

**DUCKS**  
AND  
**GREEN PEAS:**

OR, THE  
**NEWCASTLE RIDER.**

*FOUNDED ON FACT.*

TO WHICH IS ADDED,

**The Newcastle Rider,**

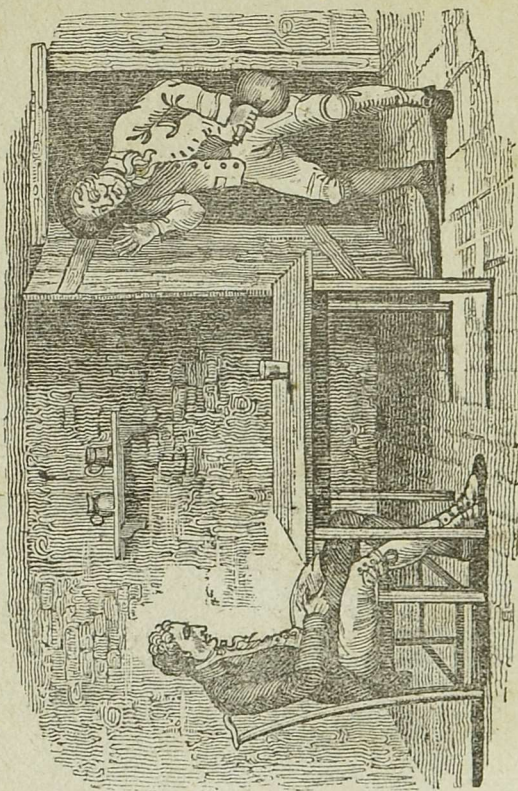
*A TALE IN RHYME.*



**ALNWICK:**  
**PRINTED AND SOLD BY W. DAVISON.**

*[Price Fourpence.]*

FRONTISPIECE.



*Land. Pray, sir, are you come to drink the waters?*

*Scene I.—A low Room in the Queen's Head, Harrogate.*



**DUCKS**  
AND  
**GREEN PEAS;**  
OR, THE  
**NEWCASTLE RIDER.**

*A Farce of one Act.*

*FOUNDED ON FACT.*

TO WHICH IS ADDED,

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*A TALE IN RHYME.*



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1827.

*Dramatis Personae.*

MR. MANLY,		LANDLORD,
LORD JOSEPH,		WAITERS,
MRS. MANLY.		

*Scene—HARROGATE.*



# Ducks and Green Peas;

OR,

## THE NEWCASTLE RIDER.

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### SCENE I.

*A low Room in the Queen's Head, Harrogate.*

SEVEN O'CLOCK IN THE EVENING.

*Enter Lord Joseph, speaking.*

HERE—house—landlord— Where the plague are all the people?

*Enter Waiter.*

*Wait.* Coming, coming, sir.

*Jos.* Coming, coming—yes, but you are a confounded long while though a coming. Where's the master of the house?

*Wait.* Busy with some other customers, sir. Can I serve your honour?

*Jos.* No—I choose to give my orders to the master, and then I am sure to be well attended.

*Wait.* Perhaps not; (*aside*)—I shall send him to you, sir, immediately.

*Jos.* I expect you will.—Well, the devil's in it if I can't take a little state upon me now and then. What, though I am but a clerk or rider, I'm very positive I'm personable enough to pass for as good a man as my master. This hat (*taking it off and admiring it*) will at any time do me credit; and I have observed in my late rounds a greater respect than usual was paid me, and I am confident it was upon account of it. Certainly it sets me off to the highest advantage, and gives me an air of superior consequence.

*Enter Landlord.*

Servant, sir, your most humble servant, sir; you are welcome to Harrogate.

*Jos.* Are you the landlord of the house?

*Land.* Yes, sir—at your service.

*Jos.* Shew me an upper room then, fellow; I hate those pitiful, low, damp rooms, that are only a receptacle for every dirty ragamuffin that comes.

*Land.* Sir, I beg your pardon, there you are greatly mistaken, we don't harbour any such.

*Jos.* Don't talk to me, fellow!—but let me have supper got ready quickly! D'ye hear? What victuals have you in the house?

*Land.* We have great variety, sir, such as beef, mutton, veal, lamb—

*Jos.* Rot your variety, none of these are supper meat for me! Have you any game, geese, or ducks in the house?

