight and pride;
To men and angels only giv'n,
To all the lower world denied:
Thy gentle flows of guiltless joys
On fools and villains ne'er descend,
In vain for thee the tyrant sighs,
And hugs a flatterer for a friend.”

JOHNSON.

THIS morning, just as I awoken,
A black cloud hung the south unbroken;
Thinks I, just now we'll have it soakin':
I rightly guess'd.
'Faith! glad were I to see the token;
I wanted rest.

And, 'fex! a pepp'ring day there's been on't,
But caution'd right with what I'd seen on't,
Keeping at home has kept me clean on't;
Ye know my creed:
Fool-hardy work, I ne'er was keen on't—
But let's proceed.

Appendix.

The following familiar and sportive Epistle, in verse, addressed to a friend by Tasso, in his youthful days, appears such a pleasing contrast to the preceding one of his, written in 1824. That it is here presented rather from the first volume of "Tasso," published in 1821.

FAMILIAR EPISTLE
TO A FRIEND.

Friendship, peculiar boon of heav'n,
The noblest kind a delight and pride;
To man and earth only giv'n,
To all the lower world denied;
To a gentle flow of smiles and joys,
To ease and pleasure, soft descent,
In ease the first the friend seeks,
And hugs a fault, or for a friend
loosens.

True nursing, that no T. seeks,
A black cloud hung the south winds;
Thinks I, just now we'll have a soft day,
I might guess'd,
Thought that were I to see the token,
I would say,

And, first, a peeping day there's soon out,
But caution'd right with what I'd see out,
Kept at home has left me clear out,
To have, my friend,
Fool-hardy work I ne'er was keen out—
But let's proceed.

I write to keep from mischief merely,
 Fire-side comforts 'joying cheerly ;
 And, brother chip, I love ye dearly,
 Poor as ye be !
 With honest heart and soul, sincerely ;
 They're all to me.

This scrawl, mark thou the application,
 Though hardly worth thy observation,
 Meaneth an humble invitation
 On some day's end :
 Of all ragg'd-muffins in the nation,
 Thou art the friend.

I've long been aggravated shocking,
 To see our gentry folks so cocking :
 But sorrow's often catch'd by mocking,
 The truth I've seen ;
 Their pride may want a shoe or stocking,
 For like has been.

Pride's power's not worth a roasted onion :
 I'd's lief be prison-mouse wi' Bunyan,
 As I'd be king of our dominion,
 Or any other ;
 When shuffled through—it's my opinion,
 One's good as t'other.

Nor would I gi'e, from off my cuff,
 A single pin for all such stuff :
 Riches—rubbish ! a pinch of snuff
 Would dearly buy ye ;
 Who's got ye, keeps ye, that's enough :
 I don't envy ye.

I write to keep from mischief merely
The side comforts of my cheer;
And, brother ship, I love ye dearly,
Poor as ye be!
With honest heart and soul, sincerely,
They're all to me.

The scene, mark from the application,
Though death's worthily observation,
Himself a humble invitation
On some day's end,
Of all ray's duties in the nation,
There are the friend.

I've had been unwelcome speaking,
To see our country folks so speaking;
But never's after said by speaking,
The truth I've seen!
Their words are, want a show of speaking,
For like has been.

With a power's not with a roaster union;
It's not be reason-ness or reason,
As I'd be free of our dominion,
Or any other;
When should enough—it's my opinion,
One's good as another.

For would I do, from all my care,
A single one for all such care,
Riches—trouble's a kind of care,
Would do by day yet;
What's not yet, I suppose, I don't enough;
I don't care yet.

If fate's so kind to let's be doing,
 That's—just keep cart on wheels a going ;
 O'er my half-pint I can be crowing
 As well's another :
 But when there's this and that stands owing,
 O curse the bother !

For had I money, like a many,
 I'd balance, even to a penny.
 Want ! thy confinement makes me scranny :
 That spirit's mine,
 I'd sooner gi'e than take from any ;
 But Worth can't shine.

