

THE WANDERING LAWYER!

A Parody.

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“And DOUGLAS sate beside the farmer’s hearth.”
Sons of the Soil, p. 164.

WHY wanders that Lawyer here, I pray?
The “Pride of B—xt—d” was ask’d, one day.
Looking for clients, so “green”—or bread?
Good Sir, said she, he’d fain me wed!

Fie! fie!

Was the querist’s cry,—
“Puppies,” like him, we’ve seen before
Seek the *rich* maid, and not the *poor*!

Tell me again, the inquirer said,
Why do you suffer him here, fair maid?
The *solicitor’s* part—so fine!—EACH DAY,
Good Sir, said she, he comes to play!

Fie! fie!

Was again the cry,—
Solicitors—such as *the Law* pursue—
Oft display *a will*,—and so must you!

The sage look’d grave—the maid ne’er stirr’d,
When the wand’rer’s voice again was heard;
The sage look’d graver—the maid more bold,
And at once the sly one her mind she told!

Fie! fie!

Still the sage did cry,—
“*Attachments*” like his, I hope, are rare,
And of such wily designs beware!

GOD SAVE THE KING!!

NEAR WITHAM.