*Land.* No game, sir, but exceedingly fine fat ducks, ready for spitting.

*Jos.* Let me have a couple got ready then directly.

*Land.* A couple, sir?

*Jos.* Yes! a couple, sir! and let them be fine and fat, as you say; or else, dem me, I can't touch them.

*Land.* Are there any more gentlemen to join your company, sir?

*Jos.* No—What then? Why do you ask?

*Land.* Nay, nothing, sir—I only thought you might have made a mistake, because—because a couple of such ducks as mine are would serve three or four reasonable gentlemen.

*Jos.* So, then, you think me unreasonable, do you? Dem you, what do you mean by this? If I have a mind to order a dozen (provided I pay for them) what is it to you?—But to be something more unreasonable, as you call it, let me have a peck of green peas got ready with them.



*Land.* No offence, I hope, sir ; I beg your pardon, sir ; you shall have them with all expedition.— Mercy on me ! a couple of ducks and a peck of peas for himself only ! he must have an enormous stomach to despatch them. (*Aside*). Pray, sir, are you come to drink the waters ?

*Jos.* Confound your waters !—do I look like a water drinker ?

*Land.* Sir, I am sorry you should take it amiss. I only thought you might have come, like other gentry, to spend the season.

*Jos.* Confound your thoughts and your seasons too—all seasons are alike to me ; only let me desire you'll take care my ducks are well seasoned.—In the first place, shew me a room above, fellow.

*Land.* This way, sir, if you please.

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## SCENE II.

### THE KITCHEN.

#### *Two Waiters.*

*Harry.* A very strange fellow this that's just alighted ; I'll warrant he's some upstart or another ; flush of money for the present, and consequently flush of pride. However, I shall pay him the less respect for those fine airs he gives himself.

*Tom.* And so shall I--unless I thought he would come down handsomely at parting; but that is hardly to be expected from such as he.

*Har.* It is the moderate people, Tom, such as are good-humoured, who speak civilly to you for what they want, that are of the most generous principles; there is a secret pleasure in waiting upon such.

*Tom.* Aye, that is true;--whilst the proud, surly, morose fellow, not only gives one a great deal of trouble, but uses one ill into the bargain.

*Har.* I'll say with you, Tom. Why, dogs have better names and better usage sometimes than we have.

*Tom.* Why, aye--'tis a sad life one leads amongst such, and only tolerable upon account of the perquisites; was it not for these, I would turn collier, and bid adieu to the face of day, ere I would attend them.

*Harry.* It is really surprising to me that people should put themselves out of temper for mere trifles, and make themselves and every one about them unhappy; when a mild behaviour,--a kind word or look,--would command our respect and ready attendance a thousand times before all the most passionate actions and domineering expressions in

the world. But here comes our master--this genius has put him in a very pretty huff already, I see.

*Enter Landlord.*

*Land.* Zounds! I have kept this house many years, and have had the greatest variety of guests, yet never was so bullied in all my life before.-- Here, Harry, bid the cook set a couple of the fattest ducks to the fire immediately, and help to sheel a peck of peas. And do you, Tom, go and lay the cloth in the blue chamber for yonder hasty spark. (*Exeunt Waiters*). I am afraid he won't have patience till they are ready. Yet, though he's a great oddity, he seems very happy; he laughs, sings, and whistles, till the house rings again.

*Re-enter Harry.*

*Har.* Sir, there is a carriage just come to the door, with a lady and a gentleman; and by the luggage it looks as though they were come to make some stay.

*Land.* I shall attend them.

*Exit.*

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### SCENE III.

EIGHT O'CLOCK.

*Enter Mr. and Mrs. Manly.*

*Land.* Sir, and madam, you are heartily wel-



come to Harrogate—Would you choose any sort of refreshment after your journey?

*Mrs. Man.* Yes, landlord, and I care not how quickly, as I have not broken my fast since noon. There is an agreeable savour comes from your kitchen; I think there must be either a goose or ducks roasting, and a little of either would be very acceptable to me.

*Land.* You judge very right, madam; there are a couple of very fine ducks at the fire, but they are for a gentleman above stairs.

*Mrs. Man.* What, is the gentleman alone, and hath he ordered the ducks and peas for himself only?

*Land.* Yes, madam, and I must own his orders rather surprised me. I only asked him if he expected more company, as I thought a couple of such fat ducks as mine something extravagant for one person,—when he flew into a violent passion; told me, if he had a mind to order a dozen, provided he paid for them, what was that to me?