O Independence ! oft I bait ye ;
 How blest I'd be to call ye matey !
 Ye fawning, flattering slaves I hate ye :
 Mad, harum-scarum !
 If rags and tatters under-rate me,
 Free still I'll wear 'em.

But hang all sorrows, now I'll bilk 'em ;
 What's past may go so : time that shall come,
 As bad, or worse, or how it will come,
 I'll ne'er despair ;
 Poor as I am, friends shall be welcome
 As rich men's are.

So from my heart, old friend, I'll greet ye :
 No outside brags shall ever cheat ye ;
 Wi' what I have, wi' such I'll treat ye ;
 Ye may believe me ;
 I'll shake your rags whene'er I meet ye,
 If ye deceive me.

It hat's so kind to let a bo doing,
 That's—just keep out on wheels a going;
 O'er my half-pint I can be crowing
 As well's another;
 But when there's this and that stands owing,
 O enter the dober!

For had I money, like a manny,
 I'd balance, even to a penny,
 What! thy commandment makes me scornny;
 That with the wife,
 I'd sooner give than take from any;
 But what's the use of this?

O Independent! art thou not?
 How dost thou do to all ye matry?
 To favour, favouring others I hate ye;
 That's, favouring others!
 It's not with favouring others that I
 Your own I'll ever be

But that all corners, now I'll hark you;
 What's past may go on; time that shall come,
 As bad, or worse, or how it will come,
 I'll not despair;
 Poor as I am, friends shall be welcome
 As rich men's are.

So from my heart, old friend, I'll greet ye;
 No outside grace shall ever cheat ye;
 What I have, what I'll meet ye;
 Ye may believe me;
 I'll shake your hand, or I meet ye,
 If ye desire me.

So mind ye, friend, what's what, I send it:
 My letter's plain, and plain I'll end it:
 Bad's bad enough, but worse won't mend it;
 So I'll be happy,
 And while I've sixpence left I'll spend it
 In cheering nappy.

A hearty health shall crown my story:—
 Dear, native England! I adore ye;
 Britons, may ye with friends before ye
 Ne'er want a quart,
 To drink your king and country's glory
 Wi' upright heart!

POSTSCRIPT.

I've oft meant tramping o'er to see ye;
 But, d—d old Fortune, (God forgie me!)
 She's so cross-grain'd and forked wi' me,
 Be e'er so willing,
 With all my jingling powers 'tint i' me
 To scheme a shilling.

And Poverty, with cursed rigour,
 Spite of industry's utmost vigour,
 Dizens me out in such a figure
 I'm 'sham'd being seen;
 'Sides my old shoon, (poor Muse, ye twig her,)
 Wait roads being clean.

Then here wind-bound till Fate's conferr'd on't,
 I wait ye, friend; and take my word on't,
 I'll, spite of fate, scheme such a hoard on't,
 As we won't lack:
 So no excuses shall be heard on't.
 Yours, RANDOM JACK.

So mind ye, friend, what's what, I read it;
 My letter's plain, and plain I'll read it;
 Had'st had second, but worse wou'd read it;
 So I'll be happy
 And while I've sixpence left I'll spend it
 In cheating happy.

