

## The WILL-ful Sport in a Patient's Court!

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### WHEN D - - - N FORGED!

#### A Parody.

AIR,—"When Vulcan forged."

—◆—  
"The creature's at his dirty work again."—POPE.

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WHEN D—N forged the Will of C—X,  
In hopes some pelf would flow,  
Fortune seem'd granting the old "fox"  
Her smiles, *as long ago!*  
But finding, in our quack so "deep,"  
The lust for wealth would *never* sleep,  
She with power arm'd a sister's hand,  
To guard from knaves both cash and land!

Long may heirs hold their lawful right!  
And when (so to their shame)  
Knaves ply their cunning,—in our sight,  
May Justice thwart their aim!  
While, if provoked, some future day,  
By Diddler D. still seeking prey,  
She'll use her sword, with reckless hand,  
On such a pest to all the land!

**A SURGEON'S CUTTER!**

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Near Terling, Essex, 1845.