*Mr. Man.* He was right there, landlord; yet I think he can't have any objections to a companion or two to partake with him: so we would wish you to go with our compliments to him, and acquaint him, that a gentleman and lady, just arrived, will

do themselves the honour to sup with him, if he pleases. In the mean time we will take a walk into your garden.

*Land.* Very well, sir, I'll wait upon him.

*Exeunt omnes.*

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#### SCENE IV.

*Joseph discovered lolling upon a Settee, singing.*

Toll loll de roll loll—So far so well, this is life as long as it lasts. I can enjoy myself now, however, without being always upon the mechanic order, like a horse in a mill. (*Twirling his hat about*). This hat is the very thing, the bon ton as I may say.—I think my money well bestowed in the purchase—I would not have been without it upon any account, and value it above any thing I can name, excepting—aye, let me see,—excepting ducks and green peas, and they are incomparable things, and of which I shall have my belly full presently—Egad! I will live in clover to-night—by Jupiter—I wish they were ready—I am pretty sharp set—and these people are confounded tedious.—O! here comes Mr. Boniface. (*Enter Landlord*). Well, fellow, is my supper ready yet?

*Land.* Very near, sir—but, sir, I hope you will not think me intrusive, when I am desired to inform you, a gentleman and his lady, just alighted from their carriage, understanding you are alone, beg the favour to be permitted to join in company, and partake of your supper.

*Jos.* How, sir! partake of my supper, say you? No, no,—no such things.—Dem me, I ordered it for myself; and I will have it for myself; and as I shall pay for what I order, let me be no more interrupted nor troubled with your impertinence, but begone, and hasten my supper.

*Land.* Yes, sir.—Zoons! a proud fellow, a crabbed, proud, unmannerly fellow! (*Aside and exit*).

*Jos.* Sup with me, quotha—hold you there—as I stopped here with a full intention to indulge my appetite for once, I will admit of no interlopers, by Jupiter! a couple too!—I thank you, Mr. Boniface, for your stupid complimentary message;—Zoons! I should not have so much as a rump, perhaps, for myself, if they are half so hungry as I am—No, no, by this hat, I'll take care of number one—Let me see, I fancy I shall lie in the next room, I'll see what sort of a bed there is. (*Goes off singing*)



## SCENE V.

## THE GARDEN.

*Mr. and Mrs. Manly seated.*

*Mr. Man.* Well, my dear, it is impossible to judge of the beauties of this village from the transient view we have had of it this evening; yet it seems to be very rural and pleasant, though something open and wild.—How are you after your journey?

*Mrs. Man.* Pretty well, my dear; but I hope I shall be much better after a little supper—and here comes the landlord.

*Enter Landlord.*

*Mr. Man.* Well, landlord, have you delivered our message to the gentleman, as we desired?

*Land.* Yes, sir, and I am both sorry and ashamed to tell you the event of it.

*Mr. Man.* Why, sure he hath not had the ill manners to refuse us—hath he?

*Land.* Too true, sir, and in very rude terms too; he said no person should partake of his supper, but swore at my impertinence, as he styled it.

*Mr. Man.* Why, you really surprise me, landlord—he shews but small signs of gentility by such

unmannerly behaviour. But perhaps he may think two too many to be admitted to sup with him: for my own part, I value not his ducks and peas a rush, I can sup upon any thing else you have in the house; and were it not for the delay, I would order a fresh couple for ourselves; but as Mrs. Manly wants her supper, and the ducks are almost ready, I think he certainly cannot be so very rude as to refuse the company of a lady to sup with him.—Therefore, for her sake, (for nothing else could induce me), I beg you will go again, and inform him, I request that she alone may be permitted to partake of his supper.

*Land.* Very well, sir, I shall go, but am greatly afraid, by the specimen he has given, I shall be no better.

*Exeunt omnes.*

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## SCENE VI.

THE BLUE CHAMBER.

*A Table with the Cloth spread.*

*Jos.* Toll loll de roll—Dem those fellows! Here, landlord—waiter—house—Why the plague don't you bring up supper? If it were not so late in the evening, by Jupiter, I would remove my quar-

ters elsewhere.—(*Enter Landlord*). Well, fellow, why the plague do you come empty-handed? — Where's the supper?