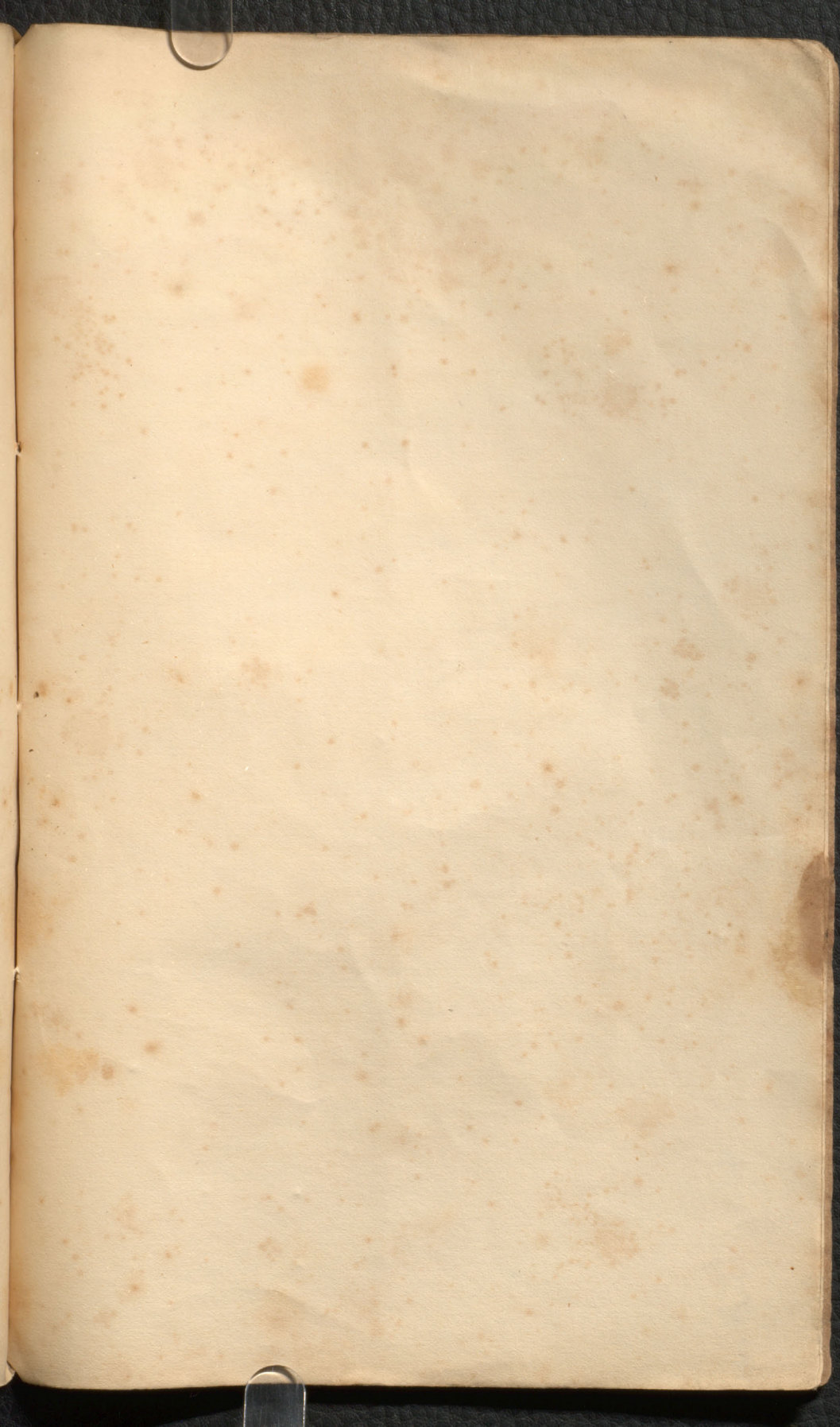
A hearty health shall cover my story:—
 Dear, native England! I adore ye;
 Britons, may ye with friends before ye
 Ne'er want a part,
 To drink your king and country's glory
 With cordial heart!

