

Because you boast poetic Grandsire,  
And rhyming kin, both Uncle and Sire,  
Dost think that none but their Descendings  
Can tickle folks with double endings?

I had a Dad, that would for half a bet  
Have pul'd down thine thro' half the Alphabet.

Thou, who would be Dan Prior the second,  
For Dan Posterior must be reckon'd.

In faith, dear Tim, your Rhymes are slovenly,  
As a man may say, dough-baked & ovenly;

Tedious and long as two Long Acres,  
And smell most vilely of the Baker's.

(I have been cursing every limb o' thee,  
Because I could not hitch in Timothy.

Jack, Will, Tom, Dick's, a serious evil;  
But Tim - plain Tim's - the very devil.)

Thou most incorrigible scribbler,

Right watering place & cockney dribbler,  
What child, that ~~is~~ barely understands A.

B. C. would ever dream that Stanza  
would tinkle into chime with "Plan, Sir"?

Go, go, you are not worth an answer.

I had a Sire, that at plain Grambo

Had hit you o'er the pate a damn'd blow.

How now? may I die game, and you die brass,

But I had stoln a quip from Hudibras.

'Twas thinking on that fine old Suttler,

That was in faith a second Butler;

Had as queer rhymes as he, and subl'er.)

He would have put you to 't this weather

For rattling syllables together;

Rhym'd ye to death, like "rats in Ireland,"

Except that he was born in High'r Land.

His chimes, not cramp't like thine, and rung ill,

Had made Job split his sides on dunghill.

There was no limit to his merryings  
at christenings, weddings, nay all buryings.

No undertaker would live near him,

Those grave practitioners did fear him;

Mutes, at his merry mops, turn'd vocal;

and fellows, hired for silence "spoke all."

No body could be laid in cavity,

Long as he lived, with proper gravity.

His mirth-fraught eye had but to glitter,

And every mourner round must titter.

The Parson, prating of Mount Hermon,

Had still to laugh, in midst of sermon.

The final Sexton (smile he must for him)

Could hardly get to "dust to dust" for him.

He lost three ~~or~~ pall-bearers their livelyhood,

Only with simpering at his lively mood.

Provided that they fresh and neat came,

all jests were fish that to his net came.

He'd banter apostolic castings,

As you jeer bishermen at Hastings.



When the fly bit, like me, he leapt o'er-all,  
And stood not much on what was scriptural.

P. G.

I had forgot, at Small Bohemia †  
(Enquire the way of your maid Euphemia)  
Are sojourning, of all good fellows  
The prince and princeps - the Novellos -  
~~at Little Bohemia, in the~~  
Pray seek 'em out, & give my love to 'em;  
You'll find you'll soon be hand & glove to 'em.  
C.L.



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Tim Cobden

at No 4, Meadow Cottages

Hastings

Sussex

Handwritten flourish or signature.

10 pence  
Mr. Cobden

Postman - woman in the  
place of all  
from South  
George  
New York  
Little make

13629

This letter will  
introduce you, if  
it's agreeable. Take  
a donkey. It's  
novello the Composer  
& his wife, our  
very good friend

† In prose, Little Bohemia, about  
a mile from Hastings, <sup>in the Hollington road</sup> when you can get so  
far. Dear Tib, I find relief in a word  
or two of prose. In truth my rhymes come slow. You  
have "routh of em". It gives us pleasure to  
find ~~one~~ you keep your good words. Your  
Letter did us good. Pray heaven you are got out at last. Write quickly