*Land.* 'Tis just a coming up, sir; but—I beg your pardon for this second interruption; the gentleman has sent me again, to beg the favour you will admit his lady to your company and supper: as to himself, he doth not mind it, his concern is upon her account, sir; and I really believe he hath some reason, for she is, I fancy, in a situation that requires some indulgence. Therefore in consideration of the lady's condition, I hope I may have the pleasure to return with a mild and complying answer from you.

*Jos.* I thought I had satisfied you sufficiently before—Dem you d'ye mean downright to affront me?—Either get along about your business, send up supper immediately, or I'll kick you down stairs, leave your troublesome house, and never set my foot in it again! For I tell you positively, for the last time, were she the queen herself, she should not sup with me, you scoundrel! *Exit.*

*Land.* Confound the unmannerly fellow! I am ashamed to think I have such a brute in my house. *Exit.*



## SCENE VII.

## THE PARLOUR.

*Mr. and Mrs. Manly.*

*Mrs. Man.* I am sorry, my dear, you should give yourself and the landlord so much trouble on my account—I own, indeed, I had set my mind upon having some; or you know, my dear, I am not otherwise particular.

*Mr. Man.* 'Tis upon that very account, my dear, that I am so anxious, and shall be extremely chagrined to find you disappointed; but he must be void of every generous and manly sentiment, and polite accomplishment, to refuse you. But here comes the landlord to satisfy us; though, if I may judge by his countenance, it is worse and worse. Well, landlord, have you had better success this time?

*Land.* Quite the contrary, I do assure you, sir; and it gives me great uneasiness to inform you, his behaviour was much more uncivil this time than before, and beg you'll excuse me mentioning particulars, for I would not willingly shock your lady's delicacy with a repetition.

*Mr. Man.* Why, landlord, I confess you greatly amaze me.—I am a gentleman of considerable for-

tune, and always found my company acceptable amongst the best. I have not been used to a refusal of this nature; and did I really know the person to be any thing of a gentleman, (which I am confident he is not), I should resent his behaviour in a proper manner.—Pray what kind of a man is he?

*Land.* Why, sir, the man is really personable, is genteelly dressed, and is, I think, naturally of a cheerful disposition, though his carriage to me was so surly.—He has a very handsome gold-laced hat on, and which, indeed, he seems somehow to take a deal of pride in.

*Mr. Man.* Is there not a possibility to procure me a sight of him, (unseen myself), for I own his strange uncivil conduct hath greatly excited my curiosity.

*Land.* Yes, sir, I think it may be done; supper is just going up, I will step before and acquaint him, leave the door open, and if you follow me, you will have the opportunity.

*Mr. Man.* Very well, I'll go with you.—My dear, you'll stay here in the interim.

*Mrs. Man.* Certainly; but pray, my dear, don't be seen by him, I am afraid lest the gross affront

he hath put upon you should induce you to quarrel with him, and that would terrify me.

*Mr. Man.* O! be under no apprehensions of that nature, I beg of you; for, upon proper consideration, he is too contemptible an object for my resentment.

*Exit with Landlord.*

---

### SCENE VIII.

*Joseph lolling at ease and singing.*

'Tis Riders only life enjoy,  
They travel through the land;  
Variety can never cloy,  
All pleasures they command.  
Toll loll de roll.

They take great state upon 'em,  
Where'er they are unknown,  
And love what's magnum bonum,  
Nor envy kings their crown.

'Tis true they're treated with neglect  
Whilst they remain at home;  
But always meet with great respect  
Whene'er abroad they roam.



Then who would not a Rider be,  
To lead a life like this ;  
From every care and trouble free,  
Enjoying earthly bliss ?

There's for you, ye parchment-bound 'prentices,  
ye hen-peck'd husbands, ye gouty-footed drones !  
get a horse like me, and travel from place to place,  
live like kings, and sup upon ducks and green peas,  
as I am going to do !

*Enter Landlord.*

*(Mr. Manly looking in at the door).*

*Land.* Sir, I am come to see that all things are  
in order ; your supper is coming up.

*Jos.* S'blood, sir, if it does not, I shall be for  
going down to my supper, for you have been con-  
foundedly tedious about it.

*Land.* Sir, I hope you'll find it so well done, as  
to make full amends for the delay.