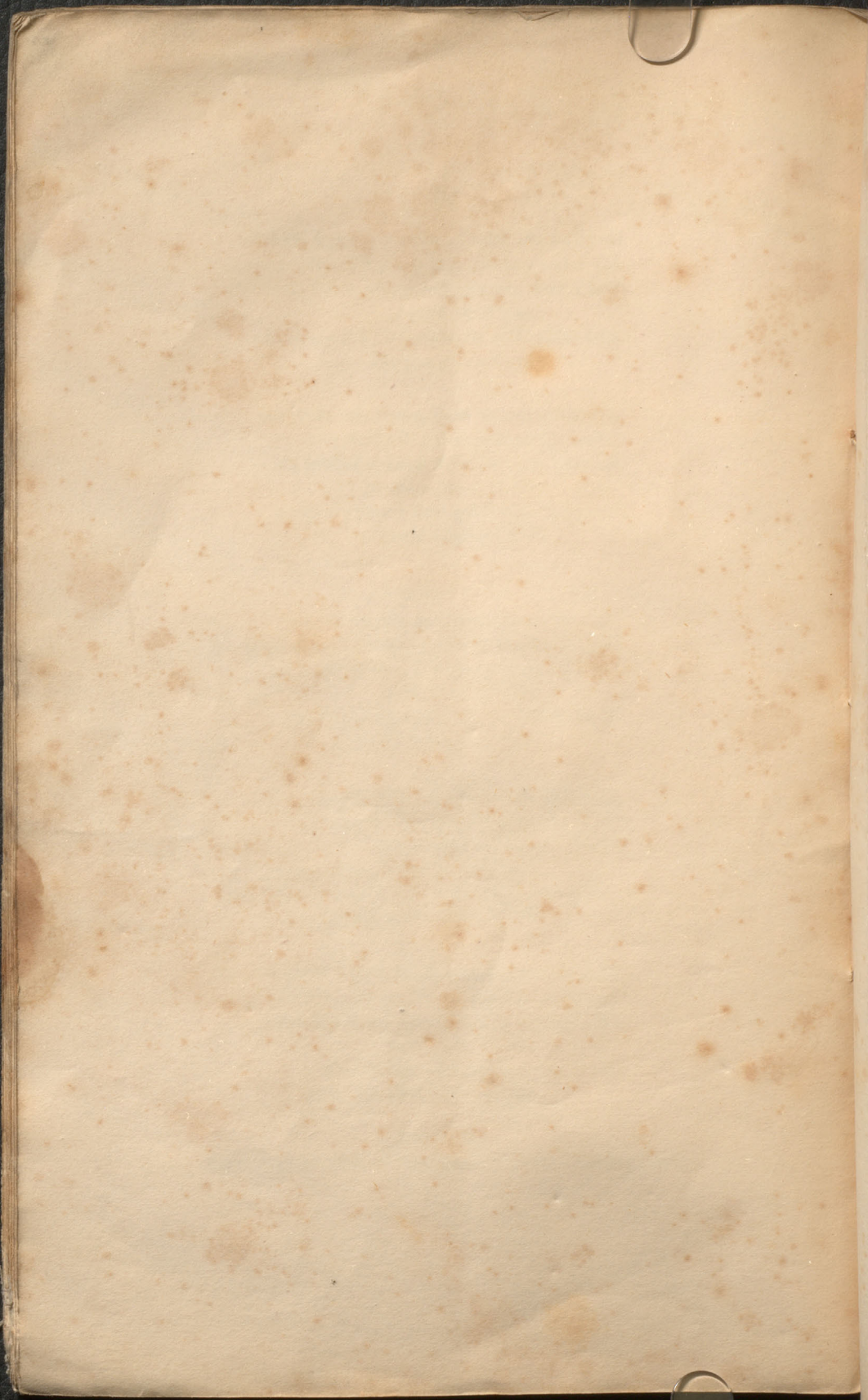
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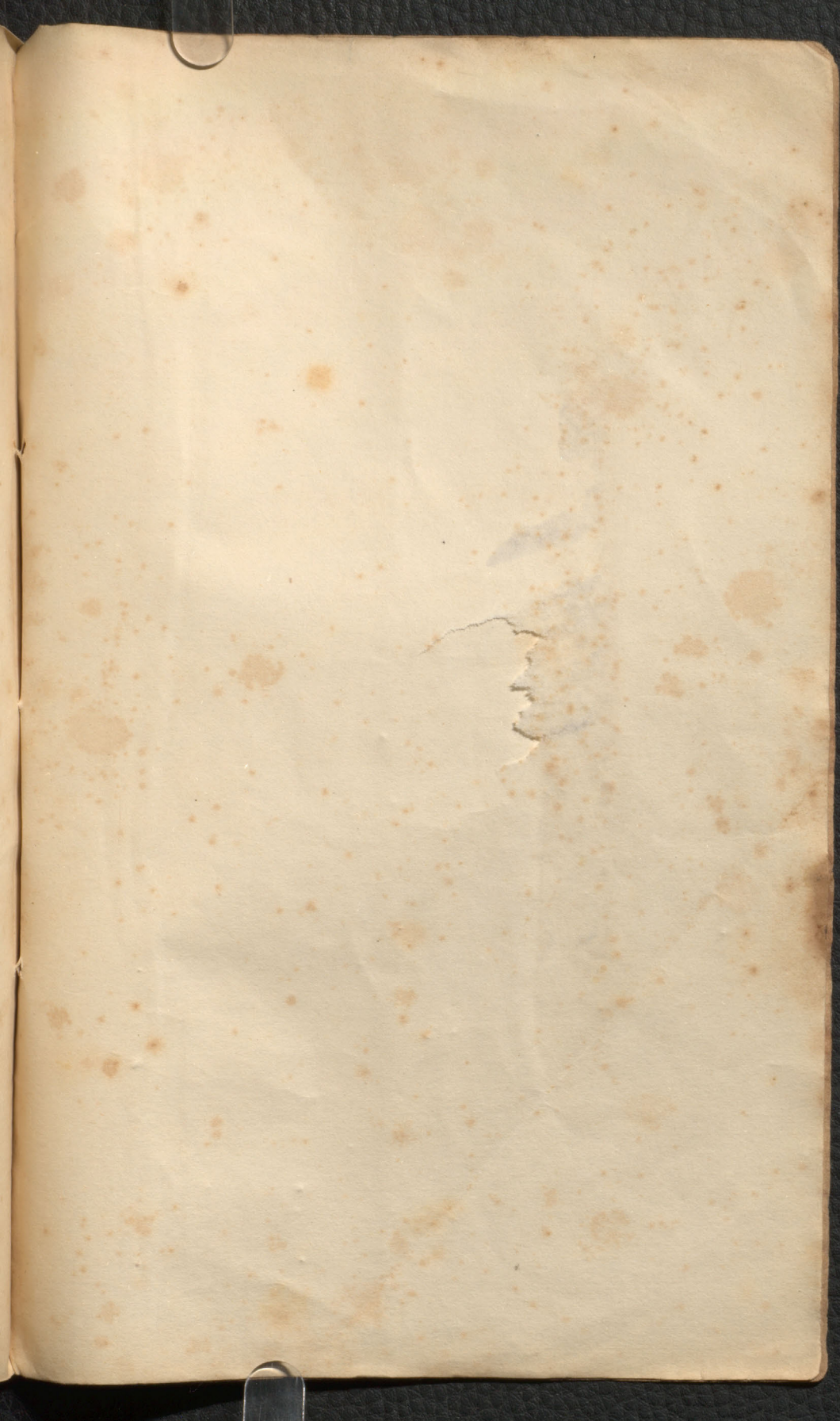
I've oft meant tramping o'er to see ye;
 But, alas!—old France, (God bless her name!)
 She's so cross-grained and frowny'd at me,
 She's so unwilling
 With all my justice powers, that I may
 To venture a sailing.

And Poverty, with cunning sign,
 Sets of industry's mind's sign,
 Drives me out to such a sign,
 I'm plain'd below sign;
 Since my old Spain, (poor Spain, for aye her)
 With goods being clean.

Then here distributed all fair's content'd on't,
 I'll set ye, friend; and take my word on't,
 I'll give of mine, where such a board on't,
 As we poor lack;
 So no excuse shall be heard on't,
 Yours, LEANDER JACK.







4078423

EPSOM RACES.

A Poem,

COMIC, PUNNING, AND

BY THOMAS HOOD, ESQ.

THE YOUNGER.

THREE SHILLINGS.

