

CIRCUS ROYAL, COLCHESTER.

**TO MR. BATTY,**  
AFTER VISITING HIS OLYMPIC PAVILION,  
NOW AT COLCHESTER.

“ You have good judgment in Horsemanship.”  
Constable of France.

HAIL! hail! to thee, famed BATTY!  
Their lyres bards must be stringing,  
When such praises flow from every beau,  
And e'en *belles* the same are *ringing*!  
Yes, with his troop, all “fire” and beauty,  
COLCHESTER welcomes gaily  
Him who nightly now the proud *laurel* bough  
Gains at the Castle *Bai-ley*!  
Your splendid CIRCUS, 'tis  
A *round* of pleasures sprightly;  
As represents each of the *gents*.  
And *squires* you're pleasing—*nightly*!  
Your horses cleverer are  
Than any we e'er saw, Sir;  
Though fine and fleet, your every seat  
Shows nightly how they “*draw*,” Sir!  
As at once the work they do  
Of both cart-horse and “*blood*,” Sir,  
You must—they're such—have *studied* much  
To produce so rare a *stud*, Sir!  
That they're no *common* steeds  
E'en “*greens*” have clearly proved, Sir;  
For who'll gainsay time was when they  
In the “*first circles*” moved, Sir!  
Each the “*luxury of wo!*”  
Sure, owns when breath he's taking;  
And they show, all say, how our horses may  
Be “*mended*” by good *breaking*!  
Poor Malthus, oh! if *he* e'er saw  
Your troop, you set him fearing;  
For there are, one knows, in your circle those  
That oft indeed are—*rearing*!  
All the “*strait-laced*” to BATTY'S,  
'Tis plain, should wend *instanter*;  
For—compared with you—none of that crew  
Can half perform the *CANTER*!  
See! when you, Sir, *RIDE SIX*,  
What gatherings—what dividings!  
Such horsemanship, declares each lip,  
Beats e'en famed Yorkshire's “*Ridings!*”  
As famous as the Alpine  
Are your *mountings*, all would own, Sir;  
But, then, beat you e'en Rothchild do  
Whene'er you “*stand a-lone*,” Sir!  
Really, you'd make a good M. P.,  
So, at least, Sir, we've a notion;  
For no tongue can tell, when you ride, how well  
You can “*se-cond a motion!*”  
Though great are *all* the feats  
You present to charm our sight, Sir,—  
How strange when we *YOU*, too, oft see  
(Amidst the gas)—*a-light*, Sir!  
Such *VARIETY* you give us,  
The thought when we attend is,—  
None but an elf *be-side* himself  
Can doubt to please your *end* is!  
Such notice have you gain'd around,  
'Tis plain, there's no disputing  
That, with all we meet, *feat* after *feat*,  
In a place, leads to—“*a footing!*”  
Now saucy wags so many  
Abound in regions British  
Excuse his fun who loves a pun  
And—like your steeds—seems *skittish*!  
Triumphantly may you each feat  
Continue long to show, Sir;  
And may we spy like “*Gooseberry*”  
The *current* to you flow, Sir!

C. C.

GREAT TOTHAM, SEPTEMBER, 1842.