*Jos.* I shall be glad if it proves so. *(Struts  
about and sings).*

*Mr. Man.* Sure I am not deceived ! this must  
be my clerk.--*(Aside).* *Enters.* Ha ! Joseph !  
my Lord Joseph ! is this you ?--Ha, ha, ha !

*Jos.* O ! the devil, my master ! *(aside, and throw-*

*ing away his hat* ). Sir,—I, I, I am glad to see your honour—indeed, I d, d, did not expect to see you here.

*Mr. Man.* No, I am certain you did not, or you would not have behaved in the manner you have done.—I am not altogether displeased you should keep up the dignity of my house in a proper way ; but you have most highly offended me, to find you capable of such gross disrespect to the fair sex, whose company no man of the least common sense or decency would refuse to accept of. What can you say for yourself in this respect ?

*Jos.* Sir, I sincerely beg pardon ; if I had but had the least notion it had been you or my lady, I should never have done such a thing, I do assure you.

*Mr. Man.* That I really believe, but you should not have acted in so rude a manner to any one, when so civil a message was sent.

*Jos.* Sir, I own I put up here with an intention of enjoying myself a little freely, as the only place I could properly do it at before my return home. In the towns where I had your business to transact, I always conducted myself with propriety, and I hope my accounts will entirely satisfy you upon inspection.

*Mr. Man.* I don't in the least dispute it. I hope you will have no objection to your mistress and me partaking of your ducks and green peas now?

*Jos.* O! certainly no, sir, they are entirely at your honour's service; I can submit to humbler diet again, for all my late stately airs.

*Mr. Man.* No, Joseph, no! you shall find I can bury my resentment much quicker than you raised it; since you have provided the supper, you shall absolutely sit down with us. Go and endeavour to make peace with your mistress, and desire her to come up stairs to supper.

*Jos.* I am glad it's no worse--by Jupiter, I shall have some ducks and green peas yet. (*Aside and exit*).

*Mr. Man.* Well, landlord, you seem something amazed at this comical transaction.

*Land.* Truly, sir, I can't say but I am.

*Mr. Man.* I would always wish my riders should make an appearance to credit me when upon their journeys: it is not material to me what state they take upon them at the inns they frequent, provided they are just and punctual in their accounts on their return home; and though this man hath given himself some extraordinary airs upon this occasion, it is, on the whole, a very laughable affair, and I



fancy Lord Joseph with his ducks and green peas will be long remembered here. He is, notwithstanding, a very valuable servant, and I have ever found him strictly honest and diligent in his dealings with me and my numerous correspondents; therefore, I shall excuse his rather uncommonly rude behaviour for this time.

*Enter Harry.*

*Har.* Sir, the lady begs to be excused coming up—but desires your company below; supper is on the table.

*Mr. Man.* Well, I shall attend her there.

*(Exeunt with Landlord).*

*Enter Tom.*

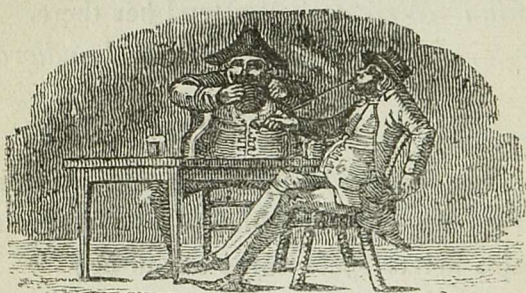
*Tom.* Ha, ha, ha!—upon my soul, the finest joke I ever enjoyed in my life!—Who d'ye think, Harry, this pretty spark turns out to be?

*Har.* Nay, that I can't tell; but I have a shrewd guess he is no better than we both supposed him.

*Tom.* Right—this incomparable, blustering, hectoring, strutting, ducks and green peas genius, is no other than clerk and traveller to the gentleman and lady whom he refused to sup with him.

*Har.* Well, I thought as much--Who the deuce would ever trust appearances again after this?

*Tom.* True--but I can't help laughing to think how, from the highest pinnacle of grandeur, this mighty hero is dwindled into plain Joe, the Newcastle Rider.--Ha, ha, ha!



THE  
NEWCASTLE RIDER.

A TALE.

---

MEN's minds, and likewise their opinions,  
Are various as the size of onions :  
Compar'd they suit, just to a tittle,  
For some are great, and some are little :  
Some oblong are, and some are round—  
With different fancies men abound.

Some in the morning, when they rise,  
Will tell you 't will rain by the skies ;  
Because they're red, or black, or blue,  
They guess their changes by their hue ;  
Yet, ere an hour passes over,  
They other sentiments discover,  
And for a certainty declare  
The day is likely to prove fair,  
Or calm, or windy, frost, or snow,  
And yet they never truly know ;  
But only, for the sake of talk,  
They others' expectations balk.



Some others, menial slaves in trade,  
By masters or superiors paid,  
Will (when they can) transform their shape,  
And gentlemen of fashion ape ;  
An instance, and a true one too,  
In my succeeding tale I'll shew.

There is a wealthy thriving town,  
To tradesmen and to merchants known,  
'Tis seated in Northumberland,  
And doth upon the borders stand—  
Newcastle upon Tyne's the name,  
Which long has stood enroll'd in fame.

As all things are ordain'd by fate,  
There liv'd within this town of late,  
A sprightly enterprising youth,  
Whose name, I'm told, is JOSEPH BOOTH ;  
He really was a gallant spark,  
And to one 'Squire C——son Clerk ;  
His Rider too, from town to town,  
To transact business up and down.

These Riders are well known for smarts,  
And chiefly pitch'd on for their parts ;  
As health and sense enough, (tho' young)  
And volubility of tongue,  
To talk of trade with different men ;  
Likewise a quick command of pen.

The time at length again comes on,  
When our friend Joseph must be gone,  
And travel his half-yearly round,  
Where trade and money may be found ;  
His master's correspondents visit,  
And orders fresh from them solicit :  
Yet was resolv'd, before he went,  
A little money should be spent,  
In certain necessities needful,  
Which shews that Joseph was grown heedful  
That he might good appearance make,  
For credit and his master's sake.  
What things they were we have forgot,  
And truly, sirs, it matters not ;  
We only know of one, and that  
Was a new jemmy, gold-lac'd hat :  
But Joseph would not have this known,  
And so he travell'd out of town  
Some way before he put it on.  
But when he'd gotten far enough,  
To fear no jeering friend's reproof,  
He gave his nag a gentle switch,  
And threw his old hat in the ditch ;  
Then from his great coat lining drew  
His gold-lac'd nab to public view ;

And as he rode along at leisure,  
He view'd it o'er and o'er with pleasure,  
Then fiercely clapt it on his head,  
And look'd a deal worse taught than fed.

Now let days, weeks, and months, pass over,  
That better scenes we may discover,  
And to the very crisis come,  
By bringing Joseph nearer home,  
From Leeds, about noon time of day,  
To Knaresbro', Joseph bent his way ;  
But traveling slowly, it was late  
When he arriv'd at Harrogate ;  
So thought he would stay there that night,  
And at the Queen's Head did alight ;  
Order'd his horse both corn and hay,  
And to the kitchen bent his way ;  
And took upon himself some state,  
Whilst Landlord did his orders wait.

“ A room above—here quickly show,  
I hate these dampy rooms below ;  
And let me have some supper soon,  
Be sure that it be neatly done.  
What can I have?” Sir, what you please.  
“ Then hark ye—get me DUCKS and PEAS,  
A couple! yes, and fat ones too,  
Or else, my stars, they will not do !



And let a peck of peas be boil'd,  
Or otherwise my supper's spoil'd:  
Set them directly to the fire."

Sir,—all shall be as you desire.

A chariot to the door did come,  
Which made the landlord quit the room,  
To ope' the door, from whence there came  
A gentleman and lovely dame.

The gentleman within the house,  
Directly handed then his spouse ;  
The lady to the landlord said,  
"I wish some supper could be had ;  
And, pray ye, let me have it soon,  
I have not broke my fast since noon,  
Pray what is roasting at your fire ?  
Some such thing I should desire ;  
It must be goose or duck I smell,  
And either would content me well."

Madam, you're right, the landlord said ;  
Two ducks before the fire are laid,  
And peas are boiling on the fire,  
Both which a Gemman did desire  
Should be got ready for his supper,  
Who's in a room we call an upper ;  
For there indeed he would be shown.  
'What, is the gentleman alone ?'

Yes, madam, he came single here,  
And is a merry man I'll swear ;  
He struts about, and laughs, and talks,  
Sings and toll loll ders as he walks.

“ O ! landlord, as to that ne'er mind,  
To something else I'm more inclin'd ;  
Pray go you with our service to him,  
And tho' perhaps we do not know him,  
Tell him two strangers, just alighted,  
Like other travellers benighted,  
Send him their compliments by you,  
And will themselves the honour do,  
Of his good supper to partake,  
For company and friendship's sake.”

Up stairs then straight the landlord went,  
And to the ground his body bent.  
“ Sir, I'm afraid I do intrude,  
But hope you will not think me rude ;  
A gentleman and lady fair,  
Who are but just arrived here,  
Their compliments unto you pay,  
By me, sir, in a civil way ;  
And humbly hope you'll be so kind,  
To let their company be join'd  
To yours, good sir ; and, if you please,  
They'll sup upon your ducks and peas.”

“How ! join with me, sir, do you say ?

No, no such thing !—so go your way :

I am not such a simple elf,

I order’d supper for myself ;

And what I call for I shall pay ;

So get you gone ! Why do you stay ?”

Thus he concluded with a frown ;

Away the landlord trundled down,

And Joseph’s answer did declare,

Which made them at each other stare,

With equal wonder, who the devil

Could send an answer so uncivil,

To their request so complaisant—

He must both sense and reason want :

A gentleman he could not be,

So void of all civility.

The gentleman was vex’d, and swore

He ne’er was served so before :

As to himself he did not mind,

But to his wife it was unkind.

“So pray ye, landlord, go again,

(Altho’ to send you gives me pain)

And tell him I shall sup below,

But hope some favour he will show,

Accept the company of my bride,

The ladies should not be denied.”



Accordingly, the landlord went,  
Told him the message that was sent,  
And hop'd his answer would be mild,  
Perhaps the lady was with child,  
And had a longing in her crupper,  
For what he'd order'd for his supper.

At this request he raged, and swore  
He'd kick the landlord to the door.  
"Poltroon begone! your teasing cease;  
Let me enjoy my ducks and peas;  
Were she the queen, you senseless clown,  
I am resolv'd to sup alone!"

Away the landlord came again,  
And tho' he knew 'twould give them pain,  
His answer he before them laid,  
And told them what Lord Joseph said.

This made them wonder more and more,  
And vex'd them worse than all before.

"Pray, landlord, tell me, if you can,  
What kind of person is this man?"

Why, sir, as sure as you stand there,  
A gentleman he doth appear;  
A jolly-looking man—not fat,  
Well drest, and wears a gold-lac'd hat.

"Why, what you say doth me surprise,  
And I could wish with mine own eyes

To see this man, this very night,  
But privately and out of sight."

Up stairs they went, and said no more,  
The landlord open set the door,  
To lay the cloth and spread it smooth,  
The more to honour 'Squire Booth.  
The table near the fire he drew,  
The gentleman did Joseph view ;  
Who, strutting, toll de roll'd away,  
'Cause he'd nought else to do or say.

Guess, reader, guess the great surprise  
That filled 'Squire C——son's eyes,  
When this same toll-de-rolling spark  
He found was Joseph, his own Clerk.

In straight he rush'd, and, like a sprite,  
He put poor Joseph in a fright ;  
Off went his hat beneath the bed,  
His face grew pale--his mirth was fled !  
" Come, Joseph, come, you're right, said he,  
To uphold my house's dignity ;  
I'm not displeas'd at what you've done,  
It's such a noble piece of fun.  
I own, indeed, you did me vex,  
To hear you treat the other sex  
With such ill-manners, and refuse  
That company which all would choose.

Apologies you need not make,  
I hope we now shall both partake  
Of this good supper you've bespoke,  
And that alone will crown the joke,  
What say you?"--Y-e-s, sir, if you please,  
You may have all the ducks and peas.  
"No, Joseph, no, I do declare,  
You shall sit down and have your share;  
Since you the supper did provide,  
'Tis proper you should stuff your hide.  
Go tell your mistress to come up,  
And we three will together sup."

Joseph obey'd, and up she came;  
The landlord thought it pleasant game--  
So down he went and told the story,  
Not over much to Joseph's glory.  
The waiters laugh'd to find it so,  
For Toll-de-roll is now plain Joe.

Thus for to grace dramatic glory,  
Stage-hero struts in borrow'd glory,  
Proud and august as man e'er saw,  
Then ends his empire in a stanza!

THE END